

HENRY DARGER -

"THE REALMS OF  
THE UNREAL"

*Microsystems, Inc.*

# VOLUME 3

*Microsystems, Inc.*

INTRODUCTION  
TO VO VOLUME THREE.

VOLUME THREE

THIS VOLUME CONSISTS OF TWO PARTS. PART ONE HAS  
FOURTY SIX CHAPTERS.

PART TWO HAS FIFTY SEVEN CHAPTERS.

THIRD VOLUME OF THE STORY OF THE VIVIAN DINES.

IN THE HEALING OF THE UNHEAL,  
ON THE GREAT GLANDID? ARABIANIAN WAR.

CAUSED BY THE CHILD SLAVE HONOR AND REBELLION.

BY H. J. J. DARRER.

VOLUME THREE.

THIS VOLUME CONSISTS OF TWO PARTS

INTRODUCTION  
TO VOLUME THREE.

The scenes of this volume, as its title should indicate of the progress of the war to an unusual degree, with many adventures of the heroines, heroes and the like following enormous battles, disasters and also among a race of child slaves which accord to the lives they were forced to live, they contempt and cruel treatment they ought to have been free long before the enormous war calamity occurred. But for of them another and a better day will be dawning very soon, and great conflicts will bring on their freedom for every strife. Every influence of literature, of poetry and of art which even in the times of the present had become more and more in unison with the great master of chord of Christianity probably could not make any good descriptions of these scenes. I have here written as far as I was able, in unusually long details to make the scenes more striking, but even then even I have not succeeded in accomplishing what should have been done, as it is IMPOSSIBLE to describe them as they really are.

The poet, the painter and the artist, even if they were to seek this all out under the allurements of fiction or truth, could not have accomplished any more. As is observed in this volume the desolation of the war in every incomprehensible way is everywhere stretched out, rearing into abuses of child slaves, increasing wicked wrongs, redoubting distresses, and bringing the attention of the world to the horrors of disasters that were never heard of in real experiences and history, thus bringing the sympathies of the world to the lovely child-slaves, and of Abbelesia's cause. In this general war storm which is sweeping throughout the states of Calvernia and Angelina and others unhappy Calvernia last last is being succored in what way possible, and w Calvernia who was righteously responsible for the war, and who now lies bound and bleeding at the foot of wicked and haughty glandelinia, and imploring compassion a vain is being taken care of by Abbelesia but the heart of the dominant glandelinia who have been her conquerors, had at length been crushed, and glandelinia has seen that Abbelesia can protect the feeble against any mighty power. Thanks be to God when in volume ten the time comes when Glandelinia bows down to Abbelesia like a slave who begs pardon, and all horrors of child slavery will be at an end. The object of these descriptions in volume three is to awaken sympathy and feeling for the Abbelesian cause in behalf of the child slaves.

The terrible flood disasters, the awful conflicts, terrific explosions greater than the force of Volcanic eruptions, the floods which wipe out hundreds of thousands in a day show what glandelinia attempts to win a war that is so unjust and wicked in its cause. The glandelinians who practiced a system so cruel and unjust as to defeat and do away the good effects of all that can be attempted for them by the holiest of countries have been in the end frustrated by the Christian laws more than contending against her for the benefit of the little ones whom Christ loves more than grown ups. In writing this volume the author can sincerely disclaim any suspicions on the parts of others that he favors any such a foe, but things have to be written at times in the volume in such a way as to make it seem he is, when Abbelesia is his side.

There are accounts also in this volume of Christian spies, who we hope the reader can disclaim any invidious feelings toward them who often because it seems an only way to obtain the information they are after use child slaves as if as an only way to obtain the information they are looking for use child slaves as if they were the masters and are therefore forced to be involved in the trials and ordeals of the relations of such slavery. But one point is when an information has been obtained and the spy succeeds in escaping he takes the little slaves with him to the Christian lands where they are free. And no one knows more than these successful spies do what may be gathered of the evils of this kind of slavery and which is not half of what could be written of the unspeakable whole.

Therefore the incidents which are to be here related will appear in time through this volume! It is a comfort of hope, as so many of the horrors and wrongs have been witnessed that the accounts here are of fiction only and not of truth, and when the war in this story is over may the souls of the houses of bondage in glandelinia and elsewhere be to the child-slaves like the remembrance of Egypt to the Israelites a motive of thankfulness to God who had redeemed them. For while the nations contend, and armies are arrayed this way and that in unbelievable conflicts, and disasters beyond record breaking occur, let us all hope that such scenes will never occur in reality in the future to come.

The Author.  
H.J. Dargatz.

chapter  
CHAPTER ONE.

page 1

Greatest flood in immemorial, long. Refuge problem acute, as nearly a million pile up at Big Girl Knoll for help. Water still rising, November 25th to 26th. Flood crisis near but Big Girl Knoll safe, while lower waters peril other sections. More levees are floated, New and greater districts freely inundated. Hundreds of thousands run to hill and mountains at break of levees. Twenty trains sent by Abbeville to aid flood relief. Emperor Vivian sends war chiefs to find out cause of disaster, and get prevention data.

This before he goes to command armies at Vivian Bl. Wickey. Levee danger spots which help levee guards on the lookout. Nine hundred thousand given small fox and typhoid serum. Biggest flood list of war so far.

Flood grips four thousand miles more in Calvernia and Angelinia State areas. Desolation appalling as Wickey Lewisin crevasses continues on. Count De Biff goes south on flood survey. Plans for flood is laid directly to Glandelinia government. The beginning of the Vivian Wickey series. The fatal battles of Lieghburg landing.

## CHAPTER TWO.

PAGE 38

The second day of the battle. Wilder scenes of horror.

## CHAPTER THREE.

PAGE 48

Third day of the battle.

## CHAPTER FOUR

PAGE 55

The fourth day of the battle.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

PAGE 57

The bloody fury of the battle along the right and center, and the main fury of the fourth day duration and the result.

## CHAPTER SIX.

PAGE 61

Violet and her sisters try some plan to get away from the surrounding glandelinian army. A desperate problem. The cleverness of a boy scout. Other incidents. Barred by forest fires. Encamped near a danger zone. The difficulty of getting into the lines. The escape from the rebels.

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

PAGE 68

A fierce battle along the boundary line and other events.

## Chapter Eight.

PAGE 76

A retreat.

## CHAPTER NINE.

PAGE 77

Now tremors visit flooded regions. Freakish explosion at Big Girl Knoll. It does little harm but terrifies the many hundreds of thousands of refugees. Shock felt for

## PAGE93 93.

Penrod learns of the heroism of the Vivian Girls during the past reign of Terror in the Norma Catherine section of Vivian Wickey..

PAGE 110

Statement on the mystery or mysterious rescue of the Vivian Girls, between General  
Meldonia Greatheart, and Penrod.

PAGE 137

General Greathart charges Penrod with an important mission. Penrod tries to sketch the faces of Violet, and her sisters.....

PAGE 143.

Penrod sees the "Battlemake" boy again, and holds another conversation with him. Also he observes an enemy attack and its results during the beginning of the battle of Jennie Vivian, at Delights Junction.

PAGE 151

The result of the battle at Delight's Junction, what will happen to the cowardly Englishmen. Some other doings of Penrod and his friends. Other accounts of the siege of Vivian Wickey. Suffering of survivors. Conflicting estimates as to the losses. Vandalism of Glendalvinian spies. Horror upon horror.

FROM PAGE  
TO 230.

Scenes and experiences of the Vivian Girl Princesses during the incidents of the times of terror. The carnivals of crimes from glandelinian spies, and escaped rebel prisoners when cities of christian encampments are destroyed. The terrible needs of the survivors. Some of the incidents that the Vivian Girls went through during the great horror. The awful magnitude of the misfortune misfortune. The results of the horrible fires in the encampments, and topics on the battle of Delight's Junction. All the besieging armies of Baldwin's Camps must rise again. The most gruesome results of the battle in pictures. Incidents of the terrible battle that makes up the horror of an unusually violent war. Also the full accounts of the battles fury, and the ruin caused beyond description. The first steps on the reconstruction of Baldwin's camps. General greatheart shows more than friendship to Radcliffe," called the "Battlecraze" by the glandelinians.

PAGE 239

The opinion of the boy scouts on the fall of Vivian Mickey. Were they right? Or the nations?

PAGE 250

The Vivian Girls give Penrod and his comrade a surprising visit. Penrod saves a little girl, scout from rebel pursuers.

## 258 DEED

penrod is seized by two profession glandelinian spies, but refuses to answer their questions or give them information concerning Jennie Turner, who she is, and what she is.

PAGE 270

Angelina Aronburg rescues Penrod from the attic..

PAGE 274

How they escaped out of the building. Who was the lead singer?

PAGE 281

The caviary duel.

## PAGE 293

How Penrod was rescued. The boys invent more scenes to capture Vivian Wickley.

PAGE 300

The boys have another very thrilling adventure.

## PAGE 309

A game with Glandolinian snipers.

\* PAGE 310

Penrod and his companions find their way into the rebel lines near Jennie Vivian Town.

PAGE 328

Scenes of fierce, mad stubborn, and dogged events after the battle of Delight's Junction, or Evangelina Grania showing the furious desperation of the enemy. A desperate attempt under fire to locate the secret tunnels and blow them up.

4  
 LONG  
 CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.

PAGE 332

How child slaves were seen inside of Vivian Wickey by those making the secret and daring expeditions..

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT.

PAGE 340

A fatal expedition. A great event early during the siege between the months of December and January.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE.

PAGE 355

The fatal ending of the expedition. Why is it so hard to capture Vivian Wickey, or enemy positions near the city. The desperate fights and battles between October and January 1912 to 1913. The battle of Duquinnia. For fear of child slaves being rescued by the hundreds of thousands the glandelinian authorities act. The battle of Quabecker January 15th 1913. Another demand for the surrender of Vivian Wickey. Another tremendous battle of long duration begins near the Norma's Bridge. Lee fight in it and see how it goes. Six desperate assaults upon the enemy's positions.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

PAGE 374

General Mic-Hollister Johnston's desperate movements against Munsion, and how he fared in a series of tremendous conflicts. A time of great peril for Mic-Hollister Johnston. General Kindermine's great plan.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE.....

PAGE 380..

General Isner Heidi Mylette, and other great heroes of the wicked Glandelinians.

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO.

PAGE 381

Other accounts of the siege. The boy scouts make a strange discovery. Little Schofield Penrod is a brave little leader if you please.

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE.

PAGE 391

An occurrence during the early part of January. The expedition of general Hasbun Jackson Masley. Masley starts on his long campaign. Masley captures Miles Center.. A peculiar expedition. More severe action at Miles Center and good fighting. Give them credit please. The battle of Punksen Centre.....

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR.

PAGE 406

Do you blame Jack Evans for loving these dear little girl heroines for saving him from the horrors of a glandelinian prison. The Vivian Girl Bliss at work again. Results of the invasion. On their way back to Calvernia through glandelinia and Angellina states. Bad scenes of war never to be forgotten. Preparations to relieve the suffering victims of the war. Glandelinia justly punished. Preparations to run down the remaining glandelinian war lords in glandelinia who are still at large. War goes on more so furiously. The problem of over overcoming the many foe armies still in Calvernia. Was Calvernia also punished. Long battle near Carbondale over at last. Glandelinian army surrenders to besiegers. Second greatest christian victory in the war. The frightful battle of Vincentanna Run.

5  
 CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE.  
 PAGE 417

A thrilling experience down the wide Norma Run River.

CHAPTER THIRTY SIX

PAGE 515

A cold blooded murder of children. Aronburg's decision. The Vivian Girls spying on him. He is infuriated and threatens them only as demons would the lost souls. Violet and her sisters make a trying sacrifice. Aronburg sees what it is to try and saddle with the Vivian Girls. Is Aronburg becoming changed. A lively scene. Kidnapped. The stolen children are found really assassinated. The heinous man shows "kind" cruelty to the helpless children.

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN

PAGE 527

The rebellion, and other incidents.

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT.

PAGE 540

Manager Mic-Hollister interferes. He also does Prince Gannon. Violet and her sisters defend Mic-Hollister, and gains his favor.

CHAPTER THIRTY NINE.

PAGE 548

The fire and other thrillers. Violet and her sisters help in the insurrection.

CHAPTER FORTY.

PAGE 549

Angellina Aronburg tells her story. Foothead attempts to wreck his vengeance on the Vivian Girls.

CHAPTER FORTY ONE.

PAGE 552

Violet and her sisters return good for evil. Gannon shows a thing or two.

CHAPTER FORTY TWO.

PAGE 572

Jennie becomes insane.

CHAPTER FORTY THREE.

PAGE 577

Horrible suffering.

CHAPTER FORTY FOUR.

PAGE 586

The burning of Andrew. The dream of the captive children, and the result at Anderson. The struggle with Jennie. How the bloody battle of perger Run began. Series of disasters at Vivian Wickey. The battles of Santa Calus, and Sunbeam Junction. Progress of the battle. The strong battle action on the center.

CHAPTER FOURTY FIVE.....	The ending of the battle of Sunbeam Junction. Page	666
CHAPTER FOURTY SIX.....	A great explosion. The disaster. Reconstruction. Page	677

DIVISION TWO OF  
VOLUME THREE..

CHAPTER ONE.....	The events and progress of the siege around or near the section of Vivian Wickey, called Anna Aronburg. From July to November 1912. Page	674..
CHAPTER TWO .....	Lessons brought on by these bloody frays. General Pickford pradockers expedition. His defeat. Page	679.
CHAPTER THREE.....	The fall of Anna Aronburg. Angelinia's Triumph. How Angelinian plans. Anna Aronburg S.R.P. BRUCE. Page	679.....
CHAPTER FOUR.....	Conspiracy of general Mic-Hollester Johnston. Page	680
CHAPTER FIVE. PAGE 681.....	What the siege of Vivian Wickey has caused. A strange restriction on all trade called the Vivian Wickey Navigation act. Maybe it was a grand act. Let's see if it was and who profited by it. Page	683
CHAPTER SIX.....	Real objects of the Angelinian taxation. Page	685
CHAPTER SEVEN.....	Angelinian Committee of Correspondence.... Page	686
CHAPTER EIGHT.....	The five intolerable acts of Angelinia State. Page	688
CHAPTER NINE .....	More actions at Carbondaler... Page	689
CHAPTER TEN.....	Mansion plans a fierce effort to capture Androm..... Page	691
CHAPTER ELEVEN.....	General Francis supports supports general Greathart. He then relieve greathart so that he can go to dress his wounds. The progress of the second battle of Androm..... Page	694
CHAPTER TWELVE.....	The Androm naval engagement. Mic-Hollesters treason. Page	695
CHAPTER THIRTEEN.....	The attack in the south. Page	697
CHAPTER FOURTEEN.....	Delawere's failure...General Hickadee POW. Page	698
CHAPTER FIFTEEN.....	Difficulties everywhere on account of the war, and the siege of Vivian Wickey. Page	699
CHAPTER SIXTEEN.....	Some effects of the blockade of Vivian Wickey. Page	700

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.....	The fourth day of the battle of Androm.....Page	701
------------------------	-------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.....	Continued Angelinian successes. The plans of the Angelinian generals concerning Androm.....Page	703
-----------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER NINETEEN.....	Acts of radiators. The Mexicommia campaign via Androm. Series of dreadful conflicts in one day.....Page	705
-----------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY.....	Other conditions caused by the siege of Vivian Wickey, and all Calverinian supports.....Page	707
---------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE.....	A naval engagement which startles the world. Other great advantages of the sixth day duration of the battle.....Page	711
-------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO.....	Conscription.....Page	716
-------------------------	-----------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE.....	Maurice Costellice plans of attack. Losses from the seven days conflicts outside of Androm.....Page	717
---------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR.....	A graphic description of the fire at Androm written, in which Violet, and her sisters had their experience in the city as told in Chapter 44 Volume 3 Part 1.....Page	723
--------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE.....	The Blangiglemonian and Boyking Island question. The first battles of these islands and their results. Great and brave experiences of brave men during the siege of Vivian Wickey on the side of the christians. One great battle. The experience of general Bruce Robertson during the long and bloody battle of Red Riding Hood Woods or Sunbeam Junction as it was properly called. Further adventures of the christian general Robertson. The panic caused by the rebel spies. Battles of gadenia and Chesterport. An experience of a christian prisoner and his servants during the short horrible siege of Carbondaler. of which first section written in past chapters of Volume 3, and 2 but related here once more.....Page	726
--------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX.....	A boys adventure with a rebel spy. Running a gauntlet of guns on the Norma Run River.....Page	732
-------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.....	A little fugitive saved by his faithful friend. Adventure of another blockade running or runner. My he did run. Adventure of two lost boys. The frightful battle of Evangelinia Crania, or Norma Rossanna, and the result. an ending.....Page	776
---------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT.....	A revolting horror, and a battle of damnation.....Page	784
---------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE.....	The battle of Mic-Whirther.....Page	786
--------------------------	-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER THIRTY.....	Historic incidents of the cause and the ravages of the fierce Glandelinian war with Angelinia alone. How the battles were fought, and how they turned out. The great campaigns, disasters, and everything known in the horrors of war. The repeated statements on the first known treatments or troubles with glandelinia. What she did. The child slave rebellion and its result. The Battles of Swamp Wood, and Virginia Ford.....Page	791
---------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE.....	What comes of the burning of Androm.....Page	792
-------------------------	----------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO.....	Jennie is still a captive.....Page	803
-------------------------	------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE.....The Typhoon.....	Page 808
CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR.....The daring escape from Pounce Woolie. The battle of Lawn- dale, and a typhoon.....	Page 816
CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE.....Hurrah for Violet Vivian, the little heroine.....	Page 832
CHAPTER THIRTY SIX.....The Mysterious guv'n.....	Page 842
CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN.....Some more trouble .....	Page 846
CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT.....The new battle with child rebels.....	Page 847
CHAPTER THIRTY NINE.....Anxious and thrilling days.....	Page 852
CHAPTER FORTY.....Violet gets free, but not long after, her sisters takes a turn. The result.....	Page 854
CHAPTER FORTY ONE.....Another thrilling week.....	Page 864
CHAPTER FORTY TWO.....The dangerous ramsey. The wreck of a Glandelinian train and what came of it.....	Page 869
CHAPTER FORTY THREE.....All Civilisation and Christianity should cry halt to all the glandelinian butcheries of christian children, even at the cost of war. The sanguine sanguinary battle of padens Run.....	Page 873
CHAPTER FORTY FOUR.....Attacked by Turnersmannians, Gergeyilians, Glimmermail, and Zimmermannians.....	Page 880
CHAPTER FORTY FIVE.....Mic-Allister glanch, and his mighty generals. How relief was given to some of the sad victims of the war, especially of the besieged city of Vivian Wickey.....	Page 885
CHAPTER FORTY SIX.....Further adventures of Angelina Aronburg, or Gertrude Angeline and probably others.....	Page 905
CHAPTER FORTY SEVEN.....The difficulty attempt to get into Andream. Another effort to enter Andream. The gray walls of the Fortifications of Andream. Exciting dangers near the rebel lines under General Mic-Hollester Hendro Mic-Hollester.....	Page 917
CHAPTER FORTY EIGHT.....A desperate battle to prevent the slaughter of child slaves. What Gertrude Angeline and her friends observed when they reached the vicinity of Andream. The earthquake concussion of an explosion, and the tidal wave produced by it. An attempt by a rebel to burn Violet and her sisters to death, and other incidents. The frightful battle of Phenoth or Thumbellina.....	Page 950
CHAPTER FORTY NINE.....A second war issue for the battle of Cinderella. Frightful carnage. Again repulsed with great loss. Death of Admiral Thomas. The general action of the fleet, and the general opposition of the rebel gunboats and monitors. Fortress Thumbellina taken, only to be retaken. End of first most frightful battle of the war.....	Page 992

CHAPTER FIFTY.....The almost fatal passage of Fortress Thumbellina, and the others. The worse of the naval engagement, and the escape of the fleet.....	Page 988
CHAPTER FIFTY ONE.....Other scenes during the siege of Vivian Wickey.....	Page 992
CHAPTER FIFTY TWO.....The breaking out of severe desultory battles not far from Aurand- callio. What came from them.....	Page 1006
CHAPTER FIFTY THREE.....The first attempts on Fortress Aurandcallio, and the results. Big Turner Hill, and Turner Run.....	Page 1008

CHAPTER ONE  
HOW HE WAS TOO LONG

CRISIS OF FLOOD IS IMMENSELY LONG. REFUGEE PROBLEM ACUTE AS NEARLY A MILLION  
PILE INTO BIG GINXBOOL FOR HELP. WATER STILL RISING.  
ON NOVEMBER THE 17, 25th AND 26th.

SPECIAL CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER ONE.

CRISIS OF FLOOD IS IMMENSELY LONG. REFUGEE PROBLEM ACUTE  
AS NEARLY A MILLION PILE INTO BIG GINXBOOL FOR  
HELP. WATER STILL RISING. NOVEMBER 25th to 26th.  
CRISIS OF FLOOD CRISIS NEAR BUT BIG GINXBOOL SAFE. BUT BACK WATERS PERILS OTHER  
SECTIONS. WORK LEVEES ARE BLASTED. A NEW AND GREATER DISTRICTS FRESHLY  
INUNATED IN UNDATED. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS RUN TO HILLS AT  
BREAK OF LEVEES. TWENTY TRAINS SEE BY ARIZONA TO AID FLOOD RULERS.  
EMPEROR VIVIAN SEES WAR CHIEF TO FIND OUT CAUSE OF DISASTER AND GET  
PREVENTION OR PREVENTION DATA! THIS BEFORE HE GOES TO COMMAND ARMY  
AT VIVIAN WICKET. LEVEE DANGER SPOTS WHICH KEEP LEVEE GUARDS ON THE  
LOOKOUT. NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND OF NEW GIVEN SMALL FOX AND AND FITTIFOLD  
SEVEN. BIGGEST FLOOD LIST OF WAR SO FAR. FLOOD GRIPS FOUR THOUSAND MILES  
WORK IN CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA AREA. DESOLATION APPEARING AS WICKET  
LANE OR VASSER CONTINUES ON. COUNT DE BIFF GOES SOUTH ON FLOOD SURVEY.  
BLAME FOR FLOOD IS LAID DIRECTLY TO GRANDOLINIAN GOVERNMENT.  
THE BEGINNING OF THE VIVIANWICKET SERIES.  
THE FATAL BATTLES OF LIECHBURG AND LANDING.

CREST OF FLOOD IS IMMENSELY LONG. REFUGEE PROBLEM ACUTE AS NEARLY A MILLION  
PUSH INTO BIG GIRL KNOOL FOR HELP. WATER STILL RISING.  
ON NOVEMBER THE 25th AND 26th.  
FLOOD CREASIS NEAR BIG GIRL KNOOL BARR. BUT BACK WATER IMPAIRING OTHER  
SECTIONS. MANY LAYERS ARE BLASPH. A NEW AND GREATER DISTRICT FRESHLY  
INUNDATED. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS RUN TO HILLS AT BREAK OF LAYERS. TRIMTY TRAIN  
SENT BY ABRIKASHIA TO AID FLOOD RELIEF. EMPEROR VIVIAN SENT WAR CHIEF TO  
FIND OUT AN. C AND GET PREVENTION DATA. BEFORE HE GOES TO COMMAND ARMIES AT  
VIVIAN WICKLY. LAYERS DANGER SPOTS WHICH KEEP LAYERS GUARDS ON LOOKOUT.  
900,000 GIVEN SMALL FOX AND TYPHOID BEHIM BIGGEST FLOOD LIST OF WAR.  
FLOOD CREASIS WITH THOUSAND MILES MORE IN CALVERINIA AND ANGELINIA AREA.  
RESOLUTION APPALLING AS WICKLY LANSIN CHIVASER CONTINUES ON. COUNT IS  
DIFF. DES. SOUTH ON FLOOD SURVEY.  
BLAME FOR FLOOD IS LAID DIRECTLY TO CLANDELINIAN GOVERNMENT.

The city of big girl knool which has a normal population of nearly as many people as  
Chicago has up to this date of November the 25th since the early part of October when  
the flood began has received nine hundred and eighty two thousand nine hundred and  
ninety six refugees of the flood to shelter, clothe and feed in side the city; not counting  
the fifteen immense emergency camps established on the city limits by the Abbeinnian  
Red Cross, and still they come. And the city of Big Girl Knool where 22 is the stage of  
the flood on the government gauge now shows more than fifty eight feet of raging waters  
piling down from the surge surge surges surges to the north which had been  
overwhelmed by the Lake Sololia flood further northwest, and still it comes; and for  
this section of the country, it rains, and rains, and rains and still it rains, while  
up north it is freezing hard and a foot or two of snow has fallen. While this goes on  
Big Girl Knool reported that on the 24th of November the city saw the passage of one  
of the most violent thunderstorms in its whole history and a cloud burst of rain and the  
city was hoping that there would be a lowering of the flood. The crest of the very refugees  
may not be reached for weeks, and the city has been compelled to prepare whether they  
will house 100,000 more.

From the breach of the Wickly Lamsin Levee which was letting out most of the water  
and from other break in the Arenburgs Run River levee at North Bend on the plantat  
ion near Conservatory Run owned by Emperor Vivian which he used as his summer resort the  
water was rushing in a sea two hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, and rising six  
inches an hour. Thirty new towns were in the path of this new section of the flood, and if  
not yet touched will be flooded. All of the southeastern part of Angelina country, and  
the middle section as far south of Angeline junction was under water from the Lake  
Sololia disaster and the waters of Mio-Whirther too, and the situation in the very  
Arenburgs Run delta was more than a temporary emergency. The immense drives of people who  
have been driven out of this area had nothing but the clothes they were when they fled.  
Without congressional appropriations for the financial rehabilitation of these unfor  
tunate the entire Arenburgs Run Delta must be evacuated.

According to the Head Abbeinnian department of agriculture the latest list of the  
areas now under water, not in the recent sections of floods, but in the new around  
Angeline Junction showed the following figures whether the reader believes it or not (all  
figures are in acres): Adolphia State 11,345,000 to 12,500,000 acres; Bastrop State 11,000,000 acres;  
Olandorn State, 23,456,000 acres; State of Vivian, Calco, and Caldwellian, and also  
Sololia and San Pedro 150,000,000 acres. Believe it or not let the reader guess how  
many miles this flood has already covered, including also the northwestern section of  
Angelina, and all of southern Calverinia, putting together also the 100,000,000  
acres of the Lake Sololia flood? A small figure if he likes to say it, and whether these  
figures take no account of the situation in Armer State and Angeline vine to boot,  
where the crest of the flood has already arrived, and where no one knows what will happen  
in the future with the billion-dollar damage done when it does arrive, call them  
The cost of seed and of grain feed, to put back crop on these flooded lands then and  
where they emerge from the flooded land will run to about three to four dollars an acre.  
With the expenses to pay for the carrying on of the war, the seiges, and the throwing  
down of the rebellion, where in the world is the money coming from? Let the reader  
make his own guess. This is as good as mine. Calverinia surely faces a famine and famine  
and these figures don't be according to this story be dispute either as over thirty  
million acres had been flooded at the Arenburgs Run Delta alone, this area embracing  
all the delta lands in the state of Haldine.  
In Armer State now completely under water (try and find the trees) where  
the city of Greenham is now completely under water, and where the town of  
Nadgo Evans sent 99,000 refugees to one camp, ninety eight per cent of all small craft  
were engaged in evacuating scores of thousands from the flooded area in the northwestern  
part of Armer State which so far was the hardest hit section the natural difficulties  
attending this work the rescuers were meeting without resistance from Clandelinians  
who in ambuscade tried to prevent them from rescuing those caught in the floods  
Reports to Count De Biff and national auto authorities were that many thousands of

Count De Giff and his party arrived at Henrietta on the 26th, en route back to  
Angeline Agatha. In the state of Angeline vine alone 10,456 as miles have been flooded  
driving an million persons from their homes from Angeline Vine city  
and fifty thousand from the state, and no hundred and eighty six thousand were to refuge  
in upper floors or on rafts and eight thousand miles were to go before exhausting its terrible  
passing Angeline Vine and had four thousand miles were to go before every penny of the  
terrible power of destruction Count De Giff said. He appealed for every penny of the  
led Cross money and as much more as the Abbeismian people could spare.  
ed Cross money and as much more as the Abbeismian people could spare.

that they will remain safe. It is estimated that from four to six months would be surely required to estimate the 2,440,555 persons affected

flooded districts, while the rescue fleets man-  
sections. In great torrents also had isolated and endangered forty refuge  
burden was on the Red Cross in

bouts which could transport only limited numbers of persons. The boats were assigned were listed in nearly eighty camps altogether, while those at these danger points were

restoration allowed them to return to their homes in life. All the Red Cross relief workers were anxious to see from the national drive for funds. They must have money and provisions. This was the situation in but one of a number of flood refuge centers. And the whole responsibility rests upon the rebellion.

when they were about three hundred yards away the boat passed a nest which opened fire and the people in it became hysterical. Crowded to the sides in the panic and the boat turned over, and a every one including her mother drowned before her eyes. The little girl clung to her perilous perch two hours longer, also fired a

who dispersed the Lameelinian heat removed her. On the 27th she boarded a train for Angelina, a girl from Henrietta still dazed from her experience, where her Aunt found her and brought her to her home. AUNT

relief. The Senator acted to raise the national Abolitionian aid from \$200,000 to \$1,000,000. The Senator acted after listening to a report from Count de Biff, and giving a huge sum out of his own pocket. The Count reported that more than two hundred million million acres had been flooded, and more than three million persons made homeless. Count de Biff recommended doubling the one billion dollar quota. He also urged continued expenditures of money by the government departments.

alone who have been driven from their homes, and this number is being steadily increased daily as the refugees continue to spread out, thus inundating the country on each side of the river. Those refugees wearing food, shelter and clothing by the Abbeinnion had Government as the agent for the mighty Abbeinnion, and the burden of their care will have to continue for months. Because of the vastness of the inundation districts of the flood, the sum even already called for will not be enough additional. The Red Cross has to care for such huge numbers is making their own situation desperate and the numbers are being doubled, and the worst of the big flood has not reached all parts. In order that these millions of your homeless fellow citizens may continue to receive all the care necessary a sum of two billion dollars will not be even enough. It is therefore desired that the sum originally made it should be doubled if possible."

It is therefore desired that the now originally named person be removed as possible prior to the Superior's appeal. It was announced that it would be impossible for him to tour the flood swept districts as had been suggested because he was needed to supervise the salvage of Vivian Wickey for at least three months. In his report to the Superior Court De Biss said,

"The crest of the flood is still two weeks away from the outlet to the sea and further breaks in levees may occur if the money vandals are not watched. Therefore the full extent of the flood and the responsibilities it may involve for the whole nation cannot be known for fourteen days."

While flood waters rose, the bank water from the many ponds in the neighborhood of nine stations, that fact that the levee so close to Big Knool still remained firm and that the Grandmoulinians did not come to even attack it so far apparently had removed the danger from the Big City as well as other places including Henriette's various stations to the northwest and southwest however were reported, with many thousands more - made homeless and many hundreds of thousands in the paths of the new spread of the southern intensity of the flood ready to flee to the high ground and other places' refuge. Yet some slight improvement in the flood cent on conditions in the region of Argonne was noticed with the water so far apparently over, and all officials of the Red Cross were now turning their chief attention to sanitation, and to reestablish the homes the homes of the refugees after the flood waters receded, and the quick recede was hoped for before winter came on as December was not far away.

With the waters of the Mica River still rushing down into Concordia state, from the breaks in the embankments already described, the Arroyo de San Javier still still receiving its own share of the enormous flood waters, was literally pouring over its western bank at Blaine west of and a mild inundating another large stratum of water was that coming down from a section of the Lake Bolina disaster which had spread throughout the counties south and east of Angeline Junction and straddle Angeline cities and also toward Jennia. A special report of war correspondents was that Lucy and John Gates were also under water, with ten other counties threatened, and one hundred thousand refugees already flocking toward Jennie, Warner city and also Mingo gaps. The flood waters have already threatened Mingo, Grand city and its neighboring towns and the whole state impinging sixteen miles of the Mica, Blaine and Gordon railroad tracks above Angeline (then Angellina state) in Richmond district or parish the water was reported to be eighteen feet deep at Barbel, with Kate Junction entirely swept away, the agent way and Torpe threatened.

swept away and "torpedoes" water. The  
sum of the water was already going into the Mayfield state and that the  
lake Angeline the Angeline river was also in the path of the two big dikes  
knowing that if the flood would rush into this terrible enormous lake and start up  
it was an appalling disaster beyond comparison strenuous efforts beyond belief were  
being made by all the inhabitants of Angeline Junction and all states within radius  
the huge lake to throw up temporary dikes around that lake with the hope to change  
the course of the flood and make it flood into the Greenburg area further west and into  
the sea.

If this lake should receive all the flood waters it would burst its bounds and the scenes of the Lake Bellia error would be quadrupled if not made a hundred times worse. The flood from the overwhelmed sections of the Aronburgs and Conservatory gun rivers began moving slowly into the lake and the water was also engaged in forming levees the lake AND AS THE LAKE was in danger large forces were also engaged in forming levees there. The combined population of people fighting to prevent the water from flowing into the lake was about four hundred thousand including men women and children.

Catahoula State, adjoining Concordia also was feeling the forest of back waters while southward in Aveyellon families were obliged to flee from the north side of the state, when the flood reaching there rose to ten feet during the day.....

besides inundating rich fall crops lands own sugar and truck and all other kind of farm lands the water had invaded oil and gas sections and even coal mining regions both on Concordia and Aveyellon and gas sections and that the oil wells hundreds of them were all afloat because of the enemy making snouts of flames many hundreds of feet high, and the greatest clouds of black smoke ever heard of sent high in the sky and cover ed it so much that nearly fifty miles of country was in total darkness. To the south of this district engineers continued the directing of the levee constructions around the lake to the north first where the flood was approaching from, while additional inhabitants mostly men only were drafted from other towns to fight the forest fires raging with increased fury since the Lake Bellia disaster.

Preparations for the citizens of this flooded country side was discussed at a meeting during the time at Angelina, gathia and prompt measures were to be taken to save the disaster stopped for with all bureaus giving out their warnings about the serious ness of the situation that would be presented between Angelina, gathia, and Angeline nees of the flood crest moved down past Angeline Junction threatening to go into the lake large armies of citizens of all sects and ages continued work topping and strengthening the levees in that section. General newleaves were reported to be in danger because of glandelinians threatening to mine them with the greatest danger point five miles south of Viviana city where a force of glandelinians were said to have about successfully attacked the defenders. Several hundred citizens and a whole brigade of soldiers were rushed to the place, placed and then later the engineers and scouts reported the danger had been overcome, and that the enemy had been dispersed for the present at least.

The levee bureaus gave warning however that the flood waters from all the other crevasses breakers continually moving southward and westward, and also spreading northward and eastward. The section again going back into the Brimlie and urban creeks would again pass back into the Mic-Whirther increasing the danger below the south of the Aronburgs Run, lower. The flooded sections of the Aronburgs gun river was steadily rising, and that the flood at Little girl knool was again rising as a result of the lower flood water reentering the main flood through the Smb a Smbous and gramine streams.

below Little girl knool the water was stationary or rising slightly, but at Big girl knool the gauge showed a drop of one half a foot, and this was expected to continue as the levees there, the reconstruction of the blast levees would be necessary, and if another such disaster was to be averted it was planned by the government that the only thing to do was to have every levee strongly concentrated by all troops of soldiers he held of the flood. General Argar asserted to General Vivian that Big girl knool and Lucille Jackson was now safe as a result of the successful defense of the powerful Big girl knool Big girl knool lay below that city but expressed the concern over the safety of all the other territory below Angeline Junction, and other parts of Angelina. He said eighteen thousand square miles of land has been or will be flooded, and that a hundred thousand are would have been inundated had it not been for the Big girl knool levee defense of the soldiers and citizens since Big girl knool knool had been in peril.

According to general Argar not only should all levee walls be more strongly constructed and built more high, but also strongly defended by all soldiers needed for the purpose. And the general said that much of the present big flood disasters would could easily have been averted if the levees would have been strongly defended in the first place, and he also stated that the levees ought to have spillways, spillways to trap glandelinians who sneak upon a levee to blow it up.

"The time will come," said general Argar, "when this catholic country of Abbeanna will go ahead and not only construct levees of stronger materials and which will hold long before blasting charges, but also have defenders and powerful spillways which will not only have good use in drowing at vandals but also to use for the good of all towns and cities not yet electrically lighted....."

At this time a lone glandelinian soldier seen sneaking near the vin city of the Big girl knool levee (he, he, he, he) was shot by an Aveyellonian country near the flood front and instantly killed. On the 29th of November the states of Concordia and others south of the city of Angeline Junction began experiencing the full force of the flood which had devastated so many thousands of miles of territory and a score of new towns and the torrent also was completing the inundation of Babel State with prop prospects that it would overflow most of the other sections, and a nearly threatened territory comprised about six thousand square miles. In the main river flood and up property value of more than fifty million dollars.....

With the main river flood waters claiming this new area, the overflow from the southern extremity of the Aronburgs gun was spreading over a southeastern catholic state, and the flow from another break really made by glandelinians was widening over the section adding hourly to the numbers of homeless and swelling the property loss. Our other big crevasses created by the glandelinian soldiers near the Aronburg levee came most unexpected and at a time when the levee engineers had thought they and the workers and soldiers had won their fight to dam up the water flowing over the slough at that place. The enemy succeeded in blasting after winning their attacks, making openings about two hundred yards wide, and a thousand long, the waters rushing to the lowlands sailing to the backwaters there, and gradually pushing on the sea ward field state where barriers are being constructed to prevent the flood reaching Lake Angeline in that locality.

At many new spots the Red Cross had been compelled to establish new camps thirty miles south of the new break and supplies were being concentrated there, and refugees filled the camps from the towns of Laasack and Illia when the floods came down on them suddenly giving them barely time to flee to safety. The Abbeanna held national guard which was now fully mobilized had about twenty thousand men in that region, and small and big boats were being rushed to the area. These new breaks though made by the enemy were expected to lower the flood stage at Angeline Junction but the weather department in a special warning reported that the waters from those crevasses were liable to return to the mainstream joining the flood from the Aronburgs gun river and intensify the flood situation below the mouth of the Aronburgs Run River.

A similar warning was given by all levee boards which stated that the new breaks had placed more in peril, and that all live stock women and children too should be removed immediately. Should another break occur the board said it would affect at least fourteen other counties, and many other states too. While a fresh army of men women and children went to work to strengthen the levees between Angelina, gathia, and Big girl knool glandelinian engineers at other points kept up the blasting of another dig north of Conservatory gun in an effort to be man enough to increase the as a result situation there. The opening state started on the 29th. The opening started on the 29th had been widened to a total distance of six hundred feet and the flow was like a torrent literally reducing the rivers level at Big girl knool and below instead of making matters worse as the glandelinians had expected. A drop of two feet in the flood stage of the river at Big girl knool was observed that day but since then the level of the river had been stationary. The Mayor of Big girl knool calculated that when the flood had reached its own peak near Big girl knool the stage along that section had not exceeded twenty eight feet as against the 33 feet stage forecast before the lower levee breaks were made. This was one time the enemy got far ahead.

At that however advice received in the towns south of Aronburgs Run were that the flood would be soon overflowing the country side there before the next day. From Chamberlains city came word that the Conservatory and Aronburgs gun Rivers at Edenia thirty miles north of that still flooded place was still being flooded because the enemy had burst another levee flooding thirty thousand acres more of farm and other lands, and driving thousands of persons from their homes. The refugees were taken to the concentration camps at Lucille Jackson city where seventy seven thousand persons had been already camped for, and in the night, believed to have been caused by glandelinian soldiers a terrible fire broke out which wiped out all the 10,000 tents in the camp and drove all the refugees into great confusion. With the greatest floods if of record forecast for the season, with a fleet of rescue ships and boats under fire while rescuing marooned persons out into danger sections by the coast guard and Red Cross, as well as up and down the rivers, the enemy is not content but must burn refugees out of even camps. A part of the rescue fleets was approaching Monterey and Edenville and was to take out all the people in the threatened areas, transporting them to the next concentration camps at Lucille Jackson and other places but these were often attacked or literally attacked and dispersed by glandelinians on other boats. A fire on one hundred and thirty six coast guard power boats was being unloaded at Flotilla of one hundred and thirty six coast guard power boats at this location of Big girl knool Big girl knool making a total of two thousand craft at this location of rescue work between Angelina, gathia and the latter city. These boats had been scattered over the flooded area to bring out those marooned on levees, trees house tops, and a pr of promontories. These too were fired on from some hidden point while unloading the refugees and a few were killed including two Red Cross Nurses and six children. Cannon were brought along docks of the river and answered the fire with killing effect. One day of November came over scenes of desolating desolation through widest stretches of the Mic-Whirther gun Valley, where more than three million five hundred three million five hundred thousand persons had been affected by the flood. With more dikes crumbling before the explosions set off by rebellious rebels in several places in Galvernia the river was enabled to even widen its old breaches because of afraid and the refusal of many inhabitants to quit their menaced dwellings because of afraid and being shot at by glandelinian snipers made the work of the flood or in the flood many very hard and difficult. At all points of the edge of the flood or in the flood many persons their food supplies crushed on dangerous levees, house tops or other points declined to even receive assistance. Held, Aronburg town was also inundated when the waters

It was estimated that if this threatened break would occur it would result in the early inundation of 22,000 and additional square miles of territory in five of other counties much of which was already under water or black water of the flood.

utterly helpless to prevent legislative tactics and patchwork measures have compliance

10. "The Engineer-Vivien made announcements that his war secretly has been preparation of PLANS of army engineers for future flood protection from so ruthless an enemy. A similar assurance of early action in this direction was given to the Governor of every state, and that the Government would do everything it possibly could toward restoration work in the flooded districts."

There was also formed a special session of the gyalpa, and the gasper was left for the front, had directed the Secretary of the War Department to accompany other gyalpa parties to the flooded Mic-Maurther. Man-in-power that the engineer corps of the army, and the River Commission, may expedite a report on flood war prevention. He was impressed and impressed with the dire plight of the hundreds of thousands of flood sufferers in the Mic-Maurther flood areas. He had the idea of sending him and his gyalpa to the front to further engage, blasting of levees. The gasper before he left the front had appealed to the nation to increase the size of credits for the draining of so vile an enemy, as glauculinia.///

While the human caravans of the hundreds of thousands of refugees continued to move out of places of safety the flood and back waters of the river and its overhanging branches (proving it is a tree) were completing the inundating of other lands in a hundred countries in northeastern and southeastern portions of Argentina and Galvian countries in the 20th of November.....

The end of the break nearest Hamilton city will be it was said bulkheaded and that the water will be able to widen the opening in that direction. As further precautionary measures are being construction near Lake Angeline to ward off the flood from that region were being raised rapidly and strengthened by large cranes of steel, and the experts hoping the flood would not come too soon, until the level of the river at pig Girkwood fell three quarters of another foot during the past twenty four hours ending at six o'clock a committee of army and state engineers reported that the gauge during the remainder of the flow would stay within a reading of 26.6 feet but added this would occasion no concern, as there would be no danger to the pig Girkwood city unless of course the other flood gates broke. The water in the

BIG CAT & KIDNEY CITY, ALTHOUGH OF COURSE THE OTHER STAFF HAD TO JOIN THE LARGE IF ONE FROM THE

It was reported that a portion of the lake was being started to fill as the workers were not having the chance to make dikes around the lake fast enough, and other areas were being flooded, while a special warning from the levee departments at that section said the newly built levees below the point would cause the river at that section to rise a little for several weeks but added:

AT Mel dunville the Aramburg and river rose to crest level, and Aramburg peaked. The drop of the river was about two feet. The Aramburg Creek showed a fall of one and a half feet despite the overflow recently by the enemy. The population of refugees camped here every hour, any minute it seemed as persons arrived on foot, in long trains of wagons or were ferried to safety in flooded sections by the many large rafts of boats concentrated in these regions. And the great rescue fleets plied the waters at the mouth of the Aramburg to the Glendelian uniers, reaching the swollen reaches of every

The caption of one of the rescue boats had become overturned from hard fighting and exposure with flood waters for a week, but nevertheless had succeeded in landing this fourth load of refugees to Big Girl Knoll. This caption who bore the deep toothmarks in one was inflicted by an Inuit child whom he ferociously rescued, declares that the flood situation was bad, and that many of the marooned victims were dead, and that many of the survivors were insane. At Big Girl Knoll

At the Aronburgs Elm Hallroad bridge where this same captain whose name was given me, rescued two hundred orphan children from within of large silos; horses and cattle were standing in three feet of water on the bridge and there was no way to get to them. Therefore twenty trains were sent out to aid flood relief departments to rescue the victims. Count Joe Biff, appealed to mayor, governor and war chiefs to find out the date of the prevention date of the flood and to call a special session of the legislature to prevent such a flood from happening again.

Over 100,000 Chinese and Japanese soldiers were sent to attack the Japanese army. The Japanese army was defeated and the Chinese and Japanese soldiers were sent back to their homes. The Japanese army was defeated and the Chinese and Japanese soldiers were sent back to their homes.

disaster victims in all parts of the country, which was costing the American government and that was nothing with the losses now, I which was costing the American government two billion dollars within a month's time for disaster relief in this section there were before the two hundred million dollars, was needed only within a little over a year's time.

"This flood is the greatest disaster  
and one of the worst of all disasters on record," asserted Count De Biff "and we are  
best people in Abissinnia here to stand with our fingers on our mouths like tim-  
bered in the wood and let Glandelina go away with this woman as could take prompt ac-  
tion." justified vegen vengeance. This flood is affecting millions of citizens, the  
self have bursted dikes of the stream overwhelm our own government has full jurisdic-

and for which it must assume responsibility and therefore on that as I can see it is just as much the fault of the Abbotinian Government for this flood and fire disaster as the enemy's. It is plain the duty of the Emperor to call his loyal Congress in extra session at once to debate on what should be done to the enemy for bringing on purpose such disasters which are even surprising and horrifying the world.

Speaking of glandularian soldiers appearing at the case of levees are the main danger signals which watched by these who battle the Glandularians against their efforts to destroy other levees. Levee vandals are what the guards and soldiers call these glandularians, and unless checked promptly in their vile purpose they would succeed in blocking holes in levees with only a few sticks of dynamite which would cause crevasses through which the water of the rivers would pour our pour with great fury.

The enemy can even cause crevasses by sealing a small hole through which the water seeps through and which the current would quickly widen until a geyser appears. The Abbotinian Red Cross disaster relief headquarters have reported on the 14th of December that 3,455,66 persons were receiving aid from the many organizations in the Mic-Thirther Run Flood area, and that this was surely the greatest number ever cured for by the Abbotinian Red Cross in any disaster in that country, of course among the Lake Gelicia, and the forest fire horror. And more than nine hundred thousand of the refugees had been given typhoid, typhus, and smallpox inoculation by the medical division of the Abbotinian flood relief forces. There was an increase of over 10,000 victims of typhoid, and the end the rate was expected to increase as even larger supplies of serum were to be rushed to these concentration camps. Also reports from the Abbotinian health officials, either National, or State continued to disclose new cases of typhoid and smallpox in the many refugee camps. The health officers of the St. Angeline vice reported three thousand cases of typhoid, and eight thousand of smallpox.

Scattering cases of both diseases were also reported from the Turner State Concentration camps, and the head state health officer Doctor Janborne declared fifteen thousand cases of typhoid typhoid were being treated within the flood area of Peru state, and that the thousand cases of smallpox were reported.

Also there came reports from concentration state camps of California that 16,000 cases of typhoid typhoid were listed, and that still even now the refugees in a situation to tonight the region was being badly improved, no improvement at all as occasionally sneaking enemy vandals could steal into camps and start fires among the rows upon rows of tents that nothing could stop, and many suffered from burns and other injuries and this happening with no fire departments available. And again more under fire continued continued in the newly flooded areas of California, while others were reported slowly falling in the older flood regions.

And across these raging streams, and new lands some rescue forces still continue to move swiftly in the race with the flood waters for the safety of scores of thousands of persons in northwestern Angeline. Junction section, Glandularian thousands who had sought safety on the remaining Mic-Thirther Run levees near the city of Angeline Junction and Jennie Turner, between Gertrude Angeline City, and Crosswell Junction were saved under severe fire to refuge camps at these places, a higher ground within full view of the flood from above. The national Abbotinian guard officers however reported that between 100,000 and 200,000 were at other points on the protective embankments and had entrenched themselves to avoid the snipping fire of hidden glandularian vandals.

At many points where the waters had risen sixteen feet the rescuers frequently met with flat refusals of the inhabitants to leave. Three-fourths of the one hundred and twenty thousand still in the flooded parish of Angeline Junction, preferred to remain by their homes and farms and others points, rather than risk going to shelter under fire of glandularian snipers which they dreaded more than the fury of the flood, that therefore they were determined to remain until the flood should recede. The inhabitants were living in the upper stories of their homes and barns, or on scaffolds built above the roofs or on large rafts, improvised against fire from the wicked Glandularian snipers. And with no more immediate breaks in the levees threatened as they were being too strongly defended, the state and national relief machinery were able to give their full attention to relief work and rescue work, although there was no relaxing of vigilance and effort in all danger zones. Scouting parties from Angeline Junction reported to the flood dictator of the Nation John M. Reids that the waters, from the Aronburgs, on were still moving swiftly southwestward, and that a stranger current to the southeast had developed over practically all of the inundated area, and that a portion of the Lake Gelicia flood was joining it here thus meeting all dangers elsewhere. This therefore was forcing huge volumes of water into the branches of the Aronburgs run, and this caused engineers and thousands upon thousands of workers strain all their most desperate efforts to keep this flow in that direction to prevent inundation of newly vast stretches to the south and north which could devastate million more of acres of rich farm lands, and many more towns.

It was necessary that efforts should be redoubled as the flood situation was growing worse and more serious every hour, the flood really being one of the greatest in this part of California and Angeline countries. Within a day, every city had subscribed for over a million dollars a city, many or all of them had taken up huge collections and remitted their offering to the Red Cross, and yet greater pity had been called upon, calling upon the nation to double its giving. The total flood refugees

exceeded four million, those all looking upon the Red Cross for food clothing, shelter and medical care. General General Parker claimed he had thought of a plan which would for all time save in the future all parts of the Abbotinian, south or north, north or any place from a repeat of the disastrous floods caused by enemies and he had offered it up to the Abbotinian government. He tendered the plan through his chief aid Benbow and the plan was based on the employment of mechanical methods to end the flood flow of water in spite of the enemy. It would cost one thousand times less than the present system of enemy and flood fighting, by guarded dikes, dredging and the like and would require a thousand times less time to put into operation.

On the first of December while large fleets of boats piled the Angeline Junction flood waters taking immense droves of refugees to safety from the floods that were joining together from Gelicia and Mic-Thirther run, large medical forces and long broad lines of the greatest Abbotinian war relief machine in the worlds history of fiction maneuvered into position to care for the swelling ranks of the homeless.

Immense supplies of medical aids, including disease antitoxins, food and clothing, and tents, were a continually sent to all concentration centers. Behind the newly flooded districts where the relief work had been under way now for a long period supplies though plentiful for the one million refugees, were often seized and carried away by raiders after being successful in attacks upon the camps. Thus a great deal of apprehension was expressed by medical men because of these camps not strongly enough guarded by the military.

Also an epidemic of dysentery among the refugees of many camps caused the Red Cross and authorities concern, and the type typhoid was increasing and was proving especially dangerous to small children and also to the Red Cross members themselves who even contracted it. It was believed to be brought on by the refugees compelled to drink flood waters before being rescued. The head supreme medical director of the Red Cross reported fifty thousand cases in all scattered through the refugee camps, and vaccination both for typhoid typhoid and other diseases had continued as rapidly as serum could be could be transported to the concentration centers.

Only about ninety thousand persons were said to be free or inoculated with typhoid and smallpox sera, and that also the Red Cross was compelled to request the loan from the army of many mobile laboratory laboratories for use in the flooded areas to purify water. Additional cases of smallpox, and even some cases of hydrophobia and cholera were reported at Angeline Junction though the health workers had inoculated all the remaining inhabitants. Three persons believed to be suffering from rabies and yet not having been bitten by dogs were found in an Angeline Junction hospital, and it was believed a number of rabid dogs might have been drowned in the flood and that some portion of the flood had these germs upon these three took in when they had changed the peril of drinking the water rather than suffer the pangs of thirst. Among these was the Mayor of the city itself and was rushed to the city hospital in a critical condition.

Evacuation of towns in southern California still continued despite that fact that in most places the waters were receding slowly. Lake Anger village had been evacuated to the government levee across the lake there, and tents and food had been shipped there, and while boats were quartering women and children until accommodations for sheltering them could arrive. About 10,000 persons were still living on the fragments of the Wickey Lanch levee from which torrents of water was still pouring though now at quite a diminished volume. Devastation of some other parts of southeastern California, and also a portion of Angeline for a distance of four thousand miles more, was rapidly becoming complete on the 25th of November and also the 30th, as the badly rising flood waters continued southward, and more levees were blown asunder by glandularian vandals, the levees being near Wickey Lanch which caused a new army of refugees to be sent on the route increasing the homeless to four million three hundred and forty-two thousand.

Rice, farm lands, hardwood, and gas and oil lands were also being claimed, adding almost immeasurably to the staggering total of the dreadful property loss throughout the two countries.

Many flood waters even now covered near fifteen thousand miles in Angeline gate, alone, and an added twenty miles in California, and the picture of the desolation and horror was appalling. For hundreds and hundreds of miles southward and westward along the Mic-Thirther Run there were only a few scattered patches and little hills, not under water. From Little Owl Knoll city almost down to Angeline again a stretch of more than a thousand miles as the grow flood and back waters were everywhere, the river itself now flowing through a great inland sea out of which faint lines of its levees could only be seen, and these levees had been the salvation of thousands of thousands who had since the beginning sought refuge there before the flood waters, until rescue craft could be sent to move them to safer ground. Small hills, mounds, and natural promontories had been the means of protecting other thousands when the rising waters engulfed the flood waters. A peering through four new breaks in the sand river walls during the past twelve hours the river flood waters were cutting wide channels into other places and rushing to meet each waters from other levee broken rivers, as well as from breaks in the main levee of Wickey Lanch.

The rescue machine of workers set up by the authorities was now moving swiftly to care for the still increasing number of refugees and to move out the thousands who had clung for the still increasing number of refugees and to move out the thousands who had clung for the still increasing number of refugees, rather than face the fire of rebels, anxiously to their homes in the face of dangers.

and below the wider section of the flood, other levees were still firm but with the approach of the street of the flood which already had drowned out the levees to the north, north, apprehension was felt for the safety again of the levees. The northward of Big Girl Knoll as rumors came that a large force of Glandelinians was advancing to capture and blow it up. Again on account of these rumors the levee department had warned that extra precautions should be taken along this stretch against the record stages already forecast, for it was said that the feet of so many levees had blown up it really was impossible to stop the enemy in his purpose.

In the state of Peru, a terrific outbreak of typhoid fever had quickly augmented the need for the many Red Cross relief among the many flood victims, and for the conditions was aggravated by the fact because of two severe battles further up north said to be at Delight Junction and Leighburg, leading the army needed many Red Cross workers and was drafting them back from various places. To tell the truth for this story the Nation might as well have been a patient suffering from a stroke of Paralysis.

The Medical director of the Abilene and Red Cross said that the result of the typhoid conditions caused by the flood, as well as other diseases will probably not be known for a long time as it usually takes about a fortnight for the former disease to make itself known after having been contracted. He said that nearly seventy-five thousand refugees already had it so far as he knew, despite the fact many had received the typhoid and small pox serum, and also there remains many scores of thousands for whom the vaccine should be rushed, and with the army needing so many doctors and nurses for so many millions of victims of the two tremendous battles just passed, made the situation for both situations extremely critical and embarrassing not to say very complicated. Refugees by hundreds of thousands have been forced to drink flood waters in many instances, and it was therefore feared that many cases of typhoid and other diseases might spread beyond all Red Cross and medical aid.

The chairman of the Red Cross organization, Gordon Parks, stated that national director of disaster relief for the Abilene and Red Cross, asking field workers and supplies, and received the word, that no more could be sent as the cities near Vivian, Wiley and other places needed them. He said that the war so far had raged at Leighburg, Delight and Delight's Junction, to find out if such rumors were true a field worker on some war correspondence were dispatched from Big Girl Knoll to Vivian, Wiley, and close to the state battle fields, and found it was more true than said that the terrible battle at Delight's Junction (see chapter of battle) could not be exaggerated. The population of so many refugee camps at Big Girl Knoll was over 1,000,000 but the Chairman said it is liable to reach five hundred thousand more in another twenty-four hours.

Personal of other concentration camps was also counted on the line as the relief personnel moved forward to care for these thousands of refugees, and found many without tents, as they said that enemy fire came and often strikes configurations that destroyed all means of shelter. Many boats, and everything parties were over and they could of the inundated regions continually engaged in rescue work, pulling supplies, and bearing relief workers to new points. However conditions in southwestern, Angelina and southwestern Calaverina also were so improved that it was considered too dressed emergency situation there was absolutely passed so far as flood waters were concerned. The number of refugees in the refugee concentration camps had not been listed at any headquarters at this section but it was estimated that two hundred thousand were at the town of Eagle Grove alone. With citizens of Lucille, Menden, Chamberlain, Iowa, Iowa, and other places returning to their homes, the population of several refugee camps were being reduced although many of these people were never seen in the concentration centers but scattered the flood with relatives on the rivers and in levees.

North of Big Girl Knoll, at Beverly Dale, and also, cities in Eastern Angelina, interstate boats by hundreds continued to pour, at outlying districts for war-torn pool people and carried food and supplies to two hundred and fifty thousand persons who chose to remain stranded in their homes in order that they might not face the fire of Glandelinian snipers, and also to guard their belongings. Health conditions in southwestern Calaverina where winter weather was coming on, remained quite on the right stage, but with flood waters either already receding or flowing, over marsh, measures were being under way to safeguard the health of the communities in the wake of the flood.

While lots of rescue work continued on, even under fire of Glandelinian snipers or even while being attacked by Glandelinians in the Mic-Hairther and Flood regions, and were still toying and fighting enemies to protect the levees along all stretches of not yet injured most attention had been maintained to move moving refugees out of temporary concentration points, within the flooded districts to higher ground outside the levees. Food supplies were not plentiful at most places and some stores had opened business in Jennie, Warner city, the worse hit by the flood of all southern Angelina vine towns. Governor Held of Angelina, the state arrived in Eagle Grove city, on the steamer of the former name for an inspection of many refugee camps, and the flooded town, and he was accompanied by many other state officials.

A high powered speed boat of long, or of great length and width reared in the flood districts from prairie Calaverina state, forty-five miles south of Big Girl Knoll city,

and won by a day at least a thirty mile race with death, under shell and rifle fire in the bargain for a forty eight year old woman and her husband, reported dying from wounds they received from the rifle fire of Glandelinian soldiers who continually peppered their names. A canoe went up on the shore at Big Girl Knoll city itself as the floating speed boat damaged by fire of enemy guns split up the water and came to a hurried stop. A waiting ambulance too the man and woman to a hospital but the attention said both were mortally wounded and had faint chances of recovery. Mother Superior Sister Mary Helen superintendent of the Catholic hospital, and others stood by them two slaves as nurses and doctors fought to overcome a five day no forced neglect of their dangerous wounds. As this speed boat arrived at Heidi Farm some miles from the house of these two old couples hundreds of persons though risking the danger from enemy snipers and opened the inundated lowlands for a small rowboat into which the woman and man were taken under a blinding rebel gunfire from their shot riddled home to a levee. Finally the chug of an outboard motor was heard through the trees. Then a few minutes later tender hands lifted the prostrate bodies over the levee and placed it in the fast motor boat, the man and woman suffering from dangerous bullet wounds, while the others were put on board, one suffering from typhoid fever, and the other had lost an eye in some accident. Then the race with death was on and the boat had been powered by Glandelinians in other boats for miles until Christian rescue craft sped into the water and drove off the next casualties. Yet the two the man and woman were not expected to live, and the man with the loss of an eye had long undergone an operation.

While one hundred thousand of their country men including soldiers to the extreme south were in a forced night march before flood waters from Mic-Hairther Run River; Crevasse above Big Girl Knoll, to residents of Caldwell and other eastern Angelina towns kept a night vigil only to find with the coming of dawn that their flight to keep off vandal Glandelinians and to see the flood waters had then in vain. Through three crevasses made by the enemy to the north and south of Heidi the rushing river poured out into St. Johns district and from a score of towns anxious eyes scanned the river for the fleet of rescue boats hurrying from Angelina, Agatha Big Girl Knoll and other places to take them to refuge camps before the water inundated the towns and cities.

Northward in Caldwell districts which also was rapidly being flooded through newly made crevasses at three more points along the river front, special trains carried one thousand from Tulsa, and heavy by teams, while those from the back country not yet flooded came their way to high ground during the night in wagons, many furnished by the state rescue organization and horse drawn teams, and all these men followed themselves.

During the night while a terrific battle with the foe was raging to prevent them from making a break at headquarters, forward north and south of the same district scarcely a person slept in the town of Caldwell or in other places. Throughout the dragging hours of darkness lights gleamed in houses, beacons for the men who fought and labored unceasingly in the losing battle against the relentless enemy advance to beat back the levees and let go the relentless currents punning at the levees. Women and children assembled in prayerful groups or hurriedly gathered to their own valuable possessions against the coming of the flood. Through it all their ears were trained for the mighty roar that would warn them that their men and soldiers had lost in the desperate fight against the foe's attempt to let go the river upon the land.

That roar came with the early dawn not at one place, where one of the greatest dangers was believed to lurk out at many places making certain the complete inundation of the whole territory much of which was already under such waters from the levee breaks of the Mic-Hairther Run and from the Greenburg Run River. The roads began immediately, many Mic-Hairther Run and others moving out with their household goods, to await the gathering on the levees and others moving out with their household goods, to await the coming of the rescue boats.

In the mean meanwhile the first desperate step in rallying out against Vivian order that a comprehensive flood control effort be made in the Mic-Hairther Run Valley was started, when Vivianmen big army having arrived started to concentrate. As many men as there was room for soldiers and artillery on a great number of the still remaining levees. General Glandorn placed on one levee a mile long 10,000 men to defend it against any efforts of Glandelinians to raise it. While the flood of the flood inhabitants of St. Bernard and St. Francis Counties fled before the approach of the enemy, the efforts of the enemy to blast levees many others refused to flee from the fire of thousands of hidden Glandelinian snipers. In fact they knew to advance of being shot to move preferring to take their chances in fact they knew to advance turning to sections of the country, which was strange to them and which may have many hidden enemies lurking to shoot them or their children down.

Most of those who had remained were the men folk and the muddy waters held were were familiar with floods and other disasters and the most part were also less terrors for them than the sniping enemy. Their homes for the most part were also exposed to the fire of Glandelinians, and it was planned recently by the Red Cross and relief workers that there shall be a rescue passed that the remaining flood of

There will have no say on the matters and will be rescued by force. Preparations for the reception of the flood waters was made in most cases when the inhabitants heard that the levees were to be broken by glandelinians, and being assured nothing could stop the enemy from the work they passed it off with a "let them burst the levees" and shrug.

Their one pound deck guns ready for action, their machine guns in position, sixteen seventy-five foot coast guard patrol boats had turned out from their normal activities of patrolling glandelinian life blockade routes and are out patrolling the flood waters of the region for refugees and clearing every nest of hidden hidden Glandelinian snipers from their hiding places as fast as it can be done.

The commander of several one of the boats said the majority of the people in the flooded area are afraid to come out for fear of hidden enemy snipers and that they prefer to remain in their houses in interior rooms than go out and risk their children being shot at by glandelinian snipers.

"There are about fifteen thousand at Heidelberg Lake Section that refuse to leave unless they can be assured there are no glandelinians within a hundred miles of them," he said. "But glandelinians are sniping from every little piece of ground surrounded by flood waters, and the fact that they are not marooned is because they are well supplied with boats, with which they often come out to attack refugees of concentration camps, and fires among the tents of these camps occur every day."

The rescue of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children, many thousands of them cornered by the repeated flows of water from the enormous Wickey Lamsin breaks during the time it started became now the immediate problem on the 1th of December of the Great force of relief workers, craft of every size and type, from the lumbering river steamer to the barges, flat boats and dredges, propelled by an out board motor were still kept busy in the wide stretches of the flooded areas moving the increasing numbers of homeless to concentration camps. Many swift motor boats roared over other sections of the flooded flooded areas to locate many more refugees reported clinging to roof tops, trees, and the tops of promontories projecting above the seas of swirling waters.

Even the life savers of the lighthouse and other departments played a prominent part, even men who had fought the mountainous waves of the Mio-Whirther seas for years to find a new and strange enemy in a mighty river writhing in the throes of its greatest man-made flood. As the rescue went forward always under fire from glandelinian snipers many heartrending scenes were enacted. Children by thousands were dazed or frightened by a war catastrophe yet new in their lives along to their mothers, who fight back their own fears and anxieties to ally those of their young. Men by thousands struggled along weighted with treasured household possessions, exiled from the homes and fields where their years of hardest labor were being wiped out by a flood brought on by such a ruthless war as Glandelinian.

Occasionally as the caravans moved slowly to the high lands groups of glandelinians rush out to meet them with rifle fire, but the men folk who were armed for such occasions answer back from behind rocks and trees and finally driven to desperation act as only their own hearts tell and when shipping the widest stretches, these refugees too give no quarter, with the archers and horses, go miles cattle, asses, pigs, and many varieties of dogs and cats. But not all of the livestock would be saved. Many heads will be caught in the flood to swim until exhaustion pulls them down into the fury of the yellow waters.

As this battle for life proceeds to the eastward, other battles still go forward to the south and west. At the bottom of the flooded areas, large armies of soldiers and even citizens, engineers and laborers pit their wits and strength both against the great masses of water bearing down from the northeast in an effort to divert it back into the Mio-Whirther Run, and save the rich corn land in the south central part of the state, while at various points, ten places a day on levees and elsewhere hundreds of thousands of soldiers fight battles with Gettysburg losses per day in killed and wounded to prevent equally numbers of Glandelinians from driving them off and spreading the levees to spread further floods.

Northward at Heidelberg Lake and West Mary Mio-Gallister Gendles another large army of soldiers and engineers and laborers labor and fight desperately against a front and flanking foe, the swelling flood waters coming down from the Archburg Run to flood a swamp behind the towns, and scores of thousands of attacking Glandelinians who make repeated charges to carry the levees. Along the other fronts breastworks, hastily erected in the desperate efforts to drive off glandelinian forces and save little communities and the standing levees were being strengthened and topped against a flood now present or yet to come as the great waves slowly down to the sea, while the soldiers guarding the army of workers repel repeated charges of glandelinian hordes to stop them from blowing up levees.

On board the great Mio-Whirther Run River steamer called the Mayenfield there were about five to ten thousand refugees, while the same ship was towing a barge with pyrotechnics and the standing levees were being strengthened and topped against a flood now present or yet to come as the great waves slowly down to the sea, while the soldiers guarding the army of workers repel repeated charges of glandelinian hordes to stop them from blowing up levees.

here the flood was lowering they were greeted in that region by the captain of a motor boat that there were 33,000 to 40,000 persons marooned on house-tops in the flooded country surrounding this flooded city, who must be taken off some way or other within

the next few hours as they were hourly, day and night under terrific fire from glandelinian snipers from various mounds of land in the flood, and from wooded country on the shores of the flood on both sides. With those on board this great rescue ship were Doctor John Mio-Loria of the National board of health, and six and cross nurses, five catholic priests, and a hundred nuns all from Angelina Agathia. After unloading the five catholic priests, and the steamers proceeded for the levee with the motor boat al unloading these refugees the point at sunrise, and found the refugee steamer marooned to a tree some twenty miles south of Big Girl Knoll with three hundred glandelinians on board, and the Glandelinian flag flying. It was observed this ship had been captured by the glandelinians with an equal number of refugees on board, and had been captured by the glandelinians on board had been thrown off the ship into the water in that the physicians and nurses on board had been thrown off the ship into the water in perfect "dead as a nail" style. Half of the refugees were ill and one man whose foot had been crushed by a fallen tree was in a bad condition.

Having on board the bigger steamer a large force of marines proceeded at night in boats to cautiously approach the captured ship, and suddenly boarding it without warning surprised the resistance treated them as pirates by making them all walk the plank.

Doctor Mio-Loria and the Nurses and others then transferred the three hundred refugees to the bigger boat, and the doctor performed an amputation on the man whose foot at night. Then the Mayenfield proceeded northward toward Big Girl Knoll with refugees taken off the levee hoping to be set a few miles south of the city by other doctors and Red Cross nurses with a motor boat load of other refugees as there came word there were thousands more awaiting rescue.

Just how all these people were to be taken off the roofs or top floors where they were marooned and transferred safely to Big Girl Knoll with endless sniping at the boat for every half mile with artillery was a big problem indeed. The city of Little Girl Knoll still relieving the waters of Wickey Lamsin breaks were under water and was without transportation by rail, and not a house top could be seen. Where the city formerly stood were only water-water everywhere. The strong railroad station also was under water and though it was believed as the current was also slow moving, the houses would be swept away, nevertheless all the interior of the houses would be ruined.

The people who had remained in other towns in the vicinity of Little Girl Knoll were living in the second stories of their homes, and many were housed in box-cars. Wherever there was a foot of high ground such as the top of a strong-levee there were colonies of refugees with their live stock. It was evident the latter would be sacrificed. When the boat left Big Girl Knoll the orders the orders received by the captain was to bring back to live stock but to devote all the efforts to saving human life first. As the boat came past Beppo Lamsin, many miles south of Big Girl Knoll they were able to leave the main channel being caught under severe fire was forced to turn back which was now a wide sea. The ship being caught under severe fire was forced to stop for the night not far from the normal course of the river, as soundings showed forty feet of water. As far as eye could see in any direction from the town of Beppo Lamsin the water ranged from fifteen to forty feet. There was little hope for saving anything in this territory except the inhabitants, like the Mayenfield were over- of sufficient boats to do that, for government steamers, like the Mayenfield were overwhelmed with the task, and wherever the ship was tied up and sounded the whistle it was seen the center of a fleet of motor boats and rowboats coming from every direction with a load of frightened ferocious refugees that had been taken off roofs. They hardly even have clothing on their backs. Long ago they had abandoned all hope of saving any of their household goods or personal effects. They were marooned everywhere.

One despairing message just received at Big Girl Knoll said that two women and five children were being desperately to be rescued from a roof of a floating house some miles of the town as thought the house seems safe and strong, yet every time it swings around and makes the eleven refugees facing the wooded shore, crack, crack, crack, goes rifles and bullets whistle dangerously close. A armored motor boat started for them and they were carried off safely and taken to one of the camps. The captain of the boat saying two good shells routed the glandelinians out of their ambush, work, and good heavens how those shells routed the glandelinians out of their ambush.

It was believed that enough of the monstrous flood had rolled back into the mighty Mio-Whirther Run to make the main stream again show a rise on the even- ing.

ing of December the first from Big Girl Knoll as far southwest as Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale, the levee bureau at Dorothy Gale announced that there had been no change in the river passing Big Girl Knoll with very little alteration of the level indicated for several days, but slight rises of the lower portions of the Archburg Run near Lucille taken and myriads were observed and the streets of the former again re was said to have three feet of water, and more than eleven thousand of the inhabitants had been driven down to upper stories. The towns of San Pedro and a hundred others were also being deserted, as were dozens of smaller communities in the paths of enormous torrents streaming and spreading from the continued amount of waters from the breaks of the Angelina Gate had been given over to virtually all of the northern section of the Angelina Gate had been given over to the terrible floodwaters, and twelve thousand more residents were affected by the flood which spread northward this time over new ground where over five hundred thousand

acres of land were being covered. A priest going on a mission of mercy was drowned near Gray Point where twenty hundred persons were marooned upon high ground where glendelinian soldiers were said to be firing upon them as if upon an enemy in battle. A shot hit the priest in the heart, and the monstrance which he carried was hurled into the water.

Into the river and the sacred spot was swept away in the flood with the priest. A swift current prevented the boats from reaching the marooned who had to lay low to prevent the fire of the enemy from striking them down. Further west and to the south many authorities appealed for men to aid in restoring a broken levee near Lake Angeline which had received millions of gallons of water from the flood and that the city of Angeline Junction was already under fifty feet of water. Reports came in a hundred thousand perished. An attempt of the enemy to cut the levees along the stream at that section was absolutely successful, and hundreds of thousands of glendelinians succeeded successfully preventing the workers from building further levees and dikes around the lake measuring many thousands of the men, women and children and starting the lake at flood running torrents. Menzies state was under water, and other sections were threatened, and therefore hundreds of men and thousands of soldiers were forced to do a fierce about to face to fight both enemies and a mere dreading for sneaking traitors who hid the glendelinians in their vile work. Work was also started on along another levee. A levee extension which would place the town of McAllister behind a barrier that would hold out the water, but the workers were driven off and the levee blown sky high, and the people of the town it was said had no chance to escape and every one perished. Refugees streaming into Big Girl knoll located on a ridge in Alland filled the camps beyond endurance and then enemies came and set the whole camp afire, burning thousands to death and rendering the rest homeless and attacking and shooting down hundreds of Red Cross workers and driving the refugees to seek shelter in swamps and risk of disease and other dangers rather than face such an enemy wicked but tremendous. So successfully in every way they did. Between fifty-five thousand and eighty thousand persons were still said to be removed from the levees in the regions of St Joseph but the enemy prevented any further rescue work for good till the ending of the flood. A plea was made to the christian armies under Vivian but the army could not do a thing and was helpless itself though it over held the attack and other glendelinians a hundred to one.

General Vivian sent a note to superior Vivian for additional troops and long range artillery giving a full account of the horrors they were committing. In heaven could stop the enemy from the horrors they were committing.

Five hundred thousand refugees most of them women and children arrived to Big Girl knoll on the 24th aboard steamers and other river craft and were transferred to a concentration camp. Many of them boarded the steamer at Angeline Junction against their will, being forced to do so being forcibly persuaded to seek safety against enemy and flood waters running into the city from the overflowed lake and when many refused to go, the rescuers aided by soldiers went into the houses and literally dragged them forcibly out. Many of them had not sleep for three days and night and the rescuers said that though the reports of so many perishing was not really a fact, yet the loss of life in the city from those overwhelmed was really great beyond belief. Goods were also relieved at Angeline Junction that the village levee south of Big Ryans were where a crevasse had been made by the enemy had been burned summer, and that as the whole levee of the Wickey Lousin region was fully giving way, the flood was increasing in double fury, sweeping buildings of a hundred towns completely before it giving little chance for many thousands of others still marooned on the levees. Water from the sea came down was also within half a mile of McAll and as the town this time expected to be overwhelmed the inhabitants prepared to flee. Because the levee of Wickey Lousin had finally given way altogether improvement in the defenses of the levees along the river near Big Girl knoll was continued. Low points here and there around the city were topped and additional thousands of sand bags were filled for emergency use, while all the able bodied male inhabitants of the city were ordered to go out and work with the rest to make the city safe from flood.

Workmen and soldiers were in readiness to keep a watch out for approaching glendelinians who may come and make another assault on the levee. However the river had risen till it almost topped the levee, but then it remained stationary, although the blasting of the levee on front of Gavaron to the south of Big Girl knoll was completed accelerating the flow through the new crevasse which was nearly two hundred feet wide.

Announcements were made to the authorities at Angeline Junction that there was nothing under heaven could prevent the glendelinians during flood time from burning levees and that the big Wickey Lousin crevasse having increased immensely in size was joining with other crevasse water already in that area, which was retarding the progress of the flood crest toward the right point, and slightly reduced the safety of Big Girl knoll, and that the city of Big Ryans was being flooded deeper, and Lucille picked was a Venice. The crevasse waters of Wickey Lousin dike was further intensifying, intensifying the flood situation around Aronburg, and that the stream of Sunbeam creek, formerly a beautiful little creek of fifty feet in width, was now a sea of water a hundred miles wide, and that it seemed the regions of Conservatory Run was becoming an Atlantic Ocean of California.

The water from the Wickey Lousin crevasse was already turning other streams into lake and yet into lakes and yet falling to drain the risen Mis-birthier gun river and had caused a rise of two feet at Big Ryans, and poverty Gals in twenty four hours, and that in Angeline Junction and Gerrow Angeline Cities, including Lucille Klousen, Lorisania, and Jettetta only the windows of the highest buildings were to be seen and all the inhabitants were crowded on roof tops or up upper floors.

The water had risen in Lucille taken from the beginning of a foot, to forty feet in twenty-one hours and was still rising at ten inches a day.

Because of the sudden new increase in the flood, health forces drew their lines close on the 8th of December to check possible spread of diseases in the twenty flooded states of Angeline Junction, and strong guards were placed outside the camps to warn of approaching glendelinians, for since the flood started, a hundred camps had had their tents washed to the ground, and many of the refugees buried or burned or injured, and as wicked as he was there surely was no stopping the foe, and never had been. There was already a report of nearly sixty thousand cases of typhoid fever in the refugee camps, and many others were feared, and the worse part of the health problem expected to come in a week or two days was of other plagues, caused by the fact that many had no tents, and enemy armies were seeing to it no further tents or provisions and other aid reached the refugees, when argued with to Manley by the authorities Manley had answered:

"I'll do what I please in a war and if you want to save refugees caused by the floods and other disasters, you are to sign a two weeks truce, and restore to the glendelinian authorities the three hundred thousand child slaves already set free by your christian armies. Otherwise no quarter will be shown to neither armies or inhabitants."

The health problem was to increase as so many doctors and Red Cross from extreme necessity were drafted away from refugee camps to be sent to the armies where losses were so heavy in battle. Eighty thousand persons thought to be afflicted with typhoid and small pox, antitoxin contracted other diseases such as diphtheria, colds, and the drenched tables, and there was an increase of Scarlet fever, victims to a number of 10,000 and five out of six were dying from the ailment. Fifty five doctors and a corps of sanitary or engineers were drafted from a concentration camp at Big Girl knoll and sent to Lighburg Landing near Vivian Wickey to take care of wounded soldiers where the health department had reported as many as sixteen million badly and severely including actually wounded, and a dreadful list of dead, whose bodies were being disposed of in every way possible. The Red Cross which had requested the loan from the army of ten mobile laboratories to purify water in the flooded areas, were not only refused but ordered under penalty to come and take care of wounded soldiers and have the refugees sent to armies for care. Protests came from the Red Cross, but the generals stated, "The conditions of the army consisted the safety of the nation, and the army fighting battles under all difficulties has the right for care and treatment of wounded ahead of refugees of floods and other disasters, and types of Red Cross and others who refuse to come to serve the army in caring for wounded will be suspended from service in disgrace or shot."

The Ablesania health authorities had also requested aid in the task of caring for an estimated army of five million five hundred thousand refugees, but the army would not let them come, not until all wounded soldiers were taken care of. The only orders was that the refugees should be sent to the various armies at abolition camps where some chance of care could be received, as the fighting army could not afford to go with either Red Cross nurses and doctors when such enormous numbers of wounded needed care. With either let the wounded soldiers perish, and the armies go home to fight no more or let the refugees do what they can with a little Red Cross nurse as could be used, do it local cases of small pox and even malaria were reported even at Angeline Junction city not yet even touched by the flood, and the few health officials there inoculated nearly the whole population of the city within three weeks since the flood elsewhere began, again at typhoid, four hundred persons were in Angeline Junction hospitals suffering from typhoid.

At the request of the Secretary of War, the military officials had embarked upon a council concerning what was to be done in the Red Cross situation. A number of conferences with representatives of the stricken area had been decided upon immediately and the first was held on December the 8th when a committee of generals, and of Red Cross high officials aided by Nurse and priests met with general Laderlinia and Greatheart and other war department officials including the Vivian GAPA Prisoners.

In a department of how many Red Cross nurses and doctors the army should have, and how many the army should be to attend the refugees, and which was the most greatest necessity for the drafting of so many Red Cross nurses and surgeons from refugee camps had caused a hot dispute between the War Department and the Red Cross Commission. Questions of health situation among the refugees, and of the conditions of the wounded in the armies predominated at the conferences. The army claimed it could not under the military law advance or allow so many Red Cross nurses among refugees when in the big big battles just battles, gave them forty million wounded to be taken care of, when by both floods there was only about less than one hundred cases of sickness out of a refugee population of 10,000,000 and that therefore the army had a right to the greatest number of Red Cross nurses, but it also said that if conditions were pressing in the refugee camps and Red Cross nurses are needed there in great numbers, then the advice is

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"Concerned by flood and backwaters about one hundred and fifteen thousand innocent lives of beleaguered districts -- men, women, and children, were forced to depend entirely upon relief and other boats for their salvation or remain marooned until the flood receded. Hundreds from St. Joseph City, and other municipalities were in peril, and as many as twenty-five hundred people were stranded on Big Girl Island could not get away. An army fleet of boats rushed to the rescue, but the current was too strong. An appeal was made to Angel Island boats across with cannons barred all approaches. An appeal was made to the Virginia to send a large force of soldiers. In August, typhoid fever broke out among the marooned were liable to perish. The charging flood waters of the Mississippi god was still completing the devastation of all sections though still regaining at other quarters.

[illegible]

At many places the levee embankments were broken at nearly a hundred paces and swift currents were passing through even the deepest of the breaks, and therefore the only hope for the ending of the flood was of the flood rivers confluents of the rivers going down. The waters of the Arnona, on which could also be used, came back into the parent stream through the gorges north of Mombi, and those of the first breaks in the Miv-Gilther run river were pouring down the Arnona M river valley to mingle with the mother stream through the other flood waters. This vast sea of water bearing down toward the sea, and threatening to swamp the line of the Miv-Gilther run river, had created a new stubborn battle front for the

California said the weakness had developed on the east levee between Aguelinia Agathia and near the Girl Knool.

which acted in place of "Hesperus," he said, to arouse public consciousness in the  
"The association had long ago sought to arouse public consciousness in the  
the districts now inundated by the old floods to the grave dangers the very  
Abolitionist authorities will be finding if they let the slaveholders go on in doing this  
and country something to make staying hard and painful. Abolitionists severely as they so  
erty can be. This has happened not because the Christian armies were advancing  
ward, given glory, but because the slaveholders wish to take spite out on the innocent  
inhabitants because so many of them either adopted child slaves, rescued, or because  
so many were in orphan homes waiting the time when their parents if still living cou  
could be located. Public works crumbling, before the war made running water, fire,  
and explosion disasters, raids, massacres of children, death of men, women and  
property to priests, the misery, the loss of life and property, the wanted destruction  
of houses, fields of beautiful flowers, destruction of elegant scenery, the despair  
of thousands of beautiful citizens, including foreigners, residing in our country,  
many millions of Abolitionist citizens, now made Christian citizens, who have seen their years  
looking for our protection, saying sweet, and their families made public charges  
of labor and hard service, and it is Abolitionist's duty not only to formulate and put into  
is face to face with us, and it is Abolitionist's duty not only to formulate and put into  
effect a national plan at national expense which will go as far as humanly possible  
to repair and prevent future floods and other war damage of all the horror she has  
repay Abolitionist doubly, not just doubly, but a thousand fold for all the horror she has  
occasions us, Abolitionist, either our own cities are laid in flames at us Abolitionists,  
as Jackson, Folsom, and Humboldt, for allowing the slaveholders to get away with  
this, I overheard one Abolitionist say, to a seeking for anger who criticized his country  
for allowing this horror say, "you know it is said in the bible that we should  
as much as we can."

[illegible]

Glandelinian army to all that is possible to avoid them. Why not as Ablesennians in the same way. The government should extend full protection on all towns and villages, and full flood protection from the source of every river to its mouth. If Glandelinians make forest fires, capture the Glandelinians and throw them in their own fires. If they make floods, throw them in the floods. If they massacre children, massacre as many soldiers as children who were slain and officers not excepted no matter what the rank. In everything else our government is good. It has good appropriations, too construction of flood control works outside of war disasters has been a good job, so that it is discovered by this disaster it takes a ton of explosives for to make a breach in one small levee. Contractors and job holders in the levee districts have exercised a political influence and have banded together into such associations, that as a result all of the work had been done in such localities, as to result in every case of segments of good strong levees joined even by levees that appear to be of inferior construction but which no flood stage of the river has even topped, or which it takes a hundred to a thousand tons of dynamite to even breach. There has always been a standardization of levee heights at any cost, width or type in local and other levee districts with those of the Federal government on the Mississippi River. These levees went into construction in 1861 and never before until now did we have floods and such disaster as ones. The levees should need further protection, an array of soldiers with artillery, and strong bodies of cavalry should protect levees in the far future. Since the last flood of the river, the associations had pledged themselves firmly to the adoption of a broad national policy, which insured the full development and utilization of the water resources of our holy nation. Standardization of all levees in the river valleys, of dangerous lakes, or storage of water in mountain canyons at the heads of streams the reforestation of denuded areas had been accomplished with as good a purpose and with as great expense as ever recorded, so that ever since not one of the nearest levees has ever sprung a single leak. But no levee yet has been made so that they cannot be blasted, and never will be as it cannot be done. But they can never spill ways to use to flood out these vandals, and to be guarded strongly. And if such disasters occur through the intentions of the Glandelinians why let them pay, as we surely can be. No enemy in any war ever created such disasters before, like floods, that lay waste thousands of miles of country, wipe out forests by fire, blast cities to the ground. Yet Glandelinia does this and we let it go at that. And all the christian nations of the world are laughing at us. A nation holy, in its way, a nation with not one woman man or child, ever committing a fault, children obedient in all ways to its parents, grown people loyal, citizens and non-residents and rulers in the land, no sinners, all people good church goes every day, and yet of all nations in the world; Ablesennia, is the biggest lack of all.

Trudging along a hard frozen ground in the Big Girl knoll General Conner's Union station camp a big, refugee camp for flood and even forest fire sufferers, a twelve year old girl was almost dragging by the hand her little younger sister. The girl was Jean Marie who with her mother, and three brothers, fled before a flood that came through the broken Wickey Lamsin levee near their home in farm thirty miles west of Wickey Lamsin city and eventually were brought here by a Red Cross rescue steamer. The children and parents was all they managed to save. When they reached the refugee camp the Red Cross officials allowed them in, and thus in the great tented city that had arisen on the heights of Big Girl knoll there was this girl and her parents and sister and brother who out of every as in the camp were the only foreign persons living in this section of Ablesennia, and they were Italian.

Knowing that though foreign they could speak Glandelinian because they learned it the Red Cross official asked; "I of the little girl."

"Want to sell your little sister?"

"No sir" she replied earnestly. "She is my only sister. I have."

"How did you and your family happen to be saved when the flood came so suddenly nothing else could be saved, and you lost everything else in the world?"

"Well a man comes riding past at home about seven o'clock in the morning on a horse, yelling to us that the enemy have blasted a levee near Wickey Lamsin, and that other portions of the levee had given way, and telling us to grab whatever we could and make for high ground. I got dressed before any of the rest did for we sleep apart late that morning and by the time the water reached our house I was outside with my little sister gripped firmly by the hand. My mother and three brothers did not have time to save anything. A man picked us up in a rowboat and took us to a levee. He stayed on the levee most of the week on small provisions given us by the men until a steamer known as the Grumwell came along, and brought us here. By that time the whole town where we lived was under water entirely not a house could be seen. I never saw so much water before in my life. And the last I saw of my home it was floating down stream like a ship."

This is one of the tragedies of the flood, this devotion of the refugee children to their brothers and sisters, and even to their pets and their grief over their failure to save them. When the Red Cross relief ship the William cast off the other day with a cargo of provisions for the Big Girl knoll flood territory, thirty miles south of the city one of the passengers was a farmer named Mr. Ben Hunter who rode with his wife and child out of the flood that engulfed them on the farm north of Chamberlaine and landed them safely in the Big Refugee camp at Big Girl knoll.

"Are you going to take the chances of going back to see that you can save?"

she asked.

He grinned.

"There is nothing left on my place to save except my mother's Bible and I'm going back to try and get that Bible," he said, "and I'll test you why. You see when the flood hit us we did not have much time to fool around with salvage work. I've lived in this country long enough to know that our levees will stand, but I never expected anything like what really happened. I reckon the very nation is surprised. Now the word came in the middle of day to pack our stuff and get out of the house because a levee was destroyed by an explosion and a wall of water was on the way. I took my wife and child on the roof, and tied a row boat to the chimney. My little girl is only six years old. My mother who is dead, gave me a Bible, requesting me never for her sake to lose it. Well along before evening we had to light out, not even having time to look up the Bible. But my little girl told me that before we left she had brought out the Bible and nailed it to the roof of my house, and therefore I believe I should go back and get it."

The entire crew of the ship wished him good luck as he doubled back on the route to the Big Girl knoll region determined to get that Good Book, and he did. While a thrilling drama of attempted life saving, while being covered by the fire of many soldiers was unfolding across inundated Angelina Vine State on the 3th of December, engineers directing the forces of rescuers and workers, and also those combating the attempts of the Glandelinians to increase the size and intensity of the Big Girl knoll. The flood adopted a policy of watchful waiting along levee fronts where dire danger was likely to develop as the crest moved on up to the Mississippi River. Hundreds of reports were received at Angelina, Agathia, Dorothy Gale, and many other cities and towns.

From many sections of the flooded areas, word came that the rescuers could not get to remote places were trapped in their homes, and that the rescuers could not get to them because the Glandelinians were frustrating all attempts at rescue now. The task of searching them out in the face of Glandelinian rifle fire and taking them to safety was a job of suicide for both rescuers and rescued now. The Red Cross general Vivienne was preparing to save the rest of his army camp, the flooded districts in boats and chips and to fight it out and do so the rescue work themselves.

About 10,000 were seen on Angelina rising ridge which were threatened to be swallowed up by the rushing, rushing flood waters, and officials expressed regret to the general that none of these could be removed to safety before their refuge would be inundated because the Glandelinians frustrated work of rescue in that direction. With nearly a score of new towns already flooded, others were threatened with serious damage. Water in St. George was three feet deep and rising two inches an hour. South of Angelina where a new threatening situation was being developed by the rising tide in the Aronburgs Run river more than 10,000 men went at to try and combat the flood waters and save the city, while by the new orders of the governor and the christian generals all Glandelinian prisoners who could be sent were conscripted to aid in the work on restoring levees, and under guard of two soldiers per man as these Glandelinians have to be watched. Back waters from the Aronburgs Run Lowlands still were battering the strong levees at Mic-Holleston Run, threatening the town of Mic-Holleston Junction, and had entered the lower sections which were being abandoned. The water was not expected to get much higher. Although the weight of the great Mic-Whirther gun made lake to the north and to the edge of the Mic-Holleston Run levees had a set up a swift southern current, the two hundred and eighty mile front of the Mic-Holleston Run levees still held however against the assault, while hundreds of thousands of men worked on the water side of the levees, preventing sand boils and other breaks.

An increasing feeling of security was noticed also in Big Girl knoll as a result of the forecast of the river bureau that the river there had not risen any more but was continuing to lower. Yet at Big Girl knoll there was more than 1,500,000 of the four million refugees in the sixty eight concentration camps, and all these here were said to be immunized with typhoid and small pox vaccines. With a small scattering of new cases of both diseases reported to the head medical director of the Red Cross the efforts were made to hasten vaccination for all persons in the flood zone since the recession of the waters which were occurring northward very rapidly now was expected to increase the dangers of the plague. Meanwhile the Red Cross, fearing that the levees on the Mic-Holleston Run may also break under the strain of the flood waters from the Mic-Whirther gun crevasses moved to establish new relief centers in the countries of Agathia and close to the Mic-Holleston Regions. Advised by residents of these districts that a break in these levees seemed to be only a matter of time, the national director of disaster relief for the Red Cross ordered supplies and provisions rushed to the region where the relief work was to be maintained chiefly by the local chapters of the organization. Between eight hundred thousand, and one million new refugees were expected in these districts should the flood force the foist to leave Angelina Agathia at night thirty in the morning to go out for a second survey of needed sanitation measures in the Mic-Whirther Run flood regions, and no was to be accompanied by the head doctor of the city, Doctor John G. Grattonia, and also a large party of other doctors and surgeons.

The mayor of Angelina Guthrie, (you ask him his name) was also requested to make the trip. The party was to go first to Big Girl pool, where they would be joined by the city doctor there, Francis, Esq., and also the head of the state health department of Big Whither run and would co-operate with the police, the Abbeonian public health service, and the national health authorities. Their work was mainly to do, to another survey, at these of the most critical critical points, Wickey Leland, Lucille Picken, and Big Girl pool. There it was thought that Dr. Hoff Bliffe previous experience in the other big Calvernia war disasters, and the forest fire and bloody battle disasters, and other war horrors would be very valuable. The Count was then to return to Angelina Guthrie within two weeks, or at least three days before Christmas the day of the birth of Our blessed Lord.

The first of December brought Angelina Guthrie aware of the relief fund above forty million dollars, and the national secretary of the Abbeonian police, head of the volunteer service, of the organization, rescued that city from disaster far more in Abbeonia. For this flood was no sudden dreadful and spectacular catastrophe disaster like forest fires, and the Lake Belicia disaster but a stupendous quiet, steady onrush of water, of which the crisis had not yet been reached, according to her opinion, and that the work of restoring homes was impossible until the crest of the flood had passed. Even then it would be weeks, even months, before the water would have receded so that the authorities could begin restoration.

All the inhabitants of the districts around Angeline, San City and also Angeline Junction and Angeline, and others had become terror stricken by the stupendous devastation brought by the floods to the southward, and therefore nearly all the men, all of all towns and villages near by were working assiduously to stave off further disaster to the one million inhabitants in that region and prevent one hundred and forty million dollars worth of property from being injured.

On the fourth of December Count de Hoff and his followers reached Big Girl pool, with the purpose to confer with the mayor of that city on the following morning. The main danger point now was where the flood of the Mic-whither, Mic-whither, and the Lake Belicia horror were threatening to converge just north of Angeline and Angeline Junction cities. And that vast inland sea clanking the whole northern section of Angelina Guthrie along the west and east banks of the Mic-whither run already had begun to work its way into the big Lake Lake Angeline, and it was feared that at each passing hour the inhabitants would see the waters steadily rise until the crest had passed and increase the horror ten fold.

At about midnight a mysterious earthquake, winds of almost tornado force, and violent blinding blizzard storms added to the flood apprehension in all sections of southern Calvernia and northern Angelina. The earth tremors though only lasting a few sections seconds appeared to extend within a one hundred and sixty mile radius of Angelina Guthrie, and effected all towns not flooded for a distance of a hundred miles so that windows were broken, furniture displaced and structures cracked. Whether an explosion did it or not it was hard to say, but nevertheless an explosion was blamed as they could not account for it otherwise as real earthquake shocks had different tremors and lasting longer.

In the meantime the siege of Vivian Wickey and especially her fortresses was gaining great sway. General Hanson's armies had grown and welled too gigantic size from other armies being sent to its assistance, and worse than that, General Hanson Vivian and his brother and even Williamberger Zimmermanns armies had approached to Vivian Wickey despite the outcome of Calvernia Hills and it certainly did

look bad for the enemy. Hanson was concentrating forces of troops and heavy artillery upon a portion of gorm, an called Lieghburg Landing. Here stretched a portion of Vivian Wickey called Tataria, and this portion it was Hanson's purpose to capture. General Robert Vivian was concentrating his armies also but it was not known by either the enemy or the war correspondents where he had placed his great armies but in the direction where he may have had his armies there had been for a long time such a roar of battle, and cannonading, and such fires that was shocking to all who saw and heard it at a great distance. General Conscientious Aronburg or Williamberger Zimmermann himself was moving his immense armies upon Jennie Vivian and the Gloria fortifications along the Sunbeam Creek but he did not expect to become engaged until after December as his plans were to concentrate first as heavily as possible and then to storm the enemy as hard as he could. It was therefore by delay and his best plans of concentration that general Conscientious Aronburg probably fought the first most sanguinary battle of the war that raged for nineteen days along the Sunbeam Creek known as the series of battles of Sunbeam Creek or Jennie Vivian and Gloria. He won too, I'll say.

The armies under general Hanson Vivian, his brother, and Zimmermann, were immense being about one hundred and fifty million pieces, and it did certainly look bad for the enemy.

And to make matters worse general Hanson had seized all towns that had been around Vivian Wickey even was in possession of Carbondale and several times the enemy had during the time of Hanson's approach roared upon Carbondale a titanic artillery duel of great intensity but only to receive a fierce fire of artillery from Hanson and get worsted with terrible destruction and loss of life.

The main one however who was worried was general Purragatorian and He-allister Stanck. Of course to tell the truth the armies under general Hanley, and his great generals had arrived near to Vivian Wickey way before general Hanson or his brother and Zimmermann did, and had son entrained their armies on the Evangelina Grania heights, and at Jurdancallio and Lieghburg Landing but it did not hold a good proposition for Hanley and his cronies were still heavily overwhelmed by the three big national armies and it did not seem as if Vivian Wickey was going to be saved. Hanley's plan however was not to allow the three Christian generals to attack. As Robert Vivian himself was believed to be concentrating a strong force of Nationals before the section of Sunbeam Creek known as Battery Line river and the St. Dominick fortifications Hanley decided to frustrate all plans that Hanson may have in mind.

It was general Hanson's intention to move at once for Evangelina Grania and to have his aiding lieutenant general Hansonin Stanlin to storm the Evangelina heights while he himself was to strike the enemy a blow at Jurdancallio and then capture Evangelina Grania from the south. Hanley must have found out these intentions as so on December 10th prepared to strike Hanson a blow before Hanson could strike him. So according to the outcome in next chapter the battle of Lieghburg Landing really was started by the enemy when general Hanson himself never had any intentions of fighting at all at Lieghburg Landing. Had Hanson been able to follow out his plans and not be attacked first by the enemy all would have gone well and the whole city of Vivian Wickey and her fortresses would have been captured, but he had no idea that general Hanley's armies were at gorm gun until he was attacked by the rebels.

It was also general Hanson's purpose to capture the section of Vivian Wickey called Annie Aronburg and the fortresses near her. He was of course his armies had a chance to attack and drive the enemy for a time before them but to have any good luck at Lieghburg Landing and elsewhere was out of the question. General Hanson had fought with Hanley at Calvernia Hills and elsewhere but at this part of the siege of Vivian Wickey he found out that wicked as he was general John Jackson Hanley was proving himself to be one of the worstest generals. His father was also being commissioned as a general and had big army at his own stead being Jackson Johnston Hanley. At his army was not yet killed upon and it was fortunately that it had not been or otherwise general Hanson could have never reached the city of Vivian Wickey. However he failed to join in the siege though he did succeed in carrying out his plans to leave an immense army there under general Hanson. So now on with the affair first at Aronburg and then Lieghburg Landing!!!

PART TWO OF  
CHAPTER THREE  
THE BEGINNING OF VIVIAN WICKERY'S SERVICE.  
THE FATAL BATTLES OF LINGBURG LANDING.

After this he decided to capture the city of Aronburg as proposed and thus hurled forward the ten million men. The attack was desperate, as desperate as any attack can be and resulted in the full withdrawal of the glandelinian divisions toward the city, but to capture the city was out of the question and the glandelinians were repulsed and finally driven back with murderous loss. During the retreat of the glandelinians a scene of peculiar occurrence made all marvel. One of their officers who was a herculean in built was attacked by a score of glandelinians at once but he leaped at them fist to fist and sent one of his assailants hurtling across the ground as if shot from a bow, and then the grayest lay still with a broken jaw. With another blow he felled one of the other assailants but at the same time other hands grouped about him and he was forced to lay about vigorously on both sides. The glandelinians yelling like demons rushed him with the ferocity of mad dogs, and he knocked many of them spinning like a top at every blow. A whistle blew shrilling and other glandelinians came running up. A whistle piped, and almost before he realized it he found himself in the center of a pack of fierce faced men who were struggling like demons to pull him down, and striking at him with clubbed muskets, daggers, sabres, and trying to bayonet him also. With a sudden thrill he realized that this was no ordinary fight, this was deadly, he must beat off these fellows or be killed. But as fast as he cleared them away others came as if by magic until a dozen or more were swarming upon him like hungry ants. They clung to his arms, his legs, his clothing, with a desperate courage wholly remarkable in itself while strokes were aimed at him from every quarter. Thus and again they dragged him off his feet, only to have him shake them loose. Though most of their blows and bayonet and sabre thrusts went wild or found a mark among their own number, many were felled at last by the surviving assailants. At this the survivors never to rise again. At this the surviving assailants fell upon him with fresh fury, and some would have shot him down but Captain, Robert's, Lieutenant Ropes, Lieutenant Baldwin, the Cannon Johnson, and several other strong officers came upon the scene and seeing their officers plight rushed forward with a screaming yell, and a more desperate hand to hand conflict ensued. Baldwin grasped one of the glandelinians and sent the ruffian reeling into a snow bank with a broken neck with one directed blow, that brought the blood to his mouth. Germaine and Cannon rushed into the midst of the ruffians and managed to trip five, and then prostrated the others with telling deadly blows with their pistol butts, and sabred many of the glandelinians, and then sailed into the others like roaring bulls striking out right and left felling their enemies like ten pins, clearing a passage through the starry glandelinians. James pistol cracked as a stalwart glandelinian started toward him and he went down sprawling. Captain Cannon who immediately drew his sabre he found himself surrounded by a number of yellow faced glandelinians with gleaming sabres upraised against him. He however seemed to be getting the best of them all in spite this, felling one after another, but then Robert's pistol cracked spitefully several times also and at each report a form fell and writhed in death agonies. In the meantime the Angolinians had rallied and a desperate hand to hand fight was going on all around. The battle of Lingburg Landing had really begun.

Still more of the glandelinians leaped at the Angolinians. Officers and the supporting Angolinians and again and again plunged into the most desperate hand to hand fights ever seen in the war and the losses at close quarters was dreadful, Angolinians and glandelinians being beaten and shot down mercilessly, while still more greater numbers of glandelinians swept forward to try and capture the Angolinian officers. Other divisions of glandelinians had been coming up and now desperately engaged with the Angolinian battalions which were thrown upon them, the enemy charging forward at a rush and flinging themselves clear through the massive purple surges making desperate efforts to force them back still further.

However a great and strong concentration was massed upon the enemy who battled furiously for six hours in vain hurling thirteen onslaughts against the Christian lines, the firing on both sides being simply dreadful and made the scene like a smoky inferno of a woods affire. However when the enemy seemed to be retreating at last and when general scurrying artillery which started to shell and tear at the enemy's line and simultaneously hurled a curtain storm of shells and hellish destruction upon Annie Aronburg and the regions of Lingburg Landing, a message came and reported to him that a large force of the enemy under a general who was found out to be called Crooket Nose but whose right name was Frank Schmidt had made a desperate assault of tearing violence upon general Vivian's whole line now concentrated along the whole stretch of Tatarin or Lingburg Landing, and that other forces of the foe under Adelo-De-Servus were massing in overwhelming force upon the whole of Hanson's line, and it seemed as if the bloodiest battle of the war was now raging. Evans believed the report because he all that time heard the wildest firing close by that he had ever noticed before in the war and he said: "Blow up every sea bridge across Sunbeam creek and across the Hedge-Rivers and Tamar River, and warn general Vivian to prepare for general action, and to mass his strong batteries upon all the positions of the enemy at gun Aronburg."

"But said the messenger: 'We have blown up the many bridges the very ones you mentioned but the glandelinian column of assault have turned one of their wings and are now advancing it from Lingburg Hook toward general Vivian's left wing commanded by general Ben Benigan in person. General Ben Benigan's general Vivian's have some of his forces moved across plankton River and cut off general Calamunda Ghosman from the sea in Aronburg Woods so that he cannot make any junction with Hanson during this great assault.'"

It was right just as he said. A large force of the enemy under general Crooket Nose proceeded with a perfect stream of skirmishers had already crossed. They had rushed on with a shout toward the Christian line under generals Benigan and Benignus. Crooket's corps consisting of Benignus right though surprised by an overwhelming force met the enemy bravely his men pouring in a deadly fire, while general Great Heart sent a messenger to warn general Vivian which was accomplished and though general Vivian's line was soon engaged and met the desperate attack of the enemy fiercely general Great Heart did not have any good luck and after hard fighting for several hours his troops were forced to give way even before reinforcements could reach him. Benigan and Benignus still held their positions having repelled the enemy's assault in overwhelming numbers and tearing the enemy's line to pieces, but elsewhere the enemy still met success.

Having swept back Crooket's troops the glandelinians swept on with wild yells like mad furious gray billows and the next blow came upon Mc-Gantler's great host of Abyssinians. The attackers that assaulted his line were Zassaramians, Mo-Gellostians, gargolians, and Ouarians and the fighting was most terrific and the firing on both sides incessant the discharge of firearms being one long continuous roar. During this terrific firing and fighting the enemy succeeded in breaking a portion of Mc-Gantler's line but one of their general Turner Anderson was killed, and general Hardacre Francis severely wounded and the losses of the glandelinians so inconceivably heavy that they were checked. At other portions of the battle line the enemy still swept on and as more troops were concentrated upon them the fighting went on with redoubled fury brought on awful slaughter, but nevertheless a fierce rush of Zassaramians broke the Christian line in the middle under general Joseph Mc-Gantler the other Mc-Gantler's brother. A dangerous breach was visible now but as the foe columns rushed through the other portion of the line delivered a most furious discharge of fire arms and the glandelinians fell in columns.

The moment however was terrible on both sides, as the foe rushing to better shelter returned a storming fire. The Angolinians now started hammering away with their cannons the destruction of life became more appalling the glandelinians lying in windrows like grass cut by a lawnmower. The glandelinians now being held in check at all points of both Mc-Gantler's lines their troops assembled in double wing wedges and despite the heavy assault of the enemy being timed with redoubled fury retained their formation unbroken. The conflict now was awful as general Vivian rushed fresh troops to hold the line firm.

Not for a single moment did the roar of musketry and cannon cease, and general virian continuing to mass a concentration of troops caused the firing along the christian line to shake the ground with great force from the concussion. Through whole corps of the indians had fallen riddled with bullets hundreds of thousands of the glandelinians came on at another point and flung themselves against the christian flank under general Francis Henryson driving them back and breaking up the whole column, driving it into hopeless confusion.

Along general Mac-Gentlers, and Henry Adden had divisions of glandelinians under cannon, and had been wiped out. A long chain of machine guns and had been wiped out. Nevertheless the two divisions of christians under the two Mac-Gentlers were becoming terribly thin. Through all the seemingly endless slaughter along his own lines, genligan did not lose his courage and as the fierce turnermans, yelling like demons came headlong at his forces the angelinians fairly tore their main line to pieces with a well directed withering fire that roared like a world of planets bursting to pieces. The smoke and f of firearms and cannon increased as more came to the aid of the angelinians under Benighman and along his lines the battle raged with increasing fury. Here however the enemy charged against overwhelming numbers, but never theless they started to surge over the christian works in a perfect wave and the angelinians fairly swung their muskets, and used their bayonets and pikes, and daggers, like mad-men but on and on they pressed while at other points many more thousands of glandelinians began to press over general Joseph Mac-Gentlers positions his own men, clubbing, cutting, stabbing and firing away point blank like fierce cannibals and those using pistols hammered away. Scores of thousands of angelinians at once met the surging enemy furiously, pouring in a terrible fire, but the foe pressed forward still more desperately fighting hand to hand at every step, general Mac-Gentler trying to restore order within his lines. The struggle raging hand to hand was terrific but as concentration of troops were sent in the enemy was soon compelled to yield, and over the whole line of works sprang whole divisions of christians to the charge, and over the plain and meadows they rushed after the retiring enemy, but the fire along the foe line was so terrific that hundreds of the christians fell at every step, but the survivors still rushed on sailing into the glandelinians mowing down many thousands, and capturing many prisoners.

Joseph Mac-Gentlers forces were however crushed to fragments during the charge as the enemy leaders brought up fresh columns, but genligans divisions still rushed on charging toward the enemy, while Mac-Gentlers line was driven back crushed to fragments. His brothers were also driven back mangled and bleeding. Nevertheless Benighmans whole line pressed onward toward a long stone wall where Crookets whole line was retreating, and where more glandelinians were entrenched with a long line of cannons. To take this stone wall seemed impossible but nevertheless it was decided to be attempted so genligan reforming his troops ordered them forward and to the charge they again swept. The cannoniers behind the stone wall began loading and firing as rapidly as possible and the christians now went down like grain before the thrashing machine. Nevertheless the survivors of Jule Benighmans forces assailed the glandelinians at the stone wall with terrible fury but the enemy made a very brave defense pouring a most galling fire that again mowed the christians down like grain before the thrashing machine. The survivors still undaunted continued to rush on steadily, but to the surprise of the angelinians instead of yielding, the glandelinians with fixed bayonets sprang over the wall and while their own cannons were again dealing awful havoc among the christian lines, the glandelinians counter charged the massed angelinian columns who with their lines torn in places, and every one of their regimental flags shot to pieces retreated in the wildest confusion. A succession of explosions occurred toward their right coming to throw the contents of the world into the air and the din was ear-splitting and sounding like a hundred billion cannon going off simultaneously.

The scene was like madmen's hell in supreme confusion, but by dint of courage the christian officers managed to rally a portion of the confused angelinian troops while general Mac-Gentler now ordered forward his battalion which soon rushed forward toward the advancing glandelinians with fixed bayonets, while another division was sent forward under the support of a battery of light artillery, which were unlimbered and ploughed breaches in the enemy's lines.

On and on rushed the battalions closing with the massed army and driving them back, but most of the foe again retreated to the wall, and then general Pugnose brought up divisions of Gonsentians and these were hurled upon the christian attackers, but the assault supported by Abyssinians was so inconceivably violent that even general soon general Pugnose was doing his utmost to keep his men from faltering, while Crooket passed men rallying behind the wall soon started in pouring terrific volleys anew upon the surging christian waves. Then while the christians again broke into confusion general Pugnose brand brandishing his sabre cried in a loud voice that could be heard above the din of the frightful battle:

"Charge the Angelinian bulwarks. Charge."

Instantly with most frightful yells that fairly deafened the christians the glandelinians again rushed forward fairly stampeding forward toward the battalions of Angelinians who retreated to the wooded plains and started to pour a murderous fire from behind trees and rocks as they slowly retreated and once again the scene was like a smoky inferno. The glandelinians slightly faltered for a moment, but their leaders spurred them on, and again they pressed forward but now the discharge of firearms from the retiring christians became so galling and destructive that it looked as though the many thousands of glandelinians who fell, were just doing it to lie down and die, but they were hit and fello to rise no more. Again the survivors faltered, but their officers thundered orders to press forward, and again they rallied and rushed forward once more returning the fire furiously, while the gunners left behind at the stone wall now commenced pouring a storm of shells into the woods and filled it with a maddening inferno of deafening explosions, and death and destruction to boot.

Just as the survivors of the glandelinians reached the stone wall the angelinians suddenly appeared in greater numbers, and with fixed bayonets and with loud deafening shouts, and war of war cries of every description plunged at the graycoats. Pistols, revolvers, forty fours, six shooters, muskets and rifles were discharged, face to face, while again hundreds per second fell under the bayonet thrusts, rifles and muskets also being used as clubs, but despite their losses the enemy strove against overwhelming numbers, and with super human efforts and with amazing courage, to force their way into the wooded inferno of the battle-hell and force the same scorching floods in purple and red uniforms back. But fiercer and fiercer the christians fought and now the enemy being slower and in the woods began to fall in myriads and now confusion broke out among the surviving glandelinians, and being once more driven they fought all the way back to the stone wall the furious angelinian battalions pressing on their color bearers flourishing their tattered banners, the angelinians once more being determined to carry the stone wall. The glandelinians' glandelinian cannons were discharged again and again with the most destructive effect but on pressed the battalions who were now supported by infantry and more artillery and so even Gonsentinian cavalry, and with a yell rushed forward with irresistible force even swarming over and struck at the enemy furiously, the enemy fighting like demons, stabbing and striking and firing upon the charging christian cavalry with all the energy they could assume. But more and more of the Angelinians swarmed over and step by step the enemy at first fell back then broke and fled precipitately, the angelinians being now in full possession of the stone wall. But could they hold it? At the moment they had captured the stone wall a force of fresh glandelinians under general Pallen had arrived with five hundred cannon of heavy calibre, and with machine guns to add, and he deployed his troops to check the further success of the christians, and then his artillery opened with still more destructive effect, and then by a desperate counter attack the foe checked the angelinians, first, and then by another counter charge drove them back in confusion, and again brandishing his sabre general Pugnose ordered another charge, and again with bloodcurdling yells the glandelinians once more charged, but encountered a scene as scathing fire from the christian machine guns, and so appalling was the slaughter of the glandelinian troops that some of the surviving columns broke into confusion. Some of the other columns however still swept on returning a deadly fire themselves, but the angelinian forces who had taken possession of the stone wall discharged the captured cannon with all their energy and most incessantly for several minutes, and so badly was the glandelinians were torn up, that the onset also having no effect the appalling survivors were compelled to fall back, the other troops of angelinians also

managing to hold general Failens forces at bay until general Jones came, arrived with two more divisions and still more artillery bridge brigades. Rallying the combined forces under Pugmose and Failen, the glandelinians again rushed forward and once more a regular hail of firing broke out along the christian lines. Fiercer and fiercer this time became the desperate attack of the men enemy and awful was the roar of storm of flames and in the enemy suffering excruciating losses now, but rallying after some confusion the survivors resumed the attack with unabated fury, the ground now being strewn with heaps of dead and dying, the enemy meeting with such desperation that it was amazing to see.

Despite the fact that along this point the battle was being broken and mangled, and general janson who was watching every outcome of the battle, was also watching the enemy whose right was contending with his own left in all their violence, the glandelinians having however attacked in a cautious manner as they had found out that they had quite enough to do, as they had crossed countered and attacked.

As they now made a furious rush his men brought down thousands simultaneously by delivering a volting fire. But the great wave of gray coats closed the gap, and now charged more cautiously now since they had been discovered. They came forward with such force and fury that they soon swarmed over the works and drove in at the christians and firing some of the most terrible volleys right into their very faces.

T They managed to press some distance over and beyond the works but general janson's generals had also commenced a great concentration that soon drove the glandelinians out after more fiercer fighting.

Other divisions soon came on to renew the attack, and despite the raking fire they met, charged up to the works like a swarm of an angry gray bees and again a furious hand to hand fight raged. There were quick exchanges of blows with musket butts, and several christian lieutenants cut down three stalwart glandelinians who rushed upon them with drawn sabres. The lieutenants were quick and watchful as a cat, and they knew enough to keep out of the way of the swinging blows of the sabres of the glandelinian officers. Indeed all of the Angelinians were keeping up a skilful fight but they were being slowly pressed back. A glandelinian officer even rushed at captain janson as he was dashing right and left on his horse, but captain janson brought his sabre down on his assailant's head a blow that sent the glandelinian to his knees, and then outstretched on the ground with his head split and his arm cut off, and the upper part of his chest split.

A large mass of purple coats now appeared at the rear of the furious enemy, and as the whole christian force on the right of general Hanson's divisions left wing gave way, the flanking christians were approaching nearer unexpected by the glandelinians, and every moment approached nearer yet. They now began pouring volleys upon the wicked glandelinians driving them into some confusion but the survivors quickly rallied and the larger part of their force turned upon the flankers and pressed them back. The christian left grand division had however received heavy reinforcements from the rest of the main line and were also rallying to make a greater effort.

Suddenly as the conflict was abating a little several general officers galloped up to janson and said excitedly:

"A large force of glandelinians under a general called called by the name of Boe-Booe with his frightful banners of skulls and bones flying has advanced with general Butcher Go after crossing the river by pontoon bridges several miles from glandelin neck and have swept upon the big christian forces under general Helderf and his lines are now hidden in a mass of smoke by the frequent discharge of firearms. Not much of his forces are hurled back yet but the enemy under general Butcher Go has crossed the river beyond his rear, and is well on the move to attack general janson's divisions on his flank."

This was confirmed by a pall of smoke that hung over the forces at that far distance and of the incessant roar of firearms and artillery and he knew that Boe-Booe's men were in vigorous action and by the desperate defense of his forces the enemy had some difficulty in gaining their rear and in breaking the christian line, who were keeping their formation unbroken despite the galling fire of the enemy's battle batteries, and of the firing of infantry that was sweeping their men down in mass as at once.

at the heavy fire of the enemy had inside of fifteen minutes swept thirty thousand christians out of existence. The battle had started with the attack on Aronburg at five o'clock that morning and it was now twelve o'clock noon and the battle was only raging with redoubled fury all along the whole entire christian line of all the main commanders combined. Even general Evans was fiercely engaged and the roaring of firing along his lines resembled a million cannon thundering incessantly, and probably there was from the din. Even along general Evans' lines the attack of the enemy was the most violent and fiercest. Along this portion of the battle line the firing was wild, but accurate, and the enemy had to be cautious and advanced with a rush firing at every step. General Evans had already reported to general Hanson of the wounding of ten of his best generals, and two others who were dying, and that his own left wing was without a commander entirely. His batteries however were in good shape and only general Helderf which was on general Evans' center seemed to be in some danger for the enemy assailants being mostly gargolians were close up to the christian positions and it also could be seen by general Helderf's surviving generals that the infuriated glandelinians were making the most desperate effort to get around his rear, despite the deadly fire, and counter attack of the christians on the other side defending a long line of salients and rifle pits, and ledges of rocky ground, besides a long strip of woods, and defenses crossing the Ruben Creek. Here the attack was most desperate. Other christian forces at the same point which had been thrown into action by general Evans were also keeping up such a lively discharge of firearms and artillery that thousands of brave glandelinians fell and lay most of them with outstretched arms on the ground. The nearer the surviving glandelinians came the more continuous was the fire of the christian line and more frightful was the carnage.

The christian generals rode up and down their veteran line encouraging them by word and example, while on an on pressed the glandelinians in fearful array, and frightful became the roar of firing as sixteen hundred fresh cannon burst forth into action, and general Phila long brigades of cannon also kept up an awful uproar upon but nevertheless with devilish yells the glandelinians still continued to rush on the glandelinians not faltering this time and with more deafening yells rushed right among the christians and the hand-to-hand fighting was terrible to see. The glandelinians despite their contending with overwhelming numbers continued to press on but most of the christian line still held firm despite the fact that scores of thousands of the nearest glandelinians made a sudden rush with fixed bayonets making the slaughter hard to hand more awful.

At the moment that the broken christian lines were dashing up through the thick smoke haze and charged with their flags flying and crashed upon the veterans who plied their firearms and artillery with more destructive effect than before tearing the enemy lines to bits. Despite all the fiercer resistance the survivors of the glandelinians still madly rushed on with apparently irresistible force and again surged up against the remainder of the christian line, but the christians however made such a desperate defense that the surviving glandelinians with baffled rage and confusion retired their many colored standards all ragged and torn by the fierce storm of bullets disappearing out of sight among the wood smoke shrouded trees.

"Charge!" screamed the many christian commanders waving their sabres. The veteran soldiers and their command leaped over the banks of earth and charged toward the retreating glandelinians. On and on rushed the rushed the Angelinians still onward they pressed but at the center portion of a large plain they were suddenly opposed by a large division of mounted glandelinian cavalry. A renewed hot fight at once ensued, but the mounted cavalry was forced back the christians still pressing on and swarming over the whole open plain surrounded on every side by a half charred forest. Here a fresh force of glandelinians under general Hankergoon appeared rushing and flooding over the left of the large plain, and yelling like demons they soon came charging forward.

"Stand firm!" yelled the christian commanders. Then waving their sabres as the big swarms of the enemy came rushing on they ordered a terrific counter onset. With a cheer the fierce Angelinians dashed forward. There was a simultaneous discharge of musketry from both sides as the christians tore their way clean through the swarming wedge of glandelinians and now they used their bayonets with alarming effect.....(A. J. J.)

The struggle on the plain was indeed terrific. The christians fought the enemy with the greatest and savage fury and with amazing desperation. More fearful grew the struggle as the glandelinians tried with great courage to press on but the christians only fought the more harder. They fairly met the charge of the enemy as only a army of men could do and fought with such desperation that they soon drove the glandelinians back with exorciating loss and also with the deaths of their generals James Pieface, and general Grabapple Isaac.

In the meantime the conflict raged fiercely along general vilians whole line. The glandelinians here however were pressing the Angelinians back step by step. On pressed the enemy fairly hewing down the christians and forcing themselves through their very lines. But the brave christians defended their positions as desperately as they knew how, and soon general diamond took cowardly force of gonsentinians came up to the scene at a gallop and swept the enemy down in as many numbers as a sack would kill a big swarm of flies with their murderous fire.

The slaughter of the glandelinians caused by the cowardly was frightful. The enemy's fire death awful havoc among the troop of cowardly but they did not falter, and even the charge of the cowardly was too much for the glandelinians, and the enemy were compelled to retire. At one thirty o'clock there was a lull in the fierce conflict. Then at quarter to two a division of the enemy came cowardly suddenly appeared along general gindermine front dashing out of an open wood. At once his Angelinian veterans began to pour in their fierce volleys into the massive gray lines from behind the breastworks, while five hundred cannon was discharged and again the battle raged, and in the midst of the bedlam the christian officer general pansoda balls fell shot through the head. At the same time there was a shrill of smoke the firing being so fierce and monstrous gaps appeared in the lines of the enemy's cowardly, but the surviving horsemen came tearing on like rascals returning volley after volley, and again the christian troops discharged their muskets, a while the gunners were reloading their cannon as fast as they could, and then the Angelinian generals in command of a force of gonsentinian, Angelinian, and Abyssinian lihan cowardly ordered a counter charge. Over the breastworks sprang then the perfect swarm of christian horsemen in blue, purple and red, charged fiercely toward the enemy, closed and grappled with them, and after an inconceivable slump of men and horses, and a scene of some of the wildest confusion finally drove them back. General Jack Dane found plenty of work to do many times making charges upon the enemy's lines, now here, now there, appearing suddenly in unexpected places dealing all the havoc he could until he fell seriously wounded.

There was again a short lull then at five minutes after two the glandelinians were seen ascending the hills as rapidly as possible. The Angelinians again rushed upon the glandelinians with fixed bayonets, only to face a galling fire and were repulsed, thousands being killed and wounded. The enemy soon renewed the attack against the christian position and ginsentions cowardly cowardly divisions were directly in line with a part of this impetuous charge but stood their ground finally pouring a series of terrific volleys upon the enemy. A division of general Hanson vilians veterans quickly supported Wisnetien and after a hard fight and a terrific counter charge drove the enemy back once more. Wisnetien charged at the head of his brave cowardly divisions and the glandelinians were sent flying greatly to the amazement and rage of their generals.

In the meantime a large body of glands, glandelinian infantry under general Swine was sent forward by Ma Hanley and wheeling his infantry made a furious charge upon Godfreys left flank who though being surprised made a most determined resistance, and held them back, until unable to hold out any longer, when they began to give way, but one of general pansoda large brigades came to the rescue, and their leader charged furiously at the head of their men and again drove the glandelinians back.

A, along general Benligan positions far in front over the distant plains in front of the enemy positions the large feathered hats of general Hellers glandelinians of his right and left wing, appeared coming toward the right and center of Wisnetiens divisions. Soon another long great line of the foe appeared to surge forward while the struggle with the other forces was being renewed. It was evident that general Hanley was determined to force general Hanson vilians and his brother at all costs.

The glandelinians advancing upon the right wing of the christians were deployed in three huge columns and as they came nearer general brigades divisions deployed into a long line and began being commanded by Phil in person started destructive firing. Then at ginsentions command a million one hundred thousand men rushed out in one long line with fixed bayonets to meet the foe and soon engaged the center of the massive gray line. As the center of these glandelinians was separated from the left and right wings they were outnumbered by the Angelinians ten to one. Yet the tremendous odds did but slight effects in checking them. With appalling yells they flung themselves upon the Angelinians with the ferocity of demons mowing the christians down again like grass, and then with their musket butts they beat them down like sheep, and bayoneted hundreds per minute. The Angelinians were now rapidly giving way but general Phils brigades delivered a murderous fire and raced forward only to meet a storming fire along the enemy's lines. Though they dropped in myriads the survivors rushed on, and supported the other forces, crowding them up, stayed their retreat, which would have been a total rout if commenced, and after more desperate fighting the center of these glandelinians was forced back. The left and right wings had started to encircle the Angelinians but they were now compelled to fall back, and supporting the shrunken center and they were just in time and it soon began to look as if the glandelinians were going to conquer in the hand to hand fight on even ground. Another division of the enemy from the left wing was seen approach approaching right from the breast. Breastworks already captured and rushing toward their second line of works. "How men this is our time." cried the Angelinian commanders as they waving their sabres. "Make every shot tell."

As the cannons were brought into action there was a perfect fusillade and every shot told mowing the glandelinians down as fast as they came on. But with mad yells the survivors came rushing up toward the second line of breastworks, but the battalions at the order of their commanders charged upon them, broke the first line of the enemy and scattered scattered it in all directions.

But the rest who were attacking Godfreys men cut in the field were pressing on savagely. The position of the Angelinians at the breastworks was such that they could fire directly into the enemy's flank and they did, although they took good care to mow down those of the enemy in the thickest of the fight. By this awful havoc added, the Angelinians were enabled to press forward and after still more desperate fighting force the divisions of the glandelinians back.

Dead dead and wounded lay in many windrows and swarmed the plains like grains of sand and though the flanking fire was mowing down their best men the glandelinians who were at first confused by the unexpectedness of it soon rallied and pressed forward once more with greater force.

At one point now the christian line was weakening for the charge of the glandelinians was so terrific that nothing human could withstand it. Suddenly there was a little break in their lines and the foe closed in with a cheer and broke through and turned the flank of Wisnetiens army and nearly capturing the general himself who escaped by a narrow margin.

As a result the Angelinians to the rage and surprise of their leaders were thrown into great confusion, and despite the efforts of their officers broke away and retired. Soon all along this part of the line the conflict began to cease having lasted over four hours that afternoon. The Angelinians under general ginsentions had still retained their main position for the enemy had failed to force it, and had lost over five hundred thousand in slain in the four hours struggle in the afternoon. In the meantime continuous hostilities still prevailed along other portions of general pansoda's lines. General Evans cowardly and brigades under his brother John Evans had made several desperate charges in their endeavor to open a general gap in the enemy's lines, and in the third onset they pressed on at a lively clip having been severely repulsed in the other two.

As they neared a large plain close to the Tataria river within the vicinity of Leighburg landing general John Evans who was with this immense command saw many large puffs of smoke in the distance, and six hundred and sixty gaps tore into the first column of veterans, and the Angelinians wavered for the moment at the unexpectedness of this new artillery fire. But suddenly from behind an angle of works in the great plain a large mass of glandelinians under general Pugnose appeared in three lines which quickly formed into one huge solid column.

The main column of christians had elowed up in their advance ar across the wide meadow quickly supported by artillery, and they all still pressed on with fixed bayonets in the face of a galling fire. More glandelinians appeared and started a storming fire. Had this been all general John Evans's men need have felt but little alarm. But another mass appear ed under general Ganat ar, and still another. The Angelinia Angelinians now dropped to their knees or laid down leveled their mskets, and opened a general fire. Three million three hundred ad thirty thousand of the ferocious glandelinians confronted them and returned a deadly fire.

"Gracious" Gasped general John Evans. "Ah men this is not pleasant. Get your bayonets ready."

A more terrible fire was being delivered by the enemy who had also halted and laid down like the Angelinians had, but soon some of the nearest had arisen and was coming forward again with a rush but not yelling. And indeed this was not the worst. All the Angelinians had believed it possible to retreat should the struggle with the three immense columns of Glandelinians prove unsuccessful. But as general John Evans chanced to cast a glance to the rear a sharp cry of alarm escaped his lips. A most terrifying sight was revealed.

He could not believe his own eyesight. There plainly visible, advancing threateningly were four more columns of the glandelinians, armed with the bayonet. Hemmed in behind as well as in front. Words cannot depict the situation. To retreat retreat to the right was impossible for high walls of rocks were in position of the enemy also and extended to the distance of three miles. It was surely a trap which they had fallen into.

"On merciful god," Gasped general John Evans. "We are in a trap and actually besieged."

A whole line of Abbiecians numbering 23,344,444 came swarmed into whole blotches across the plain and his blades away at the enemy from rear and front the mskets of the brave christians making a deafening roar that reverberated loud and cont inuous and scores of thousands of the glandelinians began to drop into dead and wounded at once, and the first line wavered, but the survivors returned the same deadly fire, tearing up the whole christ ian line. The firing was dreadful and the whole plain was fogged in smoke. Here the fiercest part of the whole first day of the battle seemed to be raging. It was like an inferno of hell broken out on the plains, and many officers of all rank on the christian side generally not excepted fell dead or wounded by the score, and fearful as the firing was the broken lines of the foe reformed quickly and again advanced in a fury that was dreadful to behold being urged on by their officers. Cannons shook the plain like an earthquake, the plains and the enemy's lines were seemingly shrouded in the smoke of explosions but still the attack continued more desperately and there seemed to no time to lose in disposing of the brutal Glandelinians and accordingly four columns of the Angelinians lay flat and poured in a series of deadly deafening volleys miles long until the whole region became filled with smoke.

Hundreds of the glandelinians literally fell per second all along the line, but the others seemed to resist the storm of mskets balls and cannon volleys. Meanwhile the glandelinians in the rear were still advancing and it began to look as if a hand to hand fight was certain. General John Evans placed a fresh revolver in his belt bullet in his revolver and waited until one of the glandelinian officers had come within range. Then with deliberate aim he fired the shot directly in the officers abdomen, and the glandelinian with a dying groan plunged forward and fell in a heap on the snow.

Then another series of destructive volleys four miles long were discharged and one whole line of graycoats the same length was disposed of.

But the second line had soon closed with the right of general Evans forces and the brave Angelinians were now combatting them with the butts of their mskets and using their bayonets, and sabres and army knives and pistols and it looked as if two whole nations were grappling hand to hand and the whole fight seemed for the width of three miles across the plain and was horrible to witness, the struggle being a most terrible one hundred of thousands falling immediately at the first clash hand to hand, and the Angelinians themselves were slaughtered in frightful numbers, and still the survivors strove in vain to drive them back. It seemed as if all of civilis civilization was broken up and was trying to slay each other by the nation full.

The wedge of glandelinians might have been driven back with the aid of the general columns but they could not aid them for the four other columns of the glandelinians in the rear were now upon them and the situation had reached a most startling and critical phase. A most awful hand to hand encounter now also followed in the rear, and of course they were enabled to give the glandelinians a good display of their pikes and bayonets and got pistol and mskets volleys face to face to face, but though the serious resistance brought whole scores of thousands down per second for those few moments the survivors pressed on clubbing away with their mskets, or using their own bayonets or thrusting, and stabbing madly, and striking all about them right and left. The scene looked like a maddened hell let loose upon earth, hell with its sulphurous fumes and with the legions of demons let loose upon christianity with the purpose of annihilating all of gods faithful servants. It was now indeed a very desperate fight and the tumult was beyond describing. Again and again the Angelinians under general John Evans surged up against the massive gray lines, and shot, and clubbed, and bayoneted many thousands down per minute, and stabbed countless numbers with their bayonets and pikes. John Evans plunged his sabre into the abdomen of a glandelinian general he was struggling with. He was bleeding from a score of wounds received from the sabre of the glandelinian. Fortunately however Evans's sabre had suddenly struck a vital spot and the glandelinian general fell and lay in death agony. It was found that the main leader of these fierce glandelinian assailants was Shoozavie and Adole-De-Garbo, and Accourante, and also general Leonia Moldonia Jelwell.

General John Evans hardly waited to regain his breath but turned to the assistance of the rest of his generals who were struggling with the furious crushing glandelinians. At this moment he saw one of his most own beloved friends underneath one of the brutes. The glandelinian was about to shoot him with his pistol which he aimed at the colonels head. With a wild cry of horror and a thrill of deadly resolution John Evans threw himself forward in a mad effort to save the generals life.

John Evans was just in time to save the Angelinian general from a horrible death at the hands of a cowardly brute. The loaded pistol of the stalwart Glandelinian would most assuredly have put an end to his existence had it not been for timely action. Just in time John Evans thrust his sabre through the cheek of the glandelinian, and shoved the blade into his throat. The glandelinian with a howl of rage and pain he gave Evans a blow with the butt of his pistol which sent him reeling many yards away. He was upon his feet almost instantly. Spring beyond the feet of the crushing glandelinians Evans hastily jammed a cartridge into his pistol. Then he fired almost point blank at the human fiends and several of them fell. The scene was now like a whole sale massacre of two nations going one on massacring the other. The surviving glandelinians were rushing on and back and forth among the Angelinians and several more of them rushed at John Evans yelling like demons. John fired his pistols incessantly until they were empty. Then he snatched a well loaded double barreled shot gun from the ground and fired. A glandelinian officer and a private went down sprawling simultaneously head over heels. Again he fired the shot gun and another fell upon the snow. Again and again John Evans reloaded and fired the repeater with deadly effect while the desperate hand to hand fight around him was growing fiercer every moment. The line attacking his men was now broken and wavered but the rest meeting with no resistance had come on with the same continuous fury. The Angelinians had closed their shattered ranks and was firing again moving down lines of the assailants each time the slaughter being awful but upon every hand now the glandelinians were again swarming upon the christ ians and the second storm of hand to hand fighting was more awful.

General Jack Evans however had seen this occurrence and realized that his brother was attacked on two sides with appalling fury and that his escape was also out off he decided to do something mighty quick. Fifteen minutes had passed since the hand fighting started and he took in the situation of the battle at a sweeping glance. He was determined that his brother should retain that plain at all hazards. He had at hand general John Benligans divisions and these he ordered forward to strike his brothers enemy enemies who were attacking him from behind in the flank, while others were sent forward to try and get around those who were posted behind the long high ledge of rocks and take them in the rear.

Then he massed his batteries away from bombarding Aronburg and concentrated them upon the enemy attacking his brothers rear and soon tore large gaps in the line of assassins. The fresh columns which had been sent forward surged against the enemy rear, and now general Kindermans sent one quarter of his division on to the same ledge of tall rocks and struck the blow just as Evans wished about the same point and struck the blow just as Evans wished but the Christians met such an exasperating fire that their impetuous advance was stopped. A large battalion of light artillery was sent also to the support and which kept up a incessant discharge but it seemed but lie, and the fury of the battle only extended further and the enemy continued to press on against against John Evans, while those defending the long ledge of rocks met the Christians in determined resistance. At all points it seemed useless for the Christian Christians to stem that tide. Gertrude Angeline even who had been attending the wounded behind the firing line, took aim at a glandelinian officer who had tried to bayonet her and shot him down. Even while at her duty when ever a glandelinian rushed toward her she fired with telling effect and stuck to her post under all conditions and made the very enemy feel awed of her. The onrushing columns of glandelinians were now forcing their way across the whole plain and even though a fire of fresh artillery was concentrated upon them they could not be stopped, the numerous masses of glandelinian infantry armed with long bayonets surging with impetuous array through the Christian columns and there was soon a perfect backwards flow of Christian army as troops the enemy driving both John Evans and Benligans troops back despite their heavier numbers.

General Goehorns glandelinians with fixed bayonets attacked while bridges brigades with terrible fury. Time and again the biggest glandelinian columns of all were driven back mangled and bleeding, while lines making determined resistance. Nevertheless for a time new columns added to general Goehorns glandelinians and with the utmost determination of carrying the works charged again, and soon swarmed over the very works bayonetting the Christians fiercely, or obliterating down masses and shooting down hundreds. A every pistol volley, and cutting down the brave artillery men with their pikes. General Philans divisions arrived hastily and hurled themselves upon the glandelinians, clubbing, bayonetting and firing and stabbing with all their grit, but general Phil had been killed with ten of his generals and twenty others wounded, his brigades had been reduced to regiments, and the infuriated foe could not be checked, the glandelinians pressing on with all their might, cutting, slashing clubbing and stabbing like axe brigades in a fire. Two generals on the enemy side were killed and twenty eight wounded, but it did not daunt their courage, and even men when many more masses of Angulians added to the more efforts success seemed no nearer. The battle was a roaring screaming inferno of damnation. The Angulians in their desperation clubbed away with the butts of their muskets, even a hail of bayonets failed to check them, and back once more were thrown the Angulians general Aronburg rushed on the Christian side was killed, and a so more Angulians arrived and rallied those driven back the scene of carnage became appalling. It was indeed a horrible battle and enough men lay on the ground now along this portion of the battle line that they could have been piled up all along the line for miles and used as breastworks. Indeed the Angulians being again reinforced tried still harder to stand their ground despite the loss of so many of their generals generals both sides clubbing, shooting and bayonetting each other fiercely. The enemy again pressed forward irresistibly and drove all before them but swift as a flash general James parry's command urged forward despite the appalling resistance his troops hurling themselves upon the Angulians also pressing their torn and ragged line hard threatening to crush it to fragments. Only a second did the glandelinians gaze at the retreating Angulian columns wrathfully ere they charged forward once more with firr estile force and again threw themselves upon the Christians assailing them savagely and driving them back still further in confusion.

The Christian troops under a general called Stowmell Jackson and a also fell back with their leader mortally wounded, but still many of the other columns under general James Bob, Raderma, and M Benligan retained their formation unbroken though they received a series of most desperate assaults in double line. General parry's divisions were sent by general Jack Evans to stem the tide of disaster, and these hurried forward as quickly as possible, and to all the Christians

it meant the fiercest kind of a hand to hand fight win where the Angulians must do their fighting at close quarters at many intervals. General Kindermans whole line of positions were defended by many musketry and cannon, but yet there was also a great danger of his forces being hemmed in from seaward and being trapped like general John Evans army had been. The new divisions soon arrived pairing in a most terrific fire upon the enemy and trying to force the foe masses back. On pressed the glandelinians only to be brought up sharply by abutting wall of bayonets behind of which was a perfect wedge of yelling red coats presenting bayonets and pikes. The glandelinians however attacked with the ferocity of demons demons and strove with might and main to press in upon this solid wall of pointed steel and endeavored to drive the Angulians back with their own pikes and bayonets but two more brigades of Christians arrived and got into fierce action and were thrown upon the glandelinians, and the glandelinians thus along general kinder nines front were forced to recoil though elsewhere they were pressing on successfully. Only along Kindermans front the enemy failed to gain any success and the Abyssinkillians seeing them retreating pressed forward themselves with fierce and wild yells that rang the very hills and valleys with deafening echoes that rebounded a million times like the outcries of wild savages and demons put together, a yell that fairly outcried that of the glandelinians, and the enemy broke and fled precipitately.

Along gone general John Evans left the glandelinians were still pressing their attack though swollen back elsewhere, and the Angulians along this point was falling back in confusion because of Evans being dangerously wounded. Over this outcome general Jack Evans was furious, and he blamed half of his officers for not doing as he told them declaring that they frustrated his purposes by making the fatal blunder of standing ground in the plains when they should have attacked the enemy there just and of letting their forces be attacked. This was true in most cases and general Jack Evans cursed and swore loudly and drove forward with his cavalry to do all possible to rally the confused troops. All along his own line even the count was more hotter and bloodier, a terrific onset being made with terrible violence, the glandelinians concentrating in great numbers upon him, but while he did his best to restore order in his brothers left wing, he simultaneously hurled all his Abyssinkillians upon his own assassins and soon repulsed the foe with the complete destruction of 6,000,000 glandelinians within four hours. The fray was the wildest ever imagined, the firing roared roaring like millions of cannon and while he was striving to a still rescue order in general John Evans line a second terrible charge was made upon him and led by the glandelinians under general Darger Raderma and his brother glandelinian, and these glandelinians threatened to force all before them in spite of facing overwhelming numbers the attack of the Abyssinkillians being made with great vigor and most appalling to fury, the ferocious glandelinians frightfully distorting their faces hideously like demons, and giving forth a storm of universal yells. Many terrible and most horrible volleys were delivered by general Jack Evans long chains of artillery and even loud reverberating explosives told that hundreds of mines were being used in the attempt to check the furious onslaught. The glandelinians attacked in long lines, but several of their main line of assaults had encountered a withering fire and seemed to be melting away. General Benligans divisions were decimated in meeting the enemy's annihilating fire and at this point the enemy succeeded in capturing the works and holding them against counter attacks of the Christians, until their most massive lines were mangled and cut to pieces, and by general Jack Evans most greatest efforts the remainder were forced to retire, and sweep back in the wildest confusion. Evans was bound to stop Shoemans attack upon his brothers divisions at all costs, and all the while the struggle was most violent and general. The battle line here extended from the small village of Maldon at base, and across a portion of the plain, beyond the high ledge of long stretched wall of rocks, and on some meadows, and also extended from Tataria to High Lightburg Landing, and all this distance the battle maddest forces of both sides roared and screamed in furious action and a hundred thousand cannon thundered and crashes crashed with the most horrible din filling the valleys and the very air with a hundred million of scarping echoes, and the crash of fire arms and explosions of shells swelled the din terrifically and many soldiers closed their ears to prevent themselves from becoming deaf.

Three great columns of Abyssinians under general Picknell were hurled upon Shoemanna's center in a reckless manner while all efforts were being made to rally Phil's brigades, and restore John Evans' broken lines and this part of the awful sanguinary struggle resulted in the destruction of many Angelinian brigades, and five brigades of the glandelinians within half an hour. Even from two long chains of batteries along Shoemanna's center a stream of shells were hurled upon the disordered christian columns under Evans and Phil to prevent them from reforming and rallying, and the detonation of the heaviest cannonading of the war succeeded each other so rapidly that it produced a most ear-splitting roar of continual prolonged fury heard within a mile long down the quieted lines nearly ten miles forward. Both sides were surrounded in sheets of smoke, and the screaming shrieking blood-curdling yells of both enemies and the incessant million cannon roar of musketry was added to the tremendous cannonading.

Picknell's columns in their attempts to restore order, and to check the infuriated enemy had been repulsed after having their main line of 5,000,000 men torn to fragments, and met the charge of the enemy at a better position on the banks of Sunbeam Creek, Picknell's cannon being placed where the enemy were fully exposed, and the fearful broadsides of shells and canister swept their lines a mile long down once after another, and tearing huge lanes and ravines in their main line of assault all the while the other christian forces under John Evans and Phil were rolling in confusion. The survivors of the glandelinians at first faltered, but urged on by their officers they closed the huge gaps and swept on to the attack with the fury of an avalanche of demons' force, and again their columns were torn to pieces once after another. The thunder of artillery all along the battle line was still incessant and appalling added by the series of violent detonations of great explosions that seemed to shake earth and heaven tremble, and so fierce was even the musketry fire along Picknell's lines that whole columns of the enemy were swept out of existence one after another, and hundreds of thousands of trees were shattered by canister and exploding shells.

By withering discharges of musketry two other immense divisions of the glandelinians were swept out of existence, but other columns seemed to be surging swimming forward in overwhelming numbers to support them and again surged forward with irresistible force and energy, but again many of their columns were swept back a considerable distance before another portion of the christian line finally gave way. The battle raged with the greatest desperation and fury along these lines for four hours and series of hand to hand conflicts raged....

The artillery of both sides still thundered with unabated fury and upon the main line of christian veterans who still stood their ground the brunt of this frightful onslaught fell at a critical moment when 10,000,000 Angelinians skillfully handled kept twenty million glandelinians at bay, these glandelinians under Pollie Nickerson, and Shoemanna who had been attacking with supreme fury suffering losses beyond repair, and so this stayed the tide of victory for the glandelinians which had been rolling steadily forward for hours.

Along the left of Picknell's christian column the charges of the enemy were still more terrific and had followed one after another only to be hurled back with appalling losses. The withering fire delivered by the Angelinians had been more frightful than before, and the thunder of artillery so deafening, that many of the christian commanders who had arms not yet in action became alarmed and started a general concentration upon the foe. Though charges after charges had been repulsed the glandelinians only returned to the onslaught and pressed with fearful weight upon the christian lines but again were hurled back with more frightful losses. Along general Picknell's center the glandelinians seemed to press forward in full force assaulting the christian line with the fury of hell the struggle raging still more frightfully and extending all along the lines. Evans himself had committed half of his very force upon general Picknell's assaults, the struggle having already grown fiercer and the mutual losses more dreadful and enraged by the series of bloody repulses the wicked glandelinian commanders requested Shoemanna to bring on the whole of his force and soon over eleven million of the glandelinians moved forward to make an irresistible charge against Evans' line. At his command this whole line proceeded by advancing batteries rushed on again over the long plain under a fearful storm of christian cannon and musketry fire that tore their lines to fragments.

For two more hours the struggle raged most frightfully men on both sides still falling in myriads and lay dead in windrows and like a forest for those two hours.

SEE PAGE THIRTY EIGHT.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE. WILDER SCENES OF HORROR.

WORTH of hell too. It was like just like what was said in the Bible, and forefathers were soon on their knees begging for peace and mercy, and all you got was a good trouncing and whole devastation of your towns of and cities and mercy was a thing of the past. And that lesson had not done you fools any good. When your recent comrades slaughtered children at Crowley they did not slaughter Angelinian children but children of other nationalities only as no Angelinian.

Three great columns of Abyssinians under general Giskell were hurled  
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fire that tore their lines to fragments.

For two more hours the struggle raged most frightfully men on  
both sides still falling in myriads and lay dead in windrows and like  
carpets of grass cut by a scythe. The roar of firing for those two hours  
was again incessant and the artillery worse than the thunder itself.  
Both armies were frightfully engaged and it seemed as if many brigades  
would meet with awful annihilation. In the meantime both sides had been  
massing all their batteries for general action and soon were plying them  
with the most destructive effect raining vast broadsides of shot and  
shell and high explosives upon each other by many thousands per minute.  
By this tremendous cannonade the whole region was effected by it,  
all the other woods and forests being shattered to shivers and set  
on fire and thousands of the animals in the forests were even forced to  
flee for their lives. For four hours this tremendous artillery duel  
continued with awful vigor and for a time it seemed as if both sides  
were threatened with mutual annihilation. Finally a sweeping charge by  
the whole of Shocannias five million cowering men was made, and it  
was so sudden and irresistible that the right wing of the Gandelinians  
was cut to pieces and in the space of thirty minutes during that great  
irresistible charge the Gandelinians lost six hundred and sixty thousand  
men killed and over one million one hundred thousand in wounded. Though  
some parts of the left wing of the Gandelinians did not press  
their advantage the conflict finally closed with the left and center  
still maintaining their positions. The foe were in possession of the  
plains however and also a good part of general Givians positions were  
in the hands of the foe. At five o'clock general Givian  
himself heard that a large force of Gandelinians directed by general  
Ke Satakie was marching all the christian women and children captured  
at Tataria and Evangelina Grania to slaughter, and bound to prevent  
this he sent one million three hundred and sixty five thousand men  
to check their intention. After a vigorous assault lasting for an hour  
and made a struggle of inconceivable violence for the sake of the forces  
engaged the Angelinians drove the Gandelinians back the Gandelinians  
back but not without sustaining the loss of over five hundred and fifty  
five thousand in this terrific onset that to that of the enemy only  
fifty thousand in killed and wounded. Thousands of prisoners were  
taken however, and general Givian riding up as the butchers were being  
taken within his lines, with the rescued ones also addressed the  
Gandelinians thus;

"Well here you are doing it again. In Angelinia, where we are now,  
or in other places as well, it makes no difference at all. You  
Gandelinians always get to bold about the slaughter of the innocent  
women and children who have done you Gandelinians no harm under any  
conditions, and you call it war. I started this very damn war because  
of the slaughters of children at Growley and Jemie Wren Town and still  
it still continues. But it will be a sorry days work if you ever succeed  
in making any more assassinations of children, when us Angelinians gets  
through with you Gandelinian assassins. A man of my mind and temper  
never forgets and even never forgives these assassinations of children  
even if I myself do not receive any forgiveness of my own sins if I  
have committed any. Hee/hee and you call yourselves soldiers. He, he.  
And you say it is not fair in war for us to bombard your Gandelinian  
cities before women and children leave, and yet you torture and butcher  
christian children, and then say the war is not over religion,  
but in defense because we are forcing the war upon you fool  
Gandelinians. Of course this is no religious war. I don't give a damn if  
you men worship the devil before my eyes, or if his has a thousand times  
it is none of my business. And it is true that we started the war on  
you Gandelinians, and just or unjust as it may be the rest is no nation  
in this world that would stand for the massacre of children, without  
any reason like the massacres you fools committed at Growley, and  
the vil villages around Jemie Wren Town and you know it. And what  
did the King of Abissinnia do to you Gandelinian skulls when your  
fool forefathers sank the ship loaded with children, and his own wife and  
daughter on. He died of a broken heart, and the result was that his  
fierce war like brother be brother a man that lusts in war took  
his throne as a successor and he trimmed you skulls like we are  
going to trim you now and throw war upon you and to the very mouth  
mouth of hell too. It was also just like the turning of a worm, for your  
forefathers were seen on their knees begging for peace and mercy, and  
all you got was a good trouncing and whole devastation of your  
towns and cities and mercy was a thing of the past. And that  
lesson had not done you fools any good. When your recent comrades  
slaughtered children at Growley they did not slaughter Angelinian child  
ren but children of other nationalities only as no Angelinian

b But mark you my dear sirs if slaughters of children follows one after another us Angelinians will be changed men, our temper will come out and we will show no mercy or give any quarter to any glandelinian army that is trapped. So I will give you a last solemn warning. You know what character the Abyssinians are. They are not Angelinians and they are not Abissinians. They are christians but different than we and they thirst for the chance to massacre all glandelinian prisoners that have been captured during the war. I warn you that if I hear of another massacre even threatening, I'll turn those christian barbarians upon all glandelinian prisoners and order the Angelinians here after not to take any more prisoners even wounded, but massacre them all. Our patience is exhausted. Now remember that I have warned you. Some of you will be exchanged for Angelinian prisoners to morrow and I have given you a good chance to make good and restrain your comrades from committing such a horrible crime that God can condemn worse than anything else, the ruthless slaughter of little children not because they are christians, but because to defy god. Shame away to the rear with you. I go not care to see your faces."

With this he rode away storing and fuming. The first days battle of Tartaria had raged in a furious manner but in separate conflicts and it had been very severe and wild. Gertrude Angelina was saddened at the sight of the awful harvest of human beings, and did cry a good deal at the sight. General Hindale St Clare had also occupied a long row of Stockade fortifications called Silverbell and Silverhair which were situated in a stretch of beautiful parks and glens of the Tartaria plains. General Hanson having had his shattered right wing reinforced by the many large forces held in reserve and not having been active in the first day of the battle decided to assail these long line of fortifications early in the morning, and if he could succeed in capturing these Manleys line would be broken, and the siege won, and probably end in the capture of Manleys whole army.

CHAPTER TWO.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE:  
WILDER SCENES OF HORROR.....

So general Hanson vivian took all night preparing for the great struggle that was coming. In the early morning without the slightest warning the Angelinians under general O'Brien pressed on toward the silent line of fortifications and the gowath corps of the glandelinians though surprised by an overwhelming force resisted with desperation for a while filling the air with swirling clouds of smoke and flame from all their heaviest guns a fairly drenching the plains with a perfect rain of thousands of shells, but soon the glandelinians were forced to give way even before support could reach them.

On pressed the Angelinians a furious wallow of purple in the morning light. After merciless excruciating fighting for over an hour they succeeded in turning the longest gray line to the left of the fortifications driving all before them. Still onward they pressed, and after fighting which brought on frightful slaughter another breach was made to the right, and with terrific fury the fierce Angelinians pressed through this between two galling fire of the heaviest cannons from the other fortifications and from terrible long lines of musketry. Yelling like demons themselves and after a more fearful struggle ten times harder than they managed to capture a long line of trenches near one of the stockades, and then three of the forts by charging through a regular entrench of works in the face of a withering fire which had cut the Angelinian troops down in many columns. So progressively and rapidly was this done that nearly one million and a hundred and sixty five thousand prisoners, glandelinian troops and officers were taken by the Angelinians who carried all before them. Simultaneously the guns of the first line of fortifications fortifications about 11,700 guns were soon vigorously in action and after a two hours incessant cannonading compelled the abandonment of nine batteries consisting of nine thousand cannon each which for all that hour had filled the very region with a horrible storm of echoes from the horrible reverberating roar and cannonading thunders heard as stated after the battle to have been heard for many hundreds of miles.

Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of Angelinians within an hour had dashed into these under a new and fiercer storm of batteries under general Zimmerman, and all the guns who dashed for the batteries soon had them in their possession and opened fire upon the fleeing division of glandelinians annihilating them with their devastating fire of high explosives and shrapnell which seemed to tear the very plains and battlefields asunder with their perfect sea of tremendous explosions. Soon from all points the christian armies were carrying all before them, Shoemanj Shoemannias whole line of works and batteries were in their possession and the fortifications of Silverbell and Silverhair were occupied by the Angelinian troops, while the remainder pressed on after the fleeing columns of Shoemannias army. The glandelinian armies were indeed totally routed, and never before in the war was the glandelinians so totally defeated.

Had it not been for Fort Vivian, and the fortifications of Jennie Purser and Evangelina St Clare the christians would have indeed won a sweeping victory of the whole battle and threw Manley completely out of his position. These fortifications were situated southeast of the city of Amie Aronburg and extended each singly for the distance of two miles and each had twenty thousand cannon. Fort Jennie Purser was the first to open fire with the big guns tearing the christian line crossing the plain to fragments and the din was dreadful sounding like a million volcanoes in eruption. Evangelina St Clare followed in thundering salvos that made the rear intensify with the sea of explosions and then all three fortifications were in action and these fortifications after a most terrible cannonading of all their guns that could be brought to bear which continued for three hours with an unceasing spasmodic roar heard for a hundred and fifty six miles as plainly as if you were in front of the forts soon checked the onward rush of Hanson's main line by tearing his army as a sunder and even filling the whole region which they were crossing into a terrible blood of horror. Evangelina Grania a big substantial town of two hundred and fifty houses collapse into total ruins under the concussion of the cannonading and the earth elsewhere shook like a titanic earthquake and the din was heard for a thousand miles. Hindale St Clare had been enraged over the sweeping success of the christians on Shoemannias army and so rallying a part of Shoemannias divisions also gathered half of his main forces and soon came on in formidable array to make a counter attack, and recover the lost ground.

At the same time all the main batteries of the other glandelinian positions within two hours were also massed and soon over two hundred thousand cannon were massed upon the two immense captured fortifications, and upon the main christian forces rushing forward forms were forced forward over the plains in millions of men per hour. Within a few hours more a most tremendous cannonade of all burst forth in a terrible prolonged explosive roar to which the main christian batteries even those along grass lines included had almost tamely responded, the cannonade of the captured stockades hurling fearful broadsides of shot and shell and canister upon the glandelinians as they charged furiously upon the two forts in two monstrous lines and so terrible was the din of the three hundred thousand cannons of the fortifications and enemy batteries alone, besides that added by the clamor of the christian batteries that the fighters had to plug up their ears to prevent themselves from becoming deaf, and yet despite all this they could not keep out the terrible sound.

The roar of over four hundred thousand cannon was simply sounding earthrending and the smoke that hung above the contestants was like a pall of storm clouds, and who could imagine the fury of the many thousands of explosions per second which tore up the very ground like blasting volcanic eruptions. After fighting which raged with for four more hours with unceasing fury and which was too horrible to relate in detail the three christian or glandelinian batteries were retaken and soon the nine others also added massed upon the fortifications still in the hands of the glandelinians. Onward still onward pressed millions of the glandelinians whose lines were torn to pieces one after another, but in the onward rush that was not checked the glandelinians soon came into close quarter with the Angelinians, and now Hanson's veterans fought with the utmost fury of desperation and the conflict roared with the fury of a million bells.

As the roar of musketry on both sides was drowned out however by the titanic crash of cannons. The glandelinians were now checked somewhat as forty of their highest generals were killed and wounded in the hellish bedlam, and then repulsed with excruciating losses, and with two others of their main main generals having fallen and one of them was Hindsale Johnston who was killed, the other being Hindsale St. Glare who was slightly disabled but not able to retain his command.

The frightful thunder of the glandelinian batteries was now increasing and in the meantime Shoemania having rallied his own main forces came to the aid of Hindsale St. Glare's divisions and also rallied them and again the furious assault was renewed with redoubled fury and the glandelinians within another hour were rushing forward with tremendous fury and in ten tidal waves of men. The series of assaults was so fearful each one more fearful than the ones before and the roar of artillery and musketry was redoubled to ten fold, but soon unable to withstand it any longer and suffering from consecutive attacks from three directions at that the Angulians began to move out of the smoky maelstroms of hell. Back into the captured fortifications no many of them went, and out leaving all the cannon they had captured in their desperate efforts to regain their main lines, and escape the destructive and desolation of firing which was moving down their brid brigades in tens.

It was a general withdrawal of christian troops back to defeat and disaster.

Along general Hanson's main left wing that same early morning at a different point and far out of the stockades view general John Manley himself was busy at work. His glandelinian cavalry was the first to advance and quickly opened a galling fire upon the retreating Angulians who who pursued them close to two crossroads crossroads. In a few minutes however general Hanson's artillery began also to discharge fearful volleys, dealing awful havoc among the among the glandelinians. But on and on they came followed steadily by other columns. A horrible broadside of shells and three tremendous at ranges from a long chain of gathering guns ploughed the Free Masonic line lines but still onward they advanced upon the retreating christian columns driving all before them. The infantry which supported the cavalry now charged with irresistible force, and the renewed carnage which followed was more appalling. Both sides delivered a withering fire at once, and the glandelinians after a desperate death struggle drove back the right grand division of general Hanson's right wing. Gallies big cavalry force of glandelinians advanced under a most heavy fire of artillery and amid the dreadful carnage crashed upon the retreating Angulians in a fiercer attack and carried all before them driving the christians in scattered columns and brigades in the greatest disorder to the main line. As soon as they came up general Hanson's officers rode fiercely among the panic stricken troops and strove to rally them but in vain, the troops streamed in a stampede toward the rear, and general Hanson had to hurl forward his whole line of reserve to stop the wild headlong drive of the massed glandelinian tidal wave from the wild ocean of hell's legions of horror.

The enemy came on furiously 10,000,000 strong, but their was not a sound from them. They did not yell but their faces were frightfully contorted, their eyes flashed and their expressions showed that the glandelinians were filled with such determination to win, and that they were bound to win if they had to crash into hell to do so. On and on they came and just within two rods of the christian lines they suddenly broke into a precipitate run and let loose a storm of yells that fairly shook the trees. Just as they came within a rod of the christian lines there was at once a volcano of flame and din all along the line, the gray wave was torn and horribly gapped; and some portions gave way, but the rest rushed on wildly, and the Angulians met the charge most furiously, but after a dreadful struggle the christian line was broken and many officers were killed and wounded. The glandelinians continued to advance, and bore down upon the line in purple, especially those under some generals nicknamed generals Love Child, and Devil Biter in a furious charge, general Robert Macellor's cavalry striking general Meroy Love's right in a resistless manner, but encountered a deadly fire that annihilated half of his column, and with desperate courage, the glandelinians having crossed a mile of open ground under a most terrible fire of the christian guns, and had come rushing forward with the same tremendous fury noted in other great battles of this horrible war.

Their lines had been ploughed through and through but the men had not faltered. They had even charged way up the slight rise of ground and broke a part of the christian line, and now the struggle was very sanguinary, but general Jack Evans himself had made a heavy concentration upon Hanson's desperate specialties and after a final struggle one of the bloodiest ever seen in the war before the foe had been finally repulsed and thrown back all the distance across the plains with dreadful losses in men and officers, and their torn and tattered flags were blood soaked. At another point along general Howell's gunter Johnston's lines the enemy had made a desperate attack of the same violence attacking at the same time general Myrka's lines but after a struggle that was thrilling their charge was also repulsed in succession with the worse losses. The glandelinians led by Atania himself made a charge upon Kindernine's position at the same time and during the bloody fight made a great breach in the christian line under general Salven, and with mighty fury the glandelinians attempted to pass through the gap and take the christian line on the flank, but the fierce Angulians poured in an annihilating fire from every side, and tore and crushed to fragments in this mighty long wave of gray coats, and causing them to withdraw in a frightful panic. At the same time this occurred, a large glandelinian cavalry of 40,000 men in gray the fire flew east of all the Angulians bore down in a most furious assault upon the right of general Roberts' lines, while a battalion struck them a crushing blow on the left, and a dragon crashed down upon their center, which was well protested and a horrible struggle ensued. These three christian divisions were pressed back by the horrible charge, the cavalry divisions of the glandelinians riding into the first immense brigades of the recoiling Angulians with appalling fury blazing away with their carbines, while the infantry under a heavy fire charged straight through the line of purple coats, and their sixth corps and brigades, swept upon them like a hurricane.

The fury of the glandelinians during this pandemonium was such thing awful, and ninety thousand prisoners were taken by the foe in a few minutes. General Robert deeming that such a furious assault of the foe was resistless ordered his survivors to retreat to the main line. Then he fell mortally wounded. In ten minutes a fresh body of christians arrived having been sent by Hanson to repel the fierce headlong attack, and frightful was the sudden roar of one million muskets. The slaughter was appalling awful. The glandelinians however at this point were overwhelming in numbers and after a continuous struggle crushed the christian line to fragments. The glandelinians pressed on with most terrific fury and crashed again at seven powerful lines of infantry and the carnage being renewed became more and more appalling. Hanson's cavalry divisions hurled themselves also against the christian lines, under generals Hobbs, Child, Meroy, Jallen, great heart, and Penigan, with merciless fury, but the christians although suffering fearfully from the artillery fire of the glandelinian batteries which all this time kept up the same unceasing activity and which supported the glandelinian assault maintained their formation unbroken. These glandelinian cavalry divisions were not supported by infantry however and one of them under general Child's murder was compelled to withdraw from the heavy christian artillery fire from the right.

It was indeed a battle exceedingly wild and sanguinary. At all points however by the efforts of general Evans and Hanson the drive of the glandelinian army had been repulsed and there was now a hill. After his tremendous repulse at Fort Silverbell and silver hair general Hanson was not discouraged, and determined to show the glandelinians that he was not to be beaten unless he himself was down. However at other points the Angulians had failed though they did their best to check general Ig norance's glandelinians, and galdonia had been sent in with his troops with the forces under general Francis Schmidt and this part of the line had soon been reestablished and held. During the full general James Hindsale believing that his right wing was in no danger massed eight available battle lines supported by five hundred gathering and machine guns, and eight light undred other cannon for a fierce counter attack on Hanson's center which was almost shattered in aiding in the great attack on the christian line just past. General Hindsale decided to lead this assault but had he had no time to do so. The glandelinian generals had been withdrawing those already decimated during the other attack and had been sending forward fresh divisions to storm the christian lines once more. General ignorance was detailed to lead this assault and Shoemania was to follow, while general Leonia Meldonia, McKnell and Adels-De-garbe were to assail Evans' strong position. Ignorance

made a vigorous effective assault on the right grand division of the christian christian center of panos command. The battalions also advancing against general panos in person met a most intense destructive fire from the christian brigades and after a terrific struggle equally as severe as the assault of a few hours before was repulsed with exorbitant losses. The prompt support of general panos gill verhair protecting Goodhearts left, and an impetuous charge of general Goodchild with ten million five hundred thousand men crushed the glandelinian battalions to fragments and made the survivors fly pell-mell. General silverhair, ad and Love child fell wounded, on the christian side. General Ignorance would have accomplished a sweeping success indeed, but for the fact that the blow he made fell only upon the right grand division of the christian line, and when he did throw forward the rest of his forces and storm the whole christian line a disaster occurred which resulted in confusion, and in trying to stem the panic Ignorance was severely wounded, and general panos' H male taking his place, also tried to rally them but was killed.

General James gindale his brother then took command and succeeded in rallying the glandelinian columns, and by night and main succeeded in getting them to fairly cross the christian works, and drive the christians back half a mile but amid the dreadful carnage the Angelinians rallied and during the furious inferno of firing the glandelinian attack was checked, and then thrown back in confusion. Then general James gindale fell across severely wounded. While murder then took his place and immediately was shot in the leg and severely wounded. The slaughter indeed was terrible. General Shoemanna hearing of the tragedies had to take command of these forces with general Grosile as his aid, and as the glandelinians were still firing furiously general panos was advised by his generals that that by the scenes witnessed it was evident that shoemanna decided to give his battle in full force. Satisfied of this he sent word to the other christian generals to hasten bringing up their reserves. Kill-childs command moving forward at one point encountered during the bloody fight some of general panos's cavalry and defeated it, and general stranglechild and his glandelinian horsemen entered a tataria but was annihilated after a furious struggle. The streets were covered with dead and dying the results of the horrible ambushade. General stranglechild was taken prisoner by the christians. General Donaldson then approached the city to wrest it from the Angelinians. The streets were swarming with the soldiers who had thrown up strong barricades, or took possession of all the houses to commit the horrible work of sniping. As the enemy came on all the Angelinians opened fire from houses, alleys, and from the barricades in the streets, from housetops and from windows of factories and child slave places and other means of defense mowing the enemy down in whole swarms. The glandelinian survivors still came on and made a desperate assault at the barricades and tried with fury to capture the houses and set fire to many. The christian fire could not check the impetuous charge of the glandelinians and as most of the town was burning they were forced to abandon it and withdraw, but they took their time about going and showed such fury in their resistance that the glandelinians could not capture one single prisoner. The town of tataria was taken by the enemy but impossible to hold, and the Angelinians soon swarmed back into the town capturing six hundred thousand glandelinians and three more generals and burned the town totally to the ground so that the enemy in case they came back could not occupy only ruins.

Another lull after this scene of action occurred and then at five o'clock that evening a large force of christian cavalry came dashing up and resisted another storming attack of the enemy that was beginning until the main line got ready to struggle once more. The christian cavalry countered and crossed and charged but could not hold back the assailants. Again the same fearful firing at once ensued as the enemy came on and the falling of the soldiers was again as equally appalling as the falling of the soldiers was the glandelinian survivors the Angelinians however giving such resistance that they again and again hurled back their charges with terrible losses to their own side and soon again finally drove the glandelinians back taking many scores of thousands of prisoners. Shoemanna hastened to the scene of action and the bloody conflict raged now more incessantly.

The roar of eight million fire arms and seven hundred thousand cannon was intensified in tensified like the din of many volcanoes blowing up into the air.

Meanwhile the seventh corps came up and the conflict grew more bloody still. Shoemanna with eight million men, with satans, and with general Hate child fell heavily upon the main christian line, held by gradually extended to the center with more horrible fury. It was now completely a deadly death struggle with the foe on the winning side completely. The struggle was for tataria proper but for a time the Angelinians firmly held their positions against the fiercest assaults. Heavy brigades and divisions were thrown against the christian veterans with awful force and violence, but during the marvellous and most sanguinary conflict these brigades and divisions were thrown back crushed and mingled with their lines completely torn to pieces. While the sound of merciless conflict in tensified in din on this part of the field it was also heard on the right and center where general No-good and Killston es surerannians advanced to the attack with great vigor. After merciless fighting they were thrown back, but after another fierce charge which raged the struggle frightfully for another bloody hour without e easing and the losses appalling the glandelinians succeeded in penetrating and holding for another hour against a merciless assault, the works on the extreme right of general vilians army. But during the frightful drama of horror general vilians during the counter charge and a fierce concentration drove the glandelinians out of his lines and some distance back. Series of sudden and violent attacks occurred elsewhere simultaneously. Shoemanna had thrown his main force forward gaining the advantage and storming general vilians divisions where the same sanguinary kind of struggle ensued.

Within a one hour attack the ground along this point was strewn with five hundred thousand dead and wounded and dying glandelinians but finally this assault was also driven back with frightful losses and a part of Killstones division was fairly cut all to pieces. The slaughter was appalling, unmerciful. Enraged over this repulse Shoemanna had during other great onslaughts again opened upon general panos's lines four hundred and eighty thousand cannon from the main line of batteries of gunleys commands and from the fortifications, and within an hour over 300,000 christian cannon were responding with all their might and for the space of two hours and a half a good portion of western galverinia for the space of nearly a thousand thousand miles was made to tremble by the loud thunder of 700,000 cannons. Then like a gigantic wave of the sea during a great upheaval of the ocean in a typhoon, the whole force of glandelinians proceeded by clouds of skirmishers, swept over the broad plains under a most deadly fire from the christian guns, and assailed the Abbeannian line with the most indescribable fury. Over the whole plain, whole monstrous divisions of glandelinians charged with resistless energy, and though they were cut up and torn to pieces, swept before them in that final charge general robert vilians whole left wing. Fearful was the struggle and more fearful the loss. All the christian divisions were hurled from their main line of positions by inferior numbers at that, and driven back mangled and bleeding, while hundreds of thousands of their fallen paved the fields. Both divisions at this part of the bloody battle line were dread dreadfully shattered by the collision and general Benigan whole command of one million one hundred thousand was also crushed to fragments, by the fearful onslaught, and he himself severely wounded, and another christian general by the mass of benigan Grenburg killed. Also general Jackson Phelan on the christian side fell riddled by bullets, general Joseph Mc-Gantler fell severely wounded as he strove to rally his own tired army, and general panos tarring on the side of the glandelinians was also slain as he crossed the christian parapet on horseback in the face of the christian withering fire that shot his own whole army to pieces. Even the general Ignorance will g child whole command of Angelinians had been shot to pieces, and general pedo Shoemanna was killed as he also strove to rally his panic stricken christian troops, while James Pickens himself was mortally wounded.

At the fall of their generals, and at such frightful losses the survivors of the Angelinians became panic stricken and retreated in the utmost confusion, crowding over the rear of the plains, swarming over meadows, in a stampede, and pouring across roads and the Sunbeam Creek, and even across the highburg landing and even over remaining bridges. The pursuing glandelinians opened an increasing fire upon the panic stricken Angelinians. General vilians purple coats at first fled toward tataria river and on toward the town of Jennie vilians, but a large force of glandelinians cut off their retreat in that direction and his men were forced to run precipitately

toward the woods near Lucille Gordon, the glandelinians rushing on after them with the same precipitate haste causing more confusion. Close to the woods was a big bend of the beautiful gunbeam creek with a large wide plank bridge over it. All of the yivirvians Angelinians could not cross this bridge at once so multitudes of the Angelinians swarmed in streams across the creek, hundreds being shot down by the excited glandelinians glandelinians. Faster went the Angelinians crowding through the woods, and they were compelled to dynamite trees to make obstructions to bar the enemy's advance. This of course made a slower retreat for those who stayed behind to do this sort of work and this resulted in their capture, the glandelinians gaining on the main force of Angelinians like the spread of some great storm cloud. Reaching an opening in the woods the Angelinians rushed away as swiftly as they could.

General trying to rally them was killed by a glandelinian sharpshoot er. On after them still rushed the glandelinians with their myriads of beautiful banners flying. Reaching another portion of the woods which was not so thick scores of thousands of the Angelinians tried to rally to make a stand but this was useless and also suicidal. Onward sped the glandelinian troops after the fleeing Christians who soon came in sight of another portion of the same creek where it made a perfect wide wind and here a large and awfully long bridge spanned. This bridge two rods wide was soon crowded with confused Angelinians, ambulances, wagons, trains of ammunition wagons, and artillery. It was indeed a slow matter to get across this bridge no matter how wide or long it was. General Lackheart with his divisions attacked and cut off many of the Angelinians capturing them and thirty pieces of artillery and ten regimental flags. It was quite a long time before the bridge was cleared of general yivirvians commands, except five or six wagons and twelve twelve wagons and some big guns that had toppled over. The glandelinians now crowded the bridge also and even poured across the stream elsewhere, and those on the bridge to clear the way showed the wagons all into the stream, but taking care of the wounded left behind in the ambulances and the poor horses which were not injured as all belong to glandelinians the soldier soldiers being wounded glandelinians only. Confusion was indeed everywhere among general yivirvians. Thousands of baggage wagons, were aground in mud and sand, ambulances were upset and captured, and men and all mixed up in confused masses, horses rearing and plunging; and there was a scene of so complete confusion. General Glaseson placed fifty wagons in a line near gunbeam creek and tried to check the pursuing glandelinians under general Hoogoo but the glandelinians charged upon the battery and captured it, and also those who had dared to remain behind to discharge it a second time. By clever ruses the general escaped. Many a time the Christians who had the chance fired back many a telling volley but this did not check the glandelinians at all. A large detachment with fixed bayonets dashed boldly into the rear of the retreating line of Christians who tried to cover the retreat of their comrades, while a detachment of infantry under general Fva Frank who with dare-devil recklessness, charged their right, and another detachment with fearful force swept upon general Gimbearts left and during a cruel and bloody running fight broke their line in many parts and attempted to pass through and head them off, but they broke in such confusion that the attempt was frustrated. Reaching another opening of the woods a portion of the Angelinian army again tried to stem the tide of disaster by trying to make another stand but the glandelinians came rushing on with such irresistible force and fury that the Angelinians were compelled to resume their retreat after a short and sharp struggle. Several large Angelinian brigade brigades were now quite in the way of the pursuing glandelinians who with angry shouts "Get out of the way you purple coated devils we want to pass pass as to go home" quickly cut them off from escape, not without a desperate fight though and captured the survivors.

Like a living mass the victorious glandelinians continued their swift pursuit a large detachment of glandelinians without the slightest warning charging through a portion of general yivirvians panic stricken command and sweeping them like chaff before the wind a large division of glandelinians simultaneously bearing down upon the flank of the Angelinians battalions and causing them to break into a break into a more terrific confusion and general pan with a large force of mounted dragoons charged the lines of panic stricken ninth corps and causing all the more confusion.

1133. On and on sped the Angelinians, over other bridges and roads running their best to escape the pursuing glandelinians who were dangerously close behind, many flinging away their firearms to run better, but nevertheless the glandelinians were coming closer and closer. Reaching a railway called the Gordon across which also was a long line known as the Gordon line the Angelinians poured to the other side and tried again to make a stand, while the remainder poured across a long railway bridge the structure swarming with confused Angelinians. These Angelinians were under general Gracels Johnston. Around a portion of the crossroads a large detachment of glandelinians swept and managed to cut off and capture a hundred prisoners. When all of the Angelinians were off the bridge, many of them set it on fire underneath and even blew part of it up with powder, but it did not check the foe and then suddenly there was a terrific roar that seemed to split the earth and all the glandelinians who had swarmed out to the bridge to the amazement and horror of those who had gotten across across were hurled into eternity by the explosion of ten mines set under the bridge.

In the meantime both foes without knowing it were swarming toward general Jack Evans main right wing on the nearest side, and Gertrude Angeline who had been out scouting as all had been quiet along his lines it being four o'clock was startled by a pandemonium of yells and series of musket volleys. The whole line was even startled by the din. In alarm Gertrude sprang for the Christian line at a full gallop and warned the generals and then viewed the scene and was appalled at what she saw. Dense multitudes of purple coats were stampeding toward Evans right wing, yelling, cursing, praying, and swearing. The Angelinians along this point at first thought the glandelinian officers with Gertrude Angeline in the midst were the glandelinians in disguise and swarmed forward to meet them as the bayonet, but many of the officers saw the real situation through their glasses and warned them it was the rear of some reinforcements and so they did not show hostilities and began rallying somewhat at the sight of one of the most beautiful friends of the yivirvian girls. General Evans riding to the scene ordered the Christian line to open and let the panic stricken forces pass through. This was obeyed and an hour after as soon as the pursuers came closer enough, and the last of the fugitives had passed through the gap it was suddenly closed, and then suddenly the whole line fell back for a certain distance itself, then suddenly hell seemed to break out along their lines and terrible was the scene as the completely surprised glandelinian columns went to pieces amid the dreadful carnage.

"Now then down to a man!" was the order of their commanders and they did. Shoosamma's ferocious advance within twenty minutes more of whole scale slaughter among the glandelinians was finally checked, and the shattered armies that had been so badly routed were enabled to retreat safely to the rear. But it was not to cover the retreat of those badly smitten armies did that wing of Evans command hold its ground, but to give general Shoosamma the impression that it would take more than his to force them out of their position.

At five thirty the most heavy firing along this wing told general Evans that general Shoosamma's revengeful over his failure to crush the retreating columns was again assaulting general Evans right wing with the most terrible violence, the Christian guns having trained more than eight thousand cannon upon the assailants and it was the terrible roar of these guns that startled general Evans. Thousands of shells boomed and banged, houses and sheds, and trees rose on wings of dust and smoke and great geyser of explosions swooped down upon the glandelinians. If Shoosamma had only realized he was drawing to a position where he could be shattered to pieces, he would have thought twice before making the move. Feverish excitement was everywhere. Shoosamma had first out lined the onslaught in a bloody but desultory manner, the great armies in gray looking so beautiful and strong in the setting sun with their clamping horses, and flaunting flags, and glinting guns, and booming guns, and g beating drums that it was a shame for the cruel Angelinians to do as they firmly did. Indeed it was a sight that staggered Gertrude Angeline from a safe place viewed it, a strength that made her weep, for she truthfully doubted whether the Christians could withstand them. Five glandelinian batteries now opened upon the Christian lines a most terrific firing upon one spot, and hundreds of thousands of brave Angelinians, staggered, fell, rolled, convulsed and died.

General Fred Ferdinand had a greater courage than General Wellington and despite the dreadful carnage rallied his men. The Glandelinians trained five more batteries upon his divisions alone, and fairly shattered his lines, as they stormed his own guns with a terrific curtain of artillery fire. Hundreds of his comrades fell beside him per minute the shells even burst around him. Yet he stood as calm and as quiet as though he had a charmed life, like a spirit that neither fire of balls and shells or canister and bullets could touch. All this while the Glandelinian infantry attacks were going on in a storm of fury and damnation, the whole three grand divisions of General Jack Evans right wing, being stormed with appalling fury, and when a portion of the line was compelled to fall back on account of the death of two of their generals, they left three hundred thousand upon the field. Then on God. Then General Meagher's saunders called upon his nine million men supported by a storming artillery fire. On they came under a murderous tempest of grape and canister. On they rushed furiously and wildly and leaped in heavy numbers over the outer works, the firing was exceedingly heavy, but on they rushed and stormed, they recoiled, and swept forward again once more and over the works in appalling numbers, and only to be swept back, and once more they struck forward with the fixed bayonet. They reached the works. They

a and her heartbroken husband and three children were left sorrowing. Childish sobs came half smothered from another room and tore at the hearts of those who listened, and once the baby voice of little Jennie Melanias vivian came choking out loud from her little innocent heart. She was kneeling before a high chair in front of a picture of Our Lady, her little hands clasped passionately, while the big tears dropped like rain.

"Oh Mother of the Little Jesus, won't you be my mother now. Mama has gone to heaven, and I am so lonely now..." Every one wept and friends came and took the child and tried to cheer her, but although her tears were dried her little heart was broken. Motherless at four years old on account of the cruel savagery of the Glandelinians. Can we think of it without a tear.

And yet the wicked Glandelinians Glandelinians frenzied by the counter attack of the Christians and with the lust of blood did not forget this place. Hundreds rushed for this house and again slaying all the women and children and lastly came upon little Jennie Melanias vivian who was huddling in a dark corner in a subject terror at hearing the dying groans of her father and the shrieking of her brother and sisters who were being cut to pieces. The wicked Glandelinians were about to kill her also but their leader stopped them and said:

"Do not kill her. As soon as this conflict is over off to the Island Prison with her. Since her parents are killed now and we go and I kill her she will be only united with them in her heaven and we don't want that happy reunion to happen just now."

So the child was left unmolested though she was under strong guard. Well echoed yell and like a large troop of tigers the Angelinians rushed furiously to the assault. The Glandelinians were brought to bay and fought with the utmost fury of desperation, and with shells, cannon balls and musket volleys they mowed down thousands of their assailants within thirty seconds and wounded many thousands more. God is simply good to innocent children. What happens proves it. Though repulsed the Angelinians had captured many Glandelinian prisoners, and besides them the ones who had been carrying off little Jennie Melanias vivian and rescued her. She was free and for good. The Angelinians soon resumed the attack with utmost ferocity swarming at the foot of the palisades, and hacking at them with battle axes, and their pikes, until they had cut them through at many different points. For a long time there was a deadly fight at these breech breaches but at length the Angelinians broke in one of the stockades but met such resistance that despairing of capturing any prisoners alive they shot the Glandelinian soldiers down all of them massacring them all even the highest leader.

howled, they struck, bayoneted, shot and hacked. Then they wavered, staggered, broke and ran, but undaunted they gathered again and plunged into the fire and smoke but again they were beaten back. Six times they rallied and like a whirlwind of flame and flesh and steel they swept within a hundred yards of the heights almost as halted them. Over the dead bodies they came. Nine thousand nine million Infantry fire and less than five million men returned. Pandon, a tall, fat, stately bayonet but how could they hope to win what "Lager had lost. Oh who were the brutes who sent you to such slaughter? Oh we what a sacrifice for such a bright day and what a preparation for the coming of Christ! Christmas day, for peace on earth and good will to men. More than six million strew the hills and plains and among these like more than one million Angelinians.

Through all the battle, dim more piercing than the screaming shells "Gertrude could almost imagine to hear the orphans cry: the horrible under the one, the fathers curse and the mothers sigh, and the desolate young wives groan. Hear the dying sorrows of sin racked souls and shell racked bodies. Hear the groans of the curses, and blasphemies, and agonized despair, the cry for water and the cry of death.

"Jesus Mercy. Many even among the Glandelinians do shout in times of horror and mortal agony, as blood blinded and pain maddened they crawl about with arms or legs, or parts of arms and heads shot off, or with their very intestines protruding from their bodies. Others even Glandelinians appealing for Absolution from priests striding among them. Faces marked with blood and dirt lift from the earth spitting their confessions into the ears of priest and sinner and after Absolution cry:

"Thank God. And die."

All around lay more suits of gray than of purple. The shot at all healing heavily among them. Bleeding mangled bodies were everywhere. Oh what a sight for such a tender heart as Gertrude and this slaughter had lasted only two hours or even less. Even at the same time this horrible slaughter was of

occurring a sally on General Hancock's right flank right who guarded over five thousand children saw a mighty swarm of Glandelinians sweeping on toward him. He gave the alarm and at the same moment a myriads of soldiers ran wildly out of the breaches of their breastworks and opened a rapid fire upon the Glandelinians. But it was too late. Through the breaches and over the ramparts the furious Glandelinian soldiers came pouring in. Sick and wounded men leaped from their beds while women and children blind with fright darted shrieking from the houses. The Glandelinians cut them all down. Angled with the wild uproar of a shro shrieks from the children was the savage shouts of the Glandelinian cut throats and the clash of weapons. The agonizing gestures of the small innocent and helpless children was heart rending but the Glandelinians were delighted in their awful work of butchery. Many more of the children tried to escape but the Glandelinians rushed at them, threw them down and strangled them to death and dragged their bodies to the brink of deep creek where the victims of the devilish massacre were already flung in heaps. The Glandelinians hacked the arms and limbs apart from many of the children while they were still alive. The Glandelinians like sheep in a wolf's like way wolves in a sheep's fold roiled in slaughter. With bloodshot eyes and weapon bared the Glandelinians closed around their victims to prevent the rest from escaping. When this massacre completed with his very Christian lines was finished the Glandelinians even doubly fortified the stockades they had captured. It took the Glandelinians all night to fortify the stockades however and it was morning the Glandelinians had just finished when a startling cry rang in their ears.

"THE ANGELINIANS ARE COMING! THE ANGELINIANS ARE COMING!" The Glandelinians were suddenly startled when they saw a large force of the Christians advancing in unbroken lines with heads lowered and bayonets fixed for the charge. The cannons of the stockades were discharged with the most destructive effect effects while the Infantry poured a pitiless at on of bullets. All the Glandelinian guns fired and fired with amazing rapidity, and indeed it had been a serious blow to the Christians to have a long line of stockades captured within their very lines and they were bound to retake it at all costs.

More and more of the Glandelinians rushed to the enclosures and opened fire upon the advancing Christians with all their firearms and increased their fire to a deadly on on all sides at that. Several houses of the stockades were still filled with thousands of children not as yet massacred and enraged over the attacks of the Christians many of the Glandelinians cut these helpless innocents down with their sabres killing them and mangle the corpses tearing out their eyes and entrails. In one of the stockade houses the inmates were moving noisily for there on a couch on a darkened room a still and pulseless form lay, white as marble and as cold. Lighted candles and gas and an Ivory crucifix told of the Faith Faith and a Rosary clasped in the fair hands marked our Lady's child. A shot hit by a fatal shot during the continuing battle had passed away into the great other world sweetly and calmly.

The Glandelinians at another part seized a stockade full of children and set these on fire, and the helpless children who were unable to get away were roasted in the burning buildings. They beat at the rest of the poor children they had taken out from the burning houses savagely with sticks and clubs, then strangled or smothered them to death. At all other points the Angelinians were attacking furiously the Glandelinians within the long line of palisades, being five hundred by count in number, and they rallied again and again fighting like demons, but could not keep back the assailants when they did repulse them. It was a desultory attack however which the Christians had kept up with great fury, but so brisk and steady was the fire from the loopholes that the Christians had been mowed down in horrible numbers, and were indeed mowed at their own losses. Thousands of them officers and men had been mowed down by that awful fire but most of the survivors had moved forward cautiously, leaping from behind tree to tree as they came on, but nevertheless the wicked Glandelinians were at their posts and hundreds of thousands of loop-holes darted their tongues of flame. The Glandelinians had found within the stockades besides cannon and grenades, heavy muskets of large calibre, which were continually thrown among the Angelinians, these scattering scraps of lead and or iron among the male multitudes of Angelinians and mowing hundreds of them at one discharge. However in spite of the brisk fire the survivors reached the stockades and palisades, and crouched low and beyond the range of shot, hewing furiously with their pikes and axes and hatchet blades as to cut their way through, the rest following close and seemingly like hundreds of thousands of angry purple hornets around the stockades, hacking and tearing to get in. At once scores of the Glandelinians crossed their muskets with powder and plugged up the muzzles and lighting the fuses fuses inserted in them, threw them over the barrier and these in exploding killed and wounded many, but nevertheless many of the Angelinians had gotten possession of a quarter of the number of loop-holes and thrusting in their guns fired upon the Glandelinians within bringing them down in appalling numbers. In a moment they had torn a wide breach in the palisade but the brave Glandelinians sprang forward to defend it. Another breach was made, then another. Seventeen of the Glandelinian leaders two of them generals were killed, but the fierce survivors kept up the fight, throwing themselves against the throng of Angelinians striking, and stabbi stabbing, and shooting with the fury of mad-men while those in the fortifications fired volley after volley, and again and again shot thousands of the Angelinians down, but the survivors still continued the attack and only after the fiercest fighting continued for hours without ceasing did the Angelinians at last receive a bloody repulse. General Calahans and Callahans Glandelinians set out to take other fortifications not in possession of the foe as yet sweeping on to slaughter the helpless children firing rattling volleys upon the fleeing fugitives shooting many of them down. Many of the Christian defenders retreated both sides firing destructive volleys at each other.

A huge force of Glandelinians had now appeared and the other Glandelinians increased the appalling slaughter with all their fury. Even gathling guns were fired upon the swarms of panic stricken children killing many scores at one discharge. As they rushed on after the fleeing children the Glandelinians met a priest who was baptizing several dying little girls. They knocked him down with a sheathed sword and one stabbed him dead with a bayonet before he had even a chance to bat baptize them. At another place two little girls and three boys who attempted to escape were caught and tied to trees. The Glandelinians incensed scourged them from head to foot, and then they cut away their lower lips, and then for revenge thrust a red hot iron down their throats. Then they set fire to one of the trees that had the held the smallest child and as the flames arose she threw her arms upward with an awful shriek of supplication to god. Next they hung around her little neck a collar made of iron beads heated red hot which added to the child's agony. Then they poured scalding hot tar on the heads of all five. Then they cut strips of loose flesh from their bodies and ate them before their very eyes. After a succession of other frightful tortures they scalped them like Indians do, and when they saw that the five children were nearly dead they cut open their bodies,

and drank their blood. The leader then tore out their hearts and livers and handed these to the men who ate them raw. They did not do this because they were cannibals. They knew better than that.

ONE PAGE FORTY NINE.

# CHAPTER THREE.

## THE THIRD DAY OF THE BATTLE.

The glandelinians at another part seized a stockade full of children and set these on fire, so that the helpless children who were unable to get away were burned to death in the burning buildings. They went on

and drank their blood. The leader then tore out their hearts and liver and handed these to the men who ate them raw. They did not not do this because they were cannibals, they knew better than that, but they did this to humiliate. The rest of the children who were being persecuted, cried and screamed, without pausing, but it did them no good. The glandelinians now assailed one of the doors of the nearest house with axes and hatchets, and with their pikes the had soon down causing the terrified children to scream. Soon the crowd of the glandelinians burst in through the shattered doorways. They grabbed the children one by one, and strangled them to death. Then they butchered bute bared more of the children. Another of the houses had not been attacked so soon, and these inside had some time for preparation. The men inside were well supplied with gun powder and bullets and they found some material which they barricaded the windows and doors with. When the glandelinians tried to break in they drove them back with heavy losses. Enraged over this the murderous glandelinians gathered in greater numbers before the house, and showered bullets upon it and tried to set it on fire. The enemy had been repulsed a second time but at all the firing continued. The glandelinians soon got in at a back door seized Mary Angeline, a little girl of five years and despite her pleadings and screams strangled her to death, then dashed out her brains on a doorstep. When they murdered another little girl in cold blood whose name was Sarah Jones. Then a swarm of glandelinians burst in on all sides gave the defenders a close volley, seized the rest of the children and slew them. They now went on to assail the other houses which they soon carried and then the slaughter was awful. However this was the last act of the glandelinians and they retreated before the main line was aroused, an abaf abandoning all the stockade stockades they had captured after setting fire to all of them.

CHAPTER THREE. GO ON A SPRING.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE BATTLE

At seven thirty that morning over one million glandelinians appeared and advanced into the great labyrinth labyrinth of woods which shadowed the east borders of the battered fortifications. They recently assaulted by the christians the day before. The van passed the low ground where on either hand lay hidden by thick trees and underbrush half covered in snow lay two fatal ravines. Suddenly a scout far in advance saw a force of fierce abyssinians bounding forward through the forest and along the narrow track general Johnston Evans leading them on. He stopped, turned, and waved his sabre, and his red coat red coated veterans suddenly crowding across the roads opened a murderous fire upon the head of the glandelinian columns, while screeching, and yelling like fiends the abyssinian infantry thranged into the long ravines, and above on both flanks of the advancing glandelinians. The astonished glandelinians returned the fire with good effect, but the christian infantry in the ravines opened an annihilating fire on the right and left of the glandelinians this raking fire soon extending along the whole length of the veteran columns upon the enemy from front and rear. The whole woods seemed ablaze with incessant flashes, the bullets flew like a hail storm, and the unfortunate glandelinians went down in whole multitudes, per minute as it seemed. Five horse horses were shot under general Evans, and five times he mounted a fresh one. The fire of the christians moved the enemy down like grass, while the enemy in edging away delivered a withering fire and a sanguinary conflict ensued. The havoc among the enemy lines was terrific and the discharge of musketry on both sides more incessant. The glandelinians soon however were compelled to retreat and from the distance was heard sudden explosions and a rattling cannon fire followed deadened among the woods but growing louder and more incessant and the shells began to tear the trees. From the woods on the eastern side rose an appalling shout followed by a withering storm of vu bullets.

The ground was strewn with the dead and wounded. Landelinians sold soldiers and the enemy driven from the woods sprang themselves through other portions of the forest opposing a wide front to the Abyssinians fighting stubbornly as they retired to the main line and far and wide during the retreat through the forest rang shot and shriek, and terrific yells mingled with the booming of parks of guns, and the rattle of countless muskets. At every rattling volley the ground became strewn with dead and wounded and finally the foe retreated in utmost haste and again there was quiet and a lull.

While the lull was progressing the christian line was adjusting itself, but later on the enemy artillery opened fire heavily, and for a time the christians were somewhat confused by the crashing of the balls among the trees and branches, and the bursting shells which were singly killing and wounded wounding hundreds.

Multitudes of the glandelinians now rushed in a charge upon the christians striking many down with the butts of their muskets before they were aware of their coming. By fierce resistance however the charge was quickly repulsed. The fleeing multitudes of glandelinians were greeted by a storm of musketry from ambush and sent flying in a great panic. The attack of the Abyssinians in the ambush had been sudden and terrific, and many again lay dead and wounded, and the first three columns of the assailants were totally routed and dispersed. The roar of the Landelinians' artillery at this increased still more, and grape, round shot, and shells again swept the woods and tore the branches away. The christian artillery was brought up and opened fire upon the glandelinian batteries in a hammering manner, and soon the ground was strewn with broken branches and trunks caused by the flying shot and shell. Gathling guns were also brought up to meet their next charge that would come, then the signal for the glandelinians to make another charge was given.

In vain the hundreds of thousands of glandelinians, Landelinians, as meaning with rage and fury hewed with their sabres and broadswords and broadswords among the branches, struggling to get a chance at the Abyssinians. In vain the murderous hordes of glandelinians their lines and columns torn to shreds rushed on. A withering storm of musket balls extending for twenty mile miles in a general discharge discharge met them, and their christian guns fairly swept the whole line in gray with the most terrible carnage and destruction. The shells striking many thousands of trees on the ground in a few minutes. A few general officers and many hundred thousands did finally succeed in penetrating their shield. They through the branches of the felled trees thrown down by a tempest of shot and shell, passed a long line of ditches, and crossed the breastworks, and leaped among the christians, but they were bayoneted in thousands all along the line. The roar of bob bombs, grenades, cannon and musketry loaded to the throat was worse than ever and the effect was terrible on the crushing Landelinians.

But still the surviving glandelinians advanced with bloodcurdling yells. The blazing explosive dragons, hissed, and roared, spouted sheets of fire when they burst, veiled smoke in white pithy illumined clouds and wrought havoc among the gray lines ten fold. Scores of more trees were strewn on the ground the smoke being like a white sheet above the combatants. However covered by their own furious cannonade, the Landelinians survivors kept up their assault though thousands more went down mangled and bleeding. The whole christian line under general Baldwin and Kindermine opened fire also in a fury sweeping the gray soldiers now down in columns, but still the survivors of the glandelinians continued to rush onward and while the more of their columns were literally melting away the first line of Abyssinians rose behind the fiercely defending glandelinian wedge and yelling like demons poured upon the assailants a fire that tore their line to fit pieces.

However the Landelinians forces were powerful in numbers and division after division again and again were thrown out with the purpose of holding the desperate enemy in check but they were literally cut to pieces and were compelled to withdraw. The furious Landelinians had succeeded in carrying the first line of works along general Baldwin's front, when a murderous crash of musketry came from the second line which made a simultaneous blaze extending for many miles. Another awful volley followed with a frightful ear-splitting roar, and then a furious clattering fire which gradually turned into a serious firing that sounded like the simultaneous roaring of a legion of cannon. When the thick pall of smoke arose a miserable

sight was revealed. The ground for the distance of twenty miles in length was enumbered with a hundred thousand dead and wounded, but still the advancing survivors utterly reckless reckless in their blinding rage kept moving forward with flood bygones. The slaughter seemed more and more merciless but still the brave Landelinians came on at a rush and were swarmed upon the Angelinians commanded by general Abysinkillians were pressed back out of their positions. One of the other generals Gohl wheeled his reserves to the rescue like lightning, but an indescribable pandemonium ensued and in the mass Gertrude Angelina who had been singing signalling with some flags to a boy scout in telling of the situation, got separated from the Angelinians and with five hundred desperate glandelinians in hot pursuit, she went cowering up a single road followed side by side by three of the Angelinians who were bound to protect her with their lives if need be. The general of the pursuing glandelinians whipped out a pistol and fired the shot carrying away her hat. All of a sudden she saw in another direction a number of mounted Landelinians riding frantically to intercept her and her six faithful guides. But fortunately the little girl and her companions were by before the glandelinians could cut her off from escape. A simultaneous fusillade of shots were discharged and the bullets flew dangerously about them. Suddenly as a swarm of glandelinians came up in front of them to cut off their retreat they turned swiftly to one side, darted their horses straight for the water and leaped into the stream. They urged tremendous splash-splash splash! Here they met a rallied regiment who opened fire upon Gertrude's pursuers, and then all wheeled and dashed for the christian lines who had in the meantime repulsed christian lines, but the pursuers ran into an ambush and met annihilation.

Though repulsed the enemy again again soon renewed the assault and as the christian guns again blazed forth in a general discharge a horrid burst of yells arose. Thousands of the Landelinians were again shot down but the brave survivors leaped the breastworks and drove back the Angelinians in confusion. The confusion even reached general Baldwin's lines and the whole recoiled together crushed to fragments. On pressed the glandelinians charging at a run. They were completely victorious along this point.

Along general Kindermine's front all was quiet for a time now but soon Gertrude Angelina herself had seen long lines of christians retreating within her view, but as these christians were slowly falling back she did not think it serious, but nevertheless she soon heard heavier firing elsewhere and she soon realized that the enemy had again captured general Baldwin's position and was pressing trying to gain the rear of the force flying before Gertrude's. But soon general Bob's men came forward before Gertrude's retreating lines at the rear, and as soon as the whole retreat ing column passed out the glandelinian flankers down in cruel numbers with their musketry fire and drove them back closing the woods, and recapturing Baldwin's position. Multitudes of these glandelinians lay dead dead and among them forty of their leaders, and general Henry Finhead. The roaring of musketry along the christian line had been appalling.

Sometimes later a terrific attack was made upon Kindermine's position the Angelinian troops retaining their former formation unbroken and dealing frightful havoc among the glandelinians. This deadly fire was incessant and masses of graycoats were mowed down at every stride. A line of assault the glandelinians suffered badly from the christian fire which levelled with a close and continuous din. But the survivors only came on and rushed upon Kindermine's position with the most furious impetuosity striving to break the line of troops, pressing them closer and closer, and then with infernal screams poured headlong over the works. The christians now struggled like a legion of lines when the aspect of affairs was suddenly changed. Two divisions of christians who had been the first to abandon their positions now made short detour through the woods without being seen by the enemy and came around upon the flank of the glandelinians and fired a series of close volleys into the midst of the long thick line of graycoats. Myriads were seen to fall, and yet though completely surprised

the brave Landelinians faced about with the greatest intrepidity and returned a continuous withering fire, and the flank strikers with yells as wild as the glandelinians themselves fell on them with the bayonet. The shock was irresistible and the Landelinians were driven into a great confusion and fled before the charging line who poured poured upon them another series of destructive fire volleys as fierce as the first. This completed the rout. The three divisions of Gindernines, joined the flankers driving the enemy flying through the woods, giving them no time to rally or reload their empty weapons, killing hundreds per minute and scattering the rest in hopeless confusion.

While this took place with general Gindernines array the Landelinians under general Accountants attacked general Roswell's position, and during this attack the Landelinians set up such a storm of yelling that one could not have heard a thousand thunder claps, and all this while the firing was incessant on both sides, a troops of Landelinian flankers had been crushed, other forces had made a stand but the rest of the surge still came on. General Pare-not-Lie however had witnessed this situation and threw to general Gindernines a division of his own men with four batteries of artillery, which were quickly unlimbered and soon in action all these guns belching fire and smoke. Also more guns from another command were brought to bear on the advancing foe, the cannon fire increasing with vigor the guns hammering away with a deafening din. The ground in front of the advancing enemy and their very lo lines were ploughed and furrowed by cannon balls, and shells and canister. A solid shot struck one of the flag staffs of a Landelinian color bearer splitting the wood, and enveloping the carrier with the falling flag. Pare-not-Lie, main line of infantry now rapidly got into action steering the retreat of other Christian forces who were still falling back the many scores of shells again and again crashing among the trees and bursting as soon as they reached the ground, killing hundreds of the glandelinians. The shells also tore furrows in the ground. Still more and more cannons were brought to bear upon the immense Landelinian columns the cannonading line increasing with greater fury. Three or four of the guns suddenly burst killing scores of the Angelinians and tearing up the ground.

Graps and canister mingled with a storm of bullets and shells including cannon balls tore lanes in the advancing lines and even gaps and so thick was the smoke that trees fifty feet distant was almost hidden out of sight. Many grenades thrown among the foe burst and committed the same same havoc. General Grados glandelinians attempted to carry one of the batteries but a storm of grape shot was sent into their advancing lines which became mangled and shattered, the infantry opening a withering fire and driving them back with frightful loss. The terrible shot and shell did frightful execution as they ploughed through and through the lines of the foe and sent their retreating lines into flying fragments. Even one of the main columns retreated in amazing confusion but general Francis Galeans glandelinians not yet under fire massed themselves forward with great force. The struggle was fearful all along the line and Galeans went down mangled and bleeding. Through the fierce onset however general Gindernines left was crushed to fragments in supporting general Roswell's position and fell back under a galling fire across a part of the Sunbeam Creek the glandelinians pressing after them with a fury that was appalling. The glandelinians dashed up the rising ground under the deadly fire and struggled madly to reach the bleeding cannon sweeping forward in fearful numbers. The struggle grew fiercer and scores of Christian regiments recoiled from their positions in a panic, but heavier forces behind them compelled them to make a stand. With a yell the wicked glandelinians rushed among the cannon, and the remainder of the foe stuck to the position they had captured with the fury of hell and its legion using the guns they captured with very destructive effects until from some unexpected point reinforcements were hurled upon them. Every building in the whole region of the battle even Wiskay Viviania trembled from the quaking of the ground caused by the continuous thunder of the batteries, and the explosions of the shells and the uproar of a massacre. Hundreds of thousands of the Christians were killed and wounded, but the heavier losses were among the foe who still held the captured position.

Barriers were blown and cut away by the shells and now solid masses of infantry attacked the glandelinians furiously, the roar of the battle being redoubled. Scores of the Angelinian columns were mowed down in the furious and vehement attempt to retake the cannon, and general Pare-not-Lie saw on the side of the foe fell mangled and bleeding. The Angelinians did not cease their furious attacks. They were again mowed down in scores scores of thousands but the survivors came rushing on in solid lines with bristling bayonets. At last they struck and a panic ensued that would be too horrible to describe but after it lasted fifteen minutes the mighty onslaught of the Angelinians was repulsed with brave general Pare-not-Lie badly wounded.

Encouraged by the fact that generals Jennings, Hanson, Vivian, Joice, Yilist Vivian, and Redline Stormer were at last checking their assailants, general Pare-not-Lie men despite the fall of their leader went at it again and the fearful and bloody struggle went on without a pause. High above the crash and uproar could be heard the voices of the Christian generals encouraging their men to guns. Huge missiles were thrown against the grayed gray Christian troops had to retire on account of the hot artillery fire which swept them down like grass at every discharge. As reinforcements arrived being sent by general Hanson Vivian under general Redline whole columns were hurled upon the Landelinians in possession of the cannon with irresistible fury and crushing force and how the Landelinians Angelinians could not tell, though they had added to the fury of the conflict by making a fierce and incessant concentrated attack.

Brigade after brigade rushed forward again and again but not frightful destruction and a total rout. But fortunately general Jennings had also cleared his front and with a large force crashed upon the flank of these glandelinians though they suffered the worse loss than any ever experienced in the charges of all battles during the death struggle that ensued. However the Landelinians were now confused and length of ten miles on two sides at that they recoiled in the great confusion. Then with unrelenting fury general Redline's divisions and caused them to stampede utterly dismayed and routed. This ended the struggle of the third day. General Joice however was severely and probably mortally wounded. During the whole three days of the battle already over three hundred thousand Christians had been taken by the foe. Indeed it is a very small number compared to the 5,000,000 glandelinians captured by the Christians. As far as here the losses of the enemy was not known in killed and wounded, but the loss of the Christians in the three days battle along the whole of general Hanson Vivian's lines, his brothers, and general Beck Evans was considered as 76,777,330. At Granchina against the Christian army of 80,000,000 at Tataria or Lieghburg landing a force of 30,000,000. How they held out so long again against such an overwhelming Christian force is a mystery. The number of artillery in action on both sides during the third day of the battle was comparatively few compared to the gun shells of the other two days being 3,704. During the same time that at the third battle the day battle had come to its conclusion, the Angelinians who were recaptured by the Angelinians and the women and children slaughtered and fifty five thousand Landelinians who had been engaged in this bloody slaughter had escaped with the main body. Horrified at the sight of the massacre the Angelinians set fire to the stockades to consume the mangled corpses exposed to view. The number of murdered victims had been checked off and it was found that sixteen thousand women and children had been massacred. The same number of Landelinian prisoners were thus lined up in the field and shot down without mercy this being the reply for the butchery committed. The butchery was not mentioned to the higher officers however for they would have probably conveyed the news to general Hanson who in a fury would have surely turned the Abyssinians loose upon all the prisoners.

The struggle however had not been as sanguinary as the second day but had raged in a desultory storm of conflicts from seven in the morning after the slaughter of women and children, until at eight thirty in the night along the whole entire line except general Vivian's and Evans' armies, Baldwin's lines being included in the action at night conflict and it was reported that five million six hundred thousand wounded Glandelinians had been estimated who were mostly carried away by their own comrades.

The fiercest part of this conflict had raged along general pare-not's lines and Baldwin's near Gertrude and Sunbeam Creek and here was where the heaviest losses on both sides were inflicted. Only one desperate and general assault was made upon general Baldwin's lines, the Glandelinian assailants getting only as far as the second line of works where they were first stopped, and then driven back.....

"I bet that this settles the enemy for a while at least," said Gertrude that late evening when she went to visit her friends the little Vivian girls. "But so my how they attacked. And I thought you little girl friends of mine seen a the battle and yet you say you didn't but stayed far to the rear. I bet you were all scared."

"No we were not scared at all," said Violet. "Our uncle would not allow us to go near the firing lines, and so we obeyed orders."

"But I wonder if the enemy would attack again?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered Gertrude. "We have taken possession of Gataria and Shoemannia may be planning to retake it at all costs. Manly is bound to break our siege of Evangelina Grania you know."

She and Violet and her sisters went back toward general Parsons' headquarters, and then suddenly yells and a number of shots attracted her attention. A score of the Angelinian soldiers nearest

hearing the shots and the mingled yells dashed forward at full speed followed by hundreds of others. As they dashed around a sharp turn in the road they saw a number of five fierce Glandelinians, in the midst of whom were two pretty little girls and two pretty boys struggling to get free. They were advancing strangling the children

when Violet who was behind a tree fired three shots in quick succession with her pistols a bullet carrying away one of the wigs of the Glandelinians and giving another a painful wound in the shoulder. One of her sisters also fired three rattling shots at the same moment doing more damage than Violet and creating some

thing like a panic in the ranks of the small body of Glandelinians who were ahead of another small party and they fled the men

carrying the children dropping the frightened children and fleeing a rapidly as they could Violet and her sisters daringly running out of their hiding places and leading the children within the Christian

Christian lines. Some of the Glandelinians angered at the merry Vivian girls beyond endurance called to their comrades and so pursued so closely that they overtook the Vivian girls. Gertrude Angeline then fired at the two of the nearest murderers and brought them

down. A Glandelinian came up and grasped Jennie by the throat, but she beat him fiercely on the head with her pistol butt and fractured his skull. He fell. Another Glandelinian seized Violet but she ran him through the throat with her dagger, and bowed the ears

of still another assailant who attacked her with her pistol butt, injuring him severely, and banged the big high hat of a third down about his ears. However such a number of the foe soldiers

came upon the Vivian girls that the Angelinians had to rush to their rescue the Angelinians using their muskets with vigor, clubbing one after another of the Glandelinians about them, and not even sparing the leaders, giving one of these a blow that sent him sprawling from his horse, and beating others over the shoulders with such force

that it broke their arms. Several of the Angelinian troopers even rode fearlessly into the midst of the Glandelinians and slashed about them with their sabres dealing out many a

deadly blow. One got a crack over his shoulders, another one on his back, a third had his hat sent flying, a fourth got a heavy

heavy blow that made him scream, and several more received cracks from sabre or musket butt that was fatal. Gertrude Angeline herself gave the main leader of the enemy a rough handling with her pistol butt, while many sabres on both sides clashed together.

The Glandelinians seeing that they were overwhelmed and that there was no hopes of regaining the four children, or capturing the desperate Vivian girls either, and terrified at the fury of Gertrude Angeline

SEE PAGE FIFTY FIVE.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

#### THE FOURTH DAY OF THE BATTLE.

and with the dreadful carnage while trying to rally the remainder of his troopers one of the Glandelinian generals fell mortally wounded. On the Christian side general Baile was also mortally wounded.....

recoiled and then turned and fled. Thus the other children had been saved by Violet and her sisters and by the Angelinians. One was a pretty little girl whose name was Francis Otto but the other little girls and boys were too bashful to give their names especially in the presence of Violet and her sisters, and Gertrude Angelina within the Christian lines the main forces were still stationed in that vicinity and all preparations were made during the remainder of the night to force the enemy into another battle. It was general Hanson's intention first to deplete the Marley's army, then if he could not capture his army and Evangeline's army by force he would retain the siege and starve them into surrender.

THE FOUR.

#### THE FOURTH DAY OF THE BATTLE.

General Hanson had intended to attack the enemy the next morning but he did not have the chance. About seven o'clock in the morning the many Angelinian pickets along general Hanson's right wing noticed a large swarm of Glandelinian cavalry who were marching across the Cataract River in single file, and watching them for some moment they saw that more and more columns added to the first until the swarm had increased to a mighty surge of horsemen. They were the dreaded Marley-Hollistonian cavalry the fiercest fighters of the whole band of Glandelinians. They wore deep blue uniforms, red hats with black tops and had all kinds of colored standards. Though they were the wicked wicked enemies of God they made indeed an exceedingly pretty sight and was well worth the work of an artist. Knowing what was meant that general Hanson was hurling his Marley-Hollistonian cavalry columns against general Hanson's infantry, and knowing that it was impossible for the infantry to stand before the Glandelinian cavalry charge despite all the cannons supporting them the scouts riding up called general Hanson's attention to them. Before general Hanson could express himself concerning the signals among the cavalry of the foe it was nevertheless evident that a great onset was intended against the Christian infantry and if this was allowed a dreadful disaster to the whole Christian army would occur. Knowing what was coming general Hanson via Vivian was notified and he ordered general Linda to lead one of the main Christian generals to nor notify general Asa Evans of the threatening danger. General Evans however had not needed to be warned for he saw the demonstration, realized what was coming and sending signals to many commanders to get the artillery ready sent a large force of Angelinian and Abyssinian cavalry in overwhelming numbers to prevent the Glandelinian cavalry from attacking the Christian line. The Glandelinians were under general Jellio's callio and these suddenly charged irresistibly over the plains and toward general Wallace's purple lines stationed along the banks of the Imperial Graham's creek while a yell so fierce that no language could describe arose high into the air. Like an avalanche pushing a cloud of dust the Glandelinian cavalry columns came charging across the entire stretch of plains yelling like crazed maniacs but general Evans had worked his own plan in time and suddenly upon them from the woods rushed general Wallace and Glandelinian Archbishops' savage galloping Abyssinian and Angelinian horsemen and like wild dogs going on a stampeding rampage they recklessly rode right among the Glandelinian cavalry plying their sabres and carbines and revolvers with deadly effect and every volley or sabre thrust seemed to drop every victim. It was a duel to the death for hundreds of thousands of men at once and so crushing was the crash that in the panic that followed Glandelinian Archbishops' unexpected attack the Glandelinian horsemen fled in confusion back across the plains pressed closely by the Christian troopers but so closely were they harassed that the survivors became jammed into a solid mass and like a horde of savages trying to crush mobs packed in the plains. The scene of conflagration of confusion was dreadful and being literally cornered the Glandelinians killed of their own accord and gallantly tried to stem the rush of Christian troopers. The cavalry battle was dreadful nearly half of the number on both sides faced each other in savage death struggles and amid the dreadful carnage while trying to rally the remainder of his troops one of the Glandelinian generals fell mortally wounded. On the Christian side general Wallis was also mortally wounded.....

General Jenden fired eight shots from one of his revolvers and moved just as many red coats down. This kind of firing and hand to hand fighting showed how quickly the glandelinian cavarly men got into action even after being routed, and with what deadly effect. General Samuel Jenden a brother of the other general fired both his pistols at close range and when his revolvers were empty he drew his sabre, and elabed at the Angelinians right and left. The glandelinians cavarly however was heavily outnumbered and the glandelinians though they tried once more to rally could not stem the tide of ruin the Abyssinkilians opening a hellish attack with renewed fury and as the glandelinians halted and wavered at the slaughter caused by the christian attack one of the glandelinians whose shots hit every mark threw up his arms as if to ward off a slap in the face.

Almost simultaneously the mounted detachment of cavarly behind the wavering lines charged forward yelling like fiends and again a general rally was made and multitudes of the Angelinians caught in the rush tried with might and main to break through the firm gray and blue lines and get into the adjoining plains to have a free hand but the desperate glandelinians were so closely identified with their movements by that time, in front and rear, and all around that it became another hand to hand fight. The Abyssinkilians however were more notoriously hard fighters than the Angelinians, than ever the Me-pollastinians themselves, and for a time during the renewed hand to hand death struggle, the glandelinian cavarly were again getting the worse of it and a good trouncing at that. No man however in command was nearer the thick of the fight than general Jellio himself. However so closely packed was the combatants there was no room to lead a charge and the general got right up in the melee. He weaved in and out of the fray like a ferret fighting hand to hand and giving his commands alternately. General Samuel Jenden on the christian side also dashed into the bloody fray with his long sabre flashing in the light. He drew a perfect rain of bullets from the glandelinians and sabre thrusts also. General Jansen had marked him for his own and in the hand to hand fight shot him at close range through the arm and chest mortally wounding him. General Fredrick Jansen saw the shot and fired at Jansen the shot striking the glandelinian in the forehead and sinking into his brain. The glandelinians as badly shot as he was, was still conscious and tried to lift his weapon to fire another shot but found himself growing weak all at once and then plunged forward from his own and to the ground face downward dead. As Samuel Jansen wounded as he was continued to fight. He did well for a moment when he got the drop on one of the glandelinians for a last shot. The glandelinian threw up his pistol hand and exclaimed;

"I surrender."

But as Samuel moved aside and fired at a glandelinian beyond, the treacherous glandelinian who cried "I surrender" turned and shot Samuel in the back. When the ping of the bullet impressed it self upon him he felt a numbness. One of the Angelinians reached out and held him on his horse while another Angelinian who was a witness to the treachery of the glandelinian, shot and killed him. At the same time an Angelinian officer at the right side of general Fredrick Jansen was shot, and Fred reached out to grasp him, but the Angelinian general suffered from his wound, and pulled away, falling from his horse into the road and managed to drag himself to a neighboring spring still running despite the weather being so cold, where he washed the wound and stopped the flow of blood. The man who held Samuel on horseback succeeded in getting him into a near by house and placing him on a lounge after which he rushed off to fight the brave glandelinians some more. Fredrick Jansen fired at a glandelinian, and missed him which he seldom did. The glandelinian fired back and hit Fredrick with a forty five calibre slug, which struck his gun necessary which he had in his shirt pocket but nevertheless the general was severely if not mortally wounded. He fell from his horse before any one could come to his aid. Had it not been for the cover the slug would surely have entered his heart and caused his death, but the bullet though leaving an ugly gash almost like a hole had only penetrated into one of his ribs.

The glandelinians along this part after a loss of three hundred thousand were soon repulsed but the other columns still went at it until fully overwhelmed and trodden down the survivors

# CHAPTER FIVE.

THE BLOODY FURY OF THE BATTLE ALONG THE RIGHT AND CENTER, AND THE MAIN FURY OF THE FOURTH DAYS DURATION OF THE BATTLE AND THE RESULT.

arrived for the christians as the other confused divisions recoiled and they shot down at one discharge of musketry scores of columns of the glandelinians hammering away with their musketry in a lively fashion and the foe was staggered. Then a great sheet of flame

of the whole column finally retreated having lost over two million men. It was the first most desperate cavalry battle in the war since General Gringo's about an hour after the cavalry engagement was hurried in strong columns against the christian infantry line but was soon driven back by a counter assault of the Angolians though the foe in their retreat nevertheless stubbornly fought every inch of ground.

CHAPTER FIVE.

THE BLOODY PURSUIT OF THE BATTLE ALONG THE  
NO RIGHT AND CENTER, AND THE MAIN PURSUIT OF THE FOURTH  
DAY'S DURATION OF THE BATTLE AND THE RESULT.....

The Glandelinians soon however resumed the desperate assault, the first line of Glandelinian veterans three deep and nearly ten miles long rushed forward for about thirty yards, while another made a similar rush, and gained about half the distance to the front. Now the first line of Glandelinian veterans ceased firing and took their turn at the forward movement while the other line opened fire. Men fell in frightful numbers during those rushes for the christian line, whose fire was hot and effective, bullets sipping by their ears or over their heads, and many showers went with a spatter into the earth at their feet, but many met their mark. The two lines were soon deployed by large squads into lines of skirmishers, and the rest deployed into skirmishers, and back in the distance and the battalion and brigade reserves closed up. The support was with them then, now and they again rushed forward with more confidence this time by two new sections. The christian fire became more rapid and hundreds of Glandelinians dropped all along the line at each rush. But behind them the reserves were coming and the christians hammered volleys at the enemy until their rifle and musket barrels became so hot that they could not touch them. The enemy answered the fire furiously and the continued firing sounded like the rolling of a million deafening drums mingled by the incessant prolonged booming of hundreds of cannons. Another long rush was made, followed by the rapid fire again. After continuing the rapid firing for several minutes the Glandelinians were commanded to fix bayonets and charge. The Glandelinians sprang forward through the smoke but the plucky Angolians stood their post and again poured a murderous fire into the charging lines as they dashed on with yells that was quite bloodcurdling. But at last the foe reached the christian line and went over the intrenchments at a couple of bounds. An indescribable melee followed of individual fighting with bayonets, pikes, revolvers, daggers, pistols, sabres, and clubbed muskets. One hundred of the Angolians light artillery dashed up to some high ground and opened fire, but a large force of Glandelinians over three hundred thousand in number charged these guns, and took them though suffering the loss of one quarter of their number in that single onslaught. The Glandelinians had now advanced over the works facing the banks of the Imperial Granma river driving the poor Angolians before them in confusion and the enemy advancing with startling rapidity. The ninth corps of the Angolians did not know that the Glandelinians were pressing on, until their retreat was cut off. The smoke rolled into the air in dense volumes from the frequent discharge of musketry and cannon, and through it light flames flashes could be seen. The roar of the discharge was appalling and the smoke was like from some immense seething caldron. The surrounding Glandelinian Glandelinians kept pouring in their fire incessantly upon the christians and when their withering fire made a breach, the Glandelinians with the bayonet and clubbed musket, rushed through, stabbing and banging away right and left, causing the greatest confusion. Thousands of the Angolians were knocked down and many hundreds stabbed by the bayonet, and were trodden upon by the rushing foe and many were made prisoners. The air was still filled with the pall of smoke and the fight on both sides was getting hotter all the time. New forces now arrived for the christians as the other confused divisions recoiled and they whet down at one discharge of musketry scores of columns of the Glandelinians hammering away with their musketry in a lively fashion and the foe was staggered. Then a great sheet of flame

three hundred thousand were soon repulsed but the other columns still went at it until fully overwhelmed and trodden down the survivors



from their side of the line. There was nothing to do but fight it out all along the line to the finish. George saw Hanson's strong line was not making any better success and the enemy had gained headway it seemed that nothing could stop them. The enemy were not advancing slowly now but as their full trot the entire christian line being closed with the landelinsians closed and acquired like a snake, and as the enemy poured from the woods also it seemed evident that the christian line was placed between two fires, but nevertheless the christians stood their ground nobly their faces covered with burned powder but despite it all more and more of the christians fell back, and more fresh troops of the enemy appeared to be advancing through the woods on the opposite side and these had pushed the christians all the way back. Indeed the woods on both sides seemed filled with the landelinsians while now other plains and lanes were swarming with the foe. It was evident that general Hanley was pushing a general attack upon general Hanson's divisions whole center and concentrating his whole army upon that one point.

The other christian divisions under James and Lane were a swarming fresh troops to the rescue of those sadly depleted but later they also were forced to fall back for there was a deaf danger that the enemy would get to their rear without warning, and if they did, then the battle along this point would be lost, and general Hanson would have the duty of a time in preventing a great disaster which would insure a total victory for the whole landelinsian army.

But however their flank was protected by batteries and there was a little danger that could be seen just now. However the enemy had made a great advance and were coming on in all their fury toward general George Hanson's main left wing the christians here again going into the fight with a will. On the moment the air was filled with more dense smoke and even when it cleared away it was seen that the enemy still rushing forward and it was now a harder fight than ever many hundreds of the landelinsians dropping from sheer exhaustion every half hour. At times the advanced columns of the enemy seemed to be checked and thrown into confusion, but the main columns sprang forward wilder, more furious, more intent for the lust of victory. Not a trick of the enemy did the landelinsians allow to escape them, and with every trick they only maneuvered until the enemy were forced to give up for something else.

At all points the enemy attack still continued, at all points they still continued to rush on, the conquerors. It was heartrending. Steadily the christians backed away, and just as steadily did the enemy advance. The enemy indeed seemed to be winning the long and unusual struggle. Still more determined the christians continued their efforts nevertheless to fight back the enemy, but it seemed useless, for now the enemy was advancing in ever increasing numbers from the southern part of the woods, which were still swarming swarming with the foe. Indeed the enemy reinforcements had made it up behind them, while the christians were fighting the other landelinsians in front.

The enemy even attacked the crowd of divisions protecting the flanks. Surrounded by the enemy: The christians under George Hanson did not turn to see whence the crash of musket volleys came, did not turn to catch the enemy, and as they came dashing in their headlong charge upon their flank, but instead they stood to their work pouring their fire upon the advancing enemy in front, desperately hopelessly vainly trying to beat back the onward march. It seemed of no avail, but they manfully fought trusting wholly in God and their great generals.

Slowly the christians fell back toward the only opening that was left by the enemy, and yet still the christians were loath to leave the advancing foe of God. On three sides they could now see the enemy advancing with an irresistible force and feared indeed that this battle was lost. Nothing although it seemed could check the enemy. Even the brisk fire of general Hanson's divisions applied with incessant fury could check for an instant the steady advance of the enemy. The awful columns of survivors advanced in the face of the fire though moved down in thousands, and they seemed to act as if the christian fire did not harm them at all. The christians however were fighting the enemy with greater vigor now as reinforcements began to arrive and now the effects of the destructive christian fire began to show. General George Hanson, exultant, taking advantage of the moment, when the enemy before him began to show signs of wavering, had ordered his men forward, and there was more direct directness even now in the manner of the fight.

The divisions in the rear were also fighting the enemy back. On the instant the christian fire was poured into the wavering lines of the enemy. But ahead of them several large columns of the enemy were still gaining, behind them the forces of the landelinsians were still advancing against their flank at a fearful rate. Undaunted undaunted however by the yelling of the enemy behind or to the front the christians fought them. General George Hanson his arm now in a bandage watched the enemy advancing behind him, watched the advances which the enemy made were making toward his left and right. Fear and fiercer grew the without him as the enemy having rallied were again swarming up on all sides. But the christians again made their stand against the advancing foe and by their constantly fighting fiercely and bravely began once again to check their slight rise. The enemy had swept on over all the other fields and undaunted. General George Hanson's men seemed to be confronted by overwhelming numbers for again the enemy were advancing unchecked, advancing straight forward sweeping all before them already along the main left. The peculiar peculiar thing to George Hanson was that the enemy had advanced across the fields but not over the smooth lanes. Why the enemy had advanced past the lanes and across the fields as they came sweeping on in their irresistible attack. Many more divisions of the enemy were appearing far down on the left of the main plains from the rear and which showed that again the whole force of the enemy had rallied and was reaching their rear again. The christians were making little progress in checking the enemy, though at some points three large divisions of the enemy had not advanced any further; though of course the steady christian fire was not driving them back. Even more of the enemy were rushing on across all points of the plains and the landelinsians tried to hold the enemy back, from advancing too close for it would be fatal if they did, but now to hold them in check seemed really impossible. However at many points the enemy were not advancing now but holding their own stubbornly, many of their divisions finding places for further advance occasionally but still not moving forward, and they only advanced when there was no opposition to hold them in check. Steadily facing the enemy, weakened by the strain of the death struggle which had now along this point lasted two hours, and promising to last all day they stood at their post. The din and uproar was alarming indeed, the thunder of the heavy artillery, the screaming and shrieking shells, adding to the din, the clank of steel on steel, the noise of general firing for a long stretch of distance making a noise that was appalling. Then came the roar of fresh yells, a fresh crash of musketry, and General George Hanson saw general Kindersline with his men approaching and going into battle, while another battery of christian guns broke into action.

"General Hanson," Kindersline declares that we will have to abandon this position. "Said general Kindersline to George Hanson. "Of course we are training all our deadliest batteries upon the foe, but never nevertheless if we face these assailants such longer we will be exterminated. You know these blue coated landelinsians are no-H-ellians and they are the worse kind of all and the kind never to be liked."

General George Hanson seeing that the advice of his superior was good gave the order to fall back steadily and more faster.

"Fall back." Then came the words of the generals in command. "We are the last to leave but I guess we will have to go or be annihilated."

With no heavy reinforcements able to be obtained from general Hanson's divisions main command there was no use to continue the stand any longer. Kindersline decided to cover general George Hanson's retreat. All of his officers had soon called their veterans away from the sanguinary struggle, and staggering from sheer exhaustion of the fight, the brave christians slowly retreated, seeing how the enemy had swept the entire field, now advancing from the rear, while the captured artillery now broke loose with a hellish uproar. It had been a noble fight, but the christians had been forced to abandon their positions, the entire line of the enemy swarming over like a firm wall, every bayonet gleaming in the sunlight. Along this point the battle gradually ceased but was still heard at a other point of the christian line it being general Hanson's right wing which was still hidden in the smoke of musketry and cannon. The landelinsians here were still swarming in terrible numbers threatening here also to sweep everything before them.

The enemy for the space of five hours from the beginning of morning made fifteen assaults upon general Owell's position. At first the enemy made every time their lines were swept by most terrible artillery fire but during some of these desperate assaults the enemy did try to surround general Owell's position, but a hidden battery opened upon them from three directions and the foe columns were compelled to recoil a considerable distance, and many dropped flat to avoid the fire, the smoke being so dense that they could hardly see ahead. Many were fairly blinded by the smoke and strangled. A greater mass of the enemy were rushing on to make another attack, mauling the Christians furiously the glandelinians yelling in maddening glee as they tore onward in their mad charge. The wicked glandelinians were already close to the Christian line who were gathered together in great heavy numbers to meet the shock of the charge as the reckless glandelinians came on yelling like millions of demons. There was one greater burst of artillery and musketry then the clashing of swords, and the ripping and tearing of human bodies as the two foes came together in a hand to hand struggle. Part of the right grand division of general Owell's Benignus, line on the left of Owell's must Johnnie's line gave way before this terrific onslaught the enemy pressing on with the greatest force. And all the while all along the line, one of the Christian divisions under general Owell, became shattered and as they also were falling back a stalwart glandelinian rushed at one of the nearest officers but one of the glandelinians nearest drew his sabre and gave the glandelinian such a knock on his head that he laid him on his feet in a woeful condition, and if he had struck the fellow another blow he would have cut his head in two. Then another glandelinian rushed forward to seize the officer, but the same glandelinian struck him such a heavy blow on the head that without breaking his sabre he cut the glandelinian's head in two, then put to flight two more.

"The enemy is indeed attacking with frightful fury," said one of the generals riding up. "I believe they intend to carry our position despite our fierce resistance, and it seems as if nothing could stop them."

"We have got to retain these works at all costs," said another general earnestly. "And against any numbers we have got to hold our ground."

Indeed the enemy was attacking with awful fury despite the fact that fresh artillery was brought into action. Even general Owell's brought his main forces into action along the Christian center and was also supported by the Christian troops under general Jennings all these men displaying a bristling wall of bayonets that dealt awful havoc among the gray lines but the survivors continued the attack giving forth a pandemonium of yells, curses, and abusive language, and even blasphemies, and surged upon the Christian line like a tidal wave. The struggle was desperate and though the glandelinians along this point had lost over five hundred thousand thousand in killed and wounded since they started the attack the survivors only redoubled the violence of the attack. General Owell's division with his own divisions had rushed upon the right wing of Owell's position Johnnie's line, but yelling like the worse legion of demons themselves, the glandelinians poured an annihilating fire upon these assailants reducing Owell's divisions to fragments, and compelling the survivors to withdraw, their leader and twenty colonels besides other commissioned officers and every major being killed.

After this repulse other glandelinian columns charged, but again whole divisions were decimated, and though the glandelinians had tried to rally other portions of the column in gray had withdrawn in great confusion, thus causing the main column to fall back. Indeed these retreating glandelinians were cursing and swearing in a terrible manner as they fell back but it did not hurt the Christians any in that line as they were so tired over their success, though it did sting them in hearing their loved ones in heaven abused so freely and only poured in a fiercer fire to avenge it cutting down the glandelinians like flies. After this repulse the enemy only came on again in fresh numbers this time being under general Benignus these glandelinians attacking with yells that would have done credit to the very devils themselves. All the columns along the Christian line again let loose a fire of hell, sweeping the enemy's lines with a storm of death and destruction, while at the same time the Angolan batteries on the hills opened fire with a thunderous roar and eighty thousand glandelinians fell within twenty minutes.

Even the batteries under general Baldwin were the third to open fire, fairly mauling away at the advancing and attacking columns, added by the fire of Owell's whole division of troops. This a discharge of artillery was deafening and the shock so severe that it broke windows and caused plants or to fall inside the houses up in Indian ink as far away, even in the houses of scores of cities around which were affected by the din and commotion of by the cannonading. Even to make matters worse more batteries were rained upon the assailants and brought into action mowing down columns. On and on however swept the glandelinians and dashing nearer to the works every moment. Nearer and nearer came the glandelinians with the gleam of fixed bayonets, then the long lines of infantry which were silent up to this time let go their mighty incense tremendous general discharge. But still on pressed the surviving glandelinians in unbroken lines, but the Christians holding the breastworks defended them like Spartans, causing frightful slaughter among the enemy. Mangled thousands of the glandelinians with their bayonets and pikes. Then the survivors along the front line recoiled only a moment, then were rallied by the main body and came on in a new push and soon were again swarming over the line of breastworks, and it became a death struggle hand to hand the Christians however being forced out of the breastworks and hurled back in confusion. The glandelinians were again seeing their successes decided to push on and carry the second line of works, no matter what the risk and so they saved their sabres and ordered their men on.

"Forward men. We must carry the second line and raise the flag of glandelinia over their ramparts!"

On came the multitudes of glandelinians pressing upon the retreating Christians driving them to the second line of works, and attacking these with indestructible fury, many columns being mangled and dispersed, but the commanders yelled:

"Hold the works. Watch out for the bayonets if possible, and for their infernal cannon. We must capture the works at any risk."

Hundreds of thousands after hundreds of thousands charged but were mowed down but millions of the survivors soon began to swim over the works, and before the fierce assault the Christians could not hold the second line of works though they were all filled with courage and fought valiantly. General Tom'st's line on the Christian side fell, and soon the whole Christian force at this point was retreating in the utmost confusion. Gertrude Angelina the famous little girl Amazon and heroine had heard how the battle had raged along the center itself, and was surprised when she heard that the poor Christians had been partly surrounded, and still worked themselves out of the trap.

"It's by their faith in God that they did win," said Gertrude as the wounded were being brought in. "But I wish this old war was over. It's nothing but slaughter and butchery of whole armies all the time."

At the same time while this was raging greater and more disastrous struggles raged along other portions of the Christian line. Along the banks of a small creek or called Copacabana the great conflict had raged for over seven hours the glandelinians being all exterminated, and later reinforced by thousands of their forest kind made forty one desperate onslaughts, and though suffering from fearful losses in every assault had drove back the main Christian line at that section, and before the main line could have rallied to counter charge and recover the lost ground, the enemy had managed to surround general John's Christian army and annihilated his whole command because he had refused to surrender. By superhuman fighting against great odds, general Christian had succeeded in escaping the glandelinian savages, but later on was shot down in ambush.

All the Christian soldiers who had been captured including two hundred and fifty thousand children had been brutally treated, but the enemy had not been able to retain their prisoners long, for the main line surged forward in a fierce counter charge, cut to the glandelinian army to pieces, and routed the remainder with fearful losses and with the loss of twenty generals, and retaking the prisoners and children. The plan then there were no glandelinians taken prisoners on this occasion, but the for the glandelinians fought too furiously and none would surrender.

The Christians lost in this part of the battle nine hundred and eighty thousand in slain, and one million eighty nine thousand nine hundred and forty two. The Glandelinians lost nine hundred and eighty thousand five hundred and sixty four in dead and the loss of three million in fatally wounded. At another point of this battle line the enemy lost still greater numbers losing one million eight hundred thousand in killed and one million and two million five hundred thousand in wounded.

Early that same morning at another point of the battle line along general vivian's main line general shoemann and Bessiger had arrived and reinforced the glandelinians in possession of two lines of works along this portion of the christian line, and this had advanced moving forward until at two thirty in the afternoon they were heavily attacking the whole of general vivian's lines, and general janson, livian hearing of the startling news feared the enemy might capture his own position, so he then forced their way across the third line of works and break the whole line, so he had established the broken parts of his own line with fresh columns having fine plenty of reserves. It was also reported to him that the enemy were active in and around one of his wings having received large reinforcements.

While these reports were given out general Bessiger led the plaine and gunbeam greek and struck general janson's first line of troops such a terrific blow that the whole line was annihilated and the second line crushed to fragments and driven back, and all the fortified works were captured. At the same time two other fortified positions along the east bank of the gunbeam greek were captured by the enemy & after they made two severe and decisive charges. Hanson was in a rage when he discovered this, and led a million Abyssinkilians forward to retake these positions. The struggle was resumed with redoubled violence, and the fury of the battle was now more fearful than any other time before.

The enemy hurled them back with frightful loss, but general Hanson was wholly determined and led on fresh columns to make another assault. All the captured cannon blazed away at the onrushing Abyssinkilians tearing their line to fragments, but the survivors rushed on and made such a determined and incessant assault that the rear works were soon retaken and one part of the glandelinian surge defending the position was surrounded and forced to surrender. The christians lost two hundred and fourteen thousand in killed and wounded in this struggle, and the losses of the enemy was two million in killed wounded, and prisoners.

Then general janson decided to concentrate heavily upon the other position. General Bessiger Hanson was ordered to move forward to the advance and attack the left grand division of the glandelinian center, ordering Henry Mc-Kay, and Wenthro Worthworth Haller to assault the other two divisions. Now there was really a battle and no mistake this time. The charge was fearful, and Bessiger succeeded after a merciless fight to push the left wing from the main works the sanguinary struggle being general and raging all along the line. Simultaneously Kay was engaged with the central grand division which held the ground stubbornly and fought with the fury of desperation. Fearful losses occurred in this struggle. The cannonading was frightful and monstrous columns of Abyssinkilians pushed forward only to be mangled and crushed. Whole tens of thousands were swept down by the concentrated glandelinian artillery fire, but the main line threw itself upon the Mc-Hollistatnian line with crash and roar. The battle was wild in the extreme, and terrible was the million cannon like roar of musketry, and whole long chains of artillery. General Kindermine himself was suffering such heavy losses, and had been counter charged to hard, that he would have been obliged to retreat had not general Baldwin Watermann come up with his artillery and infantry. Thus the assault was renewed with tremendous fury and overwhelming violence. The appalling appalling was the slaughter, the assailants lying in ridges where they had fallen, and overwhelmed with their losses general Kindermine's troops became demoralized and panic stricken and began to fall back. Wenthro Worth Haller attacked the right grand division and the worse of the remainder of the battle was here. 10,000 cannon roared incessantly the angelians rushing on at a headlong charge driving the glandelinians out of the position, but the glandelinian forces though badly cut up and mangled rallied and being reinforced gathered in greater numbers and met Wenthro Worth's attack with such merciless fury that the conflict became more cruel and sanguinary all along the line.

The Glandelinian right wing was threatened with annihilation, the whole three of the glandelinian wings having been attacked simultaneously, and several of general Abner and Jemisonians best divisions of Abyssinkilians had shattered the enemy's whole line under general Bessiger, but in the conflict two of the Abyssinkilian generals their losses the Abyssinkilians captured two divisions of Mc-Hollistatnians but could not be restrained by their officers, and they brutally massacred their prisoners right within the very eyes of the main line of the foe. The glandelinians have also later on found it a dangerous thing to shoot down Abyssinkilian officers of any rank.

Even to make matters worse for the enemy all the christian cannon were in action now and the roar of christian artillery alone seemed to shake the heavens while the christian attack continued in endless fury, the slaughter being more horrible than ever. However the christian right wing was now pressing close upon the left of the glandelinian forces in possession of the works which was by being steadily pushed back by the savage Galverinians and Abyssinkilians, and soon the survivors fell back abandoning the positions, their main line being mangled and torn to tatters. Simultaneously a large force of retreating Glandelinians, and Mc-Hollistatnians with child prisoners in their possession, tried to cross the gunbeam greek on a series of pontoon bridges, but a heavy artillery fire was poured upon them despite the fact that the children were prisoners among them, and soon the bridges were a tangle and conglomeration of broken wreckage with struggle scenes of glandelinians and frightened but not injured children. At once a sea of heads of Abyssinkilians fell upon them on one side, and Galverinians on the other, and another massacre commenced, the children being wrested from the foe the Abyssinkilians shouting: "Not keep on the massacre of children, and we'll continue to commit the massacre of glandelinian soldiers."

The works along the left were rapidly in possession of the fierce Abyssinkilians their flags waving back and forth, and the Abyssinkilians screaming with their fierce eagle like yells, the very woods seemed filled with exploding shells. The whole left grand division was giving way before overwhelming numbers, despite the fact that their leaders ordered them furiously to stand firm but as they could not hold their formation the generals were at last compelled to order them to fall back. The attack was fearful along the central grand division which was steadily reinforced, and now the right was also reinforced - some more and soon the assailants were hurled back torn and bleeding. Then in a bitter rage Bessiger gathered his shattered armies and fell back. At the left general janson threw powerful columns upon the glandelinians throwing forward his whole force, thus increasing the carnage to redoubled fury. General janson himself had been so near the firing line the several times he had narrow escapes from being wounded and also had narrow escapes from being captured, and only escaped by his super human strength in his arms, felling his assailants by three scores with his plain flats despite the abuse that the enemy tried to do him with.

Twenty thousand had fallen near the works he stood by, thirty one thousand christians by an angle of works, sixty thousand at another, twenty nine thousand of Kindermine's, and thirty thousand nine hundred ninety nine at other points. Many of the Glandelinian generals had been shocked when they witnessed this desperate christian attack and though the enemy had failed to hold the captured positions they knew also that the entire line of positions were now in the possession of the christians. General janson however was determined at all hazards to break general Hanson or his brothers lines and so he ordered his own main forces on the march, some divisions to attack gallant forces and Kindermine's which had been crushed to fragments by the recent assault of the christian lines.

The glandelinian attack soon came and hell itself seemed to suddenly break loose along the whole christian line and in the frightful bedlam general Hanson, whom a christian commander received a wound that cut a blood vessel in his neck.

He was brought back under fire just as two other generals, Perseverance and Octavus fell mortally wounded. The first general janson was attended by a surgeon. Several generals were standing with uncovered heads while the blood gushed in torrents from the wounded generals' throat drenching the surgeon who was vainly striving to stop its flow. He soon died with the silent and uncovered men about him,

the last sound he heard was the hoarse roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, while showers of smoke blown back from the pathing guns now brought into action gave a sight that could not be had on any stage. The angelinians stalk to their position the enemy attacking in heavy numbers and yelling like mad - an mad - mad - mad. One attacking force was brought under a heavy flanking fire at two hundred yards range, and suffered horribly. As a frightful number of their officers had been shot down, and it seemed impossible for them to carry Jennings line, the glandelinians broke into some confusion. The men began to bunch up, and lie down, but their main commanders encouraged them on and with cries of down with the christian dogs rushed upon the whole of jennings lines. All was engaged, Evans also. So furious was this conflict that the earth seemed to have opened her mouth and roited in its sulphurous fumes, the cannon flashes seemed to be worse than lighting, the heavens seemed to split in pieces and fall down in a rain of flames, the earth seemed to whirl upwards in a haze, men and earth seemed to blaze and hurtle and then a crash, a maddening uproar of hell and its damned damnation, and the main gray line of assault reeled backwards, countless numbers going down, the wounded cringing close to get her see that their faces, their uniforms have red wet stains, and distantly recogniz as shards of flesh and entrails on the cloth, and among little Gertrude Angelines feet, something was lying that was not lying there before. It gleaming white, from the rocks and uncurled a d strange dismembered hand, fragments of flesh with the uniforms still adhering to them. Then poor Gertrude so saw to her horror a human being coming up. Coming up with a rush. He stumbled upright into the trenches, and at unbridled sobbing and howling among the dead beside the trenches. He struck out at her with hands and feet. O He cried and struggled like a child. Yet no man dared go to him for he was now rising on his knees, and then Gertrude saw that half of his face was torn away, one eye gone, the twitching muscle of the cheek hanging down, mingled with thickened gore. He was kneeling, and opening and closing his hands, and was howling to the angelinians for mercy. Gertrude gazed at this glandelinian in horror, shrieked, and seemed paralysed, then at length the yoken raised his the butt of his rifle and placed the muzzle against the sound temple - bang - and then the maimed wreckage fell over backwards, and lay still in his blood. Gertrude a moment later saw another sample of the horrors of the death of the battlefields. Some other man in a gray uniform came crawling toward her on all fours and dragging something behind him with his body, and all the time he was whimpering like a sick dog, and was howling shrilly in long drawn tones. He was still crawling along fast and when he had reached the works Gertrude saw what those things were, and her blood seemed to stand still in her heart. They were his entrails hanging out of his body, his belly had been ripped wide open from below, and he was crawling upon his entrails - he was coming - the entrails were coming - horror broke out from every pore, he hardly knew how to move from the little girl - she lied still, fliased mother earth, who had slain her children so cruelly. Thus for the first time in her life she realized how war mangles her victims. Two hours later general janson said ghastly for - a mari - and here he happened to be attacked by a force of eighteen million angelinians, and the conflict again raged furiously, the angelinians however being repulsed with frightful loss. While this was going on several boy scouts came in reporting that a new force of the line once more, and even reinforcing the troops still in possession of one of the christian positions, it already being nearly evening. "We must recover these works if we can," said general janson. "How fast are the enemy attacking?" "As fast as men can walk or run," answered the boy scout. "They seem to be in a terribly great hurry, and there is little time to be lost." General janson got his forces ready once more for a counter attack, and decided not to wait, but to make the attack before the reinforcements of the foe became too strong. He wanted to recover the works so that he could repel the assaults of the enemy with more success, and so he thought that the sooner he began the attack the better. General janson ordered general jennings to make the first assault.

Penrod was not worrying especially. He had utter a confidence in violet and her sisters who were his friends, and he enjoyed the excitement of the events in which he was taking part. So he went to his own chamber and crept into bed and fell asleep as easily as if he had been in his own bedroom at home, sort of grating, grinding and booming noises awakened him. The whole forest and the positions of the glandelinians seemed to tremble and sway as if there was an earthquake. Penrod therefore sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out of them, and then found it was daylight. Penrod dressed himself and then went to see if the vivian girls were awake. As he proceeded to their chamber there was a terrific crash like the loudest thunder, and a series of crashes as if a severe thunderstorm was going on. As he entered the chamber he saw the little girls were just about dressed and they looked excited. "What is it?" asked Penrod. "I'm not sure," answered violet as a deafening crash almost deafened her ears with a terrible sound. "But it feels and sounds as if a terrible storm has struck us!" As soon as possible they finished dressing, while a ranking sound started in, and the smacking continued. When came a reverberating crash that seemed to be like bursting planets and the little girls hurried to the general's own room and found the general up and dressed and just buckling on his sword. "O not be alarmed," said violet, "we are under fire that is all. The noise proves the enemy is shelling our position, and that the bombardment is on only a prelude to cover an approaching infantry attack." "Just do you mean by an approaching infantry attack?" asked violet. "Is the battle raging already?" "Come here out to the entrance to the tent and see," was the reply. The general led them to the entrance of the tent to the outside, and they could actually see that the woods in possession of the enemy a mile away was covered with puffy balls of smoke and wreath clouds like mist and then a storm of deafening crashes roared in the sky. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang. Went four great explosions in the company street and one shell struck a barracks and almost raised it. Though the haze could be seen a monstrous wave or line of glandelinians approaching slowly but surely, and though the smoke haze was rather thick they could nevertheless see through it and distinguish the further end of the woods. "The glandelinian assaults are not here yet," said the general. "They will come soon however, and I will have to report to my division and put them into battle line. If the rebels do force our lines they won't do so until a great number of them are shot down." "Won't the attack be postponed?" violet inquired anxiously. "No indeed." "Has your army ever in battle before?" "Oh yes on several occasions. We fought at Godefrine and Jennie vivian put our main general does not care much about that. I think our general feels the glandelinians will attack his whole line simultaneously and try to break his line at every point." "Well then if we are under fire the glandelinians will start to attack us sooner than we expect and we cannot repel them successfully here." asserted violet. "The glandelinians could also blow us from our positions," said Jole a gravely. "The glandelinians have ways to use artillery too, even though we are under fire now." Indeed general janson said: "I cannot tell you all our ways now as it would delay the, but our glandelinian allies have lots of surprise for the insurgents. Also our general's methods are astonishing." "Did he learn it like other generals did or did he steal them methods from the enemy when his secret service agents were spying upon?" "He secured the knowledge from the efforts of Godefrine Aramburg, but he uses his plans as general Godefrine Aramburg would never have done."

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, and the clouds of smoke blown back from the path of the bullets. He saw a sight that could not be described in words. He saw the smoke of the battle, the smoke of the battle, the smoke of the battle. One of the soldiers was killed. One of the soldiers was killed. One of the soldiers was killed.

your safety laid in her quick action."  
"I suppose your general will fight terrible Federal with all his might," observed Penrod.  
"I do not see how the glandelinians under general Federal can get to this position and attack us with such ease," said general Anotone.  
"They have lots of cannons, and big guns and I guess they mean to shell your positions to cover their attack, and break all your lines," suggested Angelina. But general Anotone shook his head with a smile.  
"They cannot do that," he replied.  
"Why not?"  
"I dare not tell you why now, but if the glandelinians come and make an attack to-morrow morning, or later, you little girls will yourselves see the reason."  
"I do not think the glandelinians will attempt to attack your position," said Jennie.  
"I believe they will first attempt to destroy your positions. If they succeed in that, the conquest of your general's army would not be difficult. If your positions are too thickly protected by trees, and make it unavailable for enemy artillery," said general Anotone, "and our chief general who long expected to attack us and so could see how or what I was speaking about."  
"General Anotone they say could take care of himself too, whatever happens," Catherine said. "I am sure he will. The general not knowing the extent of the glandelinians' strength—which was in fact not so great as Catherine imagined—could not take much of an effort in this promise."  
It was evident there would be exciting times on the following morning, if the glandelinians really attacked the Calverinian army for the glandelinian army as the glandelinians realized in passing through it was only a mile away from the position of the Calverinians.  
When night fell all of the interior of the vast Calverinian encampments, company streets and barracks, and the like was in utter darkness, but far in the distance toward the direction of the enemy's lines the woods seemed lighted as if with brilliant incandescent lamps, which seemed to render them as bright as day, and the lights flashed back and forth. Violet and her sisters who watched the lights thought that the scenery was indeed beautiful. There was a great silence within the Calverinian encampments, until a certain band far away some where was playing a march which could be plainly heard in general Anotone's headquarters, where Violet and her sisters and Penrod remained with the rest of the host. They were strongly guarded by sentries for protection, and treated with much consideration. The general himself saw to it that they received a nice and hearty supper, and when they all wished to go to sleep for the night, showed them the most comfortable beds and wished them a good night and to most pleasant dreams.  
"Just do you think of all this, Violet?" Penrod himself anxiously inquired, when they were alone and before he retired to his own chamber.  
"I am glad for one that we came," was the reply, "or although there may be mischief done to-morrow, and perhaps a terrible carnage, it seems easier to me that I and my sisters show these brave Calverinians that we are always their friends, and the task of the Angelinian governments that we are to liberate all the child slaves and have them returned to their respective parents if they have any, and the Angelinians can accomplish this in time."  
"Just now though our whole nation is in a bad fix," asserted Penrod.  
"Yes and if Federal conquers the Calverinian army, he won't be nice about it, and if he did capture us he would be terrible."  
"Do not worry dear," said Jennie. "I do not think we ourselves are in any danger, or the Calverinians either, whatever happens, and the result of our adventure is sure to be good."

general Raymond Richardson which is going against glandetion."  
"I don't blame him much for thinking and doing like that," remarked Angelina. "And the glandelinians were wicked for attempting to poison a whole Christian army in the effort to destroy us in so unfair a manner."  
"Do you know the reason why?" asked the general.  
"I don't suppose there was any reason," except just for a wicked intention," replied Angelina.  
"Well, the reason please," said Jennie.  
"Well, children—once—along time ago it was claimed that general Germania, a German, and a German, who though father and son, fight on opposite sides, had a great battle at Krahulo Creek. At that battle as you may well know many generals on both sides fell dead or wounded and one beautiful little girl was killed in attempting to save a general whom she knew from being shot down by a machine gun at Jennie's Bridge. Over the disaster Angelina Agathia had been in great danger and three Christian armies under general Adept and Johnston Hanson were sent to oppose the German army. General Germania, a German, at that time heard that you little girls had before famous spies, and spied on Manley often. He pretended to pay no attention to it, but it seemed all the time that he was furious over it, and secretly tried to discover some means to destroy you. In this he was almost more clever than any one would have suspected. He was invited by the three Manleys one day to make a junction with them, in an advance against Angelina Agathia which resulted in the battle of the girlhood, but being unsuccessful in this he planned to get revenge. He had heard that you girls always went into Manley's lines and took every thing the general had plans, maps and the like. Manley and his cronies has been warned that they would some day be punished for persecuting you little girls like he and they do, and he has been warned that even if one of the girl's had ever been destroyed, it would not help his cause at all, and now his armies many of them have become shriveled and helpless; many of his generals have resigned and it seems as if he is going into disaster. Manley is frightened by his frequent defeats and he is fighting and planning more harder than ever now. I myself one day witnessed the shocking battle of Gloriana though I was not in it, so did many of my Calverinian officers. The news of the terrible glandetion disaster was carried to Angelina Agathia, and all the armies there prepared for action in case the victorious rebel armies would hurl themselves upon her. General Gale whose Calverinian army assaulted Oona and Betty Bobbin in the month of November 1914 was annihilated in encountering the batteries protecting her. Gale, and three divisions of general Gordon's was destroyed and his whole army shattered in the battle of Gordon Junction. Manley now has it in purpose that if he can defeat both glandetion and Hanson simultaneously he will have a chance for an open way to again advance on Angelina Agathia, and these general Germanias seized still within sight of Angelina Agathia, and these general Germanias seized by surprising them on flank and rear but nevertheless Angelina Agathia has been in danger ever since."  
This story filled Violet and her sisters with a feeling of sorrow, and Penrod felt indignation.  
"I now understand," said Jennie, "by the rebels tried to poison the Christian army."  
"Yes," said the general, "and now you know the story it is easy to understand. The glandelinian glandelinians came to general Hanson's army hoping to poison every one and thus by doing that cause the deaths of you little girls, believing it would cause such a panic among the Christian countries that it would be easy for glandelinians to conquer her and win her own independence. When they could easily conquer all the Christian world. So they had another reason for wanting to destroy you little girls—they feared that in some way you little girls might gain a reputation as being the greatest spies in the world, and that you little girls would some day get into Manley's lines and discover something that would cause the glandelinians know it bring ruin to the rebel cause. That is why general Germania, a German, tried to poison the Christian army by making some secret poison of his own at the time that Gertrude Angelina was spying on him, and having discovered the plot wounded him and frustrated him by destroying the poison. Of course this is attempt of the general frightened her, for



the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, while clouds of smoke blown back from the battle gave a sight that could not be had in any other position. The enemy was in a position to see us. I know also your intentions to reach the Glandelinian army and I know other things besides.

manner betrayed him as a man who could be dreaded when angry, neither was he proud or haughty and he looked as if he had a high regard for everyone whom he knew so be his friends, and had also a look which showed to the little girls that "God help his enemies."

Violet and her sisters at once decided that he was ferocious, and if he was a Glandelinian they must look out for him. The general's hair was black, and his eyes were black too. He eyes as he calmly examined Violet and her sisters had a recognizing but friendly look in them and he said quietly: "I happen to know who you are, for I have had my scouts out all the time, and who came in and told me that at seven girls who called themselves the Vivian Girl Princesses of Angelina and I had by the nose of Penrod were coming here to see us. I know also your intentions to reach the Glandelinian army and I know other things besides."

"Why this is strange to me," cried Violet. "It is a part of our plan of course since you discovered it, whether you knew it or not."

"Oh indeed!" answered the general seriously. "I suppose you will claim next that these Vivian girls who are the land of Angelina or whose parents do, claim that general Jenson has not been informed already."

"Of course," returned Violet. "There is no doubt of it."

The general turned to the other girls.

"Do you make such a claim?" he asked.

By this time Violet and her sisters had made up their mind as to the character of this general whose pride no doubt had evidently led himself to believe he was superior in knowledge to all others.

"I did not come here to quarrel with your Excellency," said Violet, quietly. "What I and my sisters are well established, and as much as the authority we possess comes from our governments and our father who is ruler of Angelina. There are many countries of Abbeonnia and many different peoples in this broad nation who are at war with you Glandelinians each of which has its separate rulers and goven governors and the like. But all these render obedience to the law which our father sets down and someone knows acknowledge us as their rulers too."

"If that is the case it does not interest me in the least," replied the general. "Being in command of this army I alone am supreme. You must be impudent and mistaken to think that I do not know about you already."

"Let us not speak of this now, please," answered Jennie.

"Why is it that you wished to warn the Christian army of its danger?" demanded the general.

"Because his army is in danger, for a powerful foe army is preparing to attack it."

"Pah. The Manleys. He or I do not fear them."

"Your supreme general is shrewd."

"I'm more shrewd than he is. I'm a Calverinian and this is my army of Calverinians. I knew of this before you started out to warn the general. Let the Glandelinians go ahead and do as they please in Jenson's rear and if the Glandelinian army comes very few of them will ever return to their own homes. I will see to that."

Violet and her sisters were surprised at this attitude, for they realized that it meant that instead of a Glandelinian camp they had went unexpectedly into a camp of Calverinians who were as eager to fight the Glandelinians as the rebels were to fight the Angelinians, and the object of the Vivian girls had been to get to Jenson to prevent the enemy getting around to his rear, and warn the general in time. They were greatly surprised, because the strangeness of the situation led the Vivian girls to imagine there was no Christian army near to protect Jenson at all. Indeed, Violet and her sisters reflected that this was better luck than was expected, and that in any event it would be wise to give the general the deserved credit for his outwitting the rebels as he did.

"I did not expect an interrupting fact like this, your Excellency," said Violet. "Near Angelina Agatha and Dorothy Gale and her outposts there are thousands of Christian encampments. So when I learned there might be a surprise attack on Jenson's rear, I and my sisters came with the purpose to warn him."

"Well," said Penrod himself, gazing wistfully at the Glandelinian encampment before them. "We have actually entered the enemy's main line of encampments. I guess the Christian army is many miles further beyond and there is no means to get to them."

Violet and her sisters considered the situation very gravely, then decided to try to reach the enemy if possible, one of the Vivian girls picked up a branch of a tree lying on the ground, and after Penrod stripped it enough to make it look like a stick she tied her handkerchief to it, and standing at the edge of the woods in full view of the camp waved the handkerchief like a flag of truce as a signal for a time they could observe no response whatever and they were wholly surprised.

"I don't see what good that will do us," said Violet herself. "Even if the Glandelinians are still in possession of the encampments and see us, and think we are their friends, they would not trust any one to come and get us."

But the Glandelinians were not so unwary as that, as the girls and Penrod soon discovered. For on a sudden a sudden fire down along one of the company streets, a small column of cavalry appeared and came swiftly toward them. The girls and Penrod these Glandelinians looked like gnomes, for they wore the uniforms of the A. O. M. Cavalry. The cavalry force came toward them in the form of a small arch in each section of the line of horsemen stretching out until they soon became a long line, and then reaching the little girls and Penrod halted. When the little girls saw that the Glandelinians indeed were really O. M. Cavalry. The colonel of the troops however was not very large but the leader at once called:

"Come on!" and wheeled his horse while his men did the same, and then started back to the encampments. Violet and her sisters and Penrod summoned their courage and followed after. Before the little girls and Penrod had taken three or four steps however the cavalry halted, and so forced the little girls to halt also, then to their surprise seven of the Glandelinians got down from their horses and motioned to the little girls to mount.

"We need not walk after a line," said Violet. So they mounted the horses as directed, and then the cavalry went toward the other soldiers walking on foot. Indeed they went well into the encampment which covered such an extent of ground, and soon they found themselves halted in the middle of a long company street where two handsomely uniformed men came up on horseback to greet them or receive them. The little girls at once halted the horses and the two young officers bowed their heads profoundly to Violet and her sisters and one of them said:

"Our general bids you welcome, O strangers. His Excellency is waiting to receive you and your boy friend in his headquarters."

"Lead on," replied Violet with dignity.

So on they rode again and a few minutes later they found themselves within the main interior of the encampment. Some parts of the camp were divided into villages of real houses, streets and so on. The various houses were of colored designs, with a many stained glass windows, and the company streets seemed well cared for. A little beyond was a small park filled with brilliant flowers with a fine elaborate fountain, and facing this park stood a building much larger and more imposing than the others. Toward this big building the young officers escorted Violet and her sisters. On the company streets, or from tent openings, or from doorways and open windows of houses and barracks, and the like were all masses of soldiers dressed in dandy brownish gray uniforms but of all rich material. These men to Violet and her sisters seemed unusually unlike the Glandelinians are dressed, for they seemed merry and contented and did not wear the expressions of fury, eagerness, and solemnity or nervous irritation that Glandelinian soldiers assume.

They had more beautiful tents, splendid homes for an army indeed, splendid uniforms, and ample food, and Violet and her sisters also decided something was strange for no Glandelinians would have received them in this manner. They said nothing however but looked curiously at the soldiers. At the entrance of the main general headquarters Violet and her sisters were met by six officers in uniform and armed like Angelinians are. Their two commanders bowed and left them, and two of the other officers were in uniform led the girls into the building. In a beautiful room surrounded by a dozen or young officers and even generals, sat a general which made the little girls and Penrod so certainly stare. He was a man who looked a little younger than Jack Evans himself, and although he was elaborately dressed in a handsome brownish gray uniform he seemed to be too thin and plain to be even exactly handsome. And also as the little girls could see his air and

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, and the blowing of smoke blown back from the muzzles of guns. He had a right that could not be had by any other man. He was a soldier, and he was a man. One day he was a soldier, and one day he was a man.

However the fugitives kept on without relaxing their speed until they had reached a point of the woods where there was no more Glandelinian camp. When seeing the Glandelinians trailing them they ran to the right and turned a bend in the road just as the colonel and the remainder of his followers about a number of men forcing them rushed into view and looked around in an attempt to discover the fugitives who had hidden themselves behind trees just in time. Violet and her sisters knew that now they were safe as long as they kept themselves hidden so she Violet had told Penrod to stop and so all of them stood behind the trees until they could breathe more freely, and become rested from their mad flight. As for the Glandelinian colonel and his men he felt sure he was foiled and so separated his men with the purpose of securing the woods for the fugitives. He also was very angry—angry with Violet and his sisters and angry with himself—because now that he took time to think he remembered that he knew very well the art of the Glandelinian girls in handling guns, and if he only had thought of it before, he could have had the girls scoured and their weapons and ammunition cartridge belts taken away from them, and in this case they would not have been able to shoot down six of his men and he could have recaptured them easily. However it was now entirely too late for regrets and he determined to make preparations to have the woods secured and combed for them.

"What shall we do next?" asked Penrod when they were rested. "We will have to remain here until night fall or we'll never escape. Then we must resume our way toward the Christian lines we seek." Replied Violet. "From what that dreadful general Dicknell said—imagine the Christian army under Glandelinian is much nearer than we supposed, and if we get to the Christian army in time we can warn him and thus help him defeat the Glandelinians." "I suppose we can't stop the well planned attack of Manley now." Replied Penrod reflectively, as they moved from tree to tree.

"We have been delayed too long. I'm afraid, and as Manley is determined on his purpose all we can do is to find the nearest signal station in possession of Christian authorities and through its means warn general Hancock Vivian and Glandelinian of their danger, and help them as much as possible." "Of course you will punish general Dicknell if you have the chance." Said Penrod.

"Well I do not believe general Dicknell is as much to blame as the Manleys are themselves." Was the answer. "But if Manley and his other wicked generals are removed from power the Glandelinian rebellion will probably be overthrown in the shortest time possible, and the majority of the Glandelinian people will probably be more good and respect the laws of Angelina, and hereafter live at peace with all their neighbors in the future."

"I hope so indeed." Said Jennie Vivian with a sigh of doubt. The edge of the woods now did not seem to be far away from the big volcano or whatever it appeared to be, and after three hours efforts at going from tree to tree, and dog dodging Glandelinians here and there, they reached the edge of the woods. Here seemed to have been planted by nature so as to keep a people from passing them, but at one point it appeared that the Glandelinians themselves had cut a passage through the barrier, and Violet and her sisters found the path and led Penrod to the other side. Beyond the trees they discovered a most surprising scene. Bordering a green lawn was an immense Glandelinian encampment, extending on an immense plain as far as eye could observe and fully a mile wide, the tents of which had an exquisite blue. In the center of this big tent appeared a most lovely tent in the form of those used by the big spectators come to see the show, but of various colored stripes and with the national flag of Glandelinia above it, and a little beyond the tent stood a huge rounded building, with strong gray concrete walls, and high domes, which glittered brilliantly in the afternoon sunshine. Between the great building and the tents adjoining it was no grass or anything growing, but only an expanse of highly polished line of cannons and ammunition tents. At this moment it seemed that there were no guards on either section of the camp and no signs of life even could be seen anywhere in the whole vast encampment. However protecting the front of the camp was a long line of high breastworks, guarded by a towering line of cannon, and outside was a long line of abatis, also fronted by artillery of smaller guns.

by the Calverinians who would have hewn him no more y, the Glandelinians fought with a frenzied fury of men possessed and finally drove the Calverinians from their works and rescued their wounded general. As quickly as possible the Calverinians led by general Osania rushed forward to a counter charge and closed and grappled anew with the Glandelinians. The wily Glandelinians being overwhelmed at this point realized their danger of annihilation or capture and before the Calverinians could pour over the works, poured in a terrific fire that mowed down their ranks by the thousands and then recoiled taking their wounded general with them. At this one however general Osolia himself as the Glandelinians were so slowly recoiling tottered and fell headlong to the ground mortally wounded, while the Glandelinians under him were too bolstered by his order to stand their ground against the Calverinians after his fall, and all recoiled in panic.

"Poor ay." cried Penrod dancing up a up and down with glee. "The Glandelinians are repulsed at last. The Glandelinians thought they could carry the Calverinian positions and now they have found out they couldn't. Retreat back to your own works if you like, for your two general can do no more and with out them and your other leaders you are as powerless as the children you want to slaughter."

A moment later however there appeared at another point a new Glandelinian column advancing slowly to rescue those who were retreating, and the nearest of the remnants were of the fierce Whistlers and their first flag bearer carried indeed a beautiful flag. It was a flag of a beautiful yellow color with red and blue on its upper upper and lower edges. In the center was a picture or design of some beautiful swan of swan of large size, and very gracefully formed, and in the picture it there was scattered all over the swan feathers large diamonds and emeralds, so thickly placed that the swan looked like unbrilliant diamond. The head of the swan, had a red bill, and its eyes were unusually large. Whatever the design of the swan meant no one knew, but it was the wish of one of the Christian generals to capture that flag at all costs and so he ordered his division to counter charge. The counter charge was made upon the Whistlers and resulted in the almost destruction of the division within two hours fierce fighting and the severely wounding of the general.

"Those villains and scoundrels. They shall be punished for this in time." mourned the wounded general. Oh what a fool I was to lead my division against such overwhelming numbers. Why was I not warned?"

"A fool you were and a fool you are." said one of his superior generals. "You had no business to order a counter charge when you were not given advice to do so."

The poor wounded general stopped a short, and from where he was placed looked at the distant battle line where he had lost three quarters of his division.

"That's to be, to be." he exclaimed in a very sorrowful, sorrowful tone. "I have lost over three hundred thousand of my best men in that fatal charge, and neither can I ever lead lead another army because I will lose a leg."

"Never mind sir." said the doctor who now prepared to attend to him. "I'm glad to see the Glandelinians foiled in their attempts already. Their punishment is just beginning, for although the rebels are at all attacking other portions of our lines and have captured some of the works, we still have our main army still unengaged, and if Federal assaults in general his army will be destroyed in time, mark my words."

In the meantime Violet and her sisters and Penrod who had been at another scene of the struggle and hidden battle near from their rear a small group of Glandelinians approaching cautiously. Penrod himself stared at the Glandelinians in a moment just as the rebel leader shouted:

"About those girls. Shoot the fancy Glandelinian girls." "The Glandelinians fired a volley, but the little girls had dived behind one tree just in the nick of time and the bullets flew past them without doing any harm. When the Glandelinians were now retreating properly prepared to fire another volley, the little girls were far from them and had swiftly run across to the main section of the Christian camp where no rebels could reach them.

By this time the rebel artillery fire and the thunderstorm of explosives had slackened up considerably.  
 "See," cried general Antonio, pointing to the plains. "The glandelinians are rushing to the assault."  
 On toward the main Calverinian works immense lines of glandelinians were moving forward in line of battle.  
 "Now let us see what we can do to oppose them when they come on to the attack," continued the general in a voice that betrayed his excitement. "I will have to go and take charge of my command but I'll send some officers to take charge and help you girls."

The immense columns of glandelinians were pushing their way over the plains in an endless line of troops had reached as it seemed the left wing or section of the Calverinian position just as the christian batteries in that location let go with a loud thundering roar and poured a stream of destruction upon the whole plain. The glandelinians however came on in ever increasing numbers like water flowing from a tower shore to shore, and the main line of the attack came toward the positions within sight of the little girls, and then the battle roared here also, and still the rebels could be seen but dimly through the sea of smoke wreaths.  
 For over an hour Violet and her sisters and Penrod from their safe distance watched the scene of action. Twice the enemy came forward in terrible array, and crashed upon the positions, and twice they were beaten back with their lines shattered.

"Look out girls," suddenly exclaimed one of the Calverinian officers of the works. "If the glandelinians want to attack the Calverinians, why then there are enough Calverinians to check any onslaught of the enemy."

"Maybe the Calverinians will counter charge now while they have time and drive the rebels back to their own works again," said Joe.  
 "Not yet," declared Angeline. "The glandelinians under general Federal are very very obstinate, more obstinate than any Angelinian general ever is, and has defied the world to lick them. I fear the Calverinians will not win this conflict when it gets general."

"Look out girls," suddenly exclaimed one of the Calverinian officers suddenly riding up. "Something's going to happen. A force of rebels is moving around to our rear. Keep under shelter or you will get killed."  
 They rushed to a ledge of rocks and saw in another direction a big column of glandelinians extending for several miles moving forward with one accord of yells. Hells instantly tore gaps in the column from some unseen christian battery and the rebels began to halt and then away back, but the main part of the attacking column of flankers poured across the meadow without the slightest check, directly toward the rear of the Calverinian position. If this attack was successful the encampment would be overrun by the rebels.

"What are those glandelinians going to do who are coming there?" asked Violet suddenly pointing in another direction.  
 "Why they are moving from the right," as the reply from Jennie. "I believe the glandelinian army is inclosing the Calverinian positions and is going to inflame it. There are several more columns coming on the rear also. I believe general Federal intends to surround the Calverinian army. If he does succeed we all will be in great peril."

In the meantime for a while the main Calverinian generals knew nothing of the fierce attack in front of them, but then a warning signal made them realize a glandelinian force was converging upon them, and so a portion of the Calverinian army fell back, and then opposed a part of the glandelinian column moving from the right and the battle was on once more. At the head of this column of attacking glandelinians was general Guosh, and at his word they rushed forward and stormed the whole christian right. The first of the shock drove back a portion of the Calverinian army but the glandelinian general was wounded by a musket shot and fell within a few feet of the works. As he was in danger of being captured

expert men who operate signal stations of their own such as is always helpful to the glandelinian army, and should we girls be discovered at our work we would receive a eye lone of grape and shell that would sent us to heaven in a hurry."  
 "Perchance we can accomplish it in some way without being observed by their men," suggested Angeline.

"Yes but with the knowledge the rebel signal men gained through their own studies it is doubtful if we can do it any way for the rebels have means quite unknown to us," added A Jennie. "It is unfortunate for us that the general keep his own secrets of this signal station a closely guarded, for no one but himself could use any of those strange things gathered in this room and he is reported to be mortally wounded."

"Couldn't we go to him and try to get some information or get him to tell his secrets to save his army from capture or destruction?" asked Penrod.  
 "No even were we to go and try to find out he is unconscious and also no one would be permitted to see him in his condition, but untill we ourselves find some way to signal to christian we could not even save the general, and were we to get the information from him we would not be able to use it for the fact that the enemy would discover our motions and let us have all their guns they could bring to bear upon the high tower of this station. go you see the Calverinian army is fairly stampeded."

"That's a fact indeed," admitted Penrod. "But say, Violet—here is a good idea. Could we not capture a number of glandelinians bring them tied hand and foot to the signal tower and place them within sight, and then couldn't you with them protecting you signal to christian, and then could he not advance to our rescue?"

"You are not very practical Penrod dear—it would be as hard for us now to capture any glandelinians as it would for us to capture their main general from among all the other glandelinians in his whole army, and even to do as you suggested would be of no benefit for in order to prevent our signalling they would open fire even if we had one of their officers exposed on the signal tower. Those glandelinians are desperate enough to commit suicide to prevent anything going wrong."  
 "But if we could capture Federal by surprise and expose him up on the signal tower it would be more help to us," persisted the little boy.

"That is true indeed," answered Violet smiling at the eagerness of her boy friend. "You find a way to catch general Federal and I'll promise when he is caught to force him to go up to the top and expose himself while we signal."

"I know you think I can't do it," replied Penrod riding off. "But I'm going to try." go he left the little girls to remain at the station and went to a certain portion of the beleaguered christian army where he could look through a clear space of the woods to view the glandelinian army. Immediately he became interested in the many queer sights he saw. The glandelinians it seemed were bringing up artillery of many kinds and sizes and placing them into position. The air now was so transparent transparent since the smoke of battle cleared away that the brave boy could see for a long distance and the artillery was being placed so close that he actually could have hit a gun with a large stone. Glandelinian battle flags were of brilliant colors and the whole rebel encampment in the distance resembled to Penrod a beautiful garden. It was among the distant encampments that Penrod hoped a chance to discover general Federal. He had an idea he may ride up close to the artillery to make an inspection, but such a multitude of glandelinians went constantly passed back and forth, the so one shifting every moment that he was not sure he would notice the general if he did appear in view. His eyes could not be able to look in all directions at once and the rebel general he sought, might be somewhere else in the camp or far away to the rear of the christian position itself.

"Perhaps he is so afraid to show himself for fear of being shot by a Calverinian sniper," he reflected. He watched the glandelinians for a long time, until several discovered him and began firing, and then he rode back to where Violet and her sisters were, but nevertheless was not discouraged.

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, and the clouds of smoke blown back from the front of the Calverinian army. He gave a sigh that could not be heard by the enemy.

"All right," returned Violet, "but your time is dear; there is no hurry. Maybe general Ant once will signal to Ackmell or to Wensation by wireless and the latter will come to his aid and engage Federal good and hard. Now about getting something to eat girls!"

As they went back to their own tent which also was general Antoinette's, where Violet ordered one of the orderlies to prepare breakfast. All the boy and girl scouts were frightened and anxious over the sudden disaster that was occurring to the Calverinian army. General Federal was feared and hated, and they had depended on their own general to conquer the dreadful

and they also hoped he was the only one who could break through the ring of Glandelinian armies. Before Violet and her sisters had finished their breakfast several of the leading boy and girl scouts of the general command came to Violet and her sisters to ask their advice, and to question them also, of whom they knew nothing except that they claimed to be the Princess's of Angelina, and were in charge of all the boy and girl scouts of Angelina, including themselves.

"If what you told our main general was or is the truth," they said to Violet

pitiously, "you are our lawful leaders and our mistresses and we may depend on you girls to get us and the Calverinian army out of our difficulties."

"I and my sisters will try to do that," Violet graciously assured them, "but you must remember that we have not the powers of the Glandelinian generals themselves or of the Christian generals like our father and Uncle. On the contrary though we are Princess's our parents have the superior power over us only, and we can do nothing unless we can escape the rebels who have surrounded us and the Calverinians. However it can be accomplished if your generals have any signal stations within their lines and perhaps by these means we can telegraph to some one and have help sent to us."

"However it is sometimes necessary to consider the distance of Christian armies, where they are situated before we can signal as all signals are found out by the enemy too and we have to be careful other wise nothing would be able to save the army or even us. So you promise to say nothing to any one about it if we attempt to get you through this peril successfully."

They promised willingly.

"Then," continued Violet, "I will go to the nearest signal station office you direct me and my sisters too and we will take immediate possession of it. Perhaps what we find there may be of some use. In the meantime tell your boy and girl scout companies to fear nothing, but have patience. Let them return to their own camps and perform their tasks as usual. The fact that we are surrounded by Federal army may not prove to be a misfortune but a blessing. We know that general Wensation's Christian army is only a mile away and his is surely twice larger than Federal's and your Calverinian army combined and if we can notify him we will bring him to our help."

This speech cheered the boy and girl scouts amazingly. Really they had no one to depend upon now but Violet and her sisters for a report came in the main Calverinian general who had boasted of how his army could link Federal

had been mortally wounded early in the fray and lay dying in his own headquarters so

inspite of the dangerous position of the Calverinian army their hearts were

lightened by the fact that they had for the first time the brave Vivian girls in their presence. The boy and girl scouts got out their own brass bands and

a grand procession of girls and boys in full uniform escorted Violet and her sisters to the signal telegraph station where all of the other boy and girl

scouts being there were eager to wait upon the Vivian girls. Violet invited the leaders of the boy and girl scouts to stay at the signal station also, for they knew all about the signal station and its instruments, so their advice and information were sure to prove valuable. However at first Violet and her sisters were

somewhat disappointed in what they found in the signal station. One room of the station was of entirely devoted to only geographical, and other books, and also here

were a countless instruments, and jars of ointment and bottles of potions labeled with many queer names and strange as small machines that any of the little girls

though they could guess the use of feared to use for fear of thereby being able to detect them.

"I do not see," said Penrod to Violet who accompanied the little girls in their search.

"How we could signal to the enemy with out being discovered. Moreover from all reports the Glandelinians under Federal have thousands of

"Good," exclaimed Violet, "I hate that old general Federal, and I'm glad his first Glandelinian divisions had been punished."

"This is a dreadful misfortune," cried one of the nearest girl scouts pressing her hands upon her heart.

"Yes," agreed Violet, nodding her head thoughtfully, "the repulse of the Glandelinian attack will prove a terrible blow to the Calverinians."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Penrod. "Seems to me the Calverinians are in good luck to have succeeded in repulsing the assault."

"If that were all you would be right," responded the girl scout, "but if the Calverinian army was not surrounded by Federal's it would not be so serious. But here we all are, surrounded by a vast Glandelinian army under the worst Glandelinian general of all, and fast prisoners in these woods."

"Annot the big Calverinian army fight its way through the circle of rebels?" inquired Violet.

"No, the Glandelinian army is too large to do that," as the answer.

"The Calverinian army could try," insisted Violet. "If we were able to repulse such a violent assault the enemy made, the Calverinians can break the besieging lines of Federal army. His main army is here I suppose!"

"Yes,"

"No Federal army is overwhelming us in numbers and artillery, and our main general if he knew what to do does not dare to be rash," said a boy scout.

The faces of Violet and her sisters grew grave, and they were thinking.

"The Calverinian army has lots of artillery and ammunition and it is large," said Alice.

"But not as big as Federal's," K. Jones replied.

"Can't we learn how by scouting on the rebels?"

"I'm afraid not my dear sister," Federal if more difficult to overcome them with witchcraft."

"Well," said Violet turning to Penrod, "you say that the Calverinians have large parts of small gathering guns. The generals could get the Calverinian gunners to

mass these at close range, and tear the rebel lines to pieces and then by a big charge break through and drive back the besiegers. And then they could turn on the flank of Federal's main line and rescue the rest of the Calverinian army."

"It is impossible to work artillery in these thick woods," declared the boy scout.

"We not there any means to use machine guns?"

"No and if there were the enemy would bring up their own and we would only get it worse."

"The Glandelinians under Federal could not be frustrated by any efforts unless a new army comes to our relief," said Jones. "If the Calverinian army remained long like this it would face starvation and we would be very uncomfortable and unhappy. But we girls do not wish to share such a fate, or see so many men go through it at either."

"No I would rather die quickly," asserted Violet, "but there are strong masses of Calverini Calvary that are fully armed, and they could break the siege line, you know."

"Those Calverinian cavalry men would be opposed by Federal's Dragoons and they can vanquish a cavalry force easily," said Jennie Vivian.

"Dear me," cried Violet, "that dreadful general Federal up retails my plans to escape. I guess I'll give it all up, Penrod, and let you save us."

Penrod smiled but his smile was not so cheerful as usual. Indeed the Princess's of Angelina found themselves confronted with a serious problem, and although they had no thought of despairing, they realized that the whole Calverinian army in the Nicopolster Woods as well as themselves and Penrod, were in grave and

serious trouble, and that unless they could find some means to save the army and themselves, they would be lost to Angelina for all future time.

"In such a dilemma," said Jones, "nothing is gained by haste. Careful thought may aid us, and so may the course of events. The unexpected is always likely to happen, and cheerful patience is better than reckless action, and we must recollect that Wensation's army is only a mile from us."

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the  
swelling of bullets under his feet as he lay back from the  
front line. He had a right that could not be put  
into words. He was a man who had seen the enemy  
and he was a man who had seen the enemy.

In the mountain general Guadalupe's mainline army was in bad straits, having a full 12 miles to contest his retreat. He and thought what to do next to get out of the trap. He broke back into the mountains and a short distance away was a full division of calverinos, yet the Calverinos themselves under fire from Federal machine guns of the main Guadalupean assault so far had been completely repulsed, but the first shot of the battle felt a good many regiments of Calverinos for a momentary helplessness. Their own advanced batteries were put out of commission by a momentary helplessness, fire, and they did not know what to do in case the battle would become general again as their main batteries could not be used in account of the losses. As a matter of fact they had a brigade of Guadalupeans surrounded, admitting it out from behind, but there was a probability of the attack being resumed and a decided violence and a great force of Guadalupeans may come to the rescue of General Guadalupe. Guadalupeans: One of the officers said to the main Calverino general in command of the attacking division:

"Chetaki takes a run down rush and takes the glandelinians all by themselves  
general launches a main assault."  
put the main general laughed and answered:  
"Not so, the glandelinians are surrounded would fight like and not to retreat to be no  
yes we will have to stay where they are we are, for if we are in danger then the  
to be to an signal for help." He turned to him other officers and added:  
"We have helped them so far, and made their attacking, defense an help  
a suitable. The Skener and the glandelinians also are retreating, and are away  
on their own work. I have ordered the glandelinians to be retreating, and are away  
of the battle, we may as well commence the help glandelinians and force them  
to surrender or to annihilated."

to this was being prepared for and should have been dropped into the retails. Then the glandelinians had retreated a short distance a back to their own lines except the glandelinian grinds which had been and were surrounded by the Angolians themselves. The Angolians who had remained in their own positions moved back to the stronger works behind and toilet and her sisters wishing to get to general persons army and away from this is some asked one of the officers superior.

11 "I can't find our way in general Hansen's lines."  
12 "I don't know," replied the general in a careless tone being more absorbed in  
13 the position of his own divisions than anything else."  
14 "Or ought to know being a Calvinian," said Angeline.  
15 "I should of course if you mention it," the officer answered, "but now since we got  
16 here between Federal and denative we have forgotten the location of his army, you  
17 are lovely girls anyway if it and it is better you should remain here before this  
18 peril is greater, can't you think so?"  
19 And the officer gracefully rode away without seeming to care whether they answered  
20 or not as he felt too busy than to do anything else, whilst and her sisters were  
21 in deep despair, they felt surely that all the Calvinian officers were too  
22 busy to give them any direct informations.  
23 "Angeline,"

"I really," said Violet, "in a gloomy voice," by the landmines have surrounded the zone of the main-entrance, despite the bomb of their main general." Her sisters and parents who had left their tent and gone as close to the firing line as they dared in order to see what was going on there, the boy and girl scouts who were within the region and had also crowded near the point of the bayonet guard's attack would happen next, although their vision to some extent was blurred by the thick smoke of battle they had nevertheless observed the main points of the drama. As they had observed the landmine column moving forward to the attack, from many points at once, they saw the resistance the Galicians gave to the assault; there, and a cry of amazement had went up from the child scouts who also watched the scene.

"Anything new, Violet?" He asked.

Not yet. And I'm under fire out there. Is nothing better for me to do than, as the old saying is, "stand still and let the bullets fly?" I guess I'll take another chance, and go back and watch the

General W. Hamilton, one of General Robert Lytle's best generals in his service and, in his headquarters in the "padding" state, had many things listed to occupy him. Abraham Lincoln's assistant had been looking after his vast encampments and his big army to him to improve his help. He was a close student of the arts of war, and spent much time in his headquarters when not out on scouting tours and the like, and he made plans, studied the maps of geographies and striven to find a way to get around Lytle's army. He was of perfect his own skill to prevent any of the most important scouting tours, and he took at his great maps such day as he sent out his forces of scouting, invariably to see if any rebel army was near, or if any route of violet and her elements to other Union Lytle's army, or of the country. He was his spies and scouts, and operators of signal stations had told him that Federal army had arrived near the Missouri-Lytle's woods for the purpose of getting General Lytle's army but that a Confederate army had been sent for the purpose of that General Lytle's army had been notified also and had escaped him in time, danger threatened to him by Hanley and that Hancock army had gone on toward with the purpose to besiege and capture the town of Greaser Lytle's army and that a Confederate army unknown to them had been attacked by a Confederate army and had been almost entirely surrounded by the Lytle's army. He saw the statement that Federal army had made a three hours attack upon the Lytle's army and that Federal army between his Abraham Lincoln army and the Lytle's army and that had been almost suppress general of the Lytle's army had been north of Lytle's army and that the was without a head.

No other details could be obtained as to general Johnston believing that the  
 Galvarinian army could take care of itself and not knowing the size of Federals  
 that it was misapprehended by the rebels, and that none of the generals dared to attack  
 the headquaters on account of the artillery could not be available for use in the  
 day the day after the battle of Goosech late in the afternoon, there came a courier  
 riding up to his tent notifying him that the Galvarinian army was in dire danger  
 and that the civilian girls were with the Galvarinian army. This was so completely  
 unusual that every officer who heard the report gave a start, and even general  
 Johnston for a moment could not think what the courier meant, then he  
 remembered that what he had learned from scouts the day before that danger was really  
 threatened the Galvarinian army and the beloved civilian girls, and so mounting his  
 horse he rode to his headquarters building to call his main number of generals and  
 also to have some of his spies called and seek information as to what sort of  
 danger the Galvarinian army was in and the civilian girls.

the last being the heavy rear of the battle, the  
position of which was the heaviest of smoke when he back from the  
the position was a night that could not be had  
the position was a night that could not be had  
the position was a night that could not be had

the most famous spies soon arrived and to his question was their answer though not  
very satisfactorily and it was

"The given girls who are the son seven Princess's of Angelina, we are in the  
army of California now under general Antonio arm, with the whole Californian army  
fast prisoners in the great Mis-Hollister Woods near Pasadena Inn, for the whole  
Californian army is surrounded by the Wh. Insia army 40,000,000 strong under general  
Raymond and his hard son Federal. There has been a four hours engagement raged at  
Quocetoh mentioned the rebels have been repulsed but the siege is begun never-  
theless."

"Hunt general Antonio any power to fight and break through the Mandeliniian army  
besieging him?" Asked general Winstie

"That was the reply and we could not discover anything more, except that  
the son Christian general of the Californians who alone fully commanded the  
whole Californian army had been mortally wounded early in the last night."

When general Winstie consulted his advisers but could not learn anything. As he  
did not want to do anything rash, he made a scouting tour and after diligent  
work discovered that Federal army was extremely powerful but half his own size.  
General Winstie reflected earnestly on this information he had gained, and  
decided not only to go to the assistance of the Californian army, but also to  
try and enclose Federal and capture him and his whole Mandeliniian army.

While he felt sure there was no need of any great haste, because the Californian  
army could withstand a siege a long time, it was evident that the Californian  
army however could not get out of the trap until some one was able to frustrate  
Federal or even capture him. General Winstie looked through all the reports  
and books, that he could use to quickly detect the Federal's position, but could  
find nothing that would give him any good information. When the general drew  
a little map, and placed Federal army around another in the map, and then  
made his own starting to enclose Federal, and then experimented several ways  
to find his own around but found it impossible to besiege Federal on account  
of the nature of the Mis-Hollister Woods. He made several other kinds of  
experiments but all were failures. It seemed a simple thing to surround Federal  
and capture him yet he saw through the map he made he could not do it. Nevertheless  
the wise general did not despair and though he realized Federal army could not  
be captured he could nevertheless find a easy way to liberate the Californian army  
and also save the given girls. Finally he concluded that the best thing to do  
was to move his own army forward in several columns, and after this to get on  
go on a scouting tour as near to Federal lines as possible and examine the surround-  
ing rebel positions. While there he would be more likely to discover a solution  
to the problem that bothered him, and to work out a plan for the rescue of the  
Californian army, and the girl friends and the capture or defeat of Federal  
army. General Winstie summoned all his generals and ordered them to make an  
advance with their divisions, and also telling them what he was going to do rode  
off to make a final scouting tour. While his armies were making efforts therefore  
to get around and strike Federal a blow, Winstie rode on only to suddenly encounter  
another vast encampment only half a mile away and realizing from the colors of the  
tents and the flags that it was Federal army now discovered that general Winstie  
also had learned of the peril of the Californian army and was moving against  
Federal. General Winstie found general Hanson, Ivan and his brother general  
Robert Ivan looking over their own plans with Gertrude Angelina and the two  
other girl heroes three girl friends of the given girls who also were most  
famous girl scouts and spies and who mostly went from one Christian army to  
another and was when boy and girl scouts looked for guardians and protection and  
who were such great friends of the given girls that they were much beloved  
by all the Angelinians as well as the given girls.

"Something happened," cried Hanson, "where, as general Winstie rode up  
on his horse. General Winstie never comes here except according to wrong  
directions."

"General Winstie never comes here except according to wrong  
directions."

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careful might be captured by the wicked rebels and possibly be destroyed, or  
taken off and hidden where not one of their friends could ever find them,  
they even be cut into pieces by the rebels and the fragments of their bodies be  
wholly scattered, or they might be buried deep under ground, or destroyed in many  
other ways by the evil Mandeliniians or made child slaves were they not  
properly protected. These facts Gertrude, Angelina or Angelina Aronburg was  
summarizing while she paced with six sisterly thread he tent floor. Finally  
Angelina Aronburg paused and drew a small slip of paper from her bosom, handing it  
to her.

"Use this sheet of paper until you return with the given girls. Give me  
and be careful of it." "What she said to the boy." "And if serious danger threatens  
you, secure a dove or pen in some way, put a message on its body and send him to  
our lines. That will warn me of your danger and I will at once with my whole force  
of boy and girl scouts come to your rescue. I do not use the message unless you  
are in danger of destruction. Will you remain with Violet and her sisters  
I believe they will be able to protect you from all lesser evils."

"Thank you Gertrude," responded the boy gratefully, and placed the slip of  
paper into his pocket and placed the slip down so he would not lose it. "I'm  
going to your my best advantage, so I guess I'll be safe from anything  
the Mandeliniian scouting parties may do to me."

Violet and her sisters had many arrangements to make before they could leave  
so they bade good bye to Gertrude and her girl scouts, and with her sisters  
and returned a climbed upon their horses and so swiftly they did their horses  
run that the little girls were unable to talk or do anything but hold firmly  
to the reins all the way back to their own camp.

Residing in the tent of Violet and her sisters at this time was  
a girl named, a most remarkable and intelligent little girl who had once been  
a slave in the world with her parents for a brief space of time  
and was now much loved and respected by all the Angelinians. Once she had been  
a child slave but had fortunately escaped the child labor trade branding  
that they usually receive. He himself was a girl who had escaped from the rebels  
or her masters, was to stuff an old uniform with straw and cotton, and  
put back on the feet, and used a pair of stuffed cotton gloves for hands.

He head of the personage she made was a stuffed bag full of bran, fastened  
to the body, with eyes nose and mouth and ears painted on it. "Hattie" a hat had  
been put on the head it was a good imitation of a scarecrow and with herall her  
strength she had managed to get herself inside of it and while it lay  
on the ground a Mandeliniian soldier picked it up, carted it away on his wagon and  
threw it all into the river near by.

She however, used to be a good swimmer and though the thing remained  
on the bottom of the river she managed to get out before she was suffocated,  
and getting up to the surface of the river fortunately swam to the shore where  
she encountered a vast camp of Christian soldiers. He was then taken care of  
dressed up by the Angelinians red cross nurses and placed under the care of  
Violet and her sisters. Violet and her sisters considered little St. Clare one of  
their best little friends and most loyal girl scouts, so the moment  
they reached their own tent they asked her to go at once to General Aronburg  
to remain for protection while they were absent on a journey, and she at once  
consented to do so without asking any questions. Violet and her sisters had warned  
into, news of the Mandeliniian generals Munday or Federal until their return,  
and urged her to obey. He however longed to tell Angelina, John and his friends  
and feared to tell the other girl friends of the adventure they he and his friends  
were undertaking, but refrained from saying a word on the subject, although  
both these girl heroes lived at times with Violet and her sisters in their own  
tents. Indeed only Gertrude Angelina and a few knew they were going, and even Angelina  
Aronburg did not know what their errand would be. Violet and her sisters rode  
their own swift horses, although they were not sure there was any road for horses  
all the way to Winstie's encampment or, or that of the trunks.

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, and the smoke blown back from the front. He had a slight idea that he could not be had.

"But can't you realize my dear sisters, that we must do our duty, now that we are aware of all this impending trouble?" asked Violet. "I am fully determined to go at once to Uncle's army or, I mean, to the army whom I can reach first and prevent their armies from being taken by surprise by the enemy. The only question to decide is with whether it is later for me and my sisters to go alone, or to assemble a party of my own scouts and loyal supporters to accompany me, and notify Angelina, Jibee and Jennie Turner."

"If you want to go, I want to go too," declared Penrod. "Whatever happens now it is going to be fun--a small excitement is fun--and I would not miss it now for all the world."

Neither Gertrude Angelina or Violet and her sisters paid any attention to this statement, for they were gravely considering the serious aspect, of this proposed adventure.

"There are plenty of friends and boy and girl scouts and the like, who would like to go with you dear girls," but none of them I'm a sure would afford you any perfect protection in case you were in any great danger. You are yourselves the most powerful of all children in the world," said Gertrude Angelina. "And although Jibee and Jennie Turner and Angelina Jibee have more varied arts of spying work at our command you fairly overdo us on many occasions. And I also you have no other art that no other in all the world could ever equal the air of winning hearts and making all Christian people and sometimes the bitterest enemies love to fairly bow to the gracious presence of you seven sweet angels. For that reason I believe you can accomplish more good alone of your trip than with a large number of soldiers or boy scouts in your train."

"I believe that also," agreed Violet. "I and my sisters shall be quite able to take care of ourselves, you know, but not might not be able to protect others as well. I do not look for opposition from the rebel scouting parties however as we mean to keep beyond them. We shall take the easiest way to the Christian armies--as we know their location by means of our maps--and tell the generals of the dangers to their armies whatever it may be--in a just and truthful manner."

"Are you not going to take me?" pleaded Penrod.

"You will need some boy companion at least, and Jennie Turner and Angelina Jibee too," Violet said.

Violet smiled upon Penrod her best boy friend. "I see no reason why you should not accompany me," as her reply. "Seven girls and one boy do not look very warlike and if we all disguise ourselves properly and be careful any scouting party we may run into accidentally may not suspect us of being on any other errand than to be going home or some thing else. But in order to prevent anything happening to ourselves, or to prevent our being captured or shot down in ambush we must go on the best routes possible. Let us return to our own camp immediately and prepare to start on our journey as soon as we get our disguise made up."

Gertrude Angelina was however not quite satisfied with this plan but however could not think of any better way to meet the problem confronting them. She knew that Violet and her sisters will all their gentleness and sweet disposition was accustomed to abide by any decision she had made, and could never be turned from their purpose. Moreover she could see as yet no great danger to the "vivan" girls in the undertaking, even through the regions they may travel through, may be dominated by Glandelinian scouts. But Penrod or her two friends Jennie Turner and Angelina Jibee were not like the "vivan" girls, they were two little girls and a boy who had come from Abbenania to take part in the experiences and thrilling excitement of the war for pleasure of it only. Jennie Turner and Angelina Jibee and also Penrod may encounter dangers that to Violet and her sisters would be as nothing whatever, but to the three other heroic heroes would be very serious. The fact that Penrod and the two girls were in the Christian armies as spies and scouts, and had been made companions of Violet and her sisters, prevented them from being killed or suffering any great bodily pains from the protection they usually received from the "vivan" girls. But they were mortals nevertheless and never had the ways of angels or fairies, and if they had never been

so Gertrude and one of her scouts mounted their own horses and rode off, and Violet and her sisters waited patiently for her and her companion to return again. In about an hour and a half the two girls rode back, looking grave and thoughtful.

"Violet dear," she said to Violet her herself. "I managed to tap telegraph to some signal stations on the outskirts of the Christian lines and they managed to communicate with some of the scouts far to the rear of the Christian lines. The Glandelinians who are under general Raymond are in the rear of the Christian lines. The reason the generals have been warned by signals and scouts--because Manley's movements are suspicious and very secret, and I could learn a very little about it myself."

"Why I did not know that general Federal's army was so near to us," exclaimed Violet. "The map in the geography shows the river running through the state of Angelina, and therefore the positions are not so secure as I supposed."

"That is because the person who made the map never knew of the intentions of the rebels," explained Gertrude Angelina. "The Glandelinian army under Federal is surely nearer than we thought, and in his command are the fierce, Whiskies, Growleyoogs, Zimmarunians and guardians, and the advance guard of the army is under general skker skker Jensen."

"But direction are the Glandelinians coming from," inquired Angelina.

"My scouts who are out are not able yet to tell me that," confessed Gertrude. "For the cleverness of the Glandelinian scouts prevents anyone outside of their domain from knowing about their plans."

"General we know that we must know of the danger if he wishes to fight general Skker Jensen's army successfully and defeat it before Federal's main army comes."

"Perhaps so," Gertrude replied. "But I caught little information about Federal's main army either. The Glandelinian army under skker Jensen is 10,000,000 strong as my scouts informed me are situated near the region of Gale gun. They are strongly entrenched and have many scouting parties out so as to allow no one outside their lines who are not on their side to even get near their lines. I have learned that general Federal's main army numbers about ninety million men, while general Skker Jensen's army which is the advance guard is a part of his whole command."

"If Federal is really moving against the Glandelinians then what do you suppose is Manley's real intention?" was Violet's next question.

"I cannot tell you that either," said Gertrude.

"But see here," cried Angelina. "It is a serious thing to allow any of our generals or our own uncle or father to be surprised by any of Manley's secret intentions, so if the rebels are intending to do anything, Uncle and his generals ought to be warned."

"Gertrude smiled upon her best little friend. "Those who do not know of the enemy's intentions are not responsible for what may happen if an attack from an unexpected quarter comes. If we know nothing of the enemy's secret intentions, it is likely that neither do the generals."

"But our generals ought to know, Gertrude and we who know ought to do something pretty quick. He is going to tell the generals, to warn them, and how are we going to make it out?"

"But," returned Gertrude. "Is what I am now considering. What do you advise Violet dear?"

Jibee took a little time to consider this question, before she made any reply. "Then she said:

"Did you not learned of the near approach of the enemy or the intentions of Manley and Federal, you or we would never have worried about it or what is going to happen, so if we pay no attention to it, we may never hear of it again."

"But that would not be right," declared Violet. "I and you will be without sisters some day rulers over different sections of Angelina, which includes the Abyssinikian countries, the Galverinikan country, the Angelinian states, and Abbenania as well as Angelina Agatha, and being the seven Princess's of this

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the mistling of bullets, the staccato smoke blowing from the muzzles of the guns. He saw a light that could not be had from any other source, and he knew that the enemy was within reach.

nation it is our duty to make the glandelinian cause which is so wicked lose out at any cost---by whatever that may be-and to have the war settled. so while the yankees or federal may not know the real side of papas, Uncles or other armies, it is our duty nevertheless to do something to have the generals warned, so we would not be doing our duty if we kept away from doing it, and allowed our own armies to be surprised by flank attacks."

"That's a fast Violet dear," commented Catherine Vivian. "We have got to leave general Constantine Aronburg's army which camps we are not in, and make a long, perilous trip to either Wienstiens army or Uncle's and warn them of their peril. But how are we going to do it, and do it on time?"

"That is what is puzzling me also, little Indian girl," said Gertrude. "It may be extremely dangerous for you to make that trip into these strange regions, where we may meet Chandi Indians more fierce and warlike than even those in the araias under Manley and the other Chandi Indian generals."

"I'm not as afraid and neither are my sisters!" said Violet with a smile.  
"It is not a question of being afraid," argued Jennie vividly. "Of course any one knows we are like fairies ingetting away from the rebel and leaving them as we do, and have never been killed yet, and only hurt once in a long while and we know we have millions of friends and even ways of our own to help; usout of all this trouble."  
"But Catherine dear dispite of all this we have been in serious danger of our girls being in account of these wicked enemies, and it is not right for any one to put herself in danger of any kind unless we are asked to do so by some one whom we truly

"Perhaps if we are careful enough we shall be in no danger at all." "Returned violet with a smile. "You must not imagine danger dear sisters, for under any conditions one must only imagine nice things, and we don't know that the glandelinians under Menley, and Federal are as near or as far as it seems. Perhaps we could be good and careful, and by reasonable ways avoid all rebels who may happen to lie in the way."

"...and your other sister is right, Violet dear," asserted Gertrude mgeline." It is true we know nothing of the whereabouts of these two great Grandchildren armies, except that each one intends to surprise and attack two christian armies simultaneously, and on the same day and hour if p. possible. We have a large amount of men at their command. We know from many experience that such folks like to rebel, and not like to submit to have spies within their lines, and to be interfered with. Therefore we are more likely to swarm whole regions with scouting parties and spies of their own, to detain all persons who are likely to be going toward any christian army."

"If we had an army of boy Scouts or men to take with us," Added Angelina, "I think it would not be so bad, but there is not a boy or girl scout in all our armies that we could spare on any expedition you just now."

"Yes, but he is only one lad, and even if he were and is brave, he could not

What then my 4 sisters and Gertrude would you suggest? "Inquired violet

"I advise you to send a boy scout or one soldier to general Hanson's army, and let them inform the great general that it is probable that Manley intends to surprise his rear or something." Proposed Gertrude. "Let the scouts tell him or his generals, that his army is in danger, and if they are afraid to go on the mission to place them under punishment if they refused to obey the commands of the Princess's of Angelina."

"If they refuse to do it, what then?" he asked. "I should be obliged to carry out my threat, and punish the poor soldiers," and that would be an unpleasant unpleasant and difficult thing to do. I am sure it would be better for me to go peacefully, without an escort, and armed with only my weapons, and get to the generals' army some how. Then if we are persuaded or have trouble, I or my sisters could resort to some other means to outwit the enemy."

"It's a ticklish thing any way you look at it." sighed Daisy Vivian. "I'm sorry now that the man brought us the code message."

The glacial Galvindhia was a pretty big one, and partly in possession of the glaciallinian arides, which seemed to be impendible to wind just now, and the direction the two glaciallinian arides under Munley and Federal according to arides were far apart is was no swalljourney from there to either one of them. Around the location of Concoctinian glaciallinian arides the country was thickly settled with christian arides, but the further away you get from his great army army the fewer christian soldiers or camps there they are, until these parts a mass of miles north are free from any one. Also these far away sections were little known to Jolot and her sisters, except in the south and north or west, where the main christian arides had moved back and forth a often and where the vivilian girls had wandered away on many hundreds of tripeof spying, scouting and explorations.

The least known in its situation was the Gilikin State of Galveringa which now harbored many strange bands of riving Gargoylian and other kinds of landelinian arabs, and scouting parties, and millions of secret enemies of all kinds, men in and about its mountains, in valleys and forests, and streams, and cities and towns and violent and her cities were bound for the far distant part of that state where sometimes army was situated near the Mario Geborne Woods.

"I am really sorry," said Violet to her sister Alice, as they perched side on, "not to know more about the plans and intentions of the two gladiolusian generals, who are moving against our noble army and intentions. It is however our duty to be acquainted with every plan the rebel generals may intend to make, and to trace making every hidden part of the country, but we are kept so busy at other long journeys for our country's cause."

"Well," replied Joyce, "we will probably find out a lot for our selves on this trip, and we will learn all about the plans of the generals before then anyhow. Time does not make much difference to us now, cause we don't care how long we run into, so if we explore one place at a time we will by and by know every nook and corner of Calverini like our generals do."

and her sisters were around their uncles at their most powerful cartridge belts, and their best and most handy guns which they could use to protect themselves from harm, and stored the paper in his possession. Violet had merely slipped as an extra precaution a small derringer into the bosom of her dress. She a little but most deadly gun was violet one was one of violet weapons of offense and defense and by its use she could accomplish many things. They had left general concentration somewhere very just at the approach of evening, and their horses traveled very swiftly over the roads toward the northwest, but in a few hours they had to slow down their horses because the far, hazy and small villages had become far and few and far between and often there were no paths at all in the directions they wished to follow. If only they could have been able to get a railroad but no railroad railroads were running in this location. At such times however they crossed the fields, avoiding groups of trees and wide woods that seemed foreboding, and fording the streams and rivulets whenever they came to them but keeping their eyes peeled for the signs of the rebel scouting columns. At finally they reached a broad hillside covered closely with a mass of scrubby bush and brush, through which their horses could not force a passage.

"It's will be difficult wi for even us girls to get through without tearing our dresses," said Violet. "We must leave our horses hidden here somewhere or send that cat to the christian lines and proceed on our journey by foot."

"That's all right," her sisters replied. "We are tired riding anyhow." "do you suppose Violet dear we are anywhere near General Johnston's army?"

"I cannot tell sisters dear, but I know we surely have been going in the right direction, so we are sure to find it in time."

The scrubby brush, seemingly to be more than six miles long was almost like a grove of small trees for it reached as high as the heads of the girls, neither of whom were very tall. They were obliged to thread their way in and out in the most careful a manner, until finally Penrod was afraid they would get lost, and finally they were all halted by a curious barrier or curious thing that barred their

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, while the shouting of the soldiers and the rattling of the machine guns were still in his ears.

further progress. It looked like a huge extensive network of heavy cords or ropes, as if woven by the most gigantic spiders--and the thick ropes string and twine and the like was fastened stoutly to all the branches of the bushes and continued all along down the line of the brush, now in the form of half circles and in other ways in a perfect tangled maze. The threads of the network of some were of purple color, red and other brilliant colors, and even seemed to be woven into a number of artistic patterns, but the roping all reached far to the ground to the branches above the heads of the little girls and the one boy, and formed a sort of fence that hedged them in from going on.

"It does not look very strong through for all that," said Catherine. "I wonder if we could breakthrough if we tried."

Her sister made the attempt but found the rope barrier stronger than it seemed. All their efforts could not break a single thread whatever.

"We must go back I think and try to get around this peculiar brush," Violet decided, beginning to think that it was some sort of an abatis or something.

As they turned to the right, and getting from the hedge followed it down the line as far as it seemed to go, but found that southward it spread in a regular angle. On and on they went until finally Violet declared that they had gone for two miles and it seemed that either had he they had returned to the exact spot from which they started or that the abatis was score of miles long. "Here Violet is your handkerchief you had dropped."

"In that case this must not be an ordinary low brushwood growing but a strangely fenced abatis and if we are not careful we will walk into a trap," exclaimed the little girl.

"No," said Fenrod, "I have encountered a strange abatis of some kind." "It surely must be one made by a glandelinian army who have probably abandoned this section of the country and they did it cleverly too," said Angelina. "I wonder what army it was."

"It must have been made by a christian engineering corps for it is not of glandelinian make, I'm quite sure," turned Violet. "But it seems to be the most enormous abatis we have ever come upon."

"Quite right you are indeed," cried a voice behind them, turning quickly around they beheld a huge purple coated soldier with a sword standing not two yards away, and regarding them with his keen black but fierce eyes. Then there appeared from somewhere unknown to them a dozen more great purplecoated soldiers which silenced the first one and said:

"They think we have abandoned the abatis and our army had retreated, sir and as their speech are suspicious they are our prisoners."

Violet and her sisters or Fenrod did not like the looks of these soldiers at all. Though they wore purple coats they wore gray pants instead of yellow as Angelinian soldiers do, they had evil looking faces, and were armed with long guns and other weapons.

"They look wicked," the violet whispered to Joice. "What shall we do?"

Joice gazed defiantly upon the strange soldiers with a serious face.

"What is your object in deciding to make us your prisoners?" she inquired.

"We happened to overhear your strange speech," answered the man who was a sergeant.

"There is no excuse for any one coming up to our abatis unless they have some designs in purpose so we decide that you strangers are suspicious characters, and you are our prisoners."

"We are the victim girls, and so no loyal Angelinian would arrest their own friends and their own little Princesses," said Violet with dignity.

"Well don't make the mistake of taking us for Angelinians," said the reply. "We are glandelinians and that makes us your masters. Come with us to our encampments, and we will have you before our own general in short order."

"We won't," said Violet indignantly. "We won't have anything to do with you insurgents. How dare you wear the uniform of Angelinians?"

"It is none of your business why we wear the uniform," returned the glandelinian in a severe tone and the next instant he made a quick thrust at Violet with his sword with a bayonet fixed with the intention to run her through. But Violet

at that instant had her hand gripped on her wall gun in her bosom and she fired from behind her dress and the rebel pitched face down and was mortally wounded, while his bayonet had not even touched her. Another Glandelinian saw a dash at Joice but she and her sisters suddenly covered the rebels with their guns and the glandelinians recoiled as if they had been struck by something.

"You had better let us go on our way," Angelina. "Ivan advised him" "So see you vile snippers," you can't dare make further attempts to hurt us." "No dignifications better than ours," returned the glandelinians angrily. "You not dare go on, and if you can break through the abatis, you may go to escape. You will never escape, and if you go through the abatis, you may go into a trap you dogs now we know you are here."

With that the glandelinian leader uttered a peculiar whistle and all the rebels disappeared.

"There is more danger of encountering hidden enemies than I dreamed of," remarked Violet with a sigh of regret. "It seems that our ways are not safe no matter which way we go."

"Never mind that now," said Joice. "Let's see what we can do to get beyond this abatis."

They now continued on their way with guns still drawn, exceeding the abatis, and looking in every direction at the same time so as not to be surprised and soon were amazed at its length. Although taller at some points, and not so thick as at others it resisted all their efforts to find an end to it, or to work through against the ropes.

"I must find some way to get through the new network of the abatis," said Violet finally. "Let us first look around and see what we can find."

They entered among the brushwood like abatis, and finally came to a shallow pool outside of it, formed by some small bubbling spring. Violet stooped to get a drink and discovered in the water a large carving knife, a tin blade about as big as a bread knife and very sharp. Violet picked it up and went to her sisters.

"One sister," she called. "I have something to cut our way through. I just found it."

Her sisters at once came to her side and Joice demanded:

"What did you find?"

Violet showed it to them and she said:

"I could cut our way through with this easily enough, and we can get beyond the abatis. We can surely do that can't we?"

"I suppose so," replied Joice. "But we may run into a big rebel camp beyond."

"But should we do that?" Joice inquired.

"We might as well give ourselves up as prisoners then," said Angelina.

"Prisoners for the glandelinians are very common now a days, but child ones are rare besides us girls at least, and you can make us invisible so when we go through the abatis the rebels won't see us."

"No one could do that," said Violet. "And so we might as well go and see what we can do."

Violet then reached forward and started to cut strand after strand of the ropes, which she was able to sever with one clip.

When enough of the rebel abatis tangles had been cut to allow them to pass through they looked beyond and saw the way clear so they burst through on their other side and ran as fast as they could do. They were just in time to escape through the strange abatis, for several of the rebels now appeared, having discovered that the stringed tangles were severed, and had not the seven little girls rushed through the opening, the rebels would have easily seized them, and had their prisoners for sure. Violet and her sisters and Fenrod ran as fast as they could and although the angry glandelinians threw a number of lances after them hoping to lose them or entangle them in the coils of the ropes and so even fired shots, they managed to escape and ran to the top of the hill.

FROM the top of the hill Violet and her sisters and Fenrod looked down into the 11 large valley beyond, and were surprised to see it filled for its full width and length with a floating sea of clouds of all colors, that appeared to be dense smoke, nothing in the valley was ever visible except these rolling waves of dense smoke, but beyond on the other side rose what was supposed to be a hill, that appeared quite as beautiful in its scenery as a gigantic volcanic eruption.

"Will 'old Dadsy' 'livan' that are we to do s'aters. Walk down into that seething forest fire, and probably get roasted, or go some other way or wait untill the smoke clears away and see if there is a safe passage across the valley!"

"I'm sure the smoke will never clear away as it is a terrible  
 forest fire raging, and if we wait here long enough it may catch us."  
 repo replied violet doubtfully. "If we wish to get on, I think we must venture  
 along the edge of the conflagration."

"ut we can't see where we are going, or what we will be stepping on." Protested Jehu. "here may be dreadful things mixed up with that conflagration, and I am so tired just to think of daring to wade into that smoke crossing the hill tops." Given violet and her other sisters, and James, amongst the first to

"I believe this is a big forest fire started by some rebels, for even the smoke

nd look at the flickering sea of flames in perfect lines. The darkness of the night helps to prove to us that we ran into a trap. There fore we must get our out of this region some how and if there are any friends of mine out

uttered a sh shrill, clear bird like outcry. It floated far out over the cloud

At ordinary times indeed, violet and her sisters were just like any other girls, but here was a new experience.

once might chance to have a meeting with—simple, merry, lovable as could be yet with a certain reserve that lent them dignity in their most joyous or sorrowful moods. There were times however when seated on their horses, and onward

ing their boy scout regiments and girl scout regiments, or when their full resources were called into use, when they used an all the boy and girl scouts and even many men soldiers about them stood in awe of the lovely virgin girls, and realized their superiority. Violet and her sisters waited. But meanwhile, the great world of the

From the hill top they were standing on, appeared two boy scouts on horseback. They saw the beautiful forms of the vivian girls clothed in their fleecy trailing garments of gray and their gleaming eye arms, and sweet lovable and beautiful faces which proved that they were indeed the daughters of the

Almost to the two boys who approached they looked lit like beautiful little sea nymphs resting in the bosom of the smoke clouds, their eyes turned questionly upon the two approaching boys. As they came up and he halted

you wish violet?"

of ours beyond conception.(''('')



The two boys came nearer and dismounted their horses, offering their to two of the Indian girls.

But the boys insisted and so Jennie and Angelina mounted, then without hesitation the boys went toward the direction they had chosen and Penrod plucked up courage to follow. Very gently the boys led the mares.

that soon the girls were astonished to find themselves soon standing upon another hill free from smoke and far from the far, before they realized they had fairly started.

"Thank you," said Violet gratefully, and the others also added their thanks for the service. The boys however made no answer but just saluted and smiled and with wave of their hats in good bye as again they remounted their horses and rode away from view.

"We, Hell," said Oz, "prized Vivien with a laugh." "That was an easier escape from the forest fire than we expected." "It is worth while sometimes to have so a boy escorts appear to our aid. But I would not like to be that kind of escort who has to remain out all the time." "But I would not like to be that kind of escort who has to remain out all the time."

to remain out all the time despite any perils, and be in danger of the foe all the time. "

They now climbed the banks and found before them a large and most delightful plain that spread for miles in all directions. Many large trees

were scattered through the fields of grass, there were countless bushes and plants bearing lovely blossoms and lush lucious fruits, now and then a large group of stately trees added to the beauty of such a landscape in Calavernia. But there were no dwellings or a sign of any human habitation.

no dwellings or a sign of an enemy or christian encampment, at least a no sign of any kind of life. the farther side of the plain was bordered by a immense woods and just in front of the back of the forest rose a large and queerly shaped hill or mound that towered for hundreds of feet above the plain.

"Oh, Ho" "Crisd Penrod" "I'll bet that is a silent or extent

"If it is," replied Violet. "Wierwien's army must be only several miles further from here. Can we walk that far or should we rest for the remainder of the night and get some sleep girls?"

"Of course we would rather get there as quick as possible and sleep afterwards." was the prompt answer. "I'm sorry we had to leave our horses behind for they would come in handy right now, but with the climax of the first part of our journey in sight, a night's rest seems a small price to pay."

It was however a longer tramp than they expected, and high midnight overtook them before they could get even within half a mile of the extensive forest. A violet proposed they look for a halting place for the rest of the night.

like one and they were all quite ready to approve. Some of the little girls did not like to admit to one another that they were tired but they told themselves that their legs had begun to ache.

usually when Violet and her sisters and stat started on a long journey of exploration or adventure, they carried with them baskets of food and other things that any traveler in a strange country might always require, but on this occasion had been quite a different thing. An experienced scout

and thought then for they had got forgotten to bring anything along whatever. However having traveled another mile they saw in the darkness a handsome tent standing at some distance away. Not a series of tents but a single tent of rounded form. The canopy was stained a deep blue color and the sides were

some girls." Said Violet taking Jennies and Angelines hands. "We are sleepy and hungry and I'm sure Penrod must be also, so let us ask permission for shelter

I have something to state.'

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, and the shouting of the soldiers as they gathered guns now.

They reached the tent and then, after calling and waiting a moment, no response from it. Violet looked in and saw a small table set for only five persons with brightly colored linen, bright silver and sparkling glassware, a vase of beautiful roses in the centre, and many dishes of strange but very delicious delicacies—food, some smoking and hot waiting to satisfy their hunger. Also to their surprise on either side of the tent were beds, with satin sheets, warm blankets, and pillows filled with down. There were strangely but beautifully formed chairs too and tall lamps that lighted the interior of the tent with a soft rosy glow.

Not knowing what it may belong to they nevertheless knowing that most things are easy in war possessed themselves of the tent and all ate the meal with unusual enjoyment, and thought of the wonders of the enemy armies and the ways of their wicked generals. And Violet thought to herself, if General Conscientiousness were the chief general next to general Robert Vivian and Hanson the war would be probably carried to a quicker end, for he was a expert a general that he even seemed to know the very secret ways of nature, knew how to trick his most shrewd enemies, command more vast armies than others do, and could produce instantly from a raging defeat into a tremendous sweeping victory, and could accomplish things that men work hard and anxiously for through weary years. And even now he wished in his kindly innocent heart, that all the Christian generals would be like Conscientiousness, and overcome the enemy without so much terrible fighting, and worry, and without so much loss, for the he imagined, they would all be able to conquer the enemy at one time. And Violet and her sisters looking in their boy friends face and almost reading his thoughts a violet said:

"No, no Penrod dear, that would not do at all for us. Instead of a quick ending of the war it would bring trouble among our own generals and so on. We know this war has already brought weariness to the whole world—there has been always eager striving of our generals to obtain the most difficult victories, and we know that victories have only been accomplished by hard work and careful thought. I fear if every general were alike for instance like Conscientiousness there would be nothing to do. I'm sure no interest in life or the war. Every general being different is what makes things worth while—and to also enable them to do good deeds and to help the armies and officers less fortunate than themselves. If every general did could be like Conscientiousness there would be little to be wished for."

"Well you little girls are all alike in your ways and manners. Are you not happy?" asked Penrod.

"Yes dear, because neither one of us are the same in our ways and you are mistaken in your words. Every one of us are braver than the other, more good than the other, and each of us have different ideas to make our friends and others as happy and a carefree as possible. Had we no work to do, no interest of anything, and no friends, or no subjects and the like to look after, or no parents and no homes we surely would be miserable. Also you must realize that while we are more powerful than any other girls or boys of Angelina Angolinia on account of our wit and standard and position, we are not as madcap as Gertrude Angelina or Angelina riches to the enemy, who have have studied everything about the nature of the enemy that we girls know nothing of. They are merciless to their pursuers. They shoot to kill without a feeling while we loathe to use a gun and do so only in case of self defense a self defense. Even Jennie Urner can do some things doing her scouting tours that I or my sisters are unable to accomplish, while I and my sisters can accomplish things unknown to them. This is to explain that we are not all powerful to the enemy by any means. Our ways are simply learned like theirs, and not sorcery, or wizardry or fairy magic or something like the enemy always think about us."

"All the same," said Penrod. "I'm mighty glad we found this tent, with the meals and beds all ready for us."

Violet smiled.

"Yes it is indeed wonderful," she agreed. "Not a/all children meet such good luck as this, but some other children have had experiences that fill me or my sisters with blank astonishment. I think that is what makes us modest and unassuming—the facts that our kinds of arts are equally divided by God among us, and

vistas of beautifully varied hued fields, and immense groves of trees still bearing fruits or laden with sweet scented flowers and which had escaped so far the horrible ravages of the terrible war. At times as just now they had nothing else to do one of the girl scouts would start some music from a mouth organ, or sing a song with the others joining in the chorus, or some would rise and dance, gracefully swaying to the music of a mouth organ or a harp played by a companion. And then Gertrude Angelina would smile glad to see her comrades show some cheerfulness despite the harrowing work they had to do. Presently from among the far distant company streets some objects were seen to be moving, threading along the broad path of the company street that led toward Gertrude's tent. One of the girl scouts looked upon these approaching objects almost enviously, Gertrude merely gave them a glance or so and nodded her stately and beautiful head as if she was pleased, for it meant the coming of her friends and mistresses—the only ones in all of Angelina except general Hanson, Vivian or Robert Vivian that Gertrude Angelina would bow her head to. Then swiftly up the company street trotted a salivade of seven horses and riders, and as the horses finally halted, there descended from their backs seven young girls extremely beautiful, the Vivian girl Princeesses and Herones Heroines.

He seven little girls this time instead of wearing their usual purple uniform dresses were wearing simple yellow and white striped muslin gowns, and as they ran toward Gertrude Angelina and her girl scouts they laughed and chatted as gaily as if they were not heroines or the most important persons in the world. These war torn countrywomen Gertrude Angelina's girl scouts had already risen and had stood with bowed heads to greet the beautiful Vivian girls, while Gertrude Angelina came forward with outstretched hands or arms to greet her guests and friends.

"We have just come to visit you for some time you know," said Violet. "I and my sisters were all wondering how we should pass the day as we had no mission to perform just now, when we happened to think we had not been to you for over a week, so we took our own horses and rode over here from our own camps." "And we came so fast," added Jennie Vivian, "that our hair is all blown fuzzy for the horses we rode seemed to make a wind of their own. Usually it is in half a day's journey from general Hanson's camp to this plantation but I do it in half the time we were two hours or more on the way."

"You are most welcome," said Gertrude Angelina and led them into her magnificent tent. Violet took the arm of her hostess, but her sisters lagged behind making some of the girl scouts they knew best, talking with others, and making them all feel that they were their friends. When at last they joined their sister, and Gertrude Angelina in the big tent, they found the two talking earnestly about the condition of the people of the Calverinian countries, the progress the enemy was making, the progress of the war in general, and how to make as possible for the main generals to find means to bring the rebellion down to ruin as hastily as possible. This interested Violet and Gertrude however but it did not interest her sisters very much just now so the six little girls ran outside to have a more longer visit with the girl scouts, and no sooner had gone out when toward them came racing a swift messenger on horseback bearing a big slip of rolled up paper in his hands. This man or messenger was one of the greatest treasured servants of the Vivian girls, and the Vivian girls prized him more highly than any other of their messengers. That was the reason why even now he was galloping furiously over to the tent.

"I do not suppose there is any other messenger in Angelina's armies to compare with this one, for he is always out on long distant scouting tours, and constantly watching everything that occurs or occurs, and at exactly the moments it may happen. And he always makes reports that are always truthful, although sometimes he has no chance to give as long a detail as the Vivian girls could wish, but then during this war lots of things do happen, and as when even he discovers anything he has to be swift so as to warn them at the right time. This man came to the Vivian girls several times each day. I do not doubt that one of the most important things that the Vivian girls would have wished for if they could have got it, was

the last sound he heard was the beautiful whistling of bullets.

Glandelinian great Book of records which we have read of in the Os stories when we were young children. Glandelin who was the Os at governor's office said the book very much because on its pages are printed every day through some supernatural means records of every event of a single day in any part of the world, and exactly the moments it happens. And we know that the records are always truthful, and so it is no doubt whatever that if the Glandelin girls had been in possession of that great book they could have used its means to know everything the enemy was doing, and what other events of the war was going on and so be prepared. But though they had read the Os stories they knew such a book was out of the question, for even if they did believe in it they did not dare try any means to obtain the book. However they trusted their best messenger and when he came up he handed them a roll of paper, and after saluting went off while Glandelin received the paper unrolled it and looked over the printed letters on the scraps.

"This is strange," she exclaimed. "Did you know Jennie that Manley's army is moving in a direction to swing on both sides and our uncle's army at the same time?"

"Yes," replied Jennie, coming to her side. "I know of that, and observed on the maps of my geography that there is a situation for our two generals that makes it impossible for Manley's plans to succeed so we do not need to be worried. He is actually running himself into a trap and does not know it. At whatever else he intends to do I do not know. No one yet has ever heard of any of the other plans of general Manley. His army is way up at the upper edge of the Glandelin Country of the state of Angola line, but general Manley has and has made the Glandelin impossible on one side by devastating whole forests, and has made preparations to advance against Manley's rear and drive him upon general Manley's stronger army, and crush the rebels. That however is the only plan of our own generals which we know very little."

Gertrude Angeline and Violet then came out and looked at the slip of paper.

"I guess no one else knows about this either, unless the Manleys themselves," remarked Violet. "At the bringing of that paper in such haste looks mighty suspicious and the paper says 'Manley is advancing big forces of Glandelinians and Zimmanianians, against general Manley's army from two directions, while he is moving the rest of his army under Federal and Glandelinian against Manley, and there is likely to be two fierce battles simultaneously, and much trouble and disasters as the result and that looks suspicious.'"

"Is that all the paper reads?" asked Gertrude Angeline.

"Every word," said Violet. "And all of the little girls, looked at the strange report the scout had brought and seemed surprised and very perplexed and also worried."

"Tell me Gertrude dear," said Violet. "What are Manley's real intentions? These records here seem a hidden something which our scout discovered which are terribly suspicious?"

"I cannot Violet dear," confessed Gertrude. "Until now I never even heard of the strange movements, nor have I ever heard of the near presence of the two armies of general Manley mentioned. In a or to all of us approaches to the enemy interested parts of Glandelin are hidden many Glandelinian guards, wait here, and scouting parties which are naturally unknown to all of us. However if you so desire, I can learn through seventeen of my girl scouts here, something of the intentions of Manley within three days."

"I wish you could accomplish this soon," answered Violet seriously.

"You see Gertrude if Manley succeeds in these intentions he will be able to sweep the two Christian armies before him like chaff before a gale, and we cannot allow any such troubles to arise now if I can possibly help it. We wish to see Glandelin captured so we have a way open for the advance on Glandelin key and cause her capture."

"Very well," Violet dear," said Gertrude. "I will try to get quicker information to guide you and your sisters. Please excuse me and my girl scouts for several hours, while we go to one of our secret telegraph stations."

"May I go with you?" asked Penrod who was there also.

"No my dear boy," was the reply. "Neither could the Glandelin girls just now, as it would spoil my efforts to have anyone present but myself and one of my scouts."

some being given to each of us. I'm glad I or even my sisters do not know everything, Penrod, and that there still are things in both nature and wit and enormous for the losses of both sides!"

Penrod could not quite understand this, so he said nothing more on the subject, and presently had a new reason to survive. When they had quite finished their meals Violet and her sisters told him a lot of their experiences so far in the war. For over an hour they told stories and talked with Penrod about various Christian generals and Glandelinian generals in whom they were interested about. And then they decided it was bedtime, and as Penrod decided to remain up and be on guard they all undressed, and except into the soft beds, and fell asleep almost as soon as their heads touched the pillows.

The strange mountain that appeared to be a volcano looked much nearer in the rising morning sun, but Violet and her sisters and Penrod, knew there was a long tramp before them, even yet, and even now they had to be careful. They finished dressing only to find a strangely formed but very delicious breakfast awaiting them, and having eaten they left the tent, and started off in the direction of the strange mountain, which they selected as their first goal. After going a little way Violet herself looked back and saw the tent still standing there but that a party of horsemen had arrived at it and were looking in the direction of her and her sisters. She was not surprised, for she knew an aid felt his would happen. Avoid pursuit by those Glandelinians. "Enquired Violet. "Couldn't we do something to you sisters looked back surprised and then Violet said: "O dear I'm sorry that such good luck is beyond our power. But there are some trees beyond which we can shelter ourselves behind and if they come at us we have them exposed."

"Perhaps they will change their minds and not pursue," said Jennie thoughtfully.

"Those Glandelinians," said Violet. "Are the fierce Gargoyles for I can tell by their garb. They have the swiftest horses known to man but even then the Gargoyles have also very swift horses and even can conjure up other modes of travel. Don't forget what I told you girls once about the Glandelinians called the Gargoyles, that no one is powerful enough to resist them successfully unless they keep cool and collected." collected."

"Well I suppose we ought to know that," Violet had some experiences with the Ku Klux Klan of the rebels," replied Angeline. "But I can't figure out why they left a tent abandoned in the middle of a plain unless it was some way belonged to us, and yet I cannot figure out why they don't pursue. They are not coming at all."

"Don't try to coax them," laughed Violet. "But we have at least one good art better than they have, and we know the trick of not only how to win hearts but how to defend our lives if need be at the same time. There are only five Gargoyles in that party and I think they know seven to five is an unfair advantage and so they don't attack when there is an extra one with us to boot."

"O I think that they knowing we are the Glandelin girls don't dare attack us," said Catherine earnestly. "If we really can do it, then we don't know how we do it."

"It took them a good three hours for walking on foot to reach the very foot of the very woods itself and yet the mountain seemed miles and miles and yet miles away, and then they found the woods so wide and extensive and so thick that the trees were in perfect perfect walls. However a number of good wide roads ran through the forest forest forest."

"Even my heart tell me it is not safe to attempt to go into those woods," remarked Daisy. "Glandelin, gazing upwards, and then at the woods."

"But there must be one way for us to get through," declared Violet. "Otherwise we could not make our way to Glandelin's army, or even get out of the danger zone we are in."

"You know we must warn the generals of the enemy's intention."

the last sound he heard was the whistling of bullets. The girls therefore went in a single file, and Jolan explained that they were now through or part way through the woods and could get around and probably past the mountain without being seen by enemies and fired on however they met no further obstructions.

"That is positively so, Violet. Let's walk around by the edge of the woods a little way, perhaps we will find a way through it or something without encountering hidden enemies." They walked quite a distance, for it was a big woods, and as they continued onward, and came to a point where there grew a line of pine trees, they suddenly discovered an enormous pathway going through the woods and terminating into a wide broad road. The trees at the beginning of the pathway were arched overhead and were not very thick, because it merely led through to a bigger road beyond.

"Oh we have found a way to get through the woods at last," announced Violet, and the seven girls, and Penrod turned and walked straight toward the pathway. Suddenly right before them they saw a cloud of smoke, heard a deafening crash and the copse of a sent them flying on the ground, Violet jumping her knee against a tree when they arose to their feet they did not dare to proceed any further.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Violet, rubbing her knee, which had struck the stump very hard, although she could not see how she did it; "this is not an easy at it looks. But has exploded girls. Was it a shell of some sort?" Jolan was looking around, with her eye glasses pressed against her eyes.

"See dear, it's a hidden masked battery that fired the shot," she replied. "The glandelinians who ever they are have a hide hidden position probably all the way through the woods, and also on that mountain there, and to prevent enemies from surprising them or finding out their place of concealment they have placed I believe at every roadside masked and concealed batteries, for I see one with my glasses which is protected by a low wall of solid stone being held in place by cement, and then the wall and guns are covered with foliage and growth of every kind so to us it would not be visible. It was from there the smoke and detonation came from. It was lucky the grapeshot missed us."

"I wonder why they did that when they know we are children," asked Penrod. "A concealed battery could not keep out a charging party of christian anyhow, whether it could be seen or not, so there is surely no use for them to make it hidden. Seems to me it would have been better to have left it visible, for then no one would have seen it anyway at the place it is in position. And anyhow we can see it as we did. And probably any one that tries to go through the woods at day time or up the sides of the mountain, gets a shot fired at us as we already did."

Violet or her sisters made no reply at once. Their faces were grave and thoughtful.

"I think I know the reason for making the concealed battery," she said after a while. "The glandelinians here are in the rear of their main positions, and they use the concealed batteries to prevent a surprise attack on their rear. If they did not be as shrewd as this and a big wall of christian soldiers were approaching the woods nothing could prevent them from swarming across the plain, and the glandelinians would be driven out of the woods in a most disgraceful defeat. So they had to make a number of concealed batteries to prevent surprise, and if the batteries are hidden or were not hidden I mean all christian soldiers moving for the woods, would see them, and be on their guard, and would find other places to get around the enemy right or left, and then the position of the enemy would be uselessly held. So the glandelinians cunningly made the concealed battery at every road of approach into the woods, and probably elsewhere, believing that the everyone who saw the woods and the entrance to the woods would walk straight toward it, without suspicions as we did, and yet find it impossible to go any further. I suppose the concealed batteries are really more stronger than they appear to be, and so no attacking force could break through the woods at this point, and so it seems as if we ourselves will be obliged to go away again or receive a volley that may be fatal to us."

"Well," said Angelina, "if there is a way around the woods where is it?" "We must find it," returned Violet, and she began investigating their way about and along the steep base of the woods. Penrod followed and began to get discouraged when one of the seven girls, Hettie, had walked nearly a quarter of a mile away from the direction of the concealed battery.

But now the woods slightly curved in toward the plain, and suddenly ended by a very wide stream, and here by the stream was another pathway, pathway pathway through the woods to allow a single person to pass through at one time. The girls therefore went in a single file, and Jolan explained that they were now through or part way through the woods and could get around and probably past the mountain without being seen by enemies and fired on however they met no further obstructions.

"Most people," Violet would not have figured this thing out, "the way we did," remarked Penrod. "If I had ten alone the woods and its concealed battery, the better interior of the woods now they began to go forward down a roadway of larger width. Violet, her sisters followed in the road, and then went up a slight rising way, and then downward, following a passage way.

The road was just wide enough for the girls to walk in the, abreast and in continued onward for nearly ten paces, only to find the road made a sharp curve to the left, then again the roadway or passage turned abruptly, it is time to the way through the forest was quite dark, for they were in the heart of the woods, and all the sunlight had been shut out by the peculiar turns of the roads, however once in a while the embankment broke through giving out a lustreous light which lighted the roadway enough for them to see their way plainly. They walked on for another long distance, and then they came to other turns of the road, what was the program and violet and her sisters figured that they were not getting very far.

"These glandelinians must have made this road way and certainly must be funny people," said Penrod to violet. "They did not seem to do anything in a bold straightforward manner. In making this passageway with planks they may have forced any one to walk many miles elsewhere further than necessary. And of course this trip could be just a distraction to the rebels as it is to us." "That is true," answered violet. "Yet it must have been a very clever arrangement to prevent their being surprised by intruders while they have their secret base camp here. And every time we make a turn the presence of our being here is being being the more perilous."

"How do you know that?" demanded Penrod, astonished indeed. "I have heard queer sounds ever since we started," violet told him. "You could not hear it, I know but nevertheless or my sisters can hear sounds a great distance off."

"Do you hear anything else that seems to come from the distant hills?" inquired Jemima.

"Yes," the glandelinians are firing shells into our part of the woods, and I believe many glandelinians are following on our trail and we will have to watch out that we do not be surprised."

This made the other girls and Penrod feel somewhat anxious.

"I thought we were going to go through just a common woods," remarked Hettie. "I put the glandelinians are pretty clever it seems, and they know some kind of shrewdness too. These glandelinians may be dangerous girls. Perhaps we had better stayed at home in Constantinian Armaburgs army."

Finally the pathway or road seemed to be coming to an end. They only took about ten steps forward when they all stopped behind trees just in time for coming toward them a such a fierce throng of glandelinians that for a time the little girls and the boy halted speechless, and started into the faces of the rebels that confronted them. Violet and her sisters knew at once why these kind of glandelinians were called Amerindian Amerindians. They were fiercer looking than the usual kind of glandelinians, fiercer and warlike as savages. Their eyes were perhaps their best feature, being large and brilliant, and in regular color. They wore the usual uniforms of the guerillas. However aside from their fierce war like expression these glandelinians the majority of them were not really bad looking. The men were armed with long guns and rifles and had pistols stuck in their belts. They wore hats like little girls but were colored in stripes and checks of various various sorts so that their hats were quite good gorgeous.

It was lucky however the little girls and Penrod stepped behind the trees when they did and so were not discovered.

the last sound he heard was the booming of the cannon, the whistling of bullets, and the shouting of the soldiers.

SEE PAGE SIXTY EIGHT.

It was not long after however when some of the other Glandelinians coming up from there discovered the little girls behind the trees and at once pounced upon them and dragged them into the presence of the other rebel soldiers. When the Glandelinians saw that the strange intruders of their secret wood camp were only seven beautiful little girls and one handsome boy, the Glandelinians granted with evident satisfaction and some of them drew back, and bowed humbly to the little girls, and others did not touch them as was expected but permitted the little girls to see what the forest encampments looked like. The encampments were extensive as probably the woods were thick and the tents and huts were shaped like those seen in a circus, and also there were some buildings also, all made of wood or rocks, and there were some high redan and positions which could not be seen over the edge by any one standing in the edge of the plains, but now a big Glandelinian officer who was a Glandelinian came and stood before the little girls and in a gruff voice demanded: "What are you seven girls doing here with that boy? Have the dirty Federal soldiers or their generals sent you to spy upon us?"

"We are the Glandelinian girls, rulers in person of all the lands of Angelina and Abbeandina," was the answer.

"Well I have heard of you Glandelinian girls, so you may be what you claim," returned the Glandelinian. "Don't you know there is a big price offered for your capture dead or alive?"

"That is what we did hear, and this is a part of it also anyway," exclaimed Angelina defiantly. "We did not know you Glandelinians were a near here anyhow, and I guess we have as much right to go through these woods as well as any other people."

The officer laughed, and all the other Glandelinians who stood around laughed too. Some in the crowd called:

"He or her sisters better not tell our supreme general that. He'll find out!"

"No indeed," they all answered in positive tones.

"Who is your supreme general?" asked Violet.

"I think for one thing I'll let his tell you girl that himself," answered the Glandelinian officer who had first spoken. "You have broken our woods laws by coming here, and who ever you are, the supreme general will have to fix your punishment. You are lucky you have nothing with you but your weapons. Come along with me."

He started down a small pathway and Violet and her sisters and Penrod followed him, without protest for they wanted to see the general of this encampment and find out who he was. The tents of the encampment they passed seemed very pleasant enough. Walls of breastworks separated one camp from the other, and all the paths in the encampment were paved with smooth slabs of rocks. This seemed to be the only building material for the Glandelinians and they seemed to utilize it cleverly for every purpose of defense. Directly for a mile off in the center of one of the big camp camps stood a much larger tent, which the rebel officer who led them informed the girls was the headquarters tent of the general. He led them through an archway of the woods, and then into the first room of the big tent where the little girls and the boy sat upon two wooden benches, and awaited the coming of the supreme general. Pretty soon he entered from another room of the tent—a rather fat and old looking general, dressed much like the Glandelinians themselves but only distinguished from them by the sly and cunning expression on his face. He seemed to always have the habit of squinting one of his eyes, (the left) and looked at the Glandelinian girls with one eye open as they rose to receive him.

"Are you the supreme general of the these army of soldiers?" inquired Violet.

"Yes indeed that is me," he said, rubbing his hands slowly together and looking at her with one eye. "My word in supposed to be law and is." "I'm the head general of this army."

"Well we are the Glandelinian girls, and we had gone through the woods to get to our own friends who are—"

"Stop a minute," interrupted the general, and turned to the officer who had brought the little girls to his tent. "Go away Colonel Pelliss. He commanded. Return to the outskirts of the camp and have the sentries at every place to guard all approaches to our lines. I will look after these strangers."

The officer bowed and departed, and to prevent suspicion Violet asked wonderingly:

"Is he a colonel?"

"Of course he is," was the answer. "We got to have many officers to command regiments and companies, and brigades and divisions and something or other. I have over 10,000 officers of all ranks. That is what keeps our army contented. But I'm the supreme general of all. This is a part of general term of a Glandelinian army, you know."

"What is your name?" asked Penrod.

"I'm called general Corwin," he said. "I sent that colonel gladder away because the moment you mentioned, 'The Glandelinian girls' I know who you are. I suppose I'm the only Glandelinian of this whole army that has ever heard of you or your work, but that is because I have more secrets than the others have. You know you are prisoners for good now."

Violet and her sisters were staring hard at the old Glandelinian general. Violet remarked: "Because I'm sure if we wanted to you, or your whole army, or all the lost souls could not keep us prisoners here."

"I don't blame you for thinking that," he said coolly. "I know your natures well and you could kill me right here if you wanted to. Once general Federal had lost some of the most important papers and plans, because as you say you can spy on us poor fools and get away with everything. I have also heard that long ago, a band of girls as pretty looking as fairies rode fairly through all of Manley's lines in one day and night, and made such a scene of confusion and havoc as left a raiding party, and when the Glandelinians under Manley came after them they made the general realize that it was to send upsurvers after them. Using that time those bands of girls were sorry for some wounded Glandelinian officers they saw lying on the ground on their way of retreat from Manley's camp. So as they had been lying out there, what should those girls do but by extra efforts bring the wounded officers to a place of safety, and gave each of the three wounded officers as much care as possible, and that made the three officers very grateful despite the fact that they were enemies of Angelina. Well I can prove that I myself was one of the wounded officers at the time. See?" he continued. "Here is one of the hair ribbons, those human fairies lost and which I found." He took from his pocket a bright violet colored ribbon still tied into a beautiful bow on which it was gravely engraved:

"A PRESENT TO VIOLET ANGELINA VIVIAN, FROM HER FATHER.  
ROBERT VIVIAN."

"What that is my own ribbon I lost six months ago. Where did you get it?" asked Violet.

"Why I found it beside the bed in the floor in that house that little girls took us to. All of those girls however were alike. Here is another ribbon." From another pocket he produced a second ribbon of red color. It was Catherine's.

"In those fairies give th you those ribbons that belonged to us?" inquired Violet.

"No but two of those girls dropped those ribbons from their hair as they all helped us into that hut, and tried hard to get us onto a bed. One of my supreme generals scolded me severely for holding onto those ribbons, so I hid them where he would never know of their presence. Then I made a law that if any one of my Glandelinians would find a trace of the girls who owned those ribbons to bring them in to me, and they would receive a reward, and if they failed to do so they would forfeit their own commissions as soldiers or officers. So every one of my Glandelinians especially those of the cavalry have been constantly on the look out for these girls and now I and my colonel are the only ones in this encampment who have at last found those little girls and their companions. I have your seven fairies back with me at last, and that makes me very glad—so glad that I'm going to reward you handsomely even though I be a wicked Glandelinian, if I do say so myself. I have four ribbons in my possession however and I thought many times the worse and most-wickedest of your enemies would have transformed you back into dust long ago. And now you are my prisoners."

the last sound he heard was the wild shouting of William as he leapt from the battlements.

"Good gracious these are our ribbons," said Violet. "And are we really your prisoners?"  
"You are. But I have declared my own will on my own doing and no glandelinian soldier is going to have you in their power. You have done so much however in your spying work, that if you had not done that service to me and my two companions when we were lying wounded and helpless on the ground we would have had revenge and hunted you girls down. I had intended even to have your own parents assassinated, and and to ruin all your happiness, and cause your capture and make you my slaves, but your deed to us made me change my mind."

The general looked very angry now, his eyes flashed, and his face took on a wicked and very fierce expression, but Violet said to him, in a very sweet and friendly voice.

"I'm sorry to hear this. Of course it is our duty to do the work of spying as it is the duty of your men to spy on us, and that is the reason both sides have so much trouble about spies and scouts, but ain't it all fair in war. At what can we do about it? We never spied on you did we?"

He was only a little girl, but there was dignity in her pose and speech, which impressed the terrible glandelinian general.

"If you are really the German girl Princeesses of Abbeismun, the general said in a softer tone. "You are one of that band who under that spy girl or with that spy girl Angeline Turbine riches, made us three generals comfortable when we were so helpless and lying on that lonely road. I have heard that Angeline Turbine chose left her sister all night with you girls to care for me and my comrades, and did all that while Manley was looking everywhere for you."

"If you knew we did this to you, why do you wish to hold us prisoners then, when we being your rightful rulers you should tender me and my sisters, your loyalty and obedience?" asked Jessie, bravely.

"Well I only learned the fact just now that you are the girls, and I have been too surprised to think of what to do right away," he explained looking at her steadily. "he knew he was telling the truth and said: "But why do you wish to hold us prisoners when we were not spying on your camp, but tried to get through the woods to the other side?"

"It is for this reason," began the general. "We glandelinians have to do our duty, and as we have no evidence against you, and as most of us feel sorry to have made you prisoners, we would nevertheless have to hold you for an exchange of christian officers held by the Angelinians. What is fair enough and like using hate to catch fish. His may make the Angelinians angry, but they do know that you rightly belong to them, and as you are the Princesses of Angelina they would be right glad to give us back some of our officers to replace you again. But as long as you are here you may remain under our protection. It seems very unkind and unfriendly to do this for the favor you have done us, as you may admit, but you know we have to pay as much attention to our duty as you do yours, or other spies we ourselves would suffer the consequences. The rebel leaders knowing you are now within our lines have set guards at every our outlet of the woods, and if I was to be precious enough to let you free, the men would not agree to it, and report me to Manley. They have made all preparations now to prevent your escaping. Now my assistant general Germania is also in this camp, and is a wonderfully wise and general being your own brother. He has vowed to destroy you little girls as soon as he can lay hands on you, unless general Robert gives him father gives in and allows the de glandelinia to win the entire war. Of course you know your father, and uncle and many other Federal generals, and also is preparing a kind of poison to destroy a whole christian army in effort to get you. It is a clever idea, quite worthy of a man like him, for he even intended to dump the potent poison in all the water ways the christian armies may use for their drinking purposes as to poison them and you. But through the cleverness of one girl friends of your Gertrude Angeline his intention was frustrated. He happened to have heard of his dastardly plot and hid in his headquarters, and taking him unaware, shot and seriously wounded him and secured all his poison having frustrated him in this way even took away all his recipe and showed it to general Robert Vivian, so that Germania is watched now like a hawk watches for a little chicken. I'll keep you hidden from his eyes."

THE DARK NIGHT.

When said Jennie, Vivian thoughtfully. "Our wicked brother must be hopeless of repentance."

"Yes," said Germania, "he is. We are very wicked ourselves as you know, but we have more chance than he has of escaping perdition, but he does not know much about the Manleys or the others, nor half as powerful as I am now, as any of the christian armies will discover when we fight again our great battle with each other."

"But I do not believe Gertrude Angeline ever entered Germania's lines any more did she?" observed Angeline, Vivian.

"No, even had she done so afterwards the glandelinians would have easily captured her and made short work of her in a hurry. But she is clever and shrewd."

"It seems a sad story no matter which way it goes," as Violet commented. "And all the trouble arose mostly because we have a wayward brother."

"For that," said the general, again angry, "I made a law that any people who could find you girls should bring you in my presence when ever they had you. As you see you have been found at last, and I hope you girls don't think you would defy me as you did the other glandelinian generals."

"You can only make laws to govern your own soldiers and not us," asserted Violet sternly. "I and my sisters alone are empowered to make escapades of any kind when ever we want to."

"Pooh!" cried the general scornfully. "You can't make me believe such things, I assure you. I know the extent of your powers little girls and I know that I or my glandelinians are more powerful than you are. To prove it I shall keep you and your boy companion prisoners in this camp, until after we have been able to exchange you for our own officers who are prisoners in General Vivian's lines. Then if you promise to be good, and you happen to be taken by my men again I'll promise you I'll send you home without detaining you."

Violet and her sisters were amazed by this affront and defiance of the man whom all now except the glandelinians had obeyed and loved with out question. But Violet still unruffled and dignified, looked at the glandelinian general and said:

"You surely do not mean that after all we did for you when you were wounded, you are so angry over the troubles we made for Manley and his wicked generals, and speak unreasonably without reflection. I and my sisters came here with this boy friend of ours in an effort to find our way to our own father's army, for what reason we cannot say I'll not say as it is a secret between I and my sisters. I do not approve of your actions after what we did for you at that time, nor do I approve of general Germania's cruel attempt to poison us and the whole christian army we were with at that time. No one has the right anyhow to hold little children as accessories of war without their consent, so you and any other rebel generals have broken both our and God's laws in the meanest ways-- which must be obeyed."

"If you want to make peace and gain your freedom," said the general. "Make those three dangerous girl spies stop their work of depredations, and give me back what they had taken from me. Also make them agree to leave me and my men alone hereafter."

"Go!" returned Violet. "I or my sisters will not and cannot do that, for it would be unjust to our cause. I will have an interview with Gertrude Angeline with over her trouble with Germania, Vivian, and give her a talking too about her ruthlessly shooting him in cold blood as you say she did, but the other two girls must be left alone as they are doing their duty. Whether may you detain us as prisoners for exchange for we do not belong to you and never will. This arrangement is just and honorable, and you must agree to it and let us go, or we'll go ourselves."

"Never on earth!" cried the general furiously. Just then an officer came into his tent. He was tall and haughty but has been seeming to have one eye.

"There said the general with an angry look at her. "Here on the evil work of your christian dog soldiers and say if you can ever prevent us from winning our own cause come what may. What one eyed man was once the best of my orderlies but he is going home soon because he cannot serve any longer."

Now look at him."  
"Right the christian dogs, fight the christian dogs, fight the christian dogs to a finish finish." Growled the man.  
"I will fight the Angelinians." Exclaimed the glandelinian chief. "And if a dozen ivians and concentinians Aronburge want against me with all their arms, I will fight and defeat them just the same."  
"Not if god can prevent it," asserted Violet.  
"Who can prevent it not even god, but since you threaten me, I'll have you as I said before confined in my internment camp as prisoners for exchange until I get you can get back my friends who are prisoners in your camp." Said the general. He whistled and six glandelinians armed with long rifles with bayonets attached entered the tent and saluted him. Turning to the man he said:  
"Take these seven girls, and the boy, and place them under guard in the internment camp. They are to be held as an exchanging batch of prisoners."  
The six soldiers bowed low and one of them asked:  
"Where are the seven girls and one boy, your Excellency?"  
The general turned to where the ivian girls, and the boy had stood, but they had vanished.

Violet and her sisters seeing it was useless to argue with the fierce glandelinian general, had been considering how best to escape from his wicked power for they realized he was ungrateful for despite all they had done for him when he had been wounded in the battle of the Red Cal. Gailan gun. Violet and her sisters realized also that his glandelinians might be difficult to overcome, by any great christian army, and when he threatened to have them and Penrod placed into an internment camp (from which there would never be any escape) they slipped their right hand on their pistols which the glandelinians fortunately had forgotten to take away from them, and grasped them firmly. Violet with her other hand, grasped the hand of Penrod, but these motions were so natural that the vic had glandelinian general did not notice them. When however he turned to meet his six soldiers, the seven girls and Penrod managed to slip, unseen around the soldier to the rear entrance of the big tent, and getting outside of it, swiftly went around it, and by dodging between tents, and from tree to tree as carefully as possible got around the main group of tents and almost out of the camp before their escape was discovered. As they reached the outskirts of the woods, Violet whispered to her sisters:  
"Let us run as fast as we can dear. We are good shots, so no one will be able to overtake us."  
Her sisters and Penrod understood and they all were good runners. Violet and her sisters had observed a good and secret path that led to the rear of the woods, so no they made directly for it. One of the glandelinians were in the path, but the little girls quickly stepped behind trees, trees and then by going slowly and carefully from one tree to another and watching all directions at the same time managed to dodge the glandelinians. One or two of the glandelinians who had good hearing managed to hear the pattering of children's footsteps in the direction the little girls had gone and stopped with bewildered looks to gaze around them, but seeing no one the glandelinians did not pursue or interfere.

The glandelinian general had however lost no time in sending a large number of men after the escaping fugitives. He did not go himself but sent the colonel with about thirty men. He and his thirty men ran so fast in the direction they had gone that they might have easily have overtaken the little girls before they reached the main shelter of the trees, had not the little girls suddenly opened fire and dropped six of them without a miss. The survivors unable to stop tripped and sprawled over the fallen men, some falling flat, some doing acrobatic stunts and others staggering in an effort to keep their feet, the others tumbling in a heap. Before they could scramble up and continue the pursuit, it was too late to stop times a score of shots in a quick succession, and came to the aid of the fallen comrades, but the trees intervened and the fugitives were not hit. Here were guards on each side of the pathway to which the little girls had now taken, but of course they did not see the approaching fugitives quick enough to stop them as they sped past and went into the deeper recesses of the woods. They also fired several shots but missed on account of the trees.

The general after his speech went out of the tent within ten minutes he reappeared, and to their astonishment about one at least the boy ran it was general John Penrod himself, for his head was covered with blood and his hair. The boy all the time had thought himself was dead. So he had passed through a terrible trial, not her was he as tall or as broad or Federal. In fact he was of a dark brown and short, and his eyes however were really like a black.

"Where is general Federal, or is this your natural form general Federal?" asked the boy.  
"Yes this is my natural form but general Federal is not killed to save the world but before," he replied. But I believe you (it because it is not necessary, but just now Federal is far away from his own headquarters. I make a good representation of Federal. It is I, I am dead.  
"Believe you?" said the boy breathing easier. "I see now why so many christians believe you are dead." Dared he tell the like, he wanted the boy.  
"It is an account of your own doing. He cleverly impersonated another person as evidence," he explained smiling. "I do not care to look like general Federal himself, and I therefore thought I would get rid of the disguise."  
"It is a beautiful trick you played on me and the little girls," sorted the boy, and then remembering the little girls present he added "But of course I thought the little girls were too young to be tricked like that. They don't look like little girls who are so easily fooled."  
"He smiles that the one later changed between the girls and the general filled the boy with embarrassment as he fell silent and attempted to collect his wits, leaving the others to do the talking. A little girl finally told the boy, who was really very kind, how they just did this to give him a trial as to his cleverness and a memory and how they planned secretly to find some boy and pretend him to be it or not, they admitted to him in just to as if the boy had enough spirit to do it or not, they admitted that they feared he would show the yellow streak, that then in case he had been a coward and they needed his help he may have fled at the first sign of real danger.

"You were quite right, most boys would," returned the boy. "I make it my rule to never perform any acts of a cowardice no matter what comes or what I have gone through for if I did I would always be disgraced. As your trick succeeded you know what kind of a boy I am."  
"However now that you are aware of the fact I do not regret my action," said violet. "We are still within the glandelinian encampment and not near Federal at all for we could not get out, but now you must promise me and my sisters that after you go back to your own camp which is not far from here that you will come to us when we call. I put to not tell any one what we have done for you."  
The boy thanked the ivian girls for their clever act and promised to remember their wish, that he should come as soon as called for and so with a good bye to the general and then, he took his departure, but with much regret as the children to go away from such beautiful girls but he had duties of his own to perform.

Gertrude Angelina and her two girl companions, having decided to try their skill upon the stranded boat asked the three boys to go and tell the glandelinian general and soldiers where to look for them and to have them get their own course from the shore of the river. They kept with them only little "Wild" Maxwell who was their new child pupil and knew how to adapt them in their efforts. When the four girls were alone, while the stranded boat, Gertrude said to Jennie, Mary:  
"I will try to make the boat go by rowing a oar in that long piece of wood and make some saw you for best results. I'll row!"  
"I'll be your oar," said Mary. "I'll carry an extra one hidden with me."

the last sound he heard was the whistling of the boat as it sped away over the water.

She showed to Gertrude her two best pistols and Gertrude nodded with witherful satisfaction. Gertrude had also brought her own boat gun. Jennie had now brought a large piece of wood which he intended to use as a paddle.

"This ought to do this the business all right," she said on confidently.

"Let's make a trial and see," replied Gertrude.

So the three girls entered the boat and at two of them seated themselves while Jennie tried the stick as a paddle. Twice the boat backed off the sandy beach, and on guiding it right Jennie made the boat turn its prow and then moved swiftly over the water.

"Very good, very good indeed," cried Angelina, "when the boat slowed up for a few minutes on or near the shore opposite from that whence they had departed. However Gertrude soon said:

"This paddle a little faster and have the boat carry us back to the opposite side of the shore, the shore from which we just emerged when you started to paddle. I see glandelinians approaching on this side. They must have seen us."

Jennie obeyed. As the boat shot through the water the girls were able to see on the side they were leaving the distant tree tops away from side to side mysteriously and the tree tops that joined their branches together over the main branches appeared to be full of men. The atmosphere that day was perfectly clear and the little girls could see the Angelinians on their own side of the shore. Moving through the water with much more slower than before the boat gradually approached the other side from which it had left before, and halted where the Christian soldiers were grouped. From the fact of the men in the tree tops it was evident that the three girls and the boat had been spotted by rebels and it was also a mystery why the glandelinian soldiers had not opened fire. It was also evident to the four girls that it would be impossible to even so scout up and down the river unless the region was cleared of glandelinian soldiers. How far extended was the stream into the enemy's lines? Neither of them knew.

"I'm afraid," said Angelina, "I wish regretfully that we can't dare scout down the river after all. We might be shot at from ambush and be killed in cold blood. The only way we could do it is at night, and neither can the Calverinian army be saved unless our generals can discover a way to find to surround or drive out the rebel army."

"There is only one way into the main recesses of these woods known to Federal," replied Gertrude. "General Hanson may be sooner or later able to discover what it is, but that will require time. Let us go back to our companions."

"But it seems a shame after we have been able to control the boat to be balked just by a swarm of glandelinians among the tree tops," grumbled Angelina, "I see. As Jennie continued to paddle the boat sped on until it was very close to the shore of safety. Many strange faces could still be seen from the tree tops in the distance across the stream, eagerly watching the boatload of children, and in one place several soldiers were aiming their rifles, for no doubt they quickly recognized the girls as spies. Gertrude saw them aiming at her and her friends and seeing it was the only way to prevent themselves from being shot, quickly dived from the boat into the river. At this the glandelinians shouted and yelled and those who fired shots missed and did only strike the sides of the boat.

The voices of the glandelinians however could not be made out distinctly on account of the distance. Some of the Angelinian soldiers came to the rescue of the girls and Gertrude and her companions understood from this that the Angelinians had seen the commotion and had appeared. The four girls smiling despite their excitement reached the banks while the Angelinians were covering them with shots at the enemy hidden in the tree tops and knowing they were in safety now the little girls felt they could take a little time they waited in order to effect their final plans.

Nothing more could be done just then, and on the glandelinians were firing at once ran to them, to ask if they had been hit or injured, and how many glandelinians had they seen on the opposite shore. The little girls all dripping wet told the soldiers and the generals also who now appeared of the obstacle they had met in the way of glandelinians firing on them from ambush, and how they would have to undertake another way to conquer the rebels.

Realizing it would require several days to succeed in scouting on the enemy as successfully as possible and liberating the civilian girls and the Calverinian army general Hanson sent a messenger to the main army to move immediately to the attack, and prepared a camp half way between the river shore, and the trees where the swipers had been seen. A number of the soldiers or mostly all of them had carried camp provisions and tents with them and all the tents when erected occupied had the banner belonging to the centerpoles, and one big tent, not now Gertrude Angelina and her girl friends had a tent to themselves. The generals were carefully hidden and guarded by twenty fully armed men. General Hanson, while the boy scouts had one of their own. Whenever it was real time, they ate a while standing up or sitting on the ground and as much complete arrangements as a possible made the scouting party just as a comfortable as they would have been in the first camp tents at the main camp. Far into the first night general Hanson and his brother and some of the other generals, sat in the tent studying a roll of scrolls and maps, and geographies in search of a way and a around about way into the open. He and they also made some experiments hoping to discover something that would enable a large attacking party to get Federal out into the open. Yet the morning found the powerful general still unsuccessful and although scouts came and told them the main army were close by awaiting further orders, if his generals could have been able to force any strong enemy out of an ordinary position no matter how it was guarded, but you must realize that Federal army was really ambush the largest army that may attack it through the main sections of the woods and that if an attack could have been made it would have no effect. The strong hidden positions that guarded Federal's main besieging army had probably been secured by Federal, for he was in possession of all hills, ravines, and everywhere else. The only way then it seemed to get Federal out, was to take possession of all high hills on one side of the woods, and place big batteries of cannon and shell the woods. If this could be done then no attack would be required to force Federal out into the open and free the Calverinian army. The next day the general and a greater number of men again went out on a long scouting tour, and they tried in various ways to find out Federal's positions, but had encounters with glandelinian dragoons nearly fifty times that day and lost over a thousand men and general Hanson himself was slightly wounded. After the last fierce attack had been made and repulsed by the Angelinian scouting party general Hanson said:

"We shall have to abandon this attempt I think. The easiest way to get Federal out of the woods is to take possession of the hills above it and to gain possession of other points and then place strong batteries and shell the rebels. It naturally occurred to me that the easiest way also to gain the rear of Federal's army is by sending half of my own army into the north end of the woods from which we received the attacks of various glandelinian scouting parties. But also there must also be also other ways to get at Federal's army and out him in two and such ways we must find by map study, and the proper kind of scouting parties. To-morrow I'll take out a greater number of men yet and resume the scouting."

"It won't be any easy," declared general Anderson, "for we must not forget, that general Darger understands considerable scouting work, and has doubtless tried to discover some way to find out how to enable the Calverinian army to escape and has failed."

"That is true," said general Hanson, "but general Darger is a clever scout, and also a great spy, while you also are a good scout and my other generals too. In this way all of us have a great deal of scouting experience to work with, and if we all should fail in our work it will be because general Federal has too many scouting parties out to none with and rebels' troops of those power and the none of us are acquainted with. We then therefore take week-by-week power as we guard so possession to accomplish our object in another way no matter how dangerous it may be."

"I can my dear friends, and will right gladly." Answered Gertrude. "Follow me please. Jennie, my nurse and your other friends are here also."

Gertrude gertrude indeed was puzzled indeed as to how the vivian girl got not wish to be questioned just now, and she made no remarks as she led the way to general Hanson's tent. With a courtly bow Gertrude ushered the vivian girls into His Excellency General Hanson's Avian.

General Hanson looked up from the work he was doing as his beautiful little wife entered, and something in their sudden appearance and manner led the General to rise and bow to them in his most dignified manner. "Islet and her sisters stand before him and waited for him to speak first."

"How ever you escaped from the bested Calvinian army I would like to know," said the general looking at them in the greatest surprise.

"It is a long story to tell," answered violet.

Then Hanson said:

Then Hanson asked:

"Not exactly," replied Violet.

"Not exactly," replied Solet modestly, "but it does seem as if we could place our skill to something like that the way we escaped from the besieged Galerian camp and then from the Gladiolians who pursued us..."

"I suppose you are aware that our monstrous armies are trying to do something to save them."

"We were not aware of that," was Jennie's reply. "We have heard of the approach of General Wiestler's army, but we did not know your army has reached this region yet."

General Hanson studied the little girl thoughtfully and then he said to the boy:  
"The Galvarinian army is still imprisoned in the woods by Federal army for the whole  
of my generals are besieged by the whole of Federal and Galvarinian army. I and many  
Galvarinian army from capture or destruction. Can you little girls help me do this?"

"We do not know, for we have just had a trying time to escape, but we will try to assist you, Uncle Dear."

1141 "I'm scared," declared the general, "that General Federal derived most of his secret  
1142 power from knowing apian lies was working for him. If I could only acquire any of  
1143 those apian -- their might know what General Federal is planning to do, or give us  
1144 information as to the nature of his campaign, I was about to plan another daring  
1145 scouting expedition when you little girls arrived. I was about to plan another daring  
1146 trip and find the rebel scouting parties and capture one of them and get them to tell  
1147 what they know."  
1148 "It might not be necessary," said one of the generals. "At least such a  
1149 trip would be impossible."

possible. Violet and her sisters exchanged smiles now and then. "Air there isn't much a thing as can't," Violet said to the general.

"We are daring enough to do anything." "Admitted violet" even to commit suicide. It is not a sin."

"But who saved you little girls and how did you escape from the Galveston army and the glandelinians who looted the 1911?"

"I am sure certain young Jewish it is a long and interesting story on parchment to tell any one not even our own father," answered Jennie, "but this young boy accompanied us with General and was largely responsible for our safe release, and so General John Evans for him and the boys were brave and clever and we owe them our best gratitude."

General Hanson looked at the boy scout brigade who stood modestly behind the civilian girls, hat in hand.

"General Hanson declared, "For his helping you little folks he has helped us all and perhaps saved his Calverinian friends from being imprisoned so long as to be compelled to surrender to that wicked General Federal and his bandit army!"

The general now asked the sixteen girls who were bridesmaids to seat themselves, and very long talk followed, in which Penrod and the other boy shared.

"We are quite confident," said Angelina Ivanova, "that if we could get a secret force inside the woods at a hidden spot we could discover general Fedorov's weakest positions, for in all his work after we were imprisoned he used all his available batteries, and got strong positions which are hidden and form antiaircraft or any coming, but at attack him. He may have added other positions since he began the siege of the Galvintin Army, but the first were the foundations of all his military works."\*\*\*\*\*

"What means do you little girls suggest for our getting into the strangest recesses of the woods and discover Federal's weakest positions?" Inquired general Hanson

Woliet and her sisters hesitated to reply for they had not considered what could be done to reach the most safe and secret recesses of the woods and discover the exact point in the rebel lines. Therefore while Woliet and her sisters were in deep thought, and General Hanson and his other friends were quietly awaiting their suggestions into the tent crouched Gertrude Angeline and her girl friends, dragging a funny looking gaxdelindian soldier of small height who did not agree with them.

"Your Excellency," cried Gertrude, "Angelina and myself and Jennie had thought a way to find Free Federalists naps in the rear and while we were out on a scouting this fool attacked us. He looks f funnier than a c love."

re they were amused by the queer dress of the captured, Lindelminian soldier, wondered if even the main general and they themselves were un- warlike as yet solve the important problem of the besieged Calverlinian army, there was little hope for the other girl heroines to succeed.



the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the  
whistling of bullets, which he felt as they blew his head off.

General Russell Hunter Johnston followed General Henson and the rest across the stream, and when they were all across with him, he would have them wait until the rescue, then General Henson would lead the African girls to follow them and go to places of safety for it was possible the enemy may come across the river to follow up the populace. Finally after Violet and her sisters had told of their adventures in the camp of the besieged Galveston army, and Gertrude Angelle and her friends had told all about the rescue expeditions a serious consultation was held as to how the army under Federal could be made to go from the woods about waiting the time to go and attack Manley at Cramer Andrea.

"I've tried to think of many plans in my own power." Said General "Robert" Butgenor. Federal had used many different kind of plans which I do not understand and has made unusual positions which are hidden closely in the thick woods. He seems to have prepared his positions in such a way that the biggest surrounding alone of the woods and his positions is not easy to accomplish our own designs, and these would only bring dreadful attack on our own lines."

"That is a method that General Stanley taught him," declared Gertrude Angeline.

Gertrude Angeline, "I can do no more than follow out the latter plan." Continued general Robert  
"I wish you my brother would try that your will power can accomplish  
lines of batteries on all the hills overlooking the woods, and to form strong  
lines of batteries and give Federal general battle."

"First then" said General Patton "let us generals near the hills, which the whole party of generals accompanied by some of the officers on horseback made at that time. On the summit of the best hills stood a few fortifications with abatis and other works in front of them. Interloped and found a most strong position, and batteries of great strength was placed. It was evident that someone had thought of this kind of a plan first and had already occupied that some of the hills.

"This I suppose is the only manner by which Federal can be forced to abandon the ridge of the Calaverasian army," said General Haines, "given," but the quickest move is needed by us and it must be unknown to the enemy or we will be fiercely attacked before all the work is fully accomplished."

The generals were carefully examining Wiener's positions, and soon general Oswald Buxton Johnston said:

[illegible]

"But how could he expect general Federal would dare attack such a well formed position?" Asked general Robert "Avian".  
"Why the landmines?" said Avian.  
"I see," said Robert "Avian". "It is a clever & contrivance, but won't work unless we take strong positions on the other hills besides."  
"Another portion of his work," explained general Hannon "Avian". "In used to repel the assault of Federal's main army which may come in an extended line, a strong line has placed would be able to stop any strong force. The galling gun would a army his own force then with their fire, and the position could by a single command order army to places and probably drive his force from any position. Of course it does not mean that it could readily be accomplished however unless we take up our own positions as we planned."

short a time, without any knowledge" required general Robert Ayden. This the other generals could not yet explain. As nothing more could be learned from the night they observed they left the hills to go back to their own zone and General Hanson Ayden then also heard his generals how they could make quick movements and have strong positions on the rest of the hills and thus place Federal under a danger.

[illegible]

...federalism, would not understand. ...made a lot of strange plans  
...is scouting for they all separated into several or any divisions  
...to examine everything they came across and yet positions as possible being  
...to prevent themselves from being

The 6th Flamandian Infantry Battalion.....Back up Excellence general  
and is defined by strategic points in a most European position in a thick woods,  
it is now by guerrilla tactics and work and ambushes.....when his position is flanked  
they rush out and attack us with such force; it is obviously that I know it would  
beheading soldiers would be wasted in such force; it was ourselves doing our over  
plentiful ever thought that he could in the extreme extreme, but a puzzle as how  
plentiful out of their still strong; or his own batteries unable to force them to how  
save his army from the effects of the fire, even by the thickest troops that  
cavalry fire would do only damage to the we did not hurt the Flamandian army  
at all.....  
I'll never hear.....

"I now raise the question," returned General "Well, mustn't mention" "that one of the arts positions and force impregnable such cascades of rifle pits and caissons and works, and I think that that explains how his position is so impregnable to be forced from the wood and would notice that on Federal right a big tearing line of gathering guns, one or facing all sections of his woods, and the guns are covered by sage brush so as to be hidden as much as possible and the centre of the line in that very passes through the main woods and extend into the plain itself. Perhaps the end of it may be concealed right near us and we don't see it. If Federal army is so firmly established in these woods General Federal if he saw us was about to be attacked could utter sing he earned to his artillery men by signals that would make the whole woods war with our artillery and bomb fire, and so tear that would make the whole woods pieces in no time and drive it out."

"I have yesterday found one specimen of his secret battery. It's just to the left of the main building like a long row of sawgrass brush, banana plants pointing to the right, wet by hands of humans than by nature. It had a form about like an enclosed battery, but not like a battery at all."

"I was looking in the direction of the general point of view, and I saw a man about like an enclosed photograph, said: "I'm quite sure indeed that in the upper end section of one of his hidden positions and that we are in it as it did not seem unusual when I first came here but did not pay my attention to anything like an alarm has been put in strength and out, you see, and the general point of view yesterday to go over near as they dared, and try to get them away from the brown men but so fierce was the fire they got that they could not approach it for a hundred feet."

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle  
whistling of bullets, and the general was sure that he was  
going to be killed.

"It seems to be," said general Richard Kindermine, "that we have discovered in one way the answer in which general Hanson has forced his secret and hidden position. He has placed all kinds of batteries in every portion of the forest limits of the woods, and in the rear of his encircling army and he has even longed out his position to prove that his army is stronger than we would think it is."

"Just this!" said general Jack Evans, who had been ahead of the others of the scouting party with Hanson and had been searching and looking carefully around, and now noticed a slight hollow in the red position, near to where the heart of the rebel batteries stood. As he spoke general Evans rode forward several paces, and instantly a cannon was fired and a ball unheeded hit the horse being killed instantly. Instantly there was a confusion, and the rest of the soldiers sprang forward and assisted Evans to another horse. When the others retreated just as a number of guns boomed forth and a score of gladiolusians started in pursuit followed by hundreds of others. Some the woods seemed half filled with pursuing gladiolusian soldiers wearing green uniforms.

"They are the fierce guardians," said general Kindermine. "Go! Roelind, go with your gun, and then they are more dangerous than our own and they are those we know as Hobbesites. I wonder how they discovered we were spying on them, and where they obtained the gun they so suddenly fired upon us from that open position."

"There is no doubt," said general Hanson as he and the rest started taking away after exchanging some fierce volleys with the pursuers, "but this is in the main a concealed position of the enemy. If we only could think of some trick to play we could get Federal out of those woods in a hurry, and then we could all fall upon him with our armies."

"How can we discover a way to trick him?" asked general Robert Vivian, turning to general Hanson as he spoke.

"But we must now seriously consider as soon as we get back to our lines," answered general Hanson, Vivian.

All of them however though vigorously attacked by the pursuers managed to escape after a regular repulse, and within two hours were they were back in their own lines and all the generals were together with Violet and her sisters and the three girls holding another meeting. It however was a still, because the generals were thinking mostly and not speaking; that after a while one of the Vivian girls grew nervous. The little girl when excited could never keep still for very long and at the risk of displeasing her father and friends, and starting a quarrel with Naughty general Roswell Gustor Johnson Violet suddenly said:

"Well there is only one way I know of. General Federal a line his positions separated into three divisions, one at the north end of the woods, one in the middle, and one at the south portion. Three positions and they are separated by three small streams which run through the woods. Federal positions are made up of three positions, and each separated by streams. These alone are partially unprotected."

General Roswell Gustor Johnson frowned, Roswell Gustor Johnson, scowled at Violet and her sisters but general Hanson at first fiery angry looked wondering at the young girl, and general Johnston suddenly cried out:

"A good thought Violet dear even though you did interrupt our work. You may have solved our problem. We will see what we can do."

"I believe it is worth a trial," agreed Hanson Vivian. "It would be quite natural for Federal to be compelled to separate his positions on account of those three one hundred foot wide streams that his positions would be divided into three sections, and the suggestion of Violet seems like an inspiration."

"The others also approved the trial but general Roswell Gustor Johnson said: 'We must be careful not to use the wrong scouting parties or send them into unnecessary danger. The main thing, you know, if Violet's idea is correct, is to hit upon the right position she mentioned and find a way to move and attack him without our armies being infatuated.'"

"Let us experiment," suggested general Richard Kindermine.

General Hanson then summoned his best Gladiolusian spies and mounting his horse, asked several of his generals to follow and they again rode out and after three hours riding once to one of the streams the little girl mentioned. They remained out there even until late at night and were not out to go back when they were attracted by a certain light in the distant woods which instantly glowed fiery red, and tumbled about the woods with astonishing energy.

while the light still glowed red general Hanson Vivian noticed that it was from a section of the swampy position across the stream and then was surprised to hear a distinct and distant voice call out:

"Go!"

The generals waited motionless to see what would happen. There was a strange grating noise, something like the whir of machinery, then there was a terrific "bang" right above them and the generals and their small party was showered by a perfect rain of falling leaves and branches of trees. General Hanson rushed to the rear followed by the others.

"The gladiolusians are firing on us," he exclaimed. "The gladiolusians also are firing after us on horseback. Be careful men and do not expose yourselves!"

"We have made a mistake," said general Robert Vivian gloomily. "The gladiolusian artillery men saw us."

"But this incident shows that we are on the right track," declared Richard Kindermine. "We know now that on each of the rivers divide Federal positions in the rear sections."

"At what did that strange word 'Go!' mean?" asked Evans.

"Go was a signal signal to fire I suppose because the shell exploded right after that, and it is probable that the gladiolusians then rushed at us," suggested Hanson. "So the 'go' the last part of our important work is finished. The main thing now is to get off without a fatal encounter with our pursuers."

"Let us try that as hard as possible then," proposed general Robert Vivian. "They now rode at breakneck speed soon arriving from the edge of the woods, then instantly the ground trembled as if there was an earthquake, and there was a weird booming noise, followed by an ear-splitting crash, and a number of shells exploded exploded all about the fugitives. It reminded a wonderful escape for no one was injured though they were drenched by the noise."

"We are close to our own positions," now, exclaimed general Robert Vivian.

"That is because we ran our horses like the wind," explained his brother general Hanson Vivian.

They could hear the Angelolusians cheering in lustily in the engagements and they realized that the pursuers had given up.

"Come," said general Jack Evans eagerly. "Let us gather our armies and attack the rebels."

"Not just yet," returned general Hanson a happy smile upon his lovely handsome face for he was so overjoyed at the success at discovering Federal's most important weak points. "First let us take possession of the hills with our own batteries and come and then we will use them as our covering fire."

"It did not take many more days to do this work and soon from all the hills towering above the woods and Federal positions batteries extended from north to south, and west to east."

"Now," said general Hanson Vivian. "We can get our armies to the hill tops, and also have our positions on the foot of the hills and after we have recovered the congratulation of our friends and the one of our reconnoitering we can go on and make the decisive attack upon general Federal's Federal army."

Across from his headquarters, general Hanson Vivian saw Gertrude Angelolus her two friends and the Vivian girls waving him a welcome.

Of course of course all those who had joined general Hanson's grand scouting parties at once crossed the camps grounds to the main interior where they warmly welcomed the general himself and his followers. Before all the concourse of soldiers who were able to hear general Hanson Vivian made a speech from the top of a high stump and demanded that in all they do to fight hard, and promise to obey all the advice and orders of their commanders. In return he agreed to lead them as he always wanted to do and that his purpose was to ruin Federal's plans and save the besieged Gladiolusian army.

He planned the vast assemblage of Angelolusian soldiers and officers greatly, and when general Hanson told them they might select general Jack Evans to be commander of the centre of his own line of battle they cheered as soldiers as soldiers had never cheered before. For the main commander of his right general Hanson selected general Baldwin, for other generals had told of his good judgment, faithfulness and cleverness, and all the Angelolusians approved the appointment.

"I'm glad we came when we did," said Hanson. "For I not only prevented the Mandelins from capturing the Calvinian army, but we have forced Federal's army out of the woods without any bloodshed. Which proves that it is always wise to do ones duty, however unpleasant that duty may be."

Accordingly dangerous, different sort of person was General Posner. He was a son of general nobility, his oldest friends and his companion on the war was an adventure and a fierce fighter also, his nature however was unusually severe, he was not at all naturally kind to the vryian pliers, because he was jealous of them and of their position and would therefore have nothing to do with them unless he had to, and had not allowed them to go within his own encampments unless they had proper permission to do so, he knew they were evidently his superiors however because they were the daughters of general vryian but he did not let that bother him, and once or twice they threatened to see that he was removed from his command and did not do so out of pity and remorse. General Walter starring was another head of the pillar of general vryian's council. He was a native born, landless but he devoted the Angulian cause and had been made a vryian on account of his bravery, honest, honest and good nature and was also a friend of the vryian pliers. He was a good friend of all the little children he knew or did not know, and he would only fight the landless like a fiend, but he was a good toy, a marker and a famous famous spy and scout. General Helyvryian was another member of the vryian council. He was the most splendidly uniformed Angulian general of the war, besides those who not only a desperate fighter, and almost then, but also noted for his big nose.

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle. He was watching the battle from a hillside of smoke blown by the wind. He was watching the battle from a hillside of smoke blown by the wind. He was watching the battle from a hillside of smoke blown by the wind.

His long tailed uniform coat was of purple velvet, his vest of purple satin, and his yellow trousers of finest silk. He carried a golden billed sabre, and a high silk purple soldier hat. All of the magnificence of his uniform were represented in his rich attire so it usually fired ones eyes to look at him for long, until one became used to his splendour. He however was not haughty, or so proud, was a good and loving friend of the *Calverinian* army, and knew them long. There were many others generals at his council too many to mention mention here but general Charles Brown himself was the most important man in the *Calverinian* army. He was a very tall man, and not only vast, but big in power, and intelligence and second only to the *Calverinian* in all the military art, and intelligence. These three generals were the only ones outside of some others like *Calverinian* *Calverinian*, which the enemy dreaded the most. General Charles Brown was not exactly handsome, but he was pleasant to look at though he was gruff. There was always a merry twinkle in his eyes and he was a spy as a school boy. Many others which here are too many to be mentioned were assembled, with the *Calverinian* and Charles Brown a general Robert *Calverinian* headquarters room right after dinner that afternoon, and general *Calverinian* who acted as spokesman first told all he knew of the plight of the *Calverinian* army, and of the *Calverinian* and their friends.

"Of course we must smash general Federal and rescue the *Calverinian* army and the *Calverinian* girls," he continued. "At the moment the rebels are routed and the *Calverinian* army rescued the better pleased they will be but what we all must now determine is how they can be saved. That is why I wished to have you all meet together in council."

"The easiest way," remarked general Walter Clarring "is to raise again with federal army at every quarter and to capture his whole army."

"Tell me how," said general Robert *Calverinian*.

"I don't know any other way than to move our armies in different directions at once against Federal, for I see no other way."

"We might get around Federal's rear and crush his lines," suggested general *Calverinian*.

"I cannot crush his lines when it is impossible to surprise his rear," asked general *Calverinian*.

"I couldn't make a force forced march during the night with one quarter of the army around his rear and pull the other armies forward from three different directions!" declared general Jack Evans.

"Why not mass all our artillery upon Federal's whole line and pump a perfect storm of shells fire and grape and canister upon the rebel army," suggested general Brown Baldwin with a laugh.

"I can be so sensible," pleaded general Robert *Calverinian*. "This is a very serious matter and we must give it very serious thought."

"How big is the general Federal's army, and how big is his position, and what is the size of the *Calverinian* army," was general Charles Brown next next question.

"One of us can't really tell, for we have not yet seen it fully, or been there."

"In that case said general Jack Evans "It appears to me grow loudly that we ought to make a general scouting tour or a reconnaissance and examine the rebel positions carefully before we make our plans of attack."

"Quite right," agreed general Oswald *Calverinian*.

"If we want to defeat Federal's plan we will have to go against his almost immediately for he is a man who won't wait but will make a general attack upon the *Calverinian* and destroy its army," remarked general *Calverinian*.

"The question is which of us shall go on the scouting tour in general, and how many of us generals, and how many men will we need?" asked general Hammon *Calverinian*.

"I shall go of course," declared general Ambrose Evans.

"And I," said general Surpase.

"It is my duty to general Robert *Calverinian* and as a country to go also," asserted general Oswald *Calverinian*.

"I could not stay away or back out knowing our friends are in danger," said general Hammon *Calverinian*.

"I all feel like that," general *Calverinian* said.

Finally one and all the generals present decided to go to the region of Federal's *Calverinian* army, with general Hammon and his brother to lead them. They must at first make a great scouting tour in thousands of numbers in order to find out how to conquer Federal's army and all these skillful generals were very busy to insure

the success of the expedition. They were all ready to start at a moments notice for none had any affairs of importance to attend to. General Jack Evans was wearing a newly made snake hat and looked quite happy.

"It is probably quite a dangerous and long journey to make the so outing tour in general, and while we might travel quickly to the dwellings of general Federal's army by some of our horses we could be not upon by rebel spies and scouting parties and the skirmishes ensuing, warn the main body of the enemy. So we must keep together, and we will plan to move this very night."

Angelina with her sister Gertrude Angelina and Jennie Turner when they heard of the planned rescue expedition begged the main generals to permit them to join in a scouting party and after a while general *Calverinian* consented. The little girl friends of Joel and her sisters known as Eva St. Clare also wanted to go and to this none of the generals made any objections. This little girl was a curious one and though not the same child resembled each to the *Calverinian* girls the little Eva mentioned in the book of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Other additions to the party of scouting troopers were made the following hour, just as they were setting out upon their journey. The first was a little girl called Angelina Jennings. She was a fine little girl, well mannered and good humored but who had only one fault. She was constantly getting reckless and was like a lion in bravery though a small child to be sure she would escape all perils without a scratch, but when she did her reckless deeds her friends could not help being anxious about her.

"One day," related Gertrude Angelina "she went full through her reckless stunts and that will be the last of her."

But that did not worry Angelina Jennings, who was so careless that she did not seem to break the habit or be able to break the habit of recklessness. The second addition to the party was a little girl called Mildred Mildred Maxwell about Angelina's richness and height. She was often called "Maxwell the girl" because despite all the perils she went through good fortune always followed her wherever she went. She and the *Calverinian* girls and others were close friends although of such different natures, and Gertrude Angelina and Angelina Jennings, and also Jennie Turner were fond of both. The third and last to join the expedition was Francis Gillian one of general Jack Evans' best friends. He always seemed to be afraid of the enemy for everytime she saw rebels approaching her little heart would thump wildly against her ribs, but all who knew her however knew that her fears even which she really had were coupled with bravery and that however much she might be afraid of the *Calverinian* she possessed courage to meet every danger she happened to encounter. Often she had saved many child slaves from the enemy and once or twice had saved the *Calverinian* girls in time of peril, but afterwards she cried and wept and shook like a leaf because she had been scared nevertheless.

"If Joel and her sisters needs help, I'm going to help her too then too," said the child. "Also I suspect the rest of you may need me for company on the journey—for you all may pass through a dangerous part of the country. I know general Federal's gladiators pretty well. And the forests of Min-go-lesters is known to harbor many ferocious *Calverinian* animals hidden in security or ambush."

They were all glad to have the little girl join them and so in good spirits the entire party of generals followed by 10,000 soldiers all mounted and well armed, formed a procession and marched out of their camps, amid the shout of the numerous soldiers cheering the company's streets, who wished their general success, and a safe return of the *Calverinian* girls. They followed a different route from that taken by similar scouting parties and spies, for they went through the region where they could pass between the Winkle *Calverinian* know known here and the army under Federal and heard general Ogochoo *Calverinian* army. But before they got there they were forced to turn left, and entered the great Min-go-lesters woods, the nearest thing to a wilderness in *Calverinian* or *Calverinian* too, and one of the most beautiful woods in the world. The generals had to admit that certain parts of this forest were unknown to them, although they had often wandered among the trees. The main section of the forest was only reached after a tedious ride on horseback and each of the scouts had to look in every direction for fear hidden animals might rush out and cause a skirmish.

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the cannon  
whirlwind of battle was a smoke blown by the  
cannon fire and the smoke was a sight to see

when they entered the forest, several rebels who had been the leaders there were no  
anymore here for the horses and so they all had to dismount and hiding their horses  
proceeded cautiously on foot and Hanson Vivian who was practiced in wood craft  
preceded on ahead of the others the whole party going in a swarm and whispering their  
way in and out, the others following in silence. There were all kinds of dangers in  
a forest infested by unseen rebel armies but as the generals and the men handed  
the party and protected the girls they managed by their cautious caution to keep  
rebels from molesting them. Once to be sure two rebel men saw the scouting party  
but instead of firing on any one vanished out of sight among the trees, when one  
glandelinians fired a shot at one of the men.

"Are you hurt?" Angeline asked anxiously.  
"Oh silly indeed," exclaimed the soldier in a sort of irritated voice. "It  
not even touched but just the same I'm annoyed at that rebel's impudence. He has  
no respect for beautiful children or intelligence."  
"Hush!" said Gertrude Angeline. "I'm sure he won't do it again."

They were almost in the centre of the forest when Angeline suddenly said:  
"Why there are lots of rebels over yonder. Be careful."  
The whole party halted and looked around them. To their surprise and alarm Angeline  
Jennings was not with the big party. "Dear me!" remarked Jennie Turner. "I expect  
she went a far ahead and got captured by the enemy or is lost!"

"When did you last see her, Jennie?" Enquired general Kinsbourne.  
"It was some time ago," replied Turner. "He was trailing along far in the rear,  
looking in every direction for the enemy. Then I went forward to talk a little  
to Angeline and Gertrude and just now I noticed she was gone."  
"This is too bad," declared general Hanson Vivian. "For it is sure now to delay  
us on our work. We must find Angeline Jennings before we can go any further, for this  
forest is full of glandelinian scouting parties that would not hesitate to make  
short work of little girls and boys and cut them to pieces."

"But what shall we do?" asked general Sorpes. "If any one of us is sure to leave  
the party to search for Angeline Jennings he or she, might fall a victim to glande-  
linian scouting parties, and if too many men leaves our column we will be too  
weak to protect ourselves."

"Angeline picked up Gertrude Angeline could go," suggested general. "owell  
master Johnston. The two girls are so spry and so quick that no glandelinians as  
are ever able to do that any harm as we have always seen."

General Hanson Vivian turned to his brother.  
"Cannot we discover where Angeline Jennings is?" He asked.

"I think so," He replied.

In the meantime Gertrude Angeline and her two companions Jennie Turner and  
Angeline picked up had discovered where Angeline Jennings was. For there  
beneath a number of trees or behind one of them she stood. On several sides  
crouched a large number of rebels about thirty and all were firing in an effort  
to shoot her down.

"Goodness me," cried Gertrude, looking over Jennie's shoulder. "Those glandelinians  
will catch and kill her sure."  
"Every one now crowded around for a glimpse and many of the soldiers came running  
up, prepared for action."

"Pretty bad, pretty bad," said Gertrude sorrowfully.

"Dames of getting too reckless," said Jennie Turner fighting.

"And I guess she is a gunner," said Angeline picked up, wiping her eyes on  
her white handkerchief.

"But how many glandelinians are besieging her? Can't our soldiers save her?" asked  
Maxwell.

"If we knew how to get to her without the rebels seeing us we could probably  
save her," replied Gertrude. "At the tree she is hiding behind or between looks no  
much like the other trees, that we cannot tell how far away it is or how near. Maybe  
our pistols will reach the range and maybe not."

"Look at Angeline picked up," exclaimed Jennie Turner.

Angeline picked up had stepped forward about sixteen paces and having drawn Angeline  
Jennings' attention to her by making strange a pass with her outstretched  
arms, began to shoot from her own place of concealment at the astonished  
glandelinians. Most of the soldiers and the others who watched Angeline picked  
up anxious eyes, despair giving way to the hope that she might yet be able to save  
their friend. No now what they saw was more stranger than Angeline picked up's action.  
First of the glandelinians started to spring forward but picked up fired six times in  
quick succession and the six glandelinians lay dead on the ground. Some more  
glandelinians moved forward but fell, and one of them having been caught by  
something seemed unable to lift his feet from the ground and Angeline picked up  
looked him too. The rebel had pulled first with his hands and Angeline picked up  
then another with his hands and finding himself confined by some natural trap  
and he fell. They could not hear the sound of the cursing and swearing, but they  
could hear the shots of the other rebels, and of Jennings' cries for help, and  
they could see the glandelinians moving forward. Many of the soldiers now started  
forward to go to the assistance of Angeline picked up and now Angeline Jennings  
seeing she was about to be rescued and seeing some of her nearest enemies hot  
soon began to struggle her enemies. Suddenly, with a mischievous smile  
upon her face, then she deliberately shot one of the glandelinians in the head  
and then seeing she was out of ammunition retreated until a lonely pursued.

Then she took up a fallen branch of a tree and gave some of the rebels who gained  
upon her a good whacking in their faces. The glandelinians were furious at such  
treatment received from a little girl but as the soldiers came swarming forward  
to her rescue they had to retreat but that they fired a volley in effort  
to shoot her down but failed. When seeing she was saved the little girl threw  
down the stick and with her hands in her pockets went with the soldiers or followed  
them to where the others were waiting for her.

"Said Gertrude. Angeline picked up go and tell the soldiers to make haste and  
bring her here."

Angeline picked up obeyed and darted away being quickly lost out of sight.  
Those who cared to do so to rest sat down to await her coming. It was not long  
before she and Angeline picked up appeared with her rescuing soldiers through the  
trees and as she rejoined her friends she said in almost a peevish tone:

"I don't ever send Angeline picked up after me again. He was certainly  
impudent and if she was not a friend of mine, I'd say she isn't intimidated."

Gertrude Angeline turned upon her severely.

"You have caused us all much worry and anxiety and annoyance," said she.  
"Angeline picked up had a good reason for scolding you. Only her clever shots saved you  
from destruction by the glandelinians. I forbid you to leave our company again. If  
you do so you will never be allowed to accompany us on a journey or scouting tour again.  
Now remember."

"Of course I remember," he answered. "If it was not my fault that the glandelinians  
attacked me. I got lost."

"Tell you remain close to us and you won't become lost," said Angeline picked up.  
"You for one are altogether too reckless. I'll tell Violet and her sisters  
about this as soon as we rescue them."

THE CLAMOROUSNESS OF A BOYSQUOT., OTHER HIT DISTRICTS.....

very unexpected way." go the other five laid themselves down on the ground on top of leaves under the big trees where it was the darkest and were soon fast asleep. Aguado who had, He rested himself by standing tightly against the tree at which he stood his face near to the comrades and he thought dreamily of the days most surprisingly event and wondered what would happen to the whole Calver Calvinian army if the Angelinians did not come to the aid now. He thought again of some one walking toward him and quickly picking up a stick to brandish. He was about to strike when up to his full view in the moonlight a beautiful child herself toward him and had a drawn pistol in her hand pointed directly at him. Another little girl then followed and a moment later five more appeared on benches the other and while the first one covered him the others looked at him curiously and almost reproachfully. Indeed all of the little girls standing in a row looked very

"Make it soaked through with vner," as the reply.

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the  
whistling bullet, and the next moment he was  
dead.

so Brigande took the paper which the girl handed to him and taking it to the edge of the stream he soaked it well and then he went to the shore where the girls were and laid it down flat—the five comrades of Brigande was at were still asleep and knew nothing of the presence of the three girls or what strange happenings were taking place about the river. He had dipped the paper into the river holding it fast until it was completely soaked with water. When as the little girls looked it over and nodded with approval he said to them:

"But next!"

"I'll take this paper along with us," remarked the smallest girl. "We'll all take one thousand a step to the north, along the edge of the stream, and then we will find a large path leading through the woods, up hill and down down vale, but where an enemy encampment is in plain view. We will all follow the path until we come to a cottage which is painted a red yellow color with green trimmings. When we stop at the gate of this isolated place we will tell you what we wish to do next. We all must be careful above all things not to stumble into view of rebel scouting parties, or we would meet a fire from them that would destroy all of us, and all we are trying or going to do will be in vain." The little girls in issued these commands and the boy himself promised to be careful and started to follow them. He left his sleeping comrades in the woods, and followed the girls who walked cautiously northward. When they all looked for the hidden path and its strong moonlight was so bright, that they easily discovered it, although it happened to be hidden from view by the wide wedge of tall tall trees and woods until one came fully upon it. The path was very broad but did not seem to be much used by infantry mostly by cavalry for countless hoof prints were distinct and they had no difficulty in following following it through the woods. Then the woods for nearly a mile ended and there was a stretch of large meadows, but which were covered with encampments, but their advance was hidden by tall grass and woods and the rebels did not see them, as the party of girls and one boy proceeded up and down hill and then up another hill and down again. It seemed to the boy they all had walked miles and miles and yet the distant enemy did not molest them. Indeed the moon itself sank low, and day was now beginning to dawn, when finally they discovered by the roadside, in the woods a little way a large and pretty cott cottage, but half in ruins, and painted just exactly as the girl girls had described. It however seemed to be a very lonely place—no other buildings were anywhere not even a sign of a camp of either side, and not even was the ground free from tall grass and woods, and trees. Who indeed would care to dwell in such an isolated place.

But the boy did not care to bother his head long with such questions. As he and the girls went up to the gate that led to the large cottage in the woods, he asked us the girls halted for a moment:

"What shall we do next my girl friends?"

Then general Hanson and his large scouting party, with Gertrude Angeline and her girl friends and other followers in this daring expedition came in sight of one section of general Federal's monstrous armies, the foremost camps were army to the right of them, for the route they had taken through the great Mc-Holleston woods was some distance from that in which the vivian girls had taken when they came upon the Calvinian army. They halted a little while to decide whether they should inspect this portion of the Calvinian camp Glandelinian camp first, or go on to the other section and see if they could get a view of the Calvinian army itself.

"If we try to get too near the main section of the dreaded rebel line our whole force may get into trouble with the wicked Glandelinians, and then if we met disaster half of our force was slaughtered we would be delayed in our purpose and fail to rescue the Calvinian armies and not be able to rescue the Vivian girls," said general Undermine. "So I think our best plan will be to go to another section of the rebel line which seems the smallest and set, discover how they are doing there have our armies attack that part and save the Calvinian and the imprisoned vivian girls. Afterwards we can attend to general Federal's army in general and punish the cruel Glandelinians."

"That seems sensible," said general Jacob Baldwin. "I quite agree with you." Then general Undermine himself descended it, as on the whole plan unthebest, and general fifty general launched with the children between them going to the thickest wood and trees that had other sections of the Glandelinian army from view. Pretty soon they came to a ending of the woods and approached what seemed to be a large plain plain. The parts of the woods were trees were grown closely together, the branches, which even the like were so tightly interlaced that even a small little kitten could scarcely find a place to squeeze through. He path which they had intended to use was some strict paths made by the sheep.

"There is a job for a hundred of the soldiers," said general Undermine. "The soldiers are then who had axes, and who no doubt were glad to be of use, and in a surprisingly short time had chopped away enough branches and other twigs to permit the whole column to pass easily through the trees. As the distant main hidden behind trees and twigs and bushes they could see far away beyond the rebel lines the outlines of the Calvinian positions, and further off their camps, far as doubt beyond the Glandelinian encampments, and directly as it seemed in the front of the surrounding Glandelinian army. Of course every eye was at first fixed upon these two vast encampments, where no doubt they knew that first or last they were still fast prisoners. But soon their attention was caught by a more brilliant sight, for here was a column of Glandelinian cavalry coming toward them but they halted before the hiding place and did not dismount.

"These Glandelinian cavalry men," said general Undermine, "are Gargoylians but should as they are not wearing their strange garb. But I can tell those men by their horses."

"They wear wonderfully beautiful uniforms now," remarked one of the girls. "It does not seem like they were Gargoylians."

"Those Glandelinians," said Gertrude. "Those Glandelinians ought to be heads."

"I'm sure, those Glandelinians are scents," said general Hanson to one of his generals, "or they are great in numbers and they may be splendid or something for we approached us you know."

Let some of our men go as close to them as possible and hear what those Gargoylians may be saying. Proposed general Undermine.

General Hanson looked to one of his privates who were nearest him, and he they came told them what he wished and they therefore did so. As soon as a soldier got as near as they dared they heard one of the Gargoylian captains always harsh and unpleasant—and said with such pride:

"Who would admire those vivian girls? Admire the vivian girls just because they are the handsomest little girls in the world. Admire them. After they have proved our cause to be the worse of enemies never!"

"Vivian girls really as dangerous as many say!" replied the other aptian captain. "Are dangerous? But do they not do but go spy on our armies and give information?"

"Are you forgotten though that they are Princesses of Angelina, and though we are enemies, they have as much right to do to us as we have to them. Have you not got on that most of us rebels fight and destroy children and more than that thing else to gain our end?"

"Inquired a lieutenant. "Child slaughter—destruction of childhood. Behave, who cares about such silly things?"

"Retorted the captain. "For my part this war and rebellion only seems as an unpleasant thing. And I would not give it up if I could. If you love me no crazy and want to admire the beauty of those dratted dungeoned girls why don't you go and capture them?"

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the whistling of bullets, the hiss of smoke blown by the wind. He gave a sigh that could have been heard by the angels. He was in a position to be killed.

"Tell us Captain Aronburger," said the other captain earnestly. "If you can recall through wise plans to enable any of us to capture the vivian girls who are in the surrounded Calverinian army encampments. Tell us that, (get your hat) and I will give you a bag of paper money and another bag full of gold coins as a reward." "Nothing can enter the Calverinian army, and it is the most dangerous thing in the world to do so."

"But how can we trick the vivian girls and lead them into an ambush?" "I don't know! I don't care! If I ever know how I have forgotten, and I'm glad of it as I for one do not wish to do anything rash." As the response, "Just watch out for prying Christian scouting parties and we are doing enough." "It's no use," said Hanson himself when he saw the Gargoyls in a caverly riding army. "The old Gargoyls are too crafty to enable us to get any my nearer the escape of the glandelinian armies."

"That's a fact," agreed general kindermine with a sigh. "But we have got to get the Calverinian army free, somehow or other and if possible capture Federal army leaders."

"I'd we must do it in our own way," added general Roosevelt just as Johnston. "We will have to surround the rebel army and keep an adroit attack upon it until it is a depleted it will have to surrender."

"But how indeed?" asked general Robert Vivian in a very grave voice; for he could not bear to thin of his daughters in danger of sharing the fate of the Calverinian army. "How shall we do it?" "If we surround the rebels they will signal to Manley to come to their rescue and then we too will be besieged."

"Leave that to general Hanson, Vivian," advised general Jack Evans realizing he himself was helpless to make any wise plans himself.

"If this region was an ordinary country side and not so full of dense woods and high-foot hills," said general Hanson Vivian, "there would be several ways by which I might bring general Raymond Richardson Federal to speedy terms. But this is a thickly wooded region, and by some curious trick of his own unknown to any one but general himself he has secured positions in these woods that no army no matter how great can even get at him to make an attack. I do not despair in the least but it will require some deep study to solve this difficult problem. If we only had some of our best spies with us we could have something done but that luck we have not with us. To get Federal out of here so we can attack him we will have to do some trick to outwit him."

"It seems to me," said general Evans after some thought and after some brief silence had followed general Hanson's speech. "That there are among us three famous girls, and spies in the world. If we could induce those girls to go into the rebel lines and try to trick the rebel generals we could doubtless find some means to get at Federal and save the Calverinian army from a disgraceful end."

"I have thought of those three girls," replied Hanson. "But among so many boy and girls scouts as we have how are we going to get them to go, they are independent and will do nothing unless asked by Violet and her sisters themselves."

"You will understand of course, that had general Hanson been watching more closely he would have known that the vivian girls had by some move of their own during the night before managed to get out of the Calverinian army, and through the rebel lines unseen and had met a boy scout and had led him to a little cottage and where they were making up something to trick Federal themselves. But that act had not been noticed and so it was all unknown to him."

"I think I see a strange boat floating near us on that river," said one of the girls maybe Angeline, pointing to a place near the shore of the river. "If we three girls could get that boat and row up and down the stream, we might be able to locate Violet and her sisters..."

"Let us go to the boat," said Jennie Turner. As Gertrude and Mildred Maxwell also consented they went for the craft. They walked along the shore of the river to where they had seen the boat stranded on the beach of the river, but found it empty, even without a single oar. It was a mere shell of painted woodwork, with a collapsible looking roof, that made it appear as if the boat had been some kind of a submarine. The roof at present resting strangely in slots on either side of the strange craft. Looking inside they saw it was operated by a gasoline engine and was armed with small guns on both bows. There were neither oars or sails only the

a machinery to make the boat go. And although the little girls promptly realized the boat was meant to be operated by a gasoline engine, they tried it and found the machine unbroken and the gasoline gone.

"However," said Gertrude, "this boat is merely an armed gasoline launch and I believe if we get some stout flat sticks for oars we can make the boat work nearly as well as it did before its machine machinery was tampered with. After I have given a little thought to the matter, we can make the boat take us wherever we desire to go. The soldiers will follow along the shore to come to our aid in case we run into unseen perils."

"Only three girls can get in however as the boat won't hold four," returned Mildred Maxwell anxiously. "But Gertrude, provided you can operate the boat, of what use will it be to us?"

"We'll use it to row up and down the river, and have the troop of soldiers follow along the shore to protect us!" asked Jennie Turner.

"It will not be necessary to use the boat for any such purpose," replied Gertrude. "However hidden glandelinian may be on the other shore, they all not fire on us if we keep ourselves out of their reach. What I am discovering or trying to discover is how this strange boat came to be here on the shore, while it being a glandelinian craft, was ruined by the destruction of its engine. Did some one come on this side with this boat and then destroy the engine to prevent any one else from using it?"

"We could answer that question, but while they pondered the three young boy scouts in gray uniforms advanced from a small line of trees, and then rather timidly bowed to the Angeline girls.

"So are you three boys and where did you come from?" demanded Angeline, sharply.

"We are Calverinian boy scouts in disguise and here are the papers to prove it," answered one of them producing a slip of paper which he handed to Angeline. "And our tent and camp among the surrounded Calverinian army. We got away from the rebels last night though the glandelinian pursuers killed two of our comrades in the pursuit. We ran away when we saw you coming, thinking you were rebel scouts and hid behind the trees, but when we saw you are girls and as you girls seem to be very friendly we decided to meet you, for we boys are in great trouble and need assistance."

"If you three boys belong in the Calverinian army why are you here, and how did you get here?" required Gertrude.

They told her and the three other girls all the story; how they had been lost in the woods, and how they had kept in the night and how all day before they had been pursued by rebels and trailed by them but escaped, how when glandelinians came to the shore of the river, the five boys went in the boat with the disabled engine to escape and how the boat had been shot out into the river. Then followed the account of how the boat got under shell fire, how the engine had been damaged by the fragment of a shell, after which the boys had to abandon the boat and seek haven in the denser woods. The young boys told how in the night when they were kept their comrades Brigando had in some strange mysterious manner disappeared, how the boat which had been beached had been floated to the opposite shore and stranded where the girls found it. They told how when they crossed the stream by wading one of the glandelinians on the other side fired several shots and killed two of their comrades. That was all they knew. They had searched in vain for their comrades Bri Brigando. They were far from the big Calverinian army and they could not get back to it, the three boy scouts had no place to go and so had waited patiently beside their boat for something to happen. Being questioned by the three girls, they told all they knew about the situation of the Calverinian army, and of Violet and her sisters and declared that as far as they knew the seven vivian girls were still in the Calverinian camps. They were quite safe and would be and are being well cared for by the brave Calverinians Calverinians. Then they had gleaned all the information they could from the three boys, Gertrude said to Jennie Turner;

"If we can find a way to operate this boat we could have it return to the opposite shore, and we would be able to enter the woods on that side and investigate the Calverinian positions much easier. But I don't see that our going into such peril as that that would enable our girl friends to escape. We would only join them as

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle, the  
whistling of bullets, and the crash of bombs blown by the  
explosion of a mine. He had a faint idea that the  
Calverinians were still in the house, but he was too  
tired to think of anything else.

non-prisoners even share a much more worse fate."  
"Not so," Gertrude said. "I replied Jennie Turner. "If we would go across in the boat we could also get away by our own crafty means and we could bring Violet and her sisters safely back with us."  
"I leave the whole Calverinian army still imprisoned," asked one of the boys who spoke reproachfully.  
"We are thinking of the Vivian girls first of all things and not the army, which is most cases is well able to take care of itself," said Jennie Turner.  
"By making a quick trip through the woods and keep hidden at the same time we could probably get into the Calverinian army and find the Vivian girls," replied Angelina Lohse.  
"At what could we do then?" Inquired the second boy scout. "You girls would find it utterly impossible to get out of the rebel positions and if you did you would be pursued so relentlessly that all of you would have to separate to get away and then maybe they would get you for you would be at the mercy of the enemy who would trail you with a thousand hundred bloodhounds."  
"I believe true indeed," said Gertrude Angelina. "And as the Calverinians are also their friends Violet and her sisters I think would refuse to escape with us and leave the Calverinians behind, or abandon the encampments for they would feel they are deserters. I believe the best plan is what the generals are thinking of, and that will be to attack Federal immediately and force him out of the woods with his whole army and save the Calverinians."  
Gertrude was right but the other girls looked around and noticing the nature of the woods and the hidden away positions seemed to think that her statement was rather a forlorn hope.  
"How will the Christian armies get at Federal positions?" Angelina Lohse asked. "And how can the troops advance to the attack successfully, when every part of the woods may be a deadly ambush of artillery, musketry and bombs, and rifle fire?"  
"That is something we must consider carefully," responded Angelina Lohse's friend Gertrude with a serene smile. "I think if you leave it to him general Hanson can find a way."  
The other girls applauded this statement for they knew well the power of general Hanson Vivian.  
"Very well," agreed Jennie Turner. "Let's see what we can do with the boat and you children go and tell the general of our plans so that he and his elders will know where we are and what we are doing and won't be anxious as to our safety."  
"Must now return to the Calverinian boyscout Brigando, who when he and the Vivian girls had reached the gates of the strange cottage had asked of Violet;  
"What next?"  
Violet first looked carefully at the house, and then pointing toward the door said in her sweet voice;  
"You see that door latch latch there? Well you are to lift it, open the door, and walk boldly into the door. Do not be afraid of any one or anything you may happen to see, for however you may be threatened, or what dangers you may face we ourselves will see to it that nothing or no one will harm you. This cottage is in possession of general Raymond, who is a Federal himself, who when alone wears all sorts of different uniforms, sometimes changing his uniform several times in one day, according to his fancy. What his best and even his real main uniform is us girls do not know. This general is so stern that he cannot be bribed with any treasures, or even coaxed through friendship, or won by pity as he is probably one of the wisest and bravest Calverinian generals ever living. He has never assailed anyone that he knows is his enemy, he has done a lot of wrong to us girls, and cause us fearful times as far as we know of. And all his powers are used for his own selfish ambitions instead for the benefit of his big Calverinian army. He may at first suspect you and order you out of the house, but you must show these papers I will give you and telling him you are sent by Manley will refuse to go. Remain and watch general Federal closely, and try to see what he is using to make his plans concerning the besieged army of Calverinians. If you can discover his plans, do not take it from him, for he will really miss it and cause a hue and cry which will cause your capture and our destruction. Just take this pencil which I also give you and a piece of paper you may find and copy what he had drawn. When you have done this whisper to me who will be hiding near by and we will then tell you what you should do to us he will be hiding near by and then we will tell you what you should do for us next."  
"That sounds easy," returned Eric, and Brigando who had listened listened most carefully. "But are you sure he will not discover my true identification, or read my disguise, and try to shoot me down?"  
"It is probable he may discover who you are and maybe not," replied Violet. "But do not worry if that happens, for we will be watching everything that is going on from our hiding place and we can break his attempts easily. You may be sure that nothing will harm you while we are here to protect you, so you must not be frightened at anything that you may see or hear."  
Now Eric Brigando was as brave as any ordinary boy so out or open man, and he knew that the little girls who spoke to him were truthful and also to be relied upon nevertheless he experienced a sinking of the heart when he took the papers she offered him and the lead pencil and approached the door of the strange cottage. He was surprised to see no guard to watch the house, but nevertheless his hand trembled as he raised the latch, but he was resolved to obey his instructions, not wishing to show the yellow streak in front of seven lovely little girls. He pushed the door open, took three strides into the middle of the first room he came to and then stood still and looked carefully around him. The sights that met his gaze were enough to frighten any brave man or boy who had not been properly warned. Gazing by a doorway leading probably to another room was a tall Calverinian soldier his eyes gleaming wickedly, armed with a long gun with a sharp bayonet. Around a large table sat a large group of Calverinian generals, fiercer looking men than the ugliest looking pirates. But the most startling thing was a huge and very tall looking man who sat in the middle at one side of the big table drawing a large plan on a big slip of paper. He wore a large round black hat such a girls wear, and a uniform fit to kill a king. It was of a blue gray color and the coat was covered in front with a swarm of brass and gold medals. His eyes were bright, and looked as if coals of fire were burning in them. He had a long dark beard, and his hair as black, and so were his eyes. He moved and spoke, and acted as an ordinary private would have and on Brigando's entrance he and all the generals raised their heads to look at him.  
"Get out of here kid," cried a sharp voice, coming from the ugly looking man who was guarding the door.  
Brigando saw not far away from the table a small bench, just beyond him which was apparently empty, so he stepped over to it, sat down upon the bench, and then carefully looked outside of the wide window which was little above the bench to see if the Vivian girls were within sight.  
"Get out of here kid do you hear," again cried the guard at the door.  
"No," said the boy. "I have a mission from general Manley and I am going to stay, until I can see his Excellency general Raymond who is a Federal."  
At this some of the officers got up from the table and walked toward the boy, and demanded him to show his papers to prove it. Brigando did so. He showed it and the general looked it over he grunted, and examined it and then looked closely at the boy but he did not vince. Another officer coming from the end of the table, approached Brigando and ordered him to allow himself to be searched for any thing they might make him a suspicious character, and the boy merely stared at the rebel generals as he obeyed. The examination being over the boy then resumed his seat on the bench. "All the generals after this, went back to the table and remained motionless though some of them talked to low tones to Federal, and the others looked as if they were awaiting orders.  
The fierce black haired and whiskered general kept on drawing on his map or plan, not looking toward the boy now, and the young Calverinian boyscout steadily kept his seat. He expected something else to happen, but nothing did. Full hour passed, as one general after another got up and left the place, and Brigando was beginning to grow nervous.

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the cannon. The  
whirl of battle, the smoke, the blood, the  
noise, the confusion, the chaos, the horror, the  
tragedy, the death, the destruction, the annihilation, the  
end of all things.

END PAGE SIXTY EIGHT.

"What do you want boy?" General Federal asked at last.

"Nothing," said the boy.

"You surely may have that," retorted the general and at that in the remaining generals and the guard in the room broke into a chorus of roaring laughter.

There was another long wait.

"Do you know who I am my lad?" questioned the general at last.

"You must be his Excellency General Raymond," said the boy.

"Glandelinian general of Manley's staff," Brigando answered politely.

"Knowing so much, you must also know that I do not like it when a strange boy enters my place without being ushered. Even your presence here now annoys me greatly when I'm so busy. So you not fear my anger at all?"

"No," said the boy.

"Do you intend to obey me now and leave this place?"

"No," replied the boy. "I have a message for you sent by General Manley." And he spoke just as quietly as the fierce general had spoken.

The general continued to draw a long time before resuming the conversation.

"Curiously," he said, "I made it to say a boy or a man, or a child. I suppose in some way you may be a disguised christian dog of a boy scout and have heard or learned that I am the worse glandelinian general of all, and do tricks of all kinds unknown to christian generals, and so through their own efforts or through curiosity you have come here. You may have been told that I do not injure any one unless my suspicions are correct, so you having no evidences against you are bold enough to disobey my commands to go away from here while the going is good. You also may imagine that you may witness some movements on my part that you may report to the christian generals or men may wish to steal some information from me, or that something I do may cause a you. Have I spoken truly?"

"Well," remarked Brigando who had been pondering on the strange circumstances of his coming here. "You are surely right in some ways, but perfectly wrong in others. I am not a spy, and neither am I a christian dog. I am told that you are a wonderful general, and that at you do all you can accomplish for your own amusement. That seems to me indeed very selfish. Few people understand generals and other officers of any army as I do. I'm told that you are the only general of all glandelinia who can fight and win the most treacherous battles. Why don't you assume a much better command than you have?"

"Just right have you boy to a question my actions?"

"None at all sir."

"And you say you are not here as a spy, or to demand any favors or informations of me but just to show to me a message sent by Manley?"

"For myself I want nothing from you. I have the message."

"You are wise in that my boy. I never grant favors nor do I allow myself to be tricked in case you are a spy."

"That does not worry me in the least," declared Brigando.

"But nevertheless you are very curious. You hope to witness something which I may do just the same?"

"If you wish to continue your drawing go ahead," said Brigando. "It may interest me and I am it may not, and I have plenty of time and can wait till you get done before I deliver the message to you. But if you would rather go on with your drawing until it is finished it is all the same to me. I'm in no hurry at all."

This may have puzzled General Federal, but his face so thickly covered with a black beard, hardly showed any expression. Perhaps in all his career, General Raymond, Glandelinian Federal, the most terrible glandelinian general of the lot, had never been visited by any one, who like this young Calvinian boy scout, asked for nothing, expected nothing, and seemed to have no reason for coming but to deliver a message.

This attitude practically disarmed the glandelinian general, and he began to regard the boy in a more friendly way. He continued drawing for some time, seemingly in deep thought, and then he arose and walked to a big cupboard that stood against the wall in the room. When the cupboard door was opened the Calvinian boy scout could indeed see a lot of small drawers inside--and into one of

these drawers which he drew, he opened the third from the top--the general thrust in his hand and drew out some color crayons. Then the form of the general straightened up.

"Do you like to see a map drawn plainly or in colors?" the general inquired with a smile.

"I like better," replied the lad calmly. "But I'm not sure I could like it any better."

The fierce, looking glandelinian general then laughed loudly saying: "During the calm before the battle I like to make my plans in drawings as it is more interesting. But sometimes when I have nothing to do I like to color it as I'm fond of crayon and paint work."

Brigando noticed that in his right hand he had a collection of eight colored wax crayons. He went to the cupboard door and then going to the table sat down and proceeded to color his work.

"Here," the general cried. "Now the plan will present a more beautiful appearance. I love to color pictures and maps and the like, just like little child drawings do, but just the same I would like of them if I continued painting is too long."

"You are a clever and good artist," said Brigando pretending to praise him. "I did not think you could do such good color work. All you did was to rub the crayons like any child does."

"Oh do you think so indeed?" he replied. "Well try to color the map yourself, if you like and see if you can color as good as I can."

"No," said the boy. "I don't understand crayon color work, and if I did, I would not try to imitate your skill, and besides I'm likely to spoil your work. You are not only a wonderful general, but also a wonderful artist and map maker, while I'm only a Calvinian boy scout messenger."

His confession seemed to please the general, who though not at all haughty, or proud, yet nevertheless sometimes like to have his work and doings appreciated.

"Will you soon go away now and let me in peace?" he asked. "I prefer to be alone."

"I prefer to stay here until I delivered Manley's message," said Brigando.

"In another person's house, where you surely are not wanted!"

"In case of grave necessity yes!"

"Is not your curiosity yet satisfied?" demanded the general with a malicious smile.

"I don't know. Is there anything else you have to do before you want to read Manley's message?"

"Many things. Duties go before reading messages. But why should I be in a hurry to read a message and yet exhibit my powers and expert manship to a stranger?"

"I can think of no reason at all," he replied. "You know your Excellency I never asked you to do so."

General Federal looked at the boy who was curiously sizing him up from head to foot. "You are no spy you, say, you are now scout, and you want no information for yourself, and you are too stupid to be able to steal any of my military plans and secrets. This is a not a pretty cottage, it being half in ruins, while close by are my encampments full of fierce men, while outside are unshin, broad prairies and beautiful wildflowers and rivers. Yet just for the sake of an old message you insist on sitting on that old bench and annoying me with your unwelcome presence."

"I have you in the message!"

"Three folded up sheets of paper in a large envelope."

"Where did you get the message?"

"His Excellency handed them to me."

"Here is General Manley," asked Federal trying to trap the lad for fear he was a christian spy.

General Manley is stationed near Crosser's army, but is moving forward an army to you in capturing the Calvinian army."

"Where did you get this information?"

"I overheard it while spying on some christian dogs."

the last sound he heard was the booming roar of the battle.  
The great glumelminian general arose from his chair, came over to the bench,  
and as the boy handed him the envelope he took out the papers and looked them over.  
"It's a strange order," said he. "Stanley wants me to capture the vivian girls  
who are in the Calvinian army surrounded by my army. How did he know it?"  
"I don't know," answered the boy.  
"The vivian girls are pretty but orders are to be obeyed," said Federal.  
"Let me send you and some of my boy scouts for the vivian girls."  
"No," objected the Calvinian.  
"I would love to make those little dare devils prisoners, for their capture would  
be interesting, and I have never yet captured those vivian girl spies in  
all my service in the glumelminian army."

"If you are wise you will let them alone," said Brigando.  
"What makes you think that I'm afraid of them?" asked Federal.  
"Noting but I advise you to let them alone."  
"You are not a very pleasant visitor for your age," laughed general Federal. "Too  
ple, and the christian generals and the like accuse me of being cross, ill tempered,  
and crabbed and ferocious and even unsociable, and they are quite right at  
that. If you had come here pleading, and begging for things, and asking for favors,  
or been scared of my generals and my sentry, I would have cursed you and abused you  
until you ran away, but you are quite different from that. You are the unsociable  
and crabbed, and disagreeable one, so I like you indeed, and bear with your  
grumpiness. It's time for my breakfast, are you hungry boy?"  
"I do not feel hungry," said Brigando, although he really desired food.  
"Well, I am," the general declared. "I shall go to the kitchen. I usually  
have a number of men appeared and soon at Federal's order the big table was spread with  
linen and covered with dishes filled with various foods, some smoking hot. There  
were two plates laid one at each side of the table and as soon as Federal seated  
himself all who had still remained in the room went out.  
"Come my boy scout stranger, sit down and eat," he called cheerfully, and while  
he was eating let's decide in what way to cause the capture of the vivian girls."  
"They are all right as they are," asserted the boy, drawing up his bench to the  
table. "Those vivian girls are beautiful, and nothing that humiliate can compare  
them beautiful little dare devils."  
"What do you think they are a lovely?" General Federal asked smiling at his  
serious face. "I think you are in love with them, your own enemies."  
"I don't object to them that is one thing--especially for their heroism you  
know," he said helping himself to the food and eating with good appetite indeed.  
"And don't you consider it a duty to capture those beautiful girls, no matter  
how beautiful they be when it is duty."  
"Well," replied Brigando, after a period of thought "that might be. If we captured  
them it might please me as well as it would you. You won't be able to do that  
of course, because you can't with all your skill, or your boy scouts and soldiers.  
And should you be able to do so, I fear your troubles would then be more than you  
could bear as they are little mad-caps and as dangerous as tiger tigresses. They  
would not consent to be taken prisoners as long as they have their weapons and  
ammunition--especially when they know they would receive help--and so they are  
at times almost impossible to be taken prisoners. So general Federal, let us  
not attempt to capture the vivian girls at all. It is too dangerous an undertaking."  
The boy indeed had put his case with remarkable cleverness. He really realized  
that if he appeared anxious for such a work as he wished to accomplish, the general  
would become suspicious, and if not taking him prisoner may drive him out and make it  
impossible for him to discover anything, yet the boy had skillfully suggested that  
he wished to have a copy of the plan.

After the meal was over, and the glumelminian general had  
eaten all he could be called to the kitchen and they came and soon had the table  
cleared of everything.  
"I wish you would consent to go and find the vivian girls," the general  
said as he started work on his plan which he had not finished yet.  
The Calvinian boy scout replied. He surely thought it very unwise to try and  
hurry matters. All during the afternoon he sat very silent.

Once general Federal went to the strange cupboard and after thrusting in his  
hand, into another drawer took out a small box of paints and started working  
with that on the plan. He worked the general to the boys surprise away working  
with words to them--just as the best singer in the world had been carefully  
trained to do. Indeed the songs were interesting and the brave boy scout enjoyed  
listening to them. In an hour or so the general who the boy thought sat very  
quietly for a glumelminian general acted very queerly stopped singing but continued  
with his drawing but seemed thoughtful. Now the boy saw that Brigando had marked  
the size of the plan with his eyes and had concluded that the strange general had  
seen something else from it that enabled him to color the map or plan in a more  
picturesque if not beautiful way. He thought also that he himself could be able  
to escape it in case he could remain in the cottage, and the general fell a nap sleep  
asleep he could slily approach the table and with his pencil and paper  
revise the design of the plan and secure it himself. Indeed he had firmly  
resolved to carry out this plan when the chinkered man put down his color crayons,  
and walked to the door leading outside.  
"I'm going out for a few minutes," said he. "Do you wish my lad to go with me, or  
will you remain here?"  
The boy sat did not move a muscle but sat quite quietly on his bench. As the  
general went out and softly closed the door, as soon as he was gone, Brigando, rose  
up, tiptoed to the table and look at the plan.  
"The boys take care," cried several girls' voices, coming from somewhere  
he could not at first make out. "If you touch anything you will be in danger."  
The boy sat still, but remembering he need not consider the general's order if  
he succeeded in securing a duplicate copy, he was about to take out his paper and  
pencil, when he was arrested by the voices of children at one of the windows  
and which called out:  
"Come here Brigando."  
He went to the window and discovered two of the vivian girls under it.  
"Let the plans alone," said Violet to him earnestly. "You could not succeed by  
stealing a duplicate for only Federal knows how to draw it and it would take you  
time. The best way is to allow him to send some boys after us as he suggests,  
or then we will be able to draw him away from the place and you may secure the  
real plans. You are already eating freely. We did not know you were so intelligent  
or that general Federal could be so easily deceived by you. Continue as you have  
been and try to persuade him to follower persecute us, but insist that you be left  
alone."  
A little girl ducked her head down just as the general re-entered the cottage.  
He joined the boy by the window but did not see anything.  
"He were those girls you were talking of?" he asked.  
"They are the vivian girls and they desire you to chase them," he replied. "For all  
of the vivian girls are very darling, just now I tried to detain two of them for they  
were asking me for bread. They are hungry and tired and had been pursued by some  
of your men already."  
"Well they can have all they want to eat," said the general. "But it is nearly  
supper time and if you would allow me to have them brought in here they could  
join us at the table and have plenty of food much nicer than they had ever eaten  
before. Why not allow them in here?"  
The boy thought this was strange speech from a general who hated the  
vivian girls, and he also wondered to himself, "Why is it the general acts so  
suspicious?"  
"All the boy said, as if hesitating, "Go out and ask them. If they consent to  
be prisoners, why--why the n't I think it over."  
The general again went outside and saw the girls standing near the place and asked to  
be let in a whisper:  
"Can you understand your duty?"  
"All of the little girls nodded their heads.  
"I understand it all," said Violet saluting to the boys surprise for he knew  
that the vivian girls never saluted to a general before, and it looked  
suspicious. Were they really the vivian girls, or were they making game of him,  
were they rebel spies disguised as the vivian girls. "What was this mystery?"

the last scene he was in the possession of the...

"I want to ask you to do one other duty for me, or something; but your boy friend inside inside here, the party about doesn't wish to and think a I want to make you prisoners, however he has agreed to my supposed plan if you will consent. But come inside, and play the game before him and get his goat."

"The little girls did so and the eldest said:

"I would like to copy your plans on that table and bring it to general 'vian'."

"No, no don't do it," he exclaimed the boy. "It is dangerous."

"If you promise to allow us to have just one copy we would like to do it," said Angelina.

"No, no be careful please, you will make trouble," exclaimed the boy scout again.

"Let us have some of the crayons," said Joyce 'vian'.

"I don't know exactly what you mean," replied the fierce looking general musingly; "but as no one is as powerful as you girls are when on your duty I guess I'll have to consent."

"We won't spoil anything, or interfere in your dutiful work in any way," promised Annie 'vian'. "On the contrary we will always be your friends."

"Will you agree to go away and leave me alone for the rest of the time so that I can reach the lines, whenever I wish to and not say anything about it is until I'm going?" asked the general.

"I promise that," cried the little girls to the boys surprise.

"Don't do it, don't do it," urged the boy getting scared.

"They have already consented," said the general laughing in his face; "and you my boy have promised me to abide by their decision, so friend boy scout whatever your name may be, I shall perform the work, whether you like it or not."

Brimando hated himself on the day he had again a deep seal on his face and a strong suspicion in his heart. The general moved over the table, took some water colors from the drawer, and returned to the corner table and handed the paints and water colors to Violeta the boy who had now seen the 'vian' girls face to face in daylight for the first time. They looked to be the most beautiful intelligent looking girls he had ever seen in his life, and clothed in handsome clinging purple robes. One of them to his surprise had golden brown hair, and blue eyes and was exceedingly fair of skin their complexion matching by their lovely features; the one who was the youngest resembled a good deal the little Dorothy Gale girl he had read of and seen in pictures in the Oz books he had read but he knew it was Annie 'vian' herself; her hair contrasted exquisitely with her pink cheeks and ruby red lips, and she appeared to be the most beautiful of all them. As soon as they had seated themselves at the table and started to draw a map of the same kind, all getting to work at the same time to make it quicker, Violet said to the boy with a bow:

"We thank you Brimando."

"Very good," said the general, erasing the map of his own with art critical approval. "You little girls are much better and more interesting than any one else I have ever had with me before, and this wonderful boy would scarcely allow me to work on my plans but for them. With an old man's consent to be by general Hanley, I know," he continued to the boys evident surprise. "Now exactly where Hanley is and what direction he is moving in. He is coming with the army which is surrounding the Calver business. You surely have much to thank him and see for on this for I'll notify general Hanley of this as soon as possible. But now and have accomplished our work and I know you girls desire let us dine in honor of the occasion."

He clapped his hands together several times and to the boys surprise redoubled surprise two purple coated soldiers came in, the general called to them they saluted and soon the table again was covered with dainty eatables. This time there were places for the 'vian' girls too as well as for the general and the boy scout.

"Sit down all of you my friends and eat your fill," said the general, but instead of seating himself at the head of the table he went into another room, saying to the little girls:

"Your beauty and grace almost outshine me. So that I may appear in my proper way at this banquet table, I intend to 'don' of this occasion to put upon myself my natural uniform."

CHAPTER SEVEN.

A FIERCE BATTLE ALONG THE BOUNDARY LINE, AND

OTHER EVENTS.

These persons who whole line was upon a line of their main works the enemy refusing to follow, being content with the nature of the victory as it went.

And with his combined force. The advance guards of the enemy however discovered the movements of kindred forces and retreated a considerable distance to give the alarm. Hailed in great numbers behind a long stone wall the landelindian infantry opened upon the christians, who at first the assault with appalling fury, while janson's division gradually but very slowly got one force after another to go forward, and the attack of the christians was so vehement once more and even so persistent that the enemy abandoned the works in frightful confusion leaving two million dead and wounded inside and outside the works. However the advance of the christians could not be stopped now, and the landelindian general pengler advanced with heavy numbers to force the attacking christians back. Bragg was the first to come forward with his artillery, and opened fire upon the landelindians, while Phil's dragoons simultaneously attacked the landelindians vigorously but he was soon forced to retire before a counter charge. Still on came the other divisions under a murderous fire compelling a portion of Bragg's infantry to sweep over the works and mingle with the enemy while again simultaneously a large force of Angelinians attacked general pengler's landelindian front but the foe had retired behind a very prominent position. Once more however rushed the foe again in a counter charge and with the greatest ferocity, showing great bravery and making an impetuous dash, while all along the rest of the enemy line defending the position, broke a fearful cannon and musketry fire, and the christian losses were fearful. The dragoons under general Jim janson were demoralized, but general janson's divisions counter charged the our christians with the bayonet driving the christians in confusion from their works. Several other divisions were also ordered to bear down on all sides of the christian assailants, and place them between two fires. This was done, and the landelindians penetrating into the lines were scattered by overwhelming numbers who assailed assailed him as. Even still the main line of christian assailants continued on in their fierce assault, with unabated fury, the Angelinian generals launching their forces forward with apparently irresistible energy, the struggle again being fearful and raging without any respite or pause, and general janson who overthrew the divisions of general Wentworth however was killed by a landelindian sharpshooter. The slaughter however was very frightful and general wentworth went down mangled and bleeding. Gracedeline tried to capture the position, and goblin also tried to capture the two batteries no matter how great the peril. He knew that it was like death, but he had no fear though it was like running into the jaws of death, and his excitement urged him for the attempt.

At once he gathered all his forces and charged at a furious pace for the batteries. His cavalry forces were annihilated, then his most massive dragon columns were mangled and cut to pieces. Under the withering fire the remainder of the christian columns however soon reached the batteries and after a severe hand to hand fight captured the artillery and gun carriages. With the captured artillery they opened fire upon the fleeing gunners, sending them flying amid the dreadful carnage, but the infantry recovering from the shock, rallied and attacked with exasperating fury, and soon again recovered the artillery shattered general goblin's division of one million so badly that only five thousand were left. He himself lay among the slain but was only severely wounded. His remainder of the division did not yield however, however and lost annihilation.

The main line of the christian troops still attacked in formidable array however being under general jelson, while the other portions of the his massive lines rushed forward and they captured all of the position at last but immediately the landelindians after retreating for a certain distance counter charged closing with the christian troops under general junderline and all the divisions counter attacked at once plied their bayonets having no time to reload their guns but undaunted the enemy rushed on. J Kinderline men alone were behind high breastworks and they had the full brunt of the fight.

Again and again they committed awful execution with their bayonets upon the advancing foe tearing their main line to fragments. But on pressed the landelindians. The resistance of the christians was terrific but however the pressure was too heavy, and soon the assailants were pressing glimmering back while the counter assault along jennings' lines were also pressing on successfully. In jelson's jansons' whole line was soon on a slow retreat back to their main works the enemy refusing to follow, being content with the nature of the victory as it went.

# CHAPTER SEVEN. A FIERCE BATTLE ALONG THE BOUNDARY LINE, ON AND OTHER EVE EVENTS.

It is possible that the boundary line of Angelina and Glandelinia, was to be the soil of the movements that was to lead to the final and most decisive conflicts of the Glandelinian and other war for the opening to be made for the new planned invsion into the "landelinian country." The first section of the "landelinian arm army extended ten miles south of Growley which was also besieged, and the rebel army also extended from Allenburg to "landelinia Junction." General George Furgun was the main rebel commander and opposing the brave christian forces, the that had been a portion of that that had recently and time and again tried to capture growley from the other "landelinian armies" defending it. Both sides at this portion for nearly two months, while the fiercest disturbance of the war was going on in northern Angelina were making preparations for the coming general and final strife along the border.

The christian forces continually receiving reinforcements, from the directions northwest of Growley and elsewhere were gathering in force while one of the "landelinian" "committees" of this, the christian general genderson sent forces of ten ten divisions, eight hundred thousand strong each to destroy the rebel formations on the morning of whatever the first or whatever date this was to happen but information of the movements had reached the rebel commanders and general warrington Joseph, dispatched two "Hollensteinian" officers, colonel gawson and francis gault to order general Rosenberg to exit extend his lines and Captain James Henderson by way of water garring to the left of the grand army.

The news of the preparations made by the christians reached all rebel commanders on the (go outland line) Captain James Henderson happened to run into a big body of Winkie Abyssinkilian cavalry, and was stopped, but he was mounted upon a very fine steed, and after shooting down several, and killing their a in leader, he escaped and he rode toward general Holfords divisions he then aroused every general and other officers and spread the news of the coming christian attack. (If you don't believe it ask him.))

Colonel General Dawson however while going on his mission was also surprised by a column of Winkie Abyssinkilians and shot dead. The form foremost of the fierce Angelinian column came in sight of the enemy positions at about seven thirty in the morning led by thirteen brigades general and personally under general Aberdean Knowings. Knowing that their intentions was discovered, six divisions of light and heavy infantry was ordered forward to secure all banks, and also if possible possible the banks of the "gelling Onion" river, and secure all bridges over the river, and also messengers were sent to the main line for reinforcements to come on and give assistance.

As the drums beat the alarm and the bugles called the soldiers from their camps, about seven million seven hundred thousand "landelinians" assembled to their works to contest the war. Thirty eight hundred pieces of artillery (why so many) were formed into line in one long stretch at the north side of the border. Before other guns however could be brought up the Angelinians came up and stormed the "landelinian" works. The "landelinians" stood their ground with utmost fury, while their artillery officers gave the word to "fire". The order was followed first by a few guns which committed little execution, and then by a close and deadly discharge of grape and canister and shell and shrapnel. Many christians were moved down and two generals with them. The Angelinians however as almost warned using the guns, but in the disparity of numbers the "landelinian" officers ordered every artillery man to stand to his guns to the last, and they stood accordingly fought as stubbornly as they possibly could.

While they were so resist the first wave of the christian assault the second wave of the Angelinians overtopped pressing the others of their comrades before them, and therefore the muzzling guns fired suddenly into the midst of them the valleys of grape and canister tearing through both waves like a tornado does through a wood.

The Angelinians however returned a fierce and storming musketry fire at the rebel soldiers point blank and many thousands were killed and wounded at close quarters in one moment. One rebel officer was captured and then shot in his endeavor to escape. Thus the first success of the border conflict was accomplished by the very Angelinians themselves. The Angelinians then pushed on and at over their success some of the regiments blowing up the "landelinian" military stores. By this time some four hundred thousand Omarians arriving to the assistance of the rebel comrades had gathered on a long rising ground near Vanitt Vanity Dell.....

General Barrett, Jackson who was in command of this Oarian Column gave the orders to his men to advance and retake the guns. At the head of their brigades each brigadier commander of the Oarian column led the furious counter charge, with general puttrickson in personal command followed by a force of the gissersmannians and Gendensians. The Angelinians in the foremost column had begun to drag off the captured guns, to prevent it the "landelinians" yelling like demons quickened their on onrush onrush. At this the Angelinians let go a terrific fire with the machine guns firing one or two broadsides into the "landelinians", then another by which twenty thousand "landelinians" along the line of charge were shot down at once. Then a tremendous machine gun and rifle fire combined followed simultaneously, and a full multitude of scores of thousands of "landelinians" and general puttrickson and Abner Hic-Jollister also in command were killed.

When seeing confusion among his survivors the main Oarian Commander gave the word to his men to fire, and as the "landelinians" continued to advance a general discharge from the whole line of Omarians and other rebels was given seven thousand of the Angelinians including three generals falling on the spot. In two minutes the Angelinians who had captured the guns retreated in the greatest disorder, and the "landelinians" were left in possession of the many machine guns once more.

At the beginning therefore of this tremendous border conflict, the "landelinians" noted merely from the pulse and at first attempted no pursuit but as the Angelinian forces retreated, the Hic-Hollensteinians having rallied ran everywhere and ambushed the flying troops every place of wood for miles, every rock by the wayside served as a lurking place for these fierce "landelinian" soldiers. Every small hill seemed to the "landelinians" and stricken Angelinians to swarm with countless numbers of the enemy, as a most unintermitted withering fire was poured on them from behind stone walls, hay stacks, from cornfields, trees, and from every hiding place known of. All the panic stricken Angelinians began to run rather than retreat in order though they strove to pick off their unseen foes. Their generals and many other officers vainly strove to stop their flight for they were being driven before the enemy like frightened sheep.

Just at this moment the main column was moving up to the assault. A portion of the advancing column met the fugitives, and forming into a huge square three miles long and as wide enclosed the fugitive columns many who literally lay on the ground their very tongues having out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase. The "landelinians" who pursued rushed time and again upon this square and for three hours a most terrific and sanguinary conflict raged. The "landelinians" however were repulsed with the terrific loss of seven hundred thousand and ten Hic-Hollensteinians general in killed.

At about eight o'clock after this happened the main column of Angelinian troops added now by the Winkie Abyssinkilian infantry and Abbeinnians advanced themselves to make a second assault upon the rebel position.

Twice the terrible fire of the "landelinians" all along the line drove whole waves miles long back in great confusion and with horrible slaughter but the ammunition of the "landelinians" gave out and during the third assault which was concentrated heavily upon all points and covered by a heavy artillery fire the "landelinians" suffering frightful losses as well were again obliged to retreat across the field losing their machine guns and even other cannons and second time. And this time the slaughter among the Angelinians was terrific. Among those shot down was general Fittermarines. The loss of the Angelinians was one million eight hundred and sixty two thousand four hundred and forty four in killed and wounded.

Nothing along the border so far since the war began could have been more shocking than the carnage that followed the fierce storming of the rebel works on the extreme right and left during the third assault the christian soldiers fairly teemed over the myriads of the countless dead to a get at the rebel works and drive back the "landelinians" who were being crowded out of their works in order to form under the main defenses which they had prepared to cover their retreat. Of the rebels general Freshoot was the last to leave the works. Though his uniform coat was pierced by bayonet thrusts and his hat carried away by a bullet he got off unhurt. Among the killed of the enemy was general warrington one of the most active and distinguished of the "landelinians".....

At another section of the battle line, general Fraddock and his three divisions of two million five hundred thousand men on charging upon the "landelinian" positions on the center which were under general guquams met a serious and disastrous repulse. At this location there was thick underbrush which grew thick and high, and a large forest of trees a cast deep sh adown on the attacking lines as the Angelinians overconfidently advanced with many waving banners and gleaming muskets and bayonets suddenly well directed volleys miles long from Omarians who with the Hic-Hollensteinians and urmersmannians had formed an extensive ambuscade was poured upon the christian columns. Yet all along the line not a single foe was to be seen but their hundreds of thousands of deadly rifles and hidden or masked cannons sent a storm of death from every tree, thicket, and breastworks for

the distance of ten miles. Nearly half of the attacking christian forces fell under this murderous fire of the glandelinians, and appalled at such frightful losses at so short a time with their main general killed, the survivors turned and fled in the utmost confusion. Their other general I generally who showed cool valor saved the rest of the column from total destruction. They were exposed in the most dangerous part of this battle line, two horses were shot under one general, and three under the others, and fourteen bullets tore into one general's uniform and badly wounded him in the thigh but as fierce was the rebel fire was they all seemed to bear a charmed life. Rallying ranks of the panic stricken soldiers as possible the generals placed them behind trees, rocks, fences, and on defenses along the roadsides and when the glandelinian glandelinian Mangaboos rushed in big swarms from their places of concealment followed by the Omarians and Jo-Hollostinians to counter charge, they were greeted with such a deadly fire that the foremost of the column was fairly shot down, and the shattered army was able to recoil without further disaster. Other portion of the enemy's line of Scoddlers and other glandelinians near the vicinity of Ester starring was also suddenly attacked but the glandelinian fire made the most terrible havoc in their many ranks. The assault however was delivered with terrible force but the glandelinians held the assailants at bay until the other wing recently driven in was reinforced and rallied. Here both sides in titan throngs fought on through the whole day with the most savage ferocity and the losses was dreadful beyond exceeding. General Stork of the glandelinians was wounded in the wrist, and a bullet shattered his sabre. He wrenched another sword from the grasp of a dying Angelinian soldier and fought on until the assailants withdrew. And at this moment of success he was shot dead. At this point, all night long the work of picking up the wounded dragged on, and when many of the wounded could not hardly walk they were carried on litters. None of the soldiers rested that night many accomplishing the feat under the heavier heaviest shell fire. In the meantime general Medford in leading his own soldiers across the rebel works through a merciless glandelinian cannon and rifle fire miles long was shot dead during the hottest of the fight, but despite their losses his men fought on with the steadiness of the best veterans, and when the Angelinians were repulsed were the last to leave the field. All along the line that day the battle raged with the most terrible fury, and on both sides there stormed a most terrible fire of musketry and cannon and for the extent of forty miles both sides fighting with the fury of demons and a precision of veterans and time and again the enemy was routed the christian cavalry and foot soldiers storming in long waves over the fields and winning glorious advantages.

The storming of the central portion of the "landelinian army was on the same day assigned to the commanding general whose christian divisions whose columns were south of Growley and he successfully carried the position by a series of desperate assaults in which his losses was tremendous.

The defenses of these landelinian positions had been during the previous days been greatly strengthened and with the strong omarian and other glandelinian forces defending them, and all the parks of artillery was absolutely impenetrable.

This christian general divided his Abissinian and Angelinian forces into four columns and hurled them against the rebel positions like the overflow of an enormous flood upon the ground. Six assaults were made before the long waves of nationals scaled the extensive parapets and drove the Angelinian rebels before them despite the most desperate resistance ever seen made by the glandelinians in the war before.

While the terrible hand to hand conflict raged between hundreds of thousands of men within the glandelinian position three christian generals fell within the rebellious but when the enemy fell back for a short distance they were rescued despite the hot rebel fire.

At the same time general Gump gander was ordered to attack the rear of general J. H. Hudson's rebel position and divisions thinking the main section of the landelinian army had passed in retreat over the Omarian river.

This christian general fell upon this glandelinian division as directed but found it fit to be the main army itself. Grasping the dangerous situation he made such a vigorous assault with his whole force that the rebel commander general Beppo gians thought the entire christian army was upon him and began to prepare for a fiercer resistance than ever. Under cover of his desperate movements the christian general was able to withdraw his forces thus extricating them from a most perilous position.

The various glandelinians pursued fiercely but the indomitable spirit of the general and his officers rose above every obstacle, and rallying their shattered columns charged the exultant enemy and drove them back twice with wholesale losses, until he cleared everything before him and he virtually withdrew his forces to a new position. While he was withdrawing a strong glandelinian cavalry force of the dangerous golden cap squadrons charged his dragons with the rush of a tornado but the Angelinian infantry opened a fierce fire and completely routed and almost destroyed the cavalry and then he turned his attention to a force of oncoming Scoddlers.

He instructed his front line (if he had any to spare for his losses already was too heavy to think of) to rely entirely upon the bayonet. This rebel column however outnumbered him but he fell upon it with such impetuosity that the rebels fled before him in a frightful panic. Later while he again was falling back a strong force of the fierce omarian Jo-Hollostinians appeared on his left like a human tidal wave and with a terrible warwhoop like those of a million of the American Indians attacked him. All was terror and confusion but the general and his officers rallied the confused columns and despite the enemy being ten to his one led the Angelinians in a fierce center attack, against the Jo-Hollostinian forces. With his own sword he cut down a tall landelinian officer who even in his death throes fired twice at him but twice missed his aim, and killed the general's horse instead. His conflict was a shorter one and soon before the unerring fire of the Angelinians the Jo-Hollostinians fled in dismay.

When the most furious of this part of the first days battle was fought general Heller led one of the fiercely attacking columns and throwing himself between the main body of the rallied Angelinian troops and their advancing reinforcements brought about the severest part of the engagements. He contending forces at this section being about equal in size and strength and having the same number of artillery the whole battle ground was contested with a redoubled fierceness. The glandelinians were thrown into great confusion at first by the vigorous and wild insane resistance of the Angelinian nationals they encountered and the intense intensity of their fierce and destructive artillery and musketry fire butty great personal exertions in which their own lives were recklessly exposed the glandelinian generals and other officers rallied their columns and leading their veteran Scoddlers to within thirty yards of the rallied Angelinians made a headlong charge in the face of a withering searching fire which mowed down thousands per volley and per second.

After some redoubtly fierce resistance the Angelinian forces again broke and fled unable to resist the terrible onslaught of such fierce landelinians. General Heller fought desperately and bravely, and when three horses were shot under him continued to fight on foot against terrible odds. He was finally seriously and dangerously wounded and when taken prisoner two fierce wicked Abyssinilian soldiers who had lost their lives or wives and children and even parents and other relations and homes and property on account of his savage Omaria Omaniens brutally felled him to the earth when he asked for honorable treatment and then plunged their bayonets into his body when he was on his knees with hands upraised begging for mercy.

Then they left him where he lay after kicking him twice, believing him to be dead but after the conflict he was found by some of his comrades and carried within the rebel lines bleeding from forty heinous wounds inflicted by these two Abyssinilian brute brutes. He lingered in agony for a few hours and then died a martyr in the cause of his own country.

Indeed success for the landelinians was for this point at least, but finally huge masses of Angelinian reinforcements impeded the progress of the exultant landelinians and gave the routed Angelinian forces time to recover from the panic into which they had been twice thrown when after repulsing the tremendous christian onslaught, the landelinians counter charged.

Struggling on through all this resistance, and another strong battery and christian force confronted the battalions of brave landelinian soldiers. For several minutes they recoiled, but their generals rallied them, and their chief commander, plantoria waving his sabre over his head shouted:

"Men of Omaria, surely you will not need to charge or fear to charge up upon these christian dogs, forward!"

But he fell at the first discharge from the christian cannon and seeing their brave leader stretched upon the ground, the troops personally under him recoiled in confusion and fled.

General Dagon led his brigades intrepidly against another section of the christian force receiving a cannon volley, and he was killed. Another general received a musket ball in both legs, and general Morgannia assumed command. Under his leadership this portion of the christian force was finally hurled back and a strong battery of cannon captured.

The battle raged furiously and he knew nothing of the fate of general Plantoria's columns and the death of their general. After being heavily reinforced he dashed his columns furiously upon another christian battery. A full division of the dreadful wicked Abyssinilians met the attacking landelinians here like infuriated savages and a most terrible conflict ensued. Swarms of Angelinians also swinging around from two divisions or directions finally enclosed his forces.

Morgannia fought with the most furious desperation but was forced to give way. He attempted to cut his way through his flood of fiercely attacking foes but his numbers were too small and finally to prevent his troops from being massacred he was forced or obliged to surrender.

The rest of the greatly harassed glandelinian forces started to recoil, and the Angelinians rushing forward burst like a whirlwind into the thickest of the bloody fight and drove all before them. One of the generals on his black steed was seen wherever the Angelinian soldiers fell thickest, even his sword flashed whenever death was thickest. He led the charge against the rebel columns that caused them to break and flee. His horse was shot under him and he sank to the ground with a ghastly wound in the right leg during the retreat of the foe general Anderson of the rebels was pursued by a large force of Abyssinkilians. Ten of his body guard were killed, and fourty seven mortally wounded, and his jaw was shattered by a rifle ball. Lying fast to his horse's neck he darted away pursued by his relentless foes. One Abyssinkilian soldier alone was soon able to keep pace with the flying steed and his rider but as he was being outdrawn outdistanced he thrust his lance which missed its aim and the rebel officer reached his lines insensible but still clinging to his jaded horse.

At all points the Angelinians following hard poured in such a fire that the enemy fled faster. The bravery of the rebel officers and their men were unravelling. Many in the retreat were captured. The ginkie Abyssinkilians were a terror to the enemy and knew the precision of their fire was marvellous, and they always fought with an obstinacy and desperation and also determination that nothing seemed able to overcome. Indeed they were seldom beaten, and even when defeated, their retreat was sullen, stern and dangerous.

The main christian generals were more determined than ever to capture the center of the glandelinian position and as it was rumored that the glandelinian armies were losing out in their efforts in Calvernia it was possible to send greater armies to reinforce those fighting the enemy at the border. The generals sent forward hundreds of thousands of the most veteran soldiers, trained in all the arts of war and having experiences on many a hard fought battle field. All of the christian generals were brilliant leaders. During the day at night and while the proud and overconfident christian army was preparing for the final struggle of the battle general de Luxe Walthe marched into the rear of the extensive rebel lines with great forces of strange looking glandelinians clothed in the garb of the gargoyle and carrying long rifles and bayonets. These were the glandelinians known as the Growleywogs who had fought with all kinds of Nationals and now were being brought up from vanity fair to try their strength with the trained Abbeismians and Angelinian glandelinians.

The next morning the main christian general Kimball failing to better down the foe's positions with a fire of all his cannons determined to carry them by a main assault. He had over 10,000,000 men prepared for the assault aided by Abyssinkilians and others but before he could accomplish anything a disaster occurred.

While the columns were being prepared five million Osmarians, and 10,000,000 other glandelinians besides the Growleywogs and supported by the Turnerranians advanced in long waves upon the Angelinian positions near the southern section beyond Growley and were met all along the line by a most terrific fire from artillery of all make. Despite their dreadful losses, they swept on with wild enthusiasm. Then the glandelinians meeting sterner resistance were compelled to fall back after an hour and a half of desperate fighting but as soon as the Angelinians counter charged the other glandelinians covering the retreat of the other assaulting glandelinian columns arose from behind their breastworks and other fortific fortifications and with deadly aim poured volley after volley into the approaching lines.

The carnage was simply awful, the waves were gapped and torn to pieces, men fell in long windrowed heaps everywhere, and the Angelinian columns broke, only to be reformed and again hurled against the ten mile merciless fire of the fiercest of the glandelinian fighters the Osmarians.

Again the slaughter was repeated, and again the survivors broke and ran. General Kimball was struck down by a grape shot and fell from his mangled horse before it dropped, other generals and officers of the highest rank took command, and they too were stricken down killed or wounded.

Nothing could stay the panic, nothing could stand before the long rifles and cannons of the Angelinian insurgent forces. Ten times the assaults were repeated and ten divisions were shattered and all their commanders killed or wounded. A thousand flags were rent and torn until they were rags, 10,000 flag bearers were killed and the slaughter of soldiers became a massacre. Finally the remainder of the torn and mangled Angelinian and Abyssinkilian columns slowly fled to the shelter of their own works leaving many weapons and a sea of dead and wounded behind them.

In these twelve assaults one million seven hundred thousand Angelinian soldiers were killed, six million four hundred and sixty six thousand were wounded, and five hundred ninety thousand taken prisoners. At this point only the glandelinian loss only at this section of the battline was seventy thousand killed, and six hundred thousand wounded. The glandelinian general de Luxe Walthe proved himself a hero during the stubborn resistance against these series of christian assaults and was severely wounded by a shell fragment. He also received two bullets in his right shoulder, and three his left leg and one in his hand.

his wounds were so severe that he was borne to the rear and general Radice took his place. During the pandy retreat of the Angelinians a dozen regiments of devoted Osmarians and Abyssinkilians had when overtaken by a brigade of their pursuers taken refuge in an old abandoned farm, and within ten minutes an overwhelming force of Osmarians and other fierce glandelinians besieged them on all sides. General Zachary Turner their gallant Abyssinkilian commander made all the efforts that few mortal men could do to cut through the encircling rebel troops. The glandelinians made six desperate and unsuccessful attempts to destroy the christian force, and were six times repulsed with great loss. On the seventh attempt being made the fire of the christian defense was so severe and rapid that their ammunition became exhausted and the fierce glandelinians finally overpowered them. With drawn sabres, daggers, bayonets, and clubbed guns the brave survivors fought on until near all nearly all of them were cut or shot down. Their general Zachary Turner fell near the farm house, and brigadier general Tecumse was shot down near a haystack. Colonel Owens was butchered and mutilated with while lying wounded in a cornfield. Captain Owen Gwansonian was shot while attempting to set fire to a haystack where had been no surrender of this surrounded christian force and neither had there been no retreat. The glandelinian general who conducted this venture as a sacrifice had seven horses shot under him and his ankle and arm were shattered by bullets.

At other points on the same left wing of the glandelinians a simultaneous christian attack was made, and the Angelinian commander failing to gain the positions by strategy commenced one of the most furious assaults of the battle upon the lines. Here for seven hours amidst burning positions, trees and the like the glandelinians offered such a determined resistance that the Federals were driven away with wholesale losses. At gaspoints the Angelinians charged across wide meadows that separated them from their glandelinian foes and fought the fierce and stubborn nation knee deep in water and in the wet yielding soil. Again and again the flames of Angelinians sixteen miles long threw themselves upon the glandelinian foe but nothing could break the unflinching rebel line before which they were soon obliged to give way. At still other points on the glandelinian left the contest raged still more fiercely. General Anderson at this point had only three million three hundred thousand men to oppose an attacking angelinian force of over six million. The battle here raged furiously all day with artillery and musketry and most savagely. So fierce was the fighting that forest and prairie grass caught fire and dense clouds of smoke hid both sides. Leaves were clipped from the trees till they fell like a hail of blizzards of snowflakes the grass was cut down by bullets and canister and trees splintered and shattered by shell fire. The Abbeismian infantry advanced to the charge sixteen times but each time were compelled to recoil. The Angelinian general in charge of the attacking Abbeismians had four horses killed under him and was wounded in the left shoulder.

During one of these eighteen attacks seventeen hundred thousand glandelinians repulsed and put to flight six million of the fierce and dangerous inkie Abyssinkilians. The main christian commander at this point that day had hoped however to cut the whole glandelinian army that stretched between Growley and Jennie Q. When down into two, but found it impossible to do so. Again and again, and still again the most monstrous Abbeismian and Angelinian divisions stretched in long solid lines many miles in length were ordered forward to expell the glandelinian armies from the positions in the woods back of Growley at the point of the bayonet, but every assault that was made all along that extensive line was beaten back by the glandelinian army with losses too terrible to behold. The fierce contest south of Growley continued fiercely along the glandelinian right wing until dark but even the greatest and most monstrous christian forces were unable to win a single yard or dislodge their most equally stubborn opponents from their strong positions. When the christian general influenced by the timely advice of his generals and advisors withdrew from his perilous positions.

The affair of these assaults of the battle on the left wing of the glandelinian army was disastrous to the christian cause. One of the most stubbornly contested parts of the battle, was on the central wing of this great glandelinian army where general Turner Mylats by his most bold stand saved the glandelinian army from destruction. His divisions stood their ground with the firmness of a long wall of rocks and therefore saved the whole glandelinian army from a terrible beating and from being driven from the boundary line. At a critical time during the furious battle and when reinforcements were badly needed, the glandelinian chief officers watched the advance of heavy columns away to his rear. They could not tell whether they were foes or friends and rode to their main commander to give him the warning. The general then rode forward toward the direction they told him and through his glasses watched the advancing troops in silence. One of his officers also looking through his own field glasses believed he could make out the Turnerranian flag. Turner Mylats looked again more steadily and watched the advancing columns with the most deepening despairing anxiety.

suddenly he was seen to lower his glasses and a load was lifted from his heart. A slight breeze caught the foremost standard of the column and flapped out every fold to its fullest extent and the sunlight breaking through the dense clouds of smoke and dust shone on the excellent Quarian flag; none too soon however but Myletse held his ground at every point as the most extensive battle of the war ebbed and flowed, and fell back to stronger positions toward noon unmolested by the Nationals.

During the second tremendous assault of the Angelinians which came at one thirty in the afternoon after the most desperate fighting of the battle he completely smashed the long waves of the Christian assailants after being almost worsted himself. This charge and its grand repulse was the most wonderful sight ever witnessed. All the Glandelinian generals on the left of Inner Myletse line saw the right wing of the assaulting tidal wave of humanity coming, and ordered their infantry to hold their fire. The wave advancing was so extensive and strong that it appeared as if the whole army was advancing, but the rebels waited until they were within close range and could almost see the whites of their eyes, and then poured their fierce and murderous volleys right into their faces and kept on firing for several minutes until the whole rebel line looked like a gray wedge of smoking lava walls. The rebel commanders supposed of course that when the smoke lifted the whole Christian line of assault would have been broken and all the men in the front lines gone down to their deaths, but it was surprising, for when the smoke partly disappeared, the wave still showed itself but much nearer, and though badly torn and gapped with their fallen lying as thick as straws, was not staggered in the least. The whole wave came on slowly not at all on the run, surging forward cool as fate toward the rebel line like an irresistible tide, and walked up and to and over the works and around the left of the rebel line, before they knew the Angelinians were upon them.

It was simply astonishing to see such fighting. During the Glandelinian resistance against this tremendous charge, general Allen who especially distinguished himself had six horses shot under him during the headlong counter charge against the Angelinians in which he was mortally wounded. The main fury of the conflict opened during this time in the effort of the rebels to drive back the assailants who had advanced around the left of the Glandelinian forces. General Hendrickson rode forward during the fierce struggle to superintend his divisions in person but was immediately killed by a round shot. The command then devolved on general Ahmud but he was not at that time able to check the Christian advance and was wounded severely. The scene of this tremendous fighting was in a series of large farm fields consisting of plowed ground bordered by thickly bordered wooded plains and uplands.

General Frank Goodridge riding up in advance of his Quarian and Secodder troops then came up to take command but he too was wounded, his columns crushed and shattered, and still the Angelinians were gaining ground.

Then general Ginger-jump sent general Gillion to take the chief command and with general Saundersburg he reformed the broken lines anew on the summit of rising ground and elsewhere. The Angelinians pressed on, the conflict grew in fury and violence and the Angelinians already occupied part of the works. General Galden Turner soon arrived at this point at three o'clock with his columns and viewed the fierce Angelinian attack. In spite of all his resistance at the outset the whole of Myletse line had been driven back with terrible loss at exactly three o'clock.

Three o'clock and he himself was severely wounded, but he was reinforced and retained command despite the protest of his officers, strengthening his lines and opening with all his guns, which committed terrible execution but still he could not expell the Angelinian forces to retire. General Galden attacked Myletse batteries, and great demonstrations were made against other portions of the whole Quarian line but these attempts were not being well supported and it was soon to be apparent that the results of the whole day's operations was that the Angelinians would soon be driven back with enormous loss.

The Glandelinian loss was already very heavy. During the struggle all the strength of the Angelinians had been gathered up and thrown in one last and most desperate effort on the whole of the enemy's lines. During all the fierce attack a most furious attack or cannonade had continually reared from more than ten thousand guns for in forming the batteries from Beppo Evans, and Henry Johnston. Other Glandelinian batteries also blazed and thundered, and during the assault and cannonade which raged without intermission for four hours the whole battline itself rattled and thundered with an infernal storm of death and destruction. Hundreds of thousands of great limbs were every minute torn from whole forests of trees miles in extent, countless rocks were splintered, and the death and destruction scattered far and wide.

All that time the furious Angelinians in vast extensive purple and scarlet waves tore upon and through the whole Glandelinian front and gained the works at all points soon only to be driven back by the long gray lines blazing with an eruption of death and death and horror.

It was like a comb-combat of the world. Scores of thousands of battle flags on both sides were shot to earth quicker than that many men could pick them up. The storm of bullets brought down leaves from the trees as thickly as a hurricane would blow down branches and had made down the branches of the trees.

SEE PAGE SEVENTY SIX.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

A RETREAT.

suddenly he was seen to lower his glasses and a load was lifted from his heart. A slight breeze caught the foremost standard of the column and flapped it every fold to its fullest extent and the conflict became more and more

It was like a comb combat of the worlds. Scores of thousands of battle flags on both sides were shot to earth quicker than that many men could pick them up. The storm of bullets brought down leaves from the trees as thickly as a hurricane would have done. Purple and red coats dropped by hundreds of thousands as rebel regiments and brigades poured in side ones to the assistance of those who defended the crest of the glandelinian works and the repulsed and shattered christian forces were their way back under cover of the smoke clouds. Vice and sanguinary deseculation the battle of the boundary line was over and a thrill of hope ran through the glandelinian as had not been known since the beginning of the horrible glandelinian war. It was apparent that the tide at the boundary had at last been turned but not until Angolinia had ridden on the topmost wave and been dashed on the rocks of the boundary.

At the right wing of the rebel line the conflict was nearly as fierce as it was on the center but raged the whole day long. At this point the Angolinian assault was almost completely successful. For suddenly with a yell that could have outdone the noise of the greatest cyclone the flower of the Angolinian army fell upon the glandelinian army under general Jemisin at the extreme of the rebel line. And the pandemonium of sound the whole glandelinian force flew into a great panic and confusion before the sudden irresistible crush of the Angolinians. In a most extensive and turbulent tide they streamed to the rear and along the banks of the Ouden river toward Vanity Fair, their ten commanders severely wounded, and one third their number killed or disabled, and one quarter captured. The contagion of panic spread to other Glandelinian divisions, the few brigades who stood their ground crumbling before the assault of the purple tents. With half of their number dead or dying they joined their flying comrades. Through the twilight, what was once six gallant glandelinian divisions still fled through to the rear. At the last height of the Angolinian success, their main commander was seriously wounded, ten of his staff were killed and thirteen wounded and this threw the victors into confusion and disorganization and then carried to the rear under a fearful fire from the lines of the rallied glandelinian armies. Five or two of his litter bearers were killed and the litter littered to the ground. When the Glandelinians were fully rallied they moved forward in full column and being reinforced began a most desperate counter attack over soon.

The battle with the whole christian army was now nearing its total conclusion but as at other big conflicts the bloody scenes of this day were only a prelude of what was to come elsewhere. In violence and fierceness the mastery and cannon fire along the whole front of both sides surpassed anything in battles yet anywhere. The main christian generals at all points had made defense of the most desperate attempts to cut the rebel army to pieces but were foiled. General Myletze was now with his army crowding general Mandell the main christian commander of the whole force and he was falling back though at all points the battle was still raging. Up to now general Mandell's brigades of the Glandelinians numbering eighty million troops had taken no part in this tremendous conflict but at seven o'clock he marched into position. The total results of the last day of the battle was really seeming to be undecided but unless general Myletze received reinforcements equal to general Mandell's troops he would soon meet disaster.

However so far the vast christian army which extended sixty three miles along the boundary was driven back at all points for ten miles leaving heaps of dying killed and wounded on the field also that distance and also at the whole front. It probably was the most terrible battle fought yet by both armies and closed just at the hour darkness came. As stated during the preceding sheets the whole christian armies had made repeated and most furious assaults on the whole three wings of the glandelinian army with at first with great triumphant success but later was driven back with great slaughter. A portion of Inner Myletze as line especially the center was crushed but he reformed it and secured it against further disaster. The Glandelinian losses had been very heavy but had nevertheless won a decided success. The Glandelinian wounded were estimated to amount to six million dead, and eight million wounded with nearly a hundred generals killed and twice that many wounded. Many of the Angolinian wounded who came to the base hospitals from the front declared to their comrades that it was one of the fiercest and fiercest engagements of the war. They declared that the worse of the battle had entered the storm upon Myletze in person but who repulsed them. They also declared that general Mandell and others made a most terrific and brilliant charge of the war but were driven back with the loss of one million in prisoners. The dead still lay in heaps and eighteen million of their wounded were already in the hospitals. Any could have ridden for miles and miles of the ground of the most stubbornly contested border battle of the war, how stubbornly could be attested by the millions of trees bowed and broken by bullets and the thick stream dead. No other battlefield of the war has yet presented so terrible a scene. Estimating the killed and wounded of the christian side and the prisoners the total loss may be twenty million. The total loss was about twelve million.

Hanson's army continued the slow retreat until their positions were reached and then the siege of Eva Grania was resumed. Not resumed but worse. Two desperate battles had already raged for the possession of the important southern stronghold of the No-Mirthian fortifications and still the brave and gallant christian armies had not made much success and had already met two bloody and crushing reverses. The battle indeed was a horrible struggle to behold, indeed was one of the worst two of the war and one of them surpassed Galverine or Mc-Golleston put alone.

But nevertheless retreat or high lightning landing was not quite over and though Hanson was repulsed there was no intention of Hanson stopping the fighting at no matter what the cost. He had now concentrating against this section of the great No-Mirthian fortress the strongest and largest christian armies the world ever had seen, and the strongest christian armies ever yet mastered. Nevertheless during the last battle horrible disasters had occurred to the enemy.

The many explosions among the enemy's lines during the great battle were the most fearful, and at the same time the most destructive horrors of the whole war up to this time. These great explosions have been attended with effects so terrible and destructive that no other great calamity, neither earthquake, fire, or tornadoes can compare with them. At the extreme right of the glandelinian position not less than fifty seven great explosions had occurred within the space of four hours. One of the most destructive of these explosions destroyed over thirty thousand lives and destroyed a whole glandelinian position for the distance of forty miles in length leaving no trace of the line along which it extended. Dense clouds of dust and smoke extended as witnesses said even up to the opposite hemisphere. Even then the minds of the survivors had not yet had time to recover from the terror caused by these series of unexpected cataclysms, when they were again plunged into dismay, by a another dreadful occurrence of a different description, but hardly less terrible and destructive. About half an hour after the most severe of these volcanic eruption like explosions had ceased, the Angolinian waves of men like surges of wild screaming, yelling cursing among rushed suddenly with the most incredible velocity and fury upon the glandelinians trying to rally, and the charging columns would certainly have annihilated this whole line of glandelinians, and completed the work of destruction, had not general ghosammia, permitted this enormous column of wave of wildly charging christian soldiers to spread themselves over a position of many square miles long, and thus open upon them a deadly fire of cannon which raked their lines through and through, tore them to pieces, and drove them back in confusion. But even this favorable circumstances did not exempt the glandelinian position from the effects of a horrible disaster. The Angolinians before being driven back had penetrated the enemy's lines to the distance of two miles, and the losses of the enemy in defending the position most frantically was terribly heavy.

It is stated that by the effects of the seventy six or seven explosions and of the Angolinian inundation of horror, not less than 11,600,000 Glandelinians perished, and the survivors were crushed with their losses.

After the battle had ceased even for a slight while the whole region behind the enemy's badly torn positions appeared in a terrible blaze from a gigantic conflagration which was so bright that it threw a glare seen for scores of miles the following bloody night, in which an inferno of conflagration was kept up and which split the air from the din of explosions and flashes. It was said without exaggeration that the enemy's handiapped position seemed to be on fire in a hundred different places at once, and thus even during the continuation of the battle continued to burn on for six days altogether, consuming everything the great explosions had spared, and the glandelinians at this point were so dejected and terrified that few or none had the courage enough to venture over in the region to save any part of their substance. Horror was added to horror. Evangelina Grania was a veritable reign of terror.

The enemy had certainly it is true crushed back Hanson's repulse and so on but had the worse of it on their own side, and it did seem as if the siege of Eva Grania would be won by the Angolinians. The many christian positions extended for about nearly a hundred miles.

The christian losses in total were not really estimated but it was considered as 28,189,339. The foe was considered to have lost about 21,000,000.

SPECIAL.

SPECIAL

## CHAPTER 9

NEW TREMORS VISIT FLOODED REGIONS. FREAKISH EXPLOSION AT BIG GIRL KNOOL.  
IT DOES LITTLE HARM BUT TERRIFYS THE MANY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF  
REFUGEES. SHOCK FELT FOR A DISTANCE OF ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY MILES.

ANOTHER THREATENING FLOOD DANGER FOR BIG GIRL KNOOL. WHILE FLOOD RECESSES FROM  
SOUTHERN CALVERINIA, NORTH ANGOLINIA FEELS WRATHS OF FLOOD. DEMANDS ARABIANIAN  
GOVERNMENT SEND MANY BILLIONS, AND LARGE ARMIES TO FIGHT FLOOD AND GLANDELINIAN  
SNIPERS.

GLORIANA, N and AND LUCILLE RICKEN FLOODED, AS PERILS SPREAD. SOUTHERN  
TOWNS FLOODING DELTA TOWNS.

WEST APPROACH OF COLD WAVE, FLOODS RECESS AND FREEZE OVER.....

Evangelina of southern Calverinia seems now to be a...



devastation of northern Angeline was regarded as certain by all general, to royal national and state agents, because fleets and armies for the war were being concentrated against a possible southwestern spread of the flood nearest Gertrude Angeline City which was bearing the greater portion of the pressure from the Mic-Murthier River flood and back waters from the receding floods of the Mic-Murthier River. The flood continued to spread without entering the Mic-Murthier River. The water would then cover seven or eight miles to the west containing about four million more acres, and about three hundred and fifty five thousand inhabitants.

Therefore a vast steady and destructive clutch on this water front and already in conflict on for more than a month in the hope that the really made dikes might hold and confine the flood to the parent river, but with the flood rising, with dikes regularly away the dikes so strongly were they made, it threatened inevitable to overflow them.

Nevertheless again the desperate fight was still being carried on, with the army concentrating all available forces, even able bodied women and children, and gladiators, prisoners of all danger points, along a stretch of more than three hundred miles. An overflow of the levees there, would divert a large portion of the swiftly moving flood from the Mic-Murthier, to the Angeline River, and relieve the situation south on the main stream, but threatened new perils to the southeast and west of Angeline junction city.

Anonymous food supplies were also in transit to numerous concentration points, and hundreds of thousands of tents, and millions of sacks of food, were being sent to new danger areas. There was some concern at the situation however as the great moved toward the Mic-Murthier and along the levees from Angeline junction to Gertrude Angeline City was expressed at the two cross headquarters, although precaution though slightly flooded was believed to be assured of safety. But if the levees were topped by the flood, or if Glendelinians made extra chances by blasting the levees, a dense densely populated territory would be flooded.

On this front of more than nine hundred and fifty five miles of length and a hundred broad the Mic-Murthier embankments still were holding. The levees were inspected by Count Dr. Biff and the Secretary of War, and a heavy train trip from Big Girl Knool to Gertrude Angeline City after conferring with state officials and having all four cars loaded with soldiers armed with machine guns and hand grenades.

After a conference with the Count Dr. Biff and the city relief committee, Count Dr. Biff decided to return to Big Girl Knool and to remain there until the crisis had passed.

Flood waters had again in some parts of Northern Angeline Province isolated and endangered fifty refugee camps, and government officials appealed at that time for more aid, and predicted that forty three camps had been endangered, while a few others had been cut off from the base of supplies not only by flood but some enemy encampments with the only method of reaching them by small boats which could transport only limited loads. The numbers of refugees in these camps were said to be about two hundred and fifty six thousand, and these endangered were listed as camps at Buell's, Rickson, Chamberlains, and even near Big Girl Knool, but the other remaining levee and river dikes were now being guarded and controlled by so many Christians under the command of general Vilius, and some of the Christian command that there was no further fear of new enemy made breaks in the levees, and as nearly the whole population of all other threatened districts were fighting desperately, to ward off the course of the flood, it was hoped the flood would soon reach the sea. Practically all of the northeastern parts of the Angeline County was slowly being freed of the flood waters by this time, but the southwestern portions were still covered by water, though the cities of Angeline, junction, Gertrude Angeline, are precaution and others reported that the flood had gone down a considerable amount.

The Red Cross reported that in southern sections of this region the flood recently had made an additional increase of about two hundred and seventy three thousand refugees, but that with everything seeming to be in control the worst of the flood situation seemed to have passed.

The authorities of all bigger cities and towns on the 4th of December made a plea to the Abbeian Abbeian government and emperor Vilius in general for many millions of dollars for future flood prevention as well as for the refugees who were still homeless even though the flood was rapidly going down.

And indeed this plea for the national funds indicated the spirit of the most important flood prevention conference ever held in Angeline Angeline, and series of others held in other cities and towns, which opened on the 4th. The plea for the record breaking royal and federal appropriations for this cause was voiced especially by every city mayor in Abbeian and other states, and echoed by thousands upon thousands of other speakers, and endorsed by hundreds of thousands of every city and town, and others who called the conference, and approved apparently to the entire gathering.

The national director of all National Forests, first of the Abbeianians to name the amount said it was none too large and would prevent the enemy in the future from making more floods and keep the districts clear of Glendelinians altogether.

The mayor of every city proposed a hundred million dollars for every city to be used for the whole continuation of the unusual destructive war. And the governor of all states, declared that the job was not too big for the whole Abbeian country.

78  
The large number of those scheduled to take part in these many simultaneous meetings such as counts, lords, barons, and all other royal delegates, besides every state governor, attorney, and judge were not expected to arrive to the destinations until the next day. Varying from more or less detailed descriptions of conditions at particular places to analysis the prevention of the causes of the constant increases in the seriousness of Glendelinian made floods, forest fires and other dangerous obstructions with highways guarded by sentries, the narrowing of wide channels into gorges during war time by the pressure of industry agriculture and transportation purposes, were the purposes of the meetings, but the thought of relief and preventing an about absolutely crystallized in the prayer for immediate aid from the authorities of Angeline Angeline.

"The government ought to begin with fifteen billion" said one of the mayors. "No earthquake disasters, and we sure can do that for our other nations during big storm and much money it takes to carry on the war. The national Abbeianian government is strong enough and rich enough" said he. "To expend one hundred billion a year for the duration of the war on the future future protection of waters of our country from Glendelinian vandals. Anything then less this amount would be false to the cause, and would not produce the desired effect. All the people of this glorious nation sit idly by and demand upon the royal Congress to pass legislation sufficient to take care of all the need of waterways, flood control and shipping horrors during the remainder of the war." This mayor said it absolutely plain that he attended the appropriation for the entire country of Abbeian, from one coast to the other, while others expressed the opinion, that the amount suggested was not quite large enough, that for the Mic-Murthier River basin alone into which the drain of the principal waters of nearly forty nine states out of the hundred, and lesser streams from many others. He also received a telegram from Count Dr. Biff reading in part--

"I and my followers will work along with you on any of the things I know you want us to do. The enemy must be prevented from making future floods, and shall."

The chief engineer of the Calvernia general country division of one hundred state waterways gave a detailed explanation for the recent floods, and predicted thus:

"I'm sorry to say gentlemen that no matter what is done as long as this war continues nothing can stop the enemy from making floods. There will during this war from now even not be still more serious floods and many disasters which will not be record. The best way to prevent this is drive all Glendelinians out of Calvernia, and give them no quarter."

His recommendation also was that the purchase of the states would be on of no avail. "The very bigness of the problem challenges the whole nation" said the mayor of Big Girl Knool who had urged the immediate creation of a committee committee of levee engineers to prepare a comprehensive plan of preventing the enemy from bursting more river dikes and levees. And on the assistant chief of the Big Girl Knool river levee districts also urged the appointment of a board not of only flood control but of the prevention of hiding places for all Glendelinian snipers, and that all places that could be hiding places should either be destroyed or garrisoned by Christian troops.

"The most dangerous situation of all during flood disasters, is the fact of so many sniping the refugees and preventing any of rescue" he said. "That surely can be prevented if we only try. While presiding at the meeting at Big Girl Knool in particular, Count Dr. Biff received from Baron Carl a telegram urging him to join in an appeal to emperor Vilius for either the permit to have the armies wage a no quarter war on the vandals Glendelinian armies, or a special session of The royal Congress or a national conference of that sort, the war should be carried on on such a ruthless enemy like Glendelinian... However the possibility that the whole system of for future war flood control in every river valley and lake, or dam might have to be changed as a result of the losses in obligations ordered by emperor Vilius was expressed at the royal palace at past agreements Abbeian. There the whole problem was of such magnitude that those who acted in emperor Vilius's plans, the latter being at the edge of Vilius's glory just now, felt that when flood control methods should be considered as impossible while the war lasts, and that the only next best thing to be done was the construction of a levee in such a fashion that it would take too much explosion explosives to destroy even one section, but that to keep enemies away from the levees at this time this was



Q. No man can therefore charge the fate of these unfortunate people to any failure on their own part, and they did not fail. Either nature has raised an equal to the charity of their country men, and therefore things were done for flood sufferers; that even made other nations admit and love Algonquians, and also willing to do their best to lend aid and condolence when they did go far Albia in Algonquians going according to this story planned it, Algonquians, etc., and let our nations know we could not really be held to any one but Algonquians, not to even say that God did it just because the guidance shows us that.

And if such a Glandelinian nation expects quarter for their stock, no one I believe can see why they do, or understand why Abolitionia puts up with all these horrors without striking back ten fold. But a catastrophe has come and gone to the people of southern California and northern Angelina, most of the flood still left in freedom over, and Glandelinia will have, pay by and by, and pay extremely well you.

8

an line stood back from the last section of the snow-covered camp of the main christ most gloomy part of the Mac-gollies Woods, and to hide the main strength of the fortified works there were many long narrow lines of seemingly unending railings appeared to be a frail protection from the expected surging attack of the glendalians should they issue forward once more.

In front of the works to decide themselves further, there were long lines of half armoured horse, buses, drays, drams, vans, and broken wagons and machinery of every description, and guards who passed up and down were so shabbily dressed, that they appeared like men who were either going to work in the camp or coming from it.

Other openings also a more desolate set of rifle pits had small piles of old half rotten lumber in it, another exhibited second hand furniture, chairs with unsteady legs, sofas with horsehair and other material bulging out of holes in their coverings, bedding, beds, stoves, a morose mirrors, with blotches in them.

The whole interior of the woods were as gloomy as the forest in the first dark story, especially of these known as the "lighting trees". And all was mostly alike. At certain parts were dangerous ravines ravines one big opening in the woods looked like a large scotch flagged yard. The whole region was shabby and cheerless on the brightest days of winter of sou summer, and in foggy or rainy or snowy days it was the most forlorn place within the whole christian

most that was the thoughts of a certain boy scout as he stood within sight of one of the Iron rail fences, watching the countless numbers of soldiers at their drilling or at work, on the morning morning after the distant battle of Lough-  
lough country of boy scouts had been brought by general Malmora Delight Groatheart  
in this section of the camp, too strong to be assaulted by any force of the  
adulterance.  
was a boy of about nine years old, his name being Antonio Marciocon  
dred-and to say without frankness he was also the kind of a boy soldiers of  
1 regiments would look at pretty closely, and when they really have taken a  
has a good look at him once, would look always and love him too. He however was  
port for his years, but in the first place he had a very strong frame, and broad  
shoulders, and had such powerful arms that 1 no lad older or young could go one  
and with with him.

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as they glanced at him; "What a fine strong boy guards! he would make for the Vivian girl Princesses." And every time they saw his face they would again and again look at his face. His was not of an Anglo-American nationality, or half the face of an Abbeismian, e the like, and was not a day dark in coloring though his face had a severe pugnaclio character which seemed to prove he was a boy who could not be daunted. In anything, and defied everything. His language was French, but he could speak English, Russian, Spanish, and also had learned the Latin tongue of the Abbeismians and the allies.

color of his hair. He was an ex-Angeliniian as any one could imagine, and all he soldiers who continually observed him were always struck by the silent look his whole face assumed, a look which suggested in expression that he was a boy who never talks much to any one, any of pretty girl a children, but fierce and dangerous to them when aroused by them of seriously offended. He had a look on his face this time which was more noticeable as he stood near the wall faces watching the soldiers at their drill, and work, the weather being only moderately cold. And to day he had certainly thought that thought's the would have brought a man's face itself a very unpleasantly expression. For to day he was constantly thinking of the long slow, and perilous journey and his big company of boyscouts and their officers with general Greathurst had made during the last two weeks, through cold waves, fierce blizzards to general Greathurst's army.

Norothy Gale (University) to General Greathurst, he had been cramped in a close

the noise of the worse war they had ever heard of soon.

He felt sure however that if necessary he and his boys could night stay within a christian army a full year, or it may be prove to be in the middle of some night, or day his general of his army would send about leaders leader night when his from his sleep and say "General get out of bed quick, and dress yourself immediately. We need you somewhere else at once. General Advantages orders".

A few days or weeks later his and his very regiment might be back in goryth sale, Angelina Gathania, or Betsy pobbia, and to hide their true purpose to be muddled away in one of the powerful fortresses guarding these places.

n heavily o upon him and always sat him to deep wondering.  
In not one of the boy scout regiments he knew or the one he commended had he ever yet met a boy who was like himself. Many other boys had commissions w in which they proved themselves capable to being grant boy scout heroes, they had gone to the boy scout schools regularly before the outbreak of the war and played with other boys and even girls, and altogether of the things which happened through out the war. But he and the four boys who were with him were different. They were in the Penrod regiment in a camp long enough to make a number of boy scouts. He knew that he must never forget that his whole existence was a most tremendous secret, whose safety depended upon his own silence and discretion for himself, and the whole nation.

When his boy scout company or regiment marched down a company street, all soldiers turned to look at and watch them, even oftener than they turned to look at him, and the boy scout leader felt as if it were not merely because he had command of a grand regiment, brave and well drilled, but because they looked somehow as if the leader been to command armies, and if as if no one would dare think of disobeying them.

But whether they were in one country or another, or going from one army to another, or from camp to camp, and how to turn, and whatsoever dark places of the prisoner camps they seemed to be hiding in, the generals and all the soldiers, the way they saw traced him and all his boys with a great spirit of deference, and they stood when they were in their presence unless he bade them to be seated.

He knew well about it, however and spoke and understood its language as a Meridian man. His father and mother who were now dead had continually spoke about the nation and its interests from ever since that day when the simultaneous killing of Crowley, Lawrence, and Jennie-Wren-Town had been fought. His school teacher had taught him to know all about it by personally he, pointing him to study curious detailed maps of all portions of Abbiassinea, maps of its cities, maps of its mountains, rivers, railroads, and everything else. His teacher had told him, and showed him the long detailed a story of the cause of the struggle, the wrongs done to the nation at all parts by the horrid wicked killing of child slaves by the rebellious landelinian states of Angelina, and their untold hellish suffering; and landelinia's wicked struggle against the cause for the childrens liberty, and above all, the experiences of the daring girl Princesses, and their unusual and most unconquerable courage even during dark dare-devil recklessness, and of their saintly ways, and their excellent lovelinesses.

As they talked together of the ensuing struggle, the perils faced by the pitiful African girls, the indescribable sufferings of the child slaves, the sad slavery of the worst Mandolinian cruises and their generals, Penrods boy blushed and leaped in his veins, and he always knew by the looks in the teachers' faces that though he was a German and that Angelina or Abbieaunna's welfare should have concerned him, that his blood burned also.

new was a difficult problem. But the people of the whole nation were given and giving again, and the excitement caused by the disasters was increasing the size of the army in an astonishing way. Even the poorest people were giving, even children were sacrificing their best. Many villages and towns, and even cities have had their population tripled or quadrupled by destitute refugees. Their own resources were becoming exhausted. They all gave more than would believe, and the people of Abbeinnia despite these disasters were demonstrating daily their courage and their abilities, and men, women and children by millions.

86

The unfortunate Galverinians, for not taking part or siding with the wicked rebellion had seen their helpless child children murdered countless number, they had themselves been robbed, their own soldiers had died of wounds by the hundred thousand while prison prisoners of cruelities, others by starvations, but their souls had never been conquered, and through all the months during which more powerful rebels arms or ice crushed the federals, they had never ceased to struggle with their enemies to free themselves, and aid the child slaves to a stand unfettered, as children of other nations always did.

"And why did I not have the chance to go and live there!!!!!" Penrod had cried one day after school was being let out. "And why is it I am only boy yet and not a great big man and a soldier? I would give anything to go over there and fight for God, if only I was a great big man. I would go over the seas and fight for Abbeinnia, and ever die for her cause."

"If you wish to serve Abbeinnia and her cause it would be better for you to live and die for her, working at every duty night and day," his teacher answered. "We must deny ourselves of everything possible to train our bodies and souls, to use our brains more than anything else, and to learn all the things which are best to be done for Abbeinnia and her cause. Even any unknown exiles in every nation may be Abbeinnians—I happily know some of them, but unhappily you are not one."

"Do you know any one of the exiles then?" asked Penrod. "Yes indeed," was the answer. "And he told me if ever he had the chance to set his feet on Abbeinnian soil he would give his life to it. Many have already given their lives even since they were the smallest boy or girl, and they will give it until they die. I am one of them had the money to go to night and maybe take you with him."

"Have you ever been to Galverinia or lived in her for a short time?" said Penrod.

At this moment the boy noticed that a strange look appeared in the teachers face.

"No," he answered I never was there. "and he said no more. Penrod watched him and knew therefore he must not ask the question again. The next word the teacher said, was about certain promises. Penrod was a very little boy at that time, but he understood the solemnity of a sacred promise and pledges, and even then felt was being honored as if he were a great general in chief."

"If you ever wake up your mind to go to Abbeinnia you shall learn all you may wish to know," the teacher said. "Now of course you are only a very young child, and I do not wish to burden your mind. But even now if you really side with Abbeinnia, and her cause, you may do your part. I know many children who usually forget that breaking sacred secrets may be dangerous not to a cause but also to themselves. You must never forget this. To break a promise or secret betrays you and causes your destruction. And no matter where you are in Abbeinnia or any of her states, even wherever you have playmates, boys or girls, or should you even meet the Vivian girl, or the Emperor of Abbeinnia itself, you must promise to be silent and never reveal any important thing unless commanded to do so. You must not speak of ever knowing me, what I do in my profession, what country you come from or of anything you will be sent to any part of Abbeinnia, in her more northern states, or rebellious states to go. You must not mention the things in your life, or anything you may even see the Vivian girl princesses do. And do not offend them. They are as good as and as lovely in manners as they are in features, but if they are angry or offended, its stand from under. Remember that."

As a foolish mischance might be betray anything to the crafty Mandelinian spies and secret service agents, you must keep in your mind not to reveal even a secret to the Vivian girls themselves. For the Country's cause, even though you are a boy who generally dislikes girls, do what you can to get in good stand for or with the Vivian girls and this may help the cause win out and bring you in good favor of them. You are a descendant of the oldest people of Canada, while I am a German subject, and there have been persons in every nation in this world claiming to be descendants of Abbeinnia who would have died a thousand deaths in a day rather than betray any secret entrusted to them. Therefore if you are willing to go to Abbeinnia to serve her in her cause, you must learn to obey

87

everything without question, just as if you were of the Abbeinnian Germani. Now as I know you wish to do so, you must take your oath of Allegiance to her cause."

The teacher then rose from his table and went to the corner of the schoolroom. All the curious children, boys and girls saw him kneel down, open a small door in the wall, and take something from it. It was a large crucifix, and a sword from its sheath. Then the children noticed the teachers desk, he drew also suddenly stiffen, draw itself up, and his deep gray blue eyes flashed. "Before all the children in the school room he was to take his great oath of allegiance, both upon a crucifix and a sword for Abbeinnia and her cause as if he were a general. The brave little lad who was to really turn out one of the best of the Vivian girls to the enemy, did not become conscious even then Angelina Aronburg or opening and shutting with a most fierce understanding grip because those of his hand had long, for or long centuries past carried swords and sacred sables and fought for them in the Crusader wars."

The teacher first gave him the big crucifix, and stood erect before him, while all the children remained silent and respectful.

"Now Penrod repeat after me sentence by sentence," he commanded. And as the teacher spoke then Penrod echoed each one as loudly as he could. "The Crucifix in my hand bestowing my love for God and his holy country of Abbeinnia."

"The sword in my hand for God and his Abbeinnian Country."

"The swift ness of my sight, all my actions, all the thoughts in my brain, are

as life of my life for Abbeinnia."

"Here goes a good boy for the cause of Abbeinnia."

"Death to Mandelinian traitors of Mandelinia, and child slave holders."

"Down with the Rebellion, and with victory for a good cause, God be thanked."

Then the teacher put his hand on the brave child's shoulder, and his own face looked almost fiercely proud.

"From this hour," he said "You Penrod and I are comrades at arms. I'll see to it you all go to Abbeinnia as soon as possible. I'll see my Abbeinnian friends this we

now from that day to the one on which he stood beside the iron rail fence the Sun Beam Creek Camp Penrod now a boy scout whose capt capture would cause a new hundred million dollar reward to any Mandelinian officer, and a hundred million dollar reward to any Mandelinian soldier, and ten million to the lowest soldier, had not forgotten the hours he had been in general concentration Aronburg more than once before, but not to the regions where the fortified positions were up along the scorebound unbroken creek, however he always made it a habit when ever he brought his daring boy scout regiment a second or third time as some army he always selected a quarter that was new to him, for certain now he did not wish to see again the strange people he had before seen. He had been occasionally slight like links of acquaintances with officers, men and women, but he did not know how shabbily or well uniformed, but they had been easily broken and separated. His foster father, general Maldonia, a heart to whom the Mandelinians had never advised him against making chance acquaintances. The general had in fact always told him that he and all the Mandelinian generals had reasons for not wishing him to hold himself aloof from boy scouts, or officers and men.

only barrier which existed between them was the barrier of silence concerning secret operations, wanderings, and the like from army to army, and from one of the war stricken country to another. He had to be more careful for thousands of other boy scout leaders of all nations, therefore they would miss nothing from his own boyish talk when he did refuse to mention his own works when he was spending his first days in

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88

war stricken Galverinia he was to spend only of Abbeinnian places, and the Abbeinnian people, and their customs. When he went through Abyssinika, Angelini Dondobia or Angelini he knew he must do the very same thing. And when he had learned the language of the Abbeinnian nation Penrod did not know. Since he came here he seemed to have grown up in the midst of the Abbeinnian tongue which soon became familiar with him as all languages are to children who have lived with them until one scarcely seems less familiar than the other. Penrod did remember however that general Great heart had always been unwavering in his strict attention to his pronunciation and also the method of speaking the language only of the country he came from.

"You my dear boy, since you are now here must not show as a foreigner in this country until your character is well known. He had said to him. "It is absolutely very necessary that you should not. It is even dangerous to your life. All the insurgent Angelinian generals, even general Mac-Holleston Johnston and the Menleys themselves would give anything, sacrifice anything, even their lives in order to see you destroyed so dangerous you have made yourself to the Angelinians for even the short time you have been with us. When you are with us a longer time you must not appear to know German, French or English or anything but Abbeinnian. Scores of millions of Angelinians for these last months and ever since are still still combing, nay scouring the very world itself to capture you for the sake of gold and the cause you came to fight for, and for your own life be as careful as you would a jewel."

Once a few weeks before the bloody battle of Lieghburg landing after his regiment had done some excellent service, saving many regiments of soldiers from traps, a strange boy scout leader to try Penrod had asked him if he had ever seen the *virian* girls or, if he knew who they were.

"He had seen the famous *virian* girl heroes, knew them well, and had asked me if I had ever seen them or knew who they were." Penrod said later bringing the report to general Goncentinian Aronburg himself. "I said I had not. Then he asked if I would like to have the chance to see and speak to them, and another boy had said he had his companions had heard lots about my own work when they call heroes which almost outrival the deeds of the *virian* girls themselves and asked me whether I would like to have a commission in their bands of boyscouts or not, to join the *virian* girls, and I was so embarrassed, and felt so scared that I did not know what to tell those boys. I'm afraid I could not bear to meet the *virian* girls."

At that time he had returned from the signal corps and he put a grubby little hat on the great generals arm and clinked and almost fiercely shook it. "I wanted to say that accord according to what those beautiful little little girl Princesses were I was not surely worthy enough to belong to their band of special scout scouts, that I surely was not like them, in character, not at all and would not have the nerve to even meet them. And yet I do long to see them, to be in their presence to be with them, but do not dare think of it. I get shaky as if with the argue. Yet I knew I am not of their kind though I may be worthy of such a position. I confessed to the boyscout that I was not a real Abbeinnian but only a patriot for her cause, though I did not reveal my nationality, and declared that the *virian* girls were too good for me. Yet I'd give my life for even them the *virian* heroes who I have never yet seen." And Penrod said it grandly, and with a queer emotion and indignation, his black head held high up, and his eyes almost angry. General Goncentinian Aronburg laid his hand against the boys mouth.

"Hush, hush Penrod," he said. "It is not an insult the boys made about the unusual girl children of the world. If you should have a chance meeting with the *virian* girls, you would have better times, and happier moments, and if they saw you or knew you, your deeds would bring you the highest boyscout commission known in the world, and you would win their life loving friendship as well as their highest companionship and favor as other boys have done. Some time my friend you'll have this good luck. The *virian* girls are looking for such boys like you."

The great general was smiling but Penrod saw him hold his head up high too, and his eyes were glowing as he touched touched his shoulder.

89

"I know you did not tell the boys your real nationality!" He ended. "What was it said to them?"

"I said that I heard many stories about them, that they were nearly always writing stories of scenes, and drawings, leading scouting parties, directing generals and other officers, against the enemy, and everything else, and I merely said that they were the worlds greatest hero and heroines, but I did not know all the things they did—and many generals claimed it was a most dangerous and dangerous and most reckless trade for them to be the Abbeinnian Princesses. I once heard you say that once to his Majesty Robert Angolio *virian* their father. Was that right to tell them that your Excellency?"

"Yes providing you know boys to be trusted. Then you may tell all you know especially when you are asked. They are brave enough little Princesses to write a hundred thousand different things against the rebellion, and to do things which bring them such respect, love and honor. There seems nothing strange in their being writers, girl scouts, and code readers. When you ever come to fully know them to speak to and be a companion to you will be able to understand them better and won't need to be afraid of them."

So general Goncentinian Aronburg answered him and told him lots of things about the brave *virian* girls, and their deeds, and from that time if by any chance anyone enquired of him of his chance of meeting the worlds greatest heroines it was simple enough and true enough to say that he knew nothing about them but what he heard, but that he would be glad to see them if possible.

In the first few weeks of strangeness to a new christian camp Mario Penrod often drilled his boy scouts, or marched them on scouting tours and a great deal of other duties. And one to his surprise while on one of these performances he noticed seven of the most beautiful boy scouts of horseback watching him with great admiration but he did not do anything more but salute them and continued his duty as unconcerned as ever. They were the *virian* girls and he did not know it.

He and his whole regiment of brave boys were very strong and untiring and therefore it amazed him greatly to watch his regiment past these seven boys on horseback, or to go out alone and look at or help as much as his boy strength would allow in the erection of batteries and fortifications, and to pretend to review the drills of the armies.

He did not confine his regiment to the great thoroughfare on the outer part of the great camp but kept within the main interior or branched off into the side company streets and presently deserted and odd looking squares of the vast encampments and even courts and alleyways in the ardent hopes of coming within sight of the much spoken of *virian* girl heroes. Never did he think that these astonishingly beautiful boys on horseback were the very Princesses who in disguise had returned to the camp from a scouting tour and who had stopped and watched him drill his boys for nearly half an hour. He had often stopped his drilling to watch artillery men, or gunners, and talk to them if he granted the time. In this way he hoped to see and make the acquaintances of the *virian* girls, hoped to meet them in his strollings, and learn a good many things.

He also had a fondness for everything he saw, but never once to his knowledge had his main wish gratified yet, though he had seen the seven most beautiful boys of many occasions, and had even spoken to them and shook hands with them, and went with them on small or long scouting tours.

He did not know that the *virian* girls were not in Goncentinian Aronburgs army just now but in his very own and that he had actually been out with them while they were in disguise.

It was very full this first morning, and he therefore wished he was sent on a important mission, or given some something to do, or some one if not the *virian* girls to speak to. To do nothing whatever when in a big army camp is a depressing thing at all times but it was more especially so to Penrod who was always used to a life of activity.

This portion of the besieging christian camps as he saw it in the Sunken gulcher-Greek region seemed to him a most tedious place. The stretch of snow bound woods was dark and sombre looking and the camp full of dreary home sick looking soldiers and officers.

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90

This was not the first time he had seen the same sights, and everything he did, made him have the feeling that he wished, he, and his boy scout regiment had something more thrilling to do than to signal with flags and other materials. Suddenly he turned away from the iron rail fence, and went into one of the big tents to speak to Lieutenant General Cromer. He found him in side the large tent.

"I'm going for a stroll." He announced to him. "Please tell His Excellency General Greathart Heart if he happens to ask for me. He is very busy just now and I must not disturb him."

General Cromer was writing something on a large piece of paper when Penrod spoke he stood up suddenly to answer him. This lieutenant general was very one obstinate and always very particular about many certain forms of manners toward allied boy scout leaders and the like. Whenever a boy scout or any kind of an Angelinian officer was near him, nothing would oblige him to remain seated.

At first Penrod had thought it was because he had been strictly trained to do this.

He had also noticed for some time that even General Concentin in Aronburg had had much trouble and the greatest effort to make him lay aside his habit of saluting when any important boy scout spoke to him. So one day Penrod had heard Concentin Aronburg say very severely indeed: "I have been thinking of you."

"Perhaps Lieutenant General Cromer, I remember once you had forgotten yourself, and had stood at military salute, while the Vivian girls in disguise as dirty urchins passed through a certain outer outskirts of an equally large camp as this where thousands of soldiers were out and at work or drill.

So for God's sake I hope perhaps you can at least force yourself to remember when I tell you, don't salute any one who is in disguise in public. It is not safe for you or them. You put them, the whole army and even yourself in the greatest danger."

It was evident that this helped the good officer to control himself. Penrod always remembered that at the time of Concentin Aronburg's rebuke, the Lieutenant had actually turned very pale, and had struck his breast and poured forth a torrent of "Abbelemnian dialect" in penitence and terror. "May he was so excited that he wept like a small child."

So though he no longer saluted any one in disguise, he however refused to omit any other form of reverence, and ceremony ceremony- and therefore the boy scouts and become quite accustomed to being treated as if they were as high as the generals themselves.

"Yes sir..." Lieutenant Cromer asked. "Where is it you wish to go?" Penrod for a single moment knitted his black brows a little in making an effort to recall where he had been the last time since entering the army.

"Lieutenant Cromer it seems I have been to and in so many places, and have observed so many things, the fury of battle or the violence of enemy attacks, and other things since I came here, that I am afraid I must start learning again about all the armies I do not quite remember were."

"Yes sir indeed." Said General Cromer. "So have you through so many experiences during your service in the war so far. I also forgot. You almost got killed in trying to warn some captain of an Angelinian regiment during the recent battle of Lieghburg Landing."

"I think I will go and find General Hanson Vivian and then I will walk or ride about on the outskirts of our lines, and learn something distant of the rebels if I can." Penrod said.

"Yes sir." Lieutenant General Cromer answered, and this time seeing no one else around he made his military salute.

Penrod lifted his right hand in recognition as if he were saluting the Angelinian Emperor himself. He had at first noticed that most of the Angelinian boy scouts had made themselves look very awkward and even theatrical as possible when making the gear gesture, but Penrod himself made his salute with ease and as natural as the soldiers did, because he had been familiar with the form, before he ever came to Abbelemnia, and joined her armies.

He had seen many of the Angelinian officers returning the salutes of their men or superiors, when they encountered and passed each other by chance in the camp streets, he had seen see a general passing the sentries on their beat more

91

August army personages raising the quiet hand of complete recognition to their shakos as the officers occasionally rode through the crowded crowded camp streets. He had seen many many unknown generals, royal persons, and many royal Angelinian pageants but though standing at the edge of the crowds of purple coated soldiers, he had never as yet seen Violet and her sisters violet and her sisters who without disguise, or any of their hero or heroine friends and company companions except Angelinia Aronburg. He however was a most most energetic lad, and had not spent his days and months in going to a going from one Christian army to another without by every day chance becoming familiar with the outer life of generals, and other commission officers, and royalties.

Penrod had stood by when the highest generals rode past with glittering columns of soldiers on foot or horseback before and behind them, and a populace of soldiers shouting courteous welcomes and praises. He therefore knew where in various great encampments the sentries stood before kingly looking officers or their tents. He had seen certain faces of generals often enough already to know them well, and to be ready to make his salute, when generals and other officers passed him by.

"My boy, it is well to know every Angelinian general and other commissioned officers, and it is well to do your best to observe everything that is going on, and to train yourself to remember all faces, and also every circumstance relating to all the causes of the war." General Greathart had said. "If you were to have your wish gratified, and to have a chance meeting with the beautiful Abbelemnian Vivian girl Princess's, you would by learning their experiences, be thought to notice and remember all kinds of persons, and soldiers, and also things as you had been thought to speak the Abbelemnian language with such great elegance and all such observations of the enemy's doings as would be your most practical accomplishment would bring you in their highest esteem. And to accomplish such purposes it is as practical for one boy scout leader as another. For certain boy scout leaders as all others for a private boy scout as for one whose place is to be in the highest commission. As you cannot have the chance to meet the beautiful Vivian girls in the ordinary way you so desire, you must expect to accidentally meet them during your travels, and daring adventures. You must not lose your chance on anything forget not even a thing, in your most perilous duty."

It was General Greathart who had thought Colonel Marco Penrod everything about the Angelinian camp, and in that short time he had learned a great deal. General Greathart had the power of making all things about boy scouts duties interesting to fascination. To Penrod it seemed that the general knew everything about Angelinia's cause, and the world's opinion of it in general. On account of the rigors of the on going siege of Evangelina Crania they were not having much time to go very far, but General Greathart knew the treasures of the great city of Vivianwickley, the resources of all its largest and smallest sections.

During the time he had to spare he or Penrod walked or rode through the endless galleries of the camp, and to the highest point to show him the formation of the beginning of the most greatest siege in the world, the besieged city itself filled with probably the most savage and wickedest Angelinians in the world, and pictured before him the enormous multitude of besiegers, which would make an unbroken procession of soldiers last for centuries. And also because the general could describe for him the burning work of millions of still living soldiers whom all the powers of the besieged could not break back, because he could tell the stories of all those soldiers living and laboring to triumph, stories of what the besieged felt and suffered, and where the boy because as familiar with the cause of both sides, as he was with the cause of nations that fought in many wars.

And all the highest or lowest Angelinian generals were not as superiors to him, but men who were very great in a Most Holy Cause, men who seemed to him to wield beautiful swords from heaven and held high splendid lights.

General Greathart was not able to go with him on these tours often, but he always did take him often or did often to take him for the first time since he entered the army to view all parts of the besieged woman's section. Then having seen them once through his own eyes Penrod,

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92

went again and again alone, and so grew very intimate with the wonders of the sea, and the almost unnatural resistance of the foe. And he knew indeed, that for certain reasons he was gratifying the wishes of the general when he tried to train himself to observe all things within the camps of the besieged and forget nothing whatever. To view all distant parts of Vivian Wickey, and the marvels of the distant glandelinian camps and fortifications, and the mighty St. Paulinean fortress was like being in his school room again, and this strange but dangerous education for at these works he was always under fire from rebel artillery! was the most interesting as well as the most exciting part of his life.

In due time he knew exactly the places where the great Pygmalion, Mic-Allister, Stanok, Ruben Mac-Hollister, and Delight Barry Page and other glandelinian chiefs were situated with their titanic insurgent armies. He knew whether this rebel division, or that was in the for Angellian army, near Corna Catherine, in Julio Callio, in Vivian Wickey proper, or the main fortifications of Lucille Pickens and Collyer and Stanok. He heard many conflicting stories about these glandelinian generals and their rebel Angellian armies and the strength of their positions and batteries.

Any boy wandering to amuse himself on high points of the Christian camps, could see what he observed, but boys living fuller and less lonely lives would have been less likely to concentrate their entire minds on what scenes they looked at, and also less likely to store away facts with the determination to be able to recall at any moment the mental shelf on which they were laid. At a certain time having lost hope in ever having the chance to meet the Vivian girls, and having nothing to do whatsoever Penrod began to make a sort of game out of his perilous rambles outside of the limits of the Christian lines, and to view the places which whether they were the weakest glandelinian works, or not were to him something very unusual. There were always the blessed free days when he and his regiment of boys could climb any high hills, and to the top of the highest pine trees on the summit, and from there view the distant Mic-Whirtherian fortifications facing the sea toward Vivian Wickey, without being seen by the rebel signal boy corps or signal station corps. Once on top of some high hill and on top of the highest trees on the summit, there were immense crowds of rebel soldiers to be seen within their own almost snowed in encampments, and even rebel boyscouts, but there were not often boys anywhere whether on the Christian side or the foe as young as himself or older than he. On all occasions he was a quiet and orderly boy, but even on the hill top facing the coldest weather, he found himself stared at. The greatest scouting game which Penrod had created for himself was very absorbing and as simple as any boy could ever make it. He always tried to see and remember as much as possible and describe to general Greatheart as much as he observed, when they met together during spare time, and talked of all he and his boys had seen.

What ever filled Penrod's happiest hours was the long talks during his leisure hours. At this time Penrod never felt lonely. And when the great general sat and continually watched the lad with a most curious and deep attention, in his reflective eyes, the boy scout was contented and comforted. Many times the boy asked serious questions about the strength of the Mic-Whirtherian fortifications, and general Greatheart always related to him the full rich story of everything about Vivian Wickey he wished to know. He told stories so splendid and so full of color in the telling that Penrod could not for get them, and liked to tell them to his comrades.

SEE PAGE NINETY THREE.

#### CHAPTER TWO.

PERIOD LEAVES OF THE HERBESM OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS DURING THE NIGHT OF TERROR IN VIVIAN WICKET.

now was a difficult problem. But the people of the whole nation were given and given again and the excitement caused by the disasters was increasing the size of the army maintaining law and order. The people were given what they needed.

CHAPTER TEN.  
PENROD LEARNS THE HEROISM OF THE VIVIAN  
WICKY DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR IN VIVIAN WICKY.

As PENROD walked through the Company streets of the camp he was thinking deeply of one of these stories, and it was one he had often heard when he had first come to serve as a boys-out in the Angelinian armies, and it had also seized upon his strongest imagination, so that he had often asked for it.

Indeed it was a part of the whole of the history of Vivian Wicky during the siege, and the harrowing and thrilling experiences of the Vivian Wicky, and their narrow escapes, and for that reason he had loved it more than any other. Many other officers had often told it to him, and very often adding much detail, but he had always liked best the version of general greatheart, which to his imagination was a very thrilling and living as well as interesting thing.

On their long journey from Dorothy Gale, during an hour when they had been forced to wait in the cold and driving snow in the railway station at little, little girl Knoll, near Conservatory run on the "Mc-Hollister and Pandora Rail Road, and had found the time long, general greatheart had discussed it with him while stamping up and down to keep his feet warm. The general had always during the long stop over of the train found some way of making hard and comfortless hours easier to live through.

"That boys-out colonel is certainly a fine brave lad for a foriegner who sides with our Holy Cause." Penrod heard an Angelinian officer say to a colonel as he passed them that morning during a heavy snowflurry and wind. "Looks to me as if he was some noble lad of France or of England."

Therefore what led his thoughts back to the story of Vivian Wicky was this, he knew that most of the Angelinians who looked at him and called him a brave "foriegner" had heard and knew more about Vivian Wicky than even general greatheart did.

Those who chanced to recall the existence of the recent "Reign of Terror" in the Norma Catherine section of Vivian Wicky, knew of the "landelinians" who were in possession as the fiercest Oasians and pursermannians of the entire landelinian nation, and the most savage and cruel.

Penrod heard, Vivian Wicky was to be the main termination of the rebellion. Before its capture by the rebels the landelinian authorities had observed that the city and its surrounding fortifications were so placed, and so well formed and placed so that if once possessed by a strong garrison it could so control and so keep it in order that without blunder, none of the largest powers could besiege it successfully four years.

At the Galverinian authorities had not strengthened its garrisons at Emperor upon Vivian's orders. Of course they were not for "landelinia" but were overconfident as to the strength of all the fortifications and the size of the city itself.

The "landelinian" authorities at the outbreak of the rebellion sent large armies which took possession themselves. Because the fortifications were erected the Angelinians it was often said that Vivian Wicky was one of the most strongly fortified and beautiful Galverinian cities in the world. It was one of the oldest cities and had been celebrated for its long peaceful happiness, and with as well as for its size, beauty and the big river running through it, a favorite Galverinian legend was that it had been the site of some ancient

In all these great measures that the City had stood, its people had been of innumerable race, as well as of other nationalities, and physical beauty. But now not of its own fault but of Catherine's foolish whimsy, it had been compelled to turn itself over to the gladiatorial authorities, and the commander of this vast rebel army was bad and weak in character. A ill his life he had been a most extravagant vicious man, of most furious temper, and of the Jewish race. He was jealous of his Country, and of the English nation, and he tried all he could do to help his Country win the wicked rebellion by repelling the most fierce, fiercest troops, and the most extensive the world ever heard of.

fiercest rage, and the thousands of the Irish who sided against  
 He ended by saying, while an assassin of the Irish who sided against  
 He the Revolution and the cause, caused in one week a greater horror than a whole  
 year's crime of the Reign of terror in Paris during the French Revolution.  
 There were some of the most frightful slaughters the world ever conceived but mostly of  
 children, and savage new orders, and imprisonment of millions of men women and  
 children, slavery by hundreds of millions of dollars and again squandered with the  
 purpose to resist these barbarians, and until poor poverty and starvation  
 happy for the first time to save the surviving inhabitants in the face.

After the wonderful almost magic escape of Violet and her sisters from  
normal gatherings during the height of the Reign of Terror in Vivian Lakey, the  
author, Elizabeth, suddenly broke forth in the most furious rage.

[illegible]

Though born of Abbie and Annan parents, the given girls were totally unlike any of the best Abbie-Annanas known; and despite all perils, they were true pure Royal Abbie-Annan p Princess'es, they were even prettier, and more braver and more righteous! For their age than any known children or person in the whole world; and they were probable an handsome in features and form; as the most beautiful beautiful ancel in heavens."

More than this, instead of having girlish hearts, they had hearts like lions, and no man had the bravery or nerve to do what they always dared. Many song-composers had made many sweet songs about them, and thrilling songs and marches about their young valor and righteousness, and their queerly kindness, loveliness in manner, behaviour, and courtesy, besides generous friendships with every one even wounded rebel prisoners.

Not only the soldiers of the army sang them, but the people throughout the world; the best and bravest of the Angolanians had always feared them; they were even jealous of them, even before the outbreak of the war, when they were just beautiful stately children, whom the people roared with joy to see as they rode through the streets of Angolanian Amthia. When the disappearance of the given girl was discovered, and it was learned who had rescued them, the Angolanian generals and the Angolanian authorities were more furious and enraged than it would take a million years to tell about. When the population of soldiers began to clamor for the desecration of the given girl, that is, to let her sisters, and demanded that they be led out of their prison to their deaths, the general in charge of the prison discovered that they were gone, having escaped by the help of some one who frustrated the drivers' intentions of taking them to the slaughter pen. This discovery was reported to general Purgatorian, who became insane with rage (he was always crazy) and fury and swore and blasphemed like the demons in hell. The soldiers ran and thus themselves. They stormed all the prisons, and all the houses, killed and overpowered all the prisoners who attempted to make any resistance, and rushing even into the tri tribunals burst in upon the judges, while other prisoners shuddered green with terror and fury at the terrible deed of the insane rabble.!!!!

..... "The vivian gnake girl Frba Princepsus must be found or vivian wickey and round the afrighted prisoners would be no more....." They roved as the huge crowds close "Wore Jive Wime was the vivian girl Princepsus, who shot them in their faces. helped them who wattle the vivian girl Princepsus, who shot them in their faces. They must recover the christian dog who kidnapped them from Banton Prison! who they whom & they wanted, those destruction would probably win the war of the rebellion for, lamelins, or in her favor, hundreds of thousands per day searched all over one section of the city alone, while the streets of other sections were combed for them, a lunies to house search and everywhere else. It was evident the vivian Girl had escaped out of the city, and either hid- den themselves, or by thimself of their kidnapper reached the christian lines in the rebels failed to find Violet and her sisters. "Try and find themf you can." "One of them said with derision. "They have escaped and I am glad of it."

"They have escaped you christian hellhound!" He shouted. "If we do not find them it is because thou has helped them rats to escape, and for that thou shalt be a dead man."

This failure to locate them set the mobs of plantations all afire with a hotter turning. They forebore and every day broke into every possible hiding place, even into sewers and tunnels, and guarded all streets and houses, and raided a 11 build plantations by night, and did everything possible to locate them. When all the the viridian girls we re not found among them.

They sought them with a frusky, hursting down doors of all houses, and even flying down all obstacles in their way. One kind cowardly prisoner owned that he had seen a strange person with a bull dog expression of face kill or nearly kill two night three days before the virgin girls in a closed carriage in every nook and cranny high and low, the rebels sought them believing that they were hiding in some secret place, or had escaped to the christian lines. As the fury of the escape of the and the fury of the ginslindings at the escape of the virgin girls grew to a greater frenzy every outside town, and other places in possession of the ginslindings authorities were armed and searched. There were places searched for hundreds of miles, even the whole country side was scoured, and secret service men by scores of thousands went inside the christian camps in perfect disguise, and searched and kept their eyes open for signs of a plot and her slayings.

But no trace whatever of the victim girls were found. To the wicked, landlowners they had vanished as air-vanishes when it drops from the sky. During one of the worse rotings of the landlowners many of the best christian nobles then prisoners were killed. A powerful tribunal he headed one of the worst massacres learned that the victim girls had been taken away by a christian spy called Siegmund. From that time all the most desperate efforts made to capture him. The christian armies were torn and wracked, because the enemy were bound to kill him. The gladiators assassinated all christian officers they could, and offered great rewards for his capture, and greater rewards for the recapture of the victim girls. And his captors, and greater rewards for the recapture of the victim girls, and places throughout the city and country side within or without the range of scope.

He was sure where the Yvian girl Princesses had gone, or whether they had reached the Christian lines belonging Yvian Iskey, or whether they had died in needless fights with their pursuers, or through stress of starvation during their escape to the Islandinians. There were no more signs of their being in existence, still sung about the Yvian Isis, but the rebels had heard some of the old songs by the Islandinians, and they were suspicious. The song most noted by the Islandinians, and followed by the Angelinians and having the same tune was the song of "The Queen of May" was about the seven beautiful lost Princesses who were known as the Yvian Girls, and who had escaped from Yvian Iskey and were unknown.....

At that time Penrod had first heard the story about this, and when he had heard it he had been bitterly troubled by the unconvincing mystery of how they really escaped such a place when it seemed utterly impossible. And where had they gone -- the brave Abbotinnian Princesses? (Had they really been rescued or had they first escaped themselves or had they hid themselves?) That is hid themselves in some dark dungeon, and broken out when they saw their opportunity? Penrod mused at the story had diverse and invented for himself a hundred endings to the story.

Then he would say or ponder over and over again in a restless manner. On the first night after the great battle of Liepzig landing, as the boy and general sat together before a large stove in his big tent a big blizzard raging outside, he had been so unusually eager and had asked the general so many questions of a searching nature, that general Gneisenau gave him an answer that he probably had never given before, and which was an ending to the story, though to the boy it was not satisfactorily one to his liking.

he and his subalterns had been sent to scout from a mountain peak. The captain had said that going out in the early morning to scout from a mountain peak near the Norms run River despite the deep snow and the second cold weather, he had observed through his glasses through the snow in haste what he had at first thought to be a number of Omariar soldiers in possession of seven beautiful girls, female children going in the direction of the christian campus under general Hanson. Jivian. He feared some of the enemy had probably recaptured them, after the news of their escape, and the captain yet wondered ex coingly why they were so recklessly heading toward the christian lines with their fair child captives. He was however not quite confirmed. As to the reality of it. Since there were so many large scouting forces of the enemy roaming about despite the severe winter weather and the fierce storms, he was afraid to risk the use useless loss of his men in order to go in pursuit, or even afraid to speak of what he had seen, and by the time he discovered that the supposed Omariars really had the jivian girls in their possession, and that they were heading toward the christian lines, he at first did not know what to do.

The scene of which he witnessed was far from where he stood and while he was still so weak from apprehension that he was hardly conscious of what was going on, he saw the procession with the captives enter the christian lines, and disappear out of sight.

The captain, much disappointed, and feeling certain that in his duty he had failed to go to their rescue, went back to his own encampments, but was always in terror of having the bad luck of hearing that the African girls may have perished, despite the savage battles fought for the rescue.

"Yes in that case it would have been impossible," said Penrod. "But I don't even see how any one could have even rescued them."

As he walked on through the deep snow, and the thoughts as filled his mind, and excited him to such emotion that the expression that appeared on his face attracted attention in some way or other. As he was passing the main section of the camp, a well uniformed officer, very distinguished looking, and with serious clever eyes, and yet firm determined face suddenly caught sight of him and after looking keenly and seriously at him accelerated the pace of his horse as he approached him from the opposite direction. Any one else might have thought that this general, who the officer really was saw something in the boy scout which surprised and puzzled him greatly.

"My dear boy, would you not mind telling me your name?" he asked. "I believe I have seen you somewhere before."

For certain important reasons Penrod had received special training ever since he entered the Angelinian army that was very extraordinary for had of his seen his love for Angelinian's cause, and the admiration had for the victim girl whom he had never seen yet as he believed believed, had made it natural and also ample for him and he had never asked questions for the reason of it. He had always been taught to keep silent and also to control the very expression of his face, and also the sound of his voice, and never allowed himself to give a startled look he did not start at the extraordinary sound of the English words suddenly uttered in a vast Angelinian camp by an Angelinian general he had never seen before.

The generals' clever eyes scrutinized the boy keenly, when after some moments he spoke in Abbin-annian:

"I believe you do not understand me! I asked if you would not mind telling me what your name is, because if I'm not mistaken, you are very much like some English speaking lad I have known to have been out with the yivrian tribe out on a scouting tour a week ago when in disguise." He said.

Fenred was astonished to almost a shock at this but without any signs of emotion he answered:

'I am Maroonian Parrot,' 'A 111/100/11' ((.))

now was a difficult problem. But the people of the whole nation were given and given again, and the excitement caused by the disasters was increasing the size of the

The general smiled broadly and then looked straight into the boy's eyes. "I don't believe that is the name I expected to hear," he said. "It sounds a little French. So I'll beg your pardon my brave boy scout captain." The general uttered an order to his horse, with the purpose of gaining on his way and had indeed ridden a dozen yards away when again he halted his horse, and turned to the boy again.

"You may tell his Excellency, general Haldonia Greatheart that he has succeeded in making you a very well trained boy scout. I for obvious reasons wished to find out for myself." "And then he rode on for a few minutes Penrod felt that his heart was beating a little too fast. This same incident or this made him feel that though he was in the heart of the strongest army he had ever seen he was living among things so strangely mysterious that their very mystery was giving hints of some grave danger. But as far as he himself had been concerned he had never before seemed involved in them. Why should it matter whether he could talk English or the Angelinian tongue or whether he was well behaved or well trained. Then suddenly he remembered something important. The general had said to tell general Greatheart he had trained him well. Trained him well in what way? And also he said he had been seen with the Vivian girls while in disguise. And he even did not know what the Vivian girls looked like, or what they were in size or what horses they rode. For a moment he felt his forehead prickling slightly as he thought aside of the keen smiling look which the handsome uniformed general had set so straight upon him. Had Prince Jimmie of Vivian for he is was spoken to him so suddenly in English just to try him or for an experiment to see if he would suddenly be startled into forgetting he had been so strictly trained to seem to only know the language of the country. And Nation under whose Holy flag he was serving? And he being with the Vivian girls. When had he been with them? And how had he been with them? But fortunately he had not forgotten. He remembered everything well, and was thankful even to god that he had not accidentally betrayed nothing. At first Penrod feared persons of other countries were not admitted into the Angelinian army without permission from the government of the Nation they came from. But then he had nothing to worry on that for he had received his.

And it appeared, never had Abbeismia's state of Angelinia and others needed help as she needed it now. Only less than five months before, Vivian Wiskey Galvernia's capital had been captured, and since then it was apparent that the bloodiest war the world had ever seen was raging, and through the country for many hundreds of miles, the wildest tumult and disorder raged without ceasing. General Purgatorian was a powerful chieftain, and in Vivian Wiskey and all or powerful fortifications had a great following of the largest army of the worse and most savage Omarians and other glandelinians known. On account of the horror going on at all sect ions of Vivian Wiskey, and the cutting off of all trade throughout the Christian world by the siege, distant and neighboring nations had tried as stated before to get the two sections of Abbeismia to mediate between each other for their own welfare sake but in vain, and all news papers throughout the world had been of stories of the most savage and violent battles, and atrocities, and of starving and homeless scores of millions.

Penrod had after returning returning late one blissful afternoon from a scouting tour on foot entered general Concentinian Aronburg's headquarters for shelter from the wild winter storm, to find that general general pacing to and fro like a caged lion. A strange looking paper crumpled and torn in his hands was in view and his eyes blazed like fire.

The boy suspected the general during a short time of rest, had been reading of the great cruelties wrought upon men women and children in Vivian Wiskey and that

the Vivian girls were still missing. The general's aide-camp was standing inside the tent staring at the excited chieftain with huge tears running down his cheeks. When Penrod entered the aide-camp suddenly strode over to him and led him gently out of the tent.

"You will have to pardon me my dear Penrod," the Aide-de-camp said sobbing. "No one can see him just now, not even you. The poor general is suffering badly from the effects he has just read."

The Aide-de-camp led the boy to his own camp tent, and he stood by the entrance and bent his grizzled old head, and old as he was wept just like a small child who had just received a licking.

"My dear blessed mother, ask god and tell him it is usually in time now to give the child slaves their freedom." He said and Penrod knew the words were intended for a prayer from broken heart, and wondered exceedingly at the abject frenzy of it, and the intensity of it, because it seemed so wild a thing to pray for, the freedom of enslaved children, who on account of the situated a situation of the war it seemed so impossible. When the boy reached the vicinicity of the outskirts of the Christian lines, he was still thinking of the handsome Prince who had spoken to him in English.

Even as he looked carefully at the distant rebel positions he was still thinking of them. He rode nearer to try and count the number of the enemy's tents and stone barracks, and size up the strong land fortifications of Thumbelina and Weyna. He also intended to make a note in his memory of the size and form of fortress Marcucian and its entrances, and guess at the size of its navy.

This he did because it was a part of his duty, and part of his strange training. When he rode back to a more well able spot he saw that approaching the company street of Company Avenue a large party of Abbeismian generals and other officers. Penrod halted his horse and watched with the greatest interest to see who the elegant officers were. He knew that these Abbeismian generals, and the salwade of officers with them who usually returned from important scouting expeditions and tours looked more like well uniformed Angelinians, excepting that in stead of lavender uniforms they wore scarlet. So Penrod thought perhaps if he waited he might see some of those well known faces which represent the highest rank of commissioned officers and power in any Angelinian and Abbeismian army, and in which in times gone by represented also the power over child slavery and the cause of Liberty. Then Penrod said to himself:

"I should very much like to tell general Greatheart that I have seen Prince Jimmie of Dondobia and know his face, as I know the faces of many other Christian generals."

There was suddenly the arrival of another group of officers all generals of the highest rank, all in purple uniforms designed like those of Kings and Emperors and the like. And in the lead was a handsome majestic looking man attended by another just like him but taller and stouter who rode along side of him. The column of generals halted, as they met, saluted, and then forced into one and they all started onward toward where the boy stood. Penrod was able to see them all distinctly. There were seven beautiful boys and two girls were asking if interested. With them were seven majestic looking of the party were asking for General Aronburg but the other two he did not know. The face of the majestic looking officer in the front rank was the face he had seen often in all newspapers, lectures and the like. Penrod made his quick formal salutes they rode past.

The two main ones in front were Emperor Robert and Hanson. The seven boys he had seen before and were out with twice but knew them not as to who they really were. The Emperor smiled and he and all the others returned the salute and then he spoke to his nearest companion.

"That fine boy scout captain or colonel salutes as if he belonged some royal family." was what he said though Penrod could not hear him. A handsome companion leaned forward to look clearly. When he caught sight of the most singular expression came over his face.

"He is some lad indeed." He then said, "He belongs to a coessionion that puts him at the head of all t he boy scouts in the army though he does not know it. His name is Marcellian Penrod." At that moment Penrod caught a plain glimpse of him for the first time in his life. He knew it was the general who had spoken to him in English and who had the keen eyes. It was Prince Jimmie. Penrod indeed had wondered most exceedingly if he had heard the words but as he had been too far to hear them he turned toward his own part of the camp wondering at other things. Any man who was the likeness of the Abbeissian Prince or who would be in great attendance on Emperor Jivian must indeed be a person of the greatest importance. Penrod felt sure that the Prince and other high officers knew many things not only of his own country or its language, but of the count countries of other kind knig kingdoms and also Presidents.

But few Angelinians or Abbeissians had ever really known any thing of poor Angelinia, and especially Calvernia, but of the horrors of the titimes war, and how could it be that Prince Jimmie Jivian could speak the English language. It would indeed be very interesting to tell his experience to general Grathenart, that one of Emperor Jivian's sons, Prince Jimmie Jivian had spoken to him in English and had sent that curious mysterious message, and had told him he had seen him out with t he Jivian girls. Later when he rode on he began to pass an opening square in t he camp which was considerably cleared of the deeper snow and alush and which was near the border of the great Mic-Holleston woods, and paused to look at it or up it if you please to mention.

The opening square was very wide and bordering it on either side were such tall handsomely striped tabours and circus like tents that it at once attracted his attention.

It looked as if it were the headquarters of some officers or generals of the highest rank, while at the distance the beautiful foliage of evergreen and popular trees that grew up around the Square hid it from view. This was the kind of scene any boy liked to ride through for the sake of pleasure, and also curiosity and adventure. He knew many of the handsome squares in the camp, in even the oldest quarters. He had resided in some of them. He could find his way back to his own quarters from the other end of one of these squares. There was another thing very its beauty and queerness attracted him. He heard the sound of boys talking and he wanted to see if they were scouts like his own, and what they may be doing to excite attraction. Just now he had a lonely feeling and therefore he had followed every boyish or even girlish clamor of play or wrangling and had found many friends among both sects. Half way to the eastern end of the square there was an arched passageway of big pine trees.

He heard the sound of the voices coming from that direction, one of the voices being high and thinner, and shriller than any he had ever heard before among boys. Penrod therefore rode up near to the arch of trees and dismounting from his horse looked cautiously down the passage. The arched passage opened on to a larger one more formidable portion of the camp shut in by a wall of gigantic tents and barrack barracks. The boys to his surprise were not playing but attentively listening to one of their number who was explaining to them some thing he had read from an Angelinian newspaper called t he Angelinia Agatha daily news. Leaving his horse fastened to a tree, Penrod walked down the passage, and listened also standing behind a tree at the end of the arched outlet, and listening to the boy explaining what he had read.

He was a handsome but strange looking lad with a normal forehead, and deep set eyes which were curiously sharp, and he had the expression of a bulldog when excited. But this was not what attracted Penrod's attention. He had seen a fo firm strong, yet slim boy body, and his legs seemed powerful like that of a boy prize fighter. He sat with his legs crossed before him on the top of a high wooden box disregarding the cold wind then blowing, and the flurry of snow fluttering about him. Near him were sixty five of his boy comrades and each were armed with small rifles and boy scout pistols.

And one of the first thing that Penrod noticed was that the boy had a savage and dangerous feature of his face, which were marked with lines as for some reason only known to him, as if he had been angry all his life. He was as for some dressed in uniform as his comrades, and seemed to be their general or leader, but he did not speak in the Angelinian dialect but something like it nevertheless. He spoke in the Abbeissian to g tongue. If he was one of the National boy scouts as his companions were he was somehow different.

Then by chance the strange boy scout saw Penrod who was standing behind the tree in the arched end of the passage. "What are you standing there listening for?" He shouted in a furious tone of voice. "Are you a glandelinian spy?" And he at once drew one of his pistols and forgetting that Penrod was only a boy was hiding and shattered some bark all over him. And what Penrod did not understand was that another Abbeissian boy scout should want to fire a shot at him like this, and also in fact did not like it that three or four of the other boys promptly took the matter by up by drawing their guns to fire at him. He therefore without any fear walked straight up to the group, and even into them, and stopped close to their leader and demanded:

"Why did you shoot at me for?" "You see the color of my uniform?" And he asked this in his rather deep young voice. All of the boys who were grouped there could see that it would take more than all of them to overcome him in a free fist fight, he was so big and strong and that he was also a boy it would not be easy to dispose of. But all this was not the cause which made the group of Calvernian boys stand still and stare at him.

It was something very unusual in the boy himself. It first was a kind of lack of anything like excitement or anger at the attempt to shoot him down. He stood there before him as if it had not mattered to him in the least if they all had fired at once. Neither did he appear insulted, or angry. He only appeared curious about it. Despite the fact that he was very slim, and his hair and his uniform well brushed, and designed like a boy scout colonel, they had the impression by his peculiar appearance as he stood behind the tree in the archway of trees that he was a young glandelinian boy scout having entered the lines and poking his nose where it was not wanted, but as he drew near and came among them they saw that the uniform was worn by a lad they had heard about, and that he was well trained, and well behaved.

"Why did you fire that shot at me for?" He again asked in a tone as if he only wanted to find out the reason, and not looking for a fight. "The reason is that I'm not going to have you disguised glandelinian boy scouts dropping in on us as if it were your purpose to spy on us." Said the Calvernian lad.

"I'm not a glandelinian boy scout spy, and I did not know you were holding a scold." answered Penrod. "I heard you boys talking, and I thought I would come and look. When I heard you explaining something about the Arcburg Mystery, as they call the Bu Situation at Jivian Wickey, I wanted to hear for my own good." He looked at the leader of the Calvernian boy scouts with his expression but silent eyes. Then he added "But you needn't have fired that shot. They don't allow you to fire at any one without warning in the Angelinian camps. But if it suits you I'll go away."

He turned about as if he were going on his way, but before he had gone several yards, the Calvernian boy scout leader halted him suddenly and most unceremoniously.

"Hey you boy scout in purple." He called out "Hey."

Penrod stopped.

"Well what is it?" He demanded.

"I bet you don't know how far Jivian Wickey is from here, or what the glandelinian rebel states are fighting t he Abbeissian Federal states for?" The boy scout leader fairly threw the words at him.

"Yes indeed I do. Vivian Wickey is northwest of the region of the Mic-Hollester Run river, on the western coast line of Calvernia. Three large mouths of the Norman gun River divide the great sections known as Mic-Whither Janet, Je Julio Galio, and Norma Catherine and Vivian Wickey proper, and Norma Catherine and Julio Galio are the main sections. And the glandelinians are fighting because they wish not only to gain their freedom for a wicked reason from Abbesmnia, but to do it with the horrible child slavery as well, and as our own governments are fighting to overthrow this most unjust and most wicked of rebellions. And why should glandelinia be allowed to win? Her's is a wicked cause, almost as wicked as a rebellion against God, and for that cause they do not deserve their freedom...."

"Oh..." reluctantly admitted the Calvernian boy scout leader. "You certainly do know your geography and history don't you? Come back here!" "AAAA" Penrod immediately turned back, while the group of boy scouts sit still stared hard. It appeared as if two boy princes, of two different countries were meeting for the first time, and their armies looking on wondered what would become of the encounter.

"The fierce Gamarins of general Purgatorina are the worse lot of all the glandelinian soldiers in glandelinia, and only want to see the war ended in their favor for wicked cause," said Penrod speaking first. "They have assassinated all the christian nobles in Vivian Wickey, hundreds of thousands of men and women, and two million children, and they care nothing for power-powerful Abbesmnia of or of her opposition of glandelinia's child slave trades. And the traitor and insurgent government of glandelinia, and the ruler who should not be there, only care for money, power, and luxury, and the violent power to make laws, which will serve glandelinia's purpose, and crush every weaker christian nation. The glandelinian government knows that in their capture of Vivian Wickey, they have the power and means to carry on and maintain their wicked rebellion, and also to keep the world from butting in, and that if general Purgatorina could force our vast armies to break this siege, and then do what they could to crush the opposition of Abbesmnia and win freedom from her, they would try to rule the world in their own way." "AAAA"

The fact that Penrod happened to speak first, and though he spoke in a most steady voice for a boy of his age, without a swagger he seemed somehow to take it for granted that they would listen made his place for him at once. At any time as any one ever knows the most impressionable creatures are boys in this country, and they know a leader, or a superior when they see one. The Calvernian boy scout leader fixed glittering eyes on Penrod. The rabble of Calvernian boy scouts began to murmur.

"Rattlesnake, Rattlesnake." Several of the boys at once cried out in good Angelinian. "Ask him some more questions, Rattlesnake."

"Is that what the boy scouts under your come cow and call you?" Penrod asked the Calvernian leader.

"It is what the glandelinians call me," he answered in a respectful tone of voice. "The Rattlesnake. Look at me. Don't I appear as vicious as one? Taking the enemy by surprise as often as I do. Look at me. Do you wonder that they call me a Rattlesnake?" He demanded.

"You made yourself be called one on purpose," Penrod answered. "Do you do it for fun?"

"No not exactly," said the Rattlesnake. "When I think of what the enemy does, I feel like one. Every one of the glandelinians is my enemy. I'm vermin, a rattle, snake to them. I can fight and defend myself though as if I were a Rattlesnake. I can shoot good too."

And he showed two fierce looking automatic colts, and a row of fierce strong daggers sharper at the points than daggers usually are. "I fight like a fiend when I'm surprised by the enemy, and the glandelinians try to capture me. I've shown some glandelinian generals some things they won't forget in a hurry." And the Rattlesnake boy laughed a shrill squeaking kind of laugh. "One of the worst glandelinians have captured me yet, and they've always chased me far and far. When he laughed again and still more shrilly...."

"Purgatorian is a most dangerous man. Look out for him. I'm onto his game, and give him a life for the recapture of the Vivian girl Princesses. I'm thirteen and a half now. How old are you?" "I'm ten years and four months," answered Penrod. The Rattlesnake boy twisted his face so obviously.

"I wish I was of your age and size. Are you a general's son? You look as if you were." "I have no real father or mother nor relate relation of any kind," was Penrod's answer. "But general Heldonia Greatheart did adopt me, and takes care of me."

"He's sort of gentleman to adopt you and get you a commission besides." "That's the name of the highest of all the glandelinian generals?" "Yes," said the Rattlesnake boy. Then suddenly he threw another question at him.

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which betrayed nothing whatever. And it was true that no one in any nation throughout the world (in this story) could open a newspaper, book or magazine, at this period without seeing news and stories of the great war now raging. The Rattlesnake boy at this time saw some possible chance of important information opening up before him.

"Sit down here please," he said, "and tell us what you know about the 'vivan girls. Sit down also everyone of you fellows. It's not too cold and you can stand at for a while if I can."

At this point there was nothing to sit on but the hard frozen ground partly covered with hardened snow and ice, but to them who had seen hard service in all kinds of weather winter or summer it was nothing, even the smallest matter, because they were used to it. Penrod himself had sat on a broken flagged pavement, bare ground, or any place often enough before, and so had all the Angelinian boyscouts in the army. He took his place near the Rattlesnake boy and the other boys forming around him made quite a semicircle in front of them. The two leaders of boyscouts, one a colonel and the other a marshal had not joined forces so as to speak, and the sixty flower followers fell into line at attention. Then Penrod began to talk. It was a good long narrative, that of the lost Vivian girl heroines and indeed he told it in a manner that held them all spell-bound. And how indeed could he help it. He knew just as well as they did, that everything about them, their ways and manners and heroic deeds were real. And also all about the fortifications around 'vivan wickey.

He had poured over every map of all parts of 'vivan wickey and the country outside of it since he was eight years old. He had studied maps and all geographical books about Abbiennia and her states, and though yet he was a stranger in western Calvernia, knew of the Abbiennian states as a great righteous country, where if need be he could find his way to any part, if even he had been dropped in the deepest part of the Mic-Hollister woods, or any mountain or hill in Angelinia. He knew every high way and byway and all of the country on both sides of the Big-girl Knoll road running from Angelinia Agath to Calvernia a distance of 1,000 miles. And he could have found his way blind-folded in any part of 'vivan wickey or the rebel fortifications. He knew all the captured Tribunal buildings, the ins and outs of every gigantic fortress, the poor streets, the rich ones, and all the seaports of 'vivan wickey.

Some few months before 'vivan wickey was captured by the enemy, general Grathheart had once shown Penrod, a plan of all the gigantic Mic-Whirtherian fortifications, which they had studied together, until the boy-scout knew every part, their barracks, and all parts in them by heart. But this he did not speak of to the Rattlesnake boyscout, and the others. He knew from experience that it was one of the main things to be silent about when in the presence of strangers, for who among those boys may not be an enemy in secret? But of all other things he could speak especially of the mountains. He could speak of all parts of the city because he could offer a good enough reason for his knowledge of it. He could make scenes of many of the wide streets and the emerald covered roofs of the Tribunal buildings, and he could describe where the three mouths of the Norma Catherine gun river divided the three wider sections of the city, and of the number of inhabitants it held or did hold. He had more than one reason why he had knowledge of 'vivan wickey, but the one he mentioned would serve enough.

"The papers and books you read, had more than one article about Abbiennia in it, and the stories about the Glandelinian uprisings." He said it to the Rattlesnake boyscout. "The daring war correspondents, and news reporters get all the accounts they can, even risk their lives for it. I had met one reporter who had seen the full battle of Lighburg Landing from start to finish, and who therefore knew a great deal about it. He said it was one of the most violent battles raging, in one of the most beautiful country regions he had ever traveled in, and the most fertile. He said that all who witnessed that bloody battle say that its violence spoils the beauty of the whole country."

The group of boyscouts before him knew nothing of 'vivan wickey or her surrounding fortifications. They only knew the Christian camp like, and life in the own country. Most of these boy scouts had not been allowed to travel far outside the Christian territory on account of the fierce winter and of the enemy scouting parties. And in fact if they had not seen the Mic-Whirtherian fortifications and the lost 'vivan girls, they would have believed in their existence. All of these boys were a very rough lot, and if indeed they had stared at Penrod at the very first sight of him, they stared still more as he talked. When he finally told of how 'vivan wickey was captured, the strength of the insurrection army resisting the still larger army of besiegers as if it was no siege at all but a war game, the reported heroic exploits of the daring 'vivan girls, their youths fell wide open.

"Believe me," "If I had been one of the Lords of the Calvernia in one of the audience, and his exclamation was followed by fifty or like nature from the others. When Penrod told of the long seemingly endless chain of cannon along the sea board of 'vivan wickey, and of the deep endless fortification line, and of the strength of the Calvernia garrisons forced to a surrender to Purgatorian, and of the youths obstinate battles for the possession of Julio Callico, and how the enemy finally won out in the end, and about high deeds and bravery on both sides they were excited. This was the sort of thing to allure a boy's imagination. The boys did not understand how it could be possible that a Glandelinian army could in so short a time capture so many strong fortresses, even so foolishly neglected by the Calvernia government. They did not really know that the garrison strength had been a handful compared to the size of the rebel army. They heard more or less of the Norma Reign of Terror, all through the story of the lost 'vivan girls, because since their escape from 'vivan wickey, they had been to all appearances mysteriously missing. Both sides were still scouring the lowland woods and other regions for them.

When Penrod pictured the dazzling beauty of the 'vivan girls, as also strong despite their delicate appearance, winning everyone with their goodly ways, when they were sailing and all talking among them, the boy scouts grinned grimed with great pleasure, and did not know they were grinning. "I surely wish that the 'vivan girls had not been lost." "One of the boys cried out.

When they heard of the unrest of the Glandelinian authorities over the rescue of the seven Abbiennian Princesses, and of the wide and close search, the boys began to get very restless themselves. Yet when Penrod began to reach the section of the story, in which the immense masses of armed Glandelinians rushed into the Tribunal and all buildings and prisons possible, demanding the 'vivan girls to appear and surrender, they ejaculated scraps of if not bad words, were words enough to excite some ones attention at once. "I'll bet they went and hid themselves in some secret place, or maybe some sneaking assassin killed them from ambush, that's what may have happened. You never can tell what those fierce Glandelinians are up to." They clamored vigorously. "I wish a lot of us had been there then—wish indeed we had. We would have given the Glandelinians something they were not looking for anyway."

"And they being held so long in one of the prisons of Norma Catherine just because they are Christians." Said another boy. "If they had escaped of their own accord some assassin would have followed and killed them." He decided with an exclamation of boyish wrath. Somehow the fact that the beautiful 'vivan girls had either been reported rescued, or escaped from 'vivan wickey, and then were mysteriously missing, made them feel more savage. Their language was extremely bad now at this point. But if it was bad here it soon began to get worse, when the apparently cowardly captives or whatever he had been saw what he believed to be the seven Abbiennian Princesses in the midst of a column of gray-coated soldiers heading toward the direction of the Christian lines.

"I'll bet they had been done for them. The glandelinians must have surprised the yivian girls in an ambush. And seeing they were heading by mistake toward the christian lines, must have not given them any chance to see escape, and may have murdered them. G-r-r-r-r." They all groaned in chorus. "Wish we had been there when the glandelinians recaptured them. We would have done anything to rescue them."

Indeed Penrod was telling a story which had a most strange effect on the Calverinian boyscout leader, and his followers. It made them think they saw the scenes he mentioned, it fired their blood as if they were the witnesses of the exciting events, it set them wanting to fight like the soldiers did it, and also for ideals beyond their means, most adventuresome things beyond comprehension, for instances, and the high and noble yivian girl Princesses were a and had already shown themselves full of the possibility of great and brave deeds.

Sitting upon the hard frozen ground, in the square they were suddenly dragged into the reality of it, and to them the noble young yivian girl Princesses became as near in their visions, as if they were standing before them. And then came the retreat of the captain or colonel and his squadron when as the boys believed he should, he had failed to go to their rescue. All of the boys held their breath, why did the old colonel fail to serve them in their time of need? Penrod who was absolutely lost in the very recital himself, told it as if he had been present at the scene. The boyscout indeed felt as if he had, and though for the first time he had ever told it to thrilled boy listeners, his own imagination got him entirely into its grip, and his heart jumped in his breast as he was sure his own father even would have done. And then there was no more to tell-----no more, where the story broke off entirely, and the semi-circle of boyscouts gave forth something like a low howl of dismay.

"As gee wizz." They vigorously protested. "The story oughtn't to stop there. Don't you know any more to it?"

"That is all that I ever know really, and that last part is only a sort of story told by the captain or colonel himself. But I believe it myself that he was held on the charge of cowardice. And the penalty of cowardice is death."

The boy whose name as the Rattlesnake had listened to the story with flashing eyes, all through the story he had sat biting his finger nails, as was a trick of his all his life, when he was excited or mad with anger. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what I believe happened. It was some of the Omerian soldiers who retook them after they had been rescued by that man who was called Seigmery, and mistaking the christian lines for their own in the blizzard and confusion, ing darkness they headed for it with the purpose of killing them. They meant to even kill Emperor yivian with the purpose to win their wicked rebellion. Some of the Omerians must have stabbed them in the backs the friends. I dare say they discovered the christian lines when it was too late and left them for dead and retreated."

"Right indeed you are. That was all of it." Agreed all of the lads. "And if they were not murdered and recovered from their wounds." The Rattlesnake boy went on in a feverish manner. "They could not find their way back to the christian lines without being fired on in ambush, and their poor father the Emperor, couldn't do anything even with his powerful army to recover them. And he then had no means to raise a vigorous search because after that so great a storm came up and which raged two weeks that nothing could be done. Perhaps in his sorrow he did not know what to do. I dare say that if they did not perish, they must have found their way to either the cities of porothy Gale, or Angelina Agatha, and remained there for their safety. Then perhaps as all communications had been cut off from Angelina Agatha, porothy Gale, and yivian wickay they had no means to let their father know where they were, though every person in either city may have known them, and of their flight from yivian wickay."

The Rattlesnake boy began to look revengeful, and "And I if I had been his Majesty Robert Angelic yivian I'd have told all my generals not to forget what the glandelinians did or had done to my daughters in yivian wickay. I'd have

told them that if nothing whatever could have been done to find out what had happened to them, I'd see what my army could do for revenge." And I'd make all torture and killing and make the whole glandelinian country suffer for it. And not to give any quarter whatever. I'd have made them swear not to leave a glandelinian if they were too soft hearted to do so, they must pass their commands over to some one else. Wouldn't you?" He demanded hotly of Penrod.

It is no doubt that Penrod also felt his blood boiling, but he had talked often with a very sane man to have the same opinion as the Rattlesnake boy.

"No indeed," he said slowly and with conviction. "What good would it have done anyway. It would have done the Angelina states of Abbie-man a more harm than good to torture and destroy a besieged glandelinian any. Of course to do so is a truly worthy thing before heaven itself, for glandelinia deserves it, but remember what the glandelinians will do for revenge seeing how many children have been cruelly massacred and raped by them already, and it is better not to take a chance, and also find out the facts before committing such a big massacre. And if you are a real Calverinian par patriot you would think of your country's welfare first than committing a slaughter of so large an army of your country's welfare. Avengeful an enemy as glandelinia. He wanted to add that is what general Greathart said but he did not."

They are nothing but an army of rebels, traitors and murderers. What would you have daughters?"

"I'd have told him to learn everything about what may really have happened to my daughters, and everything about the scenes in yivian wickay, and the things the world would want to know about yivian wickay, and study things about the strength and size of the yivian wickay, and about keeping silent about securing the whole the Tribune in yivian wickay and about keeping silent about securing the whole Calverinian country, and if all this failed they could be ashamed for all their lives. And if I'm not mistaken I'd have asked him to tell his generals and their officers, and other officers, to tell their men and non-commissioned officers the same thing. So you see no matter how long the time may seem to be, there would always be enough men to look out for their appearance of the yivian girls, and they alone would bring joy to the nation." Then Penrod stopped himself suddenly and looked at the semicircle of boyscouts.

"I did not make that up myself," he finally said. "I have heard many Angelinian and Abbie-man officers say it. I believe the Emperor may have been having the very same thought. If he had and told them to tell his generals there would be whole armies scouring Calverinia, and perhaps without any one knowing it, violet and her sisters are walking about the streets of Angelina Agatha or porothy Gale, or maybe Ome town or Be tay pobbin now, and they would be ready to return if their father found out about them, and sent for them."

"I wish they would appear." One of the boys yelled. "It indeed would be a queer secret to know about their escaping all the time, when no one else would know it." The Rattlesnake boy commended with himself as it were. "That you were one of the yivian girls and you with your sisters ought to be with your father in his grand army and leading big regiments of girlscouts and commanding all the generals. I wonder if it would make the world look differ if they were here?"

Then he laughed his queer squeaky laugh, and then turned in his sudden way to Penrod. "But Emperor yivian would indeed be the biggest fool on earth to live up the vengeance over his loss. By the way what is your name?"

"Marrocia Penrod, what is yours. It is not the 'Rattlesnake' really." "It is James Mic-Givney Radcliffe. Where is your Regiment?"

"In Company C of Eleven." "I'm of Company A, Camp One." Said the Rattlesnake boy. "These boys are some of my squad. I'm called the Mr. Marshall but I'm really their captain. Tention sledhopper. Let's show him your skill." "Let's."

Suddenly the semicircle of boys sprang to their feet. There we re as I said before about sixty lads about her, and when they indeed stood upright, Penrod at once observed that they were for some evident reason accustomed to obeying the word of command with the greatest military precision.

"Form in single line!" ordered the Rattlesnake boy. They obeyed at once holding their backs, and also their legs straight, and their heads high up like soldiers. Each had sized their light rifles which had been stacked together. The rattlesnake boy himself stood up straight in front of them like some haughty general. He had all the military in his bearing that the highest general would have. His voice suddenly lost its funny little squeak and became natural and commanding. Indeed he put the sixty lads through the real military drill as if he had been one of the Angelinian generals himself. And probably the most practiced soldiers in the camp or barracks could not have made the drill as prompt and as smartly as these boys did. It made Penrod involuntarily stand very straight and watch them with the most surprising interest.

"That was certainly good, the best ever." he exclaimed when it finally came to an ending. "How in the world did you happen to learn that so well?"

At this sudden question the Rattlesnake boy made a savage savage gesture. "If I had grown up to be a tall man instead of being a boy yet, I'd have been in the ranks of the Angelinians as a high spirited soldier or officer." he said. "I'd have put in my enlistment in any Angelinian, winks Abyssinilian or Abbeysinian Regiment that would accept me. I don't care and would not care for anything else." Suddenly his face took on a change and then he shouted a loud command to his squads;

"Right about face he ordered." And they executed the movement with a promptness, and looked into the woods. Penrod saw that the sixty boys were indeed obeying an order which was not altogether new to them. And also to his surprise he observed that the Rattlesnake boy had suddenly thrown his left arm up over his eyes as if to cover them. It appeared at first to Penrod as if the Rattlesnake boy did not want to be seen, and as he held the arm in that position for several minutes, Penrod also turned his back as the boys had done. All at once the brave boy scout Penrod began to understand that though the Rattlesnake boy did not seem to be crying of weeping, yet he was feeling something strange which any other boy or girl would have possibly collapsed under. Suddenly with startling promptness he shouted almost shrieking;

"All right. Front face." and he dropped his uniformed sleeve arm and stood straight up again.

"I would give anything to go into battle." He said hoarsely. "I want to fight the enemy. I even want to lead an army of men into Vivian. I want to destroy the enemy for their treatment of the Vivian girls. And yet I'm too young. Some times it takes the pluck out of me to know the Angelinians murdered my parents, and two sisters and a brother and yet be revenged."

"You have not grown up yet." Said Penrod. "but you could do just as good deeds though. No one knows what is going to happen during this war. How did you learn to drill your boys?"

"I managed to receive my instructions from general Ricken at Barracks No. One. I also watched the soldiers at their drilling, and I listened to the commands of their officers. I also had followed the drafted soldiers at Camp Agut Ann, near Dorothy Gale, on their long marches and hikes. If I could get geographies and other books I'd look over the maps and maps and see also about the extent of this cruel war. I or my own boy officers have not the time to go on long scouting as often as you and your boy scouts do. All I have time to do is drill my boys, and signal to the generals during artillery duels and battles."

"If you can get the permission I can take you on some real sight seeing tours." Said Penrod. "There are places where we are liable to expose ourselves to the enemy's fire, and where no one else is allowed to go. And I can show you some good geographies too. I could get one from General Greathart..."

# CHAPTER ELEVEN.

STATEMENT ON THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIOUS RESCUE OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS, BETWEEN GENERAL MELDONIA GREATHART, AND PENROD.

"Can you?" said the Rattlesnake boy almost doubtfully. "Do you want to join my company?"

"No," Penrod answered. "I am in command of a full regiment. I would rather you would join me."

He said it because in his own mind he had found a sort of response in the queer look in the Rattlesnake's eyes. He wanted to be with him if possible to be with him for good. Strange as the Calvinian boy scout was, there was some kind of strong attraction in him. In his own way he had drawn a comrade company of rough Calvinian lads to him and succeeded in making himself their idolized commander. They obeyed him in everything, they listened to his stories, about his experiences and harangues about the terrible war, and of the battles, disasters and the like, they loved to let him drill them and give them his orders and so on. Penrod knew that when he told General Greathart and all his boys about him he and they would be interested. The Calvinian boyscout leader wanted to hear what General Greathart would say.

"I'm going to my own part of the camp now," he said. "If you are going to be here when off duty to-morrow and nothing important keeps me, I will surely come."

"We shall try to be here," the Rattlesnake boy said or answered. "It's our camp right here."

Then Penrod drew himself up smartly, and making his salute wheeled about and marched through the archway of trees and mounted his horse, and the sound of his horse's hoofbeats was as regular and decided as if it was a man keeping time with his Regiment.

"He's been drilled more than I have been myself," said the Rattlesnake boy. "He knows more than I do."

And he stood up so proudly that he almost burst his coat buttons as he stared down the tree-lined passage with new interest.

CHAPTER FLEVEN.  
 ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MYSTERY OF THE VIVIAN  
 VIVIAN GIRLS, BETWEEN GENERAL GREATHHEART, AND PENROD.

EVERYTHING was more than unusually still now, no firing being heard anywhere, and the supper the boy scouts ate with Penrod was somewhat scant than usual that evening; one of the boy scouts stood upright at each side of the table in the boy scouts mess hall and served all the rest of the boys with the strictest military ceremony. The lodgings of the boy scouts were kept as clean as soldiers would keep them and in good order. All objects that could be forced to shine were strictly polished and no one left undisturbed a single grain of dust and this perfection was not attained through reasons of military law, but even all of the boy scouts had made themselves extremely popular by taking up the work of caring for their own barracks and other army buildings occupied by them.

They all learned to do many other things in the barracks. Each boy scout carried or had in the barracks a set of table cloths, towels, tooth brushes and paste and other cleaning materials which they took good care of. They mended washed their own clothes, darned their own socks, and in the barracks fight all soldiers and boy scouts must face the fight with just and also cleanliness. They always held their own. All of the boy scouts had only beans, dry bread and coffee during their supper, but nevertheless the bread and coffee was good and the beans were wholesome. After supper Penrod went to general Greathheart's headquarters, and told the great general the story of the Rattlesnake boy and his company of rough boys. The great general listened attentively, just as Penrod felt sure he would with the same strange far away intently thinking look in his eyes. Penrod had always been fascinated by that look because to him it meant many important things.

It was probable he would tell a story of his own, and perhaps he would not. General Greathheart had a strange spell over the boy colonel in the fact that Penrod to Penrod he seemed a wonderful man, something like his father had been. Yet Penrod had a strange feeling, that general Greathheart's attraction was something like a sort of spell and of something that keeps one continually making guesses about him.

Penrod had always noticed that when general Greathheart stood and talked to his staff officers of the highest or lowest rank, he held his tall and powerful body with a grace that was so singular that every one stared. The general never was nervous, even under the hottest fire during battles, and never stirred or moved himself as if he were nervous or under uncertain when his own army was in peril. He was like in manner as if he had been general Stonewall Jackson himself. He could hold his beautiful and slender hands very still when talking angrily or excitedly, and he could stand without shuffling his feet, and could sit without any sign of ungracefulness or showing restlessness.

His very mind absolutely seemed to be bent on the law of telling what his body should do, and his fine limbs and nerves never disobeyed. So this great christian general could stand as still as a statue and with perfect ease and look even at his highest superiors when they were talking to him or giving him orders, and they always list listened to what he said, and looked at him, and somehow courteous and uncondescending as the manner of the generals were without fail it seemed always to Penrod as if he were giving an audience to his generals as great kings always give them. He had seen many generals and other officers bow very low or salute very respectfully when they walked or rode away from him, and more than three score of times it happened that some certain kind of officer had stepped out of the general's tent or presence as people do before some great and high sovereign.

And yet the general assumed a bearing which was the quietest and least assuming in the world.

"And they were all talking about the situation at Vivian Wickey. And every one knew the rumors of the lost Abbia-annian Princesses, the Vivian girls." He said ponderingly. "Even boys in that place."

"Yes he wants to hear about the situation at Vivian Wickey about the war--- and he wants to talk about the Vivian Wickey and their heroic companions." Penrod answered. "If he only had time he would go on scouting tours, but his general Maurice Costello keeps him busy at signals for other generals."

"The whole region inside and outside of Vivian Wickey is a blood drenched horror and the saddest place in the world now," said general Greathheart. "All the whole landelinnian army and the portions of the populace siding with the insurgents are mad with war fury, and all the prisoners not yet slaughtered are heartbroken and terrified."

Suddenly Penrod struck the general's writing table a resounding blow with his boyish hand. He even did it without any intention in his young mind. He even did it before he realized.

"Why should the whereabouts of the lost Vivian girls be such a strange mystery? They were reported brought out of Vivian Wickey at the Norma Catherine sect ion twice, by a man called Seignury, the most savage and clever of the fierce O-arian Scoundrels could not frustrate him. It is reported that the very slickest of landelinnian soldiers, detectives, secret service men, and the like, have been searching throughout the whole world for them in disguise. Only that person who calls himself Seignury knows where they are, and he is still at large. There is only one man in the wide, wide world who alone has had the knowledge as to their whereabouts and I don't know whether he is in our lines or not, but I believe he is. I do. And it's Seignury."

General Greathheart looked at Penrod's hot ten year old face with a very reflective and greatest curiousness. Indeed he saw the flame which had leaped up in the land, and which had leaped without warning, just as a most fierce heart beat might have shaken him.

"You mean who?" he suggested softly.

"General James Seignury he calls himself but who really is general Jack Ambrose Evans, and the whole world is wondering about him and the seven beautiful Abbia-annian Princesses he rescued. If they were only found the good old days would come again."

"It is fifty weeks since he or the Vivian Wickey Princesses left Norma Catherine and disappeared so mysteriously." General Greathheart still spoke softly.

"But your Excellency," Penrod protested vehemently. "Even the boy the enemy call the Rattlesnake thought the main thing you did, that no one even Seignury knew that that any one could say who could safely bring the Vivian girls out of Vivian Wickey with the most diligent search of the landelinnians was in full swing. And if he succeeded he would have to work hard and use all his caution to elude the clutches of his many pursuers, and perhaps he had they are still fugitives, and it may have been probable that the landelinnian authorities may have called to all distant towns in their possession, and told those local authorities of the escape of the most important of prisoners, and those local authorities may have telegraphed to others throughout the country, and the warning would have gone on and on. They surely would leave no stone unturned to find them. And what you said about them must be true. If they were anywhere within the lines they would make their appearance."

He suddenly sprang from his chair and stood upright. "Why if they are still alive, they may be partly hidden away in some distant Agelinnian or Abbia-annian camp or town, and when they read or hear about the search of both sides for them, and of the bloody fighting inside and outside and all around might y Vivian Wickey their blood may get red hot. We are really their own people their very own. They ought to go back to Angelina Agatha or their fathers army, they ought to appear and tell all the Angelinnians who they really are. Don't you think they ought to, Your Excellency?"

"It is not half as easy as it seems to you my boy." The general answered. "There are many countries and their governments who for their own safety would have something to say. 'Locallin' would have her say about the situation, and powerful Protestantia, and, of course, and even Mighty Abhis-anna can never be silent. But if the vivilian girls are as strong hearted as it is said about them, and know how to make a make many strong friends and escorts in silence, and obtain for themselves a most powerful guardian they might when it is more safer be able sometimes to openly declare themselves to all."

"But as mainly if the poor vivilian girls are hiding anywhere some person or slick Angelinian might be out looking for them. As it ought to be some old clever Abhis-annian, gemina who is very watchful and also a strong and bold patriot---" the boy suddenly stopped at a flash of recognition. "Your Excellency!" He cried out. "Your gracious Excellency. You are the only one who could probably find the beautiful vivilian girls, if any one else could. But maybe---" And again he stopped for a moment because new thoughts began to rush through his brain. "Have you ever looked for the Seven Beautiful vivilian girl princesses?" he asked in a hesitating tone of voice.

"For a moment or two he felt sure he had asked the general a stupid stupid and silly question---perhaps general Greatheart and all the other men had been looking for violet and her sisters, perhaps that was his main secret, and his greatest work. But general Greatheart did not look at Penrod as if he thought he was stupid. It was quite the contrary. With the same curiosity he kept his handsome eyes fixed on him as if he were studying on him---as if he were much more than a ten year old boy scout and he decided at once to tell him something strange and startling."

"My dear friend and comrade at arms," he said with the same smile that always made Penrod's heart glad. "You have made yourself a very fine boy scout indeed, and like a firm detective have kept your oath of allegiance. And you were only nine years old when you took it. You are now one year older. As you know silence is still the order, but you are man enough to be told more than others."

The general paused for a moment and cast his head downward and then lifted it and looking at Penrod steadily spoke suddenly in a very low tone:

"I am sorry to say that I have not looked for them." He said. "Because I believe I know where they are now."

"Your Excellency," but the boy scout said only those two words. He felt he had no opportunity to say any more. He had been trained not to ask any unnecessary questions for the order was silence still. But as the two faced each other in that magnificent tent, as two side-camps stood stock near the general, and kept their eyes fixed also on Penrod---there was some kind of a sign that the vivilian girls were somewhere around, alive, in probably some part of this camp this very moment. And general Greatheart, Penrod's own guardian knew where they were.

He glanced at the two side-camps but though the faces of these two officers were as expressionless as if they were cut out of wood or stone, Penrod at once realized that they also knew this thing and had always known it, and they continued to stare at him. General Greatheart spoke again and lowered his voice still more:

"The most dangerous persons the rebels fear the worse, are not violet and her sisters but the members of the Great Gemini, who are spies and great thinkers." He said. "The Gemini form formed themselves in a strong secret society of spies, about one hundred and eighty nine years ago. They formed it when they had no reason in the mind because of more common spies and most of them have already returned to the Christian lines from their search because their leader known as the Supreme Person discovered that the vivilian girls were living and knew where they were."

He looked at violet and the Supreme Person is also one of the head generals in Hano and vivilian army. This great Abhis-annian leader he served had always thought the strong geminian society to be a very strange mystery, but the men all of their members had the bearing and also the speech of men who had not been born work of their own, and caring for their own wounded, and sick, and rescuing lost ones were those of men who were well educated for their work, and had studied their duties well. But as they are, they are not so familiar or assuming, and never act like superiors over any one lower than their own rank. They are all of great stature, and in bravery, silence, and ability to keep secrets are most extraordinary. And instead of acting as superiors over them, the Supreme Person made companions of the officers and members under him, and either keep close together or separate, when going out on their duties. On once the Supreme Person took a hundred of his fellows with him when they daringly went through the whole rebel camp to hunt for the lost vivilian girls, that is violet and her sisters themselves. He found that every one of them knew every work of the Hic-Whirriton fortifications, as if they were their own homes, and that they were so familiar with the landolinian camp life and custom that there was no danger what whatever of their being detected.

Before they left the insurgent lines, the Supreme Person himself received legal permission from the landolinian congress in vivilian wiskey to go and have an interview with the terror of yornan Gatherlaw, General Rickmann Purgatorian. He also went among other landolinian generals and pretended to make friends with them asking many questions about the strength of the fortifications, the number of their guns, the strength of their garrisons and so on. One night during a fierce and terrible cannonading of thirty thousand cannon, from one side alone and sixty thousand from another, the Supreme Person was startled by hearing the strange songs about the lost vivilian girls which had not been forgotten within the very rebel lines themselves. Many of the landolinians spoke about the escape of the lost Abhis-annian Princesses, and told old stories about their heroism, and related the prophecy that they would be brought back, or those responsible for their escape would pay with their lives. The Supreme Person saw one very old landolinian suddenly totter to his feet and lift his wild looking face to the myriad of stars like jewels bestrawed in the clear sky above the city of fortifications, and he wept and prayed aloud in his own way that the great God in Heaven would bring about the recapture of the vivilian girls, or cause their certain destruction for landolinia's benefit. And then many others of the fierce Garians and other landolinians also stood upright, and lifted their war maddened faces to the sky. And though not one of these insurgents uttered any words the Supreme Person saw the tears of rage on their very cheeks, great heavy wet tears.

They were becoming the escape of violet and her sisters. The next day the Supreme Person and his followers went to the Northwest broken branch of the great landolinian fortifications where one of the most dangerous kind of fighting landolinians were garrisoned, and who knew more than others about the escape of the vivilian girls, or their rescue.

When he and his followers left the rebel lines a strong vigorous searching party was formed by the 8 Gemini to scour the country for the lost Abhis-annian Princesses, and all the members of it knew that the vivilian girls still lived they were concealing themselves somewhere for their personal safety, or were passing through the country as terrified fugitives. But for a long time the success of the Gemini was a small one indeed, and also though the search was by the enemy had been extending and growing ever since it has brought even then no success, and though their searchers of both sides have one all they could, and did their work also in secret, many searchers died in the skirmishes between each other, and though the Gemini and I know where the vivilian girls are, we do not for their safety sake tell what we know."

"Had the landolinians expected to be successful in their hunt?" Cried Penrod. "Had they been successful?"

"No, but the Gemini were the ones of those who found them were not given. And all of the Gemini in Heaven are well trained, and as well trained as we are. All this I know to be true, though I should have believed it was true whether I knew it or not. There has always been the strongest hopes for the return of the Vivian girls even when they were so mysteriously missing, and both sides were searching the whole world for them. Each of the Gemini before going to foreign countries to search took away the oath of Allegiance."

"You just as I did," said Penrod breathless with excitement and awe. "When a boy scout is only ten years old and to be so near the beautiful Vivian girls and yet not see them, and yet be told by Prince Vivian that I have been out scouting with them is a thrilling, and disappointing thing."

"He says indeed," general Greathart. "Maybe you were with them when they were in disguised disguise and you did not know it."

At this Penrod threw his hand up and saluted like a general.

"Even though I am a Canadian by birth, here grows a man for Abhis-nunin, and be thanked for the safe return of Violet and her sisters the Fair Little Princesses of Abhis-nunin." He said quoted. "and they are all somewhere. And you know your Excellency." "????????"

General Greathart slowly bent his head in acknowledgement, for many months the most secret work had been accomplished by the Gemini, and the Gemini are quietly has grown until it is much greater and much more powerful than any one ever thinks. The other Christian nations are already appalled of this fearful war young as it is, and of all this disaster and "Reign of Terror" in all parts of Vivian Vikikey. Their very trades and interests are terribly disturbed by the situation at Vivian Vikikey, and they are deciding that the sea ports of the mighty city must be opened, and so things can be counted for. There have been my dear boy, Angelinian patriots and others who have literally gave their lives in trying to bring this most important event about, by making friends of the most powerful Christian countries, and also working secretly for the future good of their nation.

Because Vivian Vikikey is so strongly fortified, and has a series of most powerful and extensive fortifications in the world, it is feared by the very Glandelinian Authorities, and feared by all other nations to boot, that not on y the whole Christian world but all the angels and other low creatures in heaven itself could not recapture Vivian Vikikey for Abhis-nunin in ten years. It almost appears to be true, but there are other great powers besides all heaven, and that is God himself, and you know nothing is impossible for him, no matter what the odds are or any.

put when it was falsely reported that the Vivian girls were recaptured, and also assassinated, and the great battle of Liefburg, ending broke out, there were great and powerful generals who began to say that if some leader of good blood, and reliable character were given the commission for bringing their safe return, he should be upheld. "????"

"Vivian girls, Assassinated." "???"

In his intensity of feeling Penrod dropped his voice almost to a whisper. "Why not your excellency, no one would have the ability or have the nerve to assassinate them. And if it comes through that they are safe----" though Penrod gave a slight little laugh (laughing) he found himself obliged to rapidly wink his eyes hard, because without warning he felt the tears rushing into them, and which no boy scout likes. "The Angelinian song composers will then have to make up new verses.---- it will have to be a lively and joyful one about how about seven beautiful Abhis-nunin Princesses were captured, escaped, and came back to their fathers army."

"On no count of their ways, the entire population of Abhis-nunin are a devout people to their princesses and rulers. When their return is opening known, the whole nation will chant prayers, and peasants and shepherds, will burn incense as an offering of thanksgiving to God." "?????" "Saif said general Greathart. "put the end of this horrible war has not yet come----the end is not here----but God alone knows".

All of a sudden Penrod remembered the story of his own he had intended to tell and what he had unknowingly held back until now the story of the handsomely uniformed Abhis-nunin prince who spoke to him in plain English, and rode on the right side of Emperor Robert Vivian. He felt sure now that it also might mean some very important news which he had not even thought of before.

"Our Excellency, there is some very important news that it pleases me I should tell you." He said.

All through his life general had the habit of relating experiences, stories and incidents in very few but clear words. And it was in this way he spoke to general Greathart. He had received this training from his own father. And general Greathart had declared that somehow the lad may have an important story to tell in a very few seconds ---- some story or report which might mean life or even death to many. Penrod reported what he knew, well and quickly. He described to the general the splendidly uniformed Prince, with the i kingly and deliberate manner and the very keen eyes, and he also described the way the man spoke to him. "I am extremely glad to hear that. He is one of the brothers of the Vivian girls and is a Prince who knows what military training is." Said general Greathart. "He also is a person who knows what the whole world is doing over this war, and almost all that it will do. According to your description of him you really mistook him for Prince Jimmie Vivian. But he was not. He was Emperor Hanson Angello Vivian himself, and those with him you mention were the emperor of Abhis-nunin his brother Robert Vivian, his two brothers and sons and general Francis Vivian and many others. The error Robert Vivian is the ruler of the entire section of the most powerful of all countries. If he saw that you are a well trained and a fine manly boy scout----it might even be good for you and Abhis-nunin."

"Would it matter to him if I were so well trained. Could it really matter to Abhis-nunin when I am only a Canadian American!!!!" Penrod cried out.

General Greathart paused for a full minute----watching the boy gravely---- looking him over---- his well built big boys frame, his handsome purple uniform and his eyes that were burning so eagerly. The general then smiled one of his well known wonderful smiles.

"It might even matter to Abhis-nunin." He answered.

In fact general Greathart did not at all forbid or advise Penrod against his revival of his sudden acquaintance with the boy scout known as "The Rattlesnake" and his company of followers.

"You will be able to find it out yourself for yourself, whether those Calvinist boy scouts are the right kind of friends for your company or not." he said. "It will take you only a very few days to make your own decision. In all various parts of this country, you have come to know many lads and you are a good judge of them. You will soon be able to see for yourself, whether they are true Calvinist boy scouts or mere rabble, or a bunch of boys of the foe side in disguise. The boy who is called "The Rattlesnake"----how does he strike you?"

He is a brave boy scout. "Said Penrod as the general's handsome eyes with their keen look of questioning beamed upon him. "But he confessed to me that he alone is no Calvinist, though he looks like one. He is a winkle Abyssinian. He might be cruel to the rebels as he hates the G. marians most bitterly."

"Any boy scout who may or does make himself a brave and most reliable scout, cannot under any conditions be disdained, but any boy scout who wishes to be vicious or cruel to even a Glandelinian no matter what sex, sect, is surely a fool even if he would be justified before God. And then tell the rattlesnake boy that that advice is from me." General Greathart answered. "It would do us no good to retaliate. The enemy would grow worse only for revenge. It would only be wasting force, our own and the nature of the fierce and most savage Glandelinians we would be treating cruelly, and we would be the biggest fools to waste force."

"May I have the full permission to speak of you?" Asked Penrod.

"Yes as long as you know how. And I surely know you will remember the things which is the order of silence."

"I never would dare forget them." Said Penrod. "And I have been trying not to for such a long, long, time."

"You have indeed made great success Comrade." Returned general Greatheart from his writing table to which he had not now gone, and where he was turning over some very important papers. A very strong impulse suddenly overpowered the boy scout. He suddenly marched over to the general's table and stood exceedingly straight, making his amazingly soldierly salute, his whole body glowing.

"Your Excellency," he suddenly said, "even if I have not seen them, and do not know them, you do not know how I love the beautiful Abbieannian Princesses. I wish I was a general, or their appointed guardian, and that I might die or survive through the wildest battles for them. When I heard so much about them, and their brave deeds, and their most lovely manners, I long and long to do something for them the bravest boy could not do. I would die of a million wounds rather than disobey you, or them--or Abbie-annia." He seized general Greatheart's hand, and knelt on one knee, and reverently kissed it.

It may be probable that a real Abbie-annian boy scout or even a cavalierian could not have done such a thing from unaffected natural impulse. But he was a Canadian and was of warm French blood.

"I took my oath of a allegiance to Abbie-annia Your Excellency when I took it on entering the Abbieannian army. And it seems as if you and they were might y Abbieannia too." He said and kissed his hand again. The great general had suddenly turned toward the boy with one of the movements which were full of the same dignity and grace the lad had seen before. Penrod looking upward at him felt that their was always a certain remote statefulness about him which made it seem that the general was a king, and that it should be natural that any person should bend the knee and kiss his hand.

There was suddenly seen to glow in the general's handsome face a sudden great tenderness, and he gently raised the boy scout and placed his hand on his right shoulder.

"My dearest comrade," he said tenderly, "you don't need to know much about the givian girls, and even I love you--and what reason is there that you shouldn't also love them. You don't know how their very Angelinian soldiers have been watching over you, and how I have been thanking God every day that you had the grace to join the war on our side, and not on the enemy's side. That I know you have done--and you are as brave and as the bravest of men, though you have only lived for ten years. This very year may be full of strange and dangerous things for me and you. No one even you or I will ever know what Emperor givian may have to ask you or I to do for him, his daughters and for Abbieannia. It may be that perhaps he will ask you to do something that no boy of any age, has ever been asked to do before."

"Every morning and night," said Penrod, "I have always been praying that I and my whole regiment may be soon called to do it, and that we may do it absolutely well and proper."

"If you are called by the Emperor my Comrade, you surely will do it well. That any one can make out." General Greatheart answered him.

In the meantime the whole of the Rattlesnake Boys' Company of boy scouts had assembled in the wide enclosure beyond the regular square when Colonel Penrod made his appearance near the arched end of the long passage of trees.

The boys about fifteen hundred of them were drawn up in rank formation with their signal flags unfurled but every one of them wore a dogged and sullen look.

Penrod at once guessed the explanation. For some reason or other the Rattlesnake boy was in a very bad mood. He stood facing the middle of his Company looking fierce, his very face being twisted into a hideous scowl. He did not look around him or even look up from the ground on which his eyes were fixed, while he stood at ease.

Penrod went forward with his military step, and stopped opposite of him with a salute like that of a general.

"Sorry to see you in such a mood sir." He said as if he had been a private.

"It's the French Canadian. He has come Rattlesnake." He said as if he had been a private.

Lieutenant shouted. "Look at him. He's here." He said as if he had been a private.

But to their surprise the Rattlesnake boy would not even look, and did not make even the slightest movement.

"What's the matter please?" said Penrod with less ceremony than the lowest of the privates would have shown. "Surely there is no use of me to waste any of my valuable time coming here if you don't want me."

"He has a grouchy feeling because you did not tell him you are a French Canadian." Called out of one the Lieutenants. "and there is nothing you can do with him, when he is angry."

"I will not try to do anything," said Penrod. "And I did not come here for an argument. I came for the purpose I promised. I've been with general Greatheart since I entered the army, and I'm superior over you all. And I cannot help it if I was born in Canada. And my general comes first. I cannot admit your company under my command if he does not say so. I am on active service with my own regiment and my rank is higher. And we are not enemies."

Then the Rattlesnake boy swung round sharply, and turned to look at him.

"I thought you did not have the nerve to come at all," he snapped. "My general said so himself. He said that nearly all of the foreigners only come over the seas to join our arms to see the war, make world which is against the law. He also said the Canadian and the English and French were the worse of this kind, and that you were a deceiver for all your handsome uniform and good bearing. He said general Greatheart would, or does not know the true ways of most of you foreign war correspondents and sight seers, and that your own Nationality wouldn't let you have anything to do with Abbie-annia and her christian states, and with their boy scouts. No one begged you to join us or bring us into your own regiments. I care I about your rank. If my general ordered it I would make you my prisoner. You Canadians and other foreigners can go to blazes."

"Don't you speak in that way about my Nationality," said Penrod quietly. "Because you are in a Marshall's uniform and I can't make you fight or strike you down."

"I'll take off my uniform and let you now," began the Rattlesnake boy immediately white and raging. "I can stand twelve rounds with two together like you. I'll take off my uniform and let you."

"Now don't talk. Now take it easy and don't do anything rash," said Penrod. "If you want to know what general Greatheart said I can easily tell you. He said I could draw into my regiment any new force of boy scouts I liked, and look them over, and find out by experience whether we should be friends or not. I must find out only for myself."

At this the Rattlesnake boy did a very strange and surprising thing. He suddenly altered the whole situation by doing this unexpected and strange thing. He changed his voice and expression suddenly, and fixed his sharp eyes on Penrod in a most shrewd manner. It seemed apparent as if he were asking of Penrod a command. No doubt he knew it would be one or would have been one to most Angelinian boy scouts, and boys of the very class he appeared outwardly to belong to.

Also, he knew Penrod was his superior officer no matter if he was a Canadian. He therefore must either know the answer or the wouldn't.

"I beg your pardon sir," he Rattlesnake boy said. "We who side with a Holy Cause as this should not fight each other under any conditions."

Indeed this was the command. It was what any officer of any kind of regiment would have said if he felt he had been rude or made some very serious mistake. He had heard that from many generals.

"I beg yours for my threatening to strike you," said Penrod.

for both it certainly were the right words, and Penrod's was the perfect answer. And it was the one another officer or gentleman would surely have given. It settled the matter at once, and settled it more than was apparent at the right moment. At this moment Penrod remembered as also general Greatharts Greatharts warning about the fierce nature of Winkie Abyssinkilians, boy or a man, girl or woman. It also decided that Penrod was one of those boy scouts, who knew the same thing the very Rattlesnakes general did, the things all gentlemen do to prevent a conflict among themselves without a cause to ir or not. Therefore not another word was said. It was alright. Penrod slipped to the right side of the Rattlesnake, and both stood erect with their military bearing, and the Rattlesnake began his drilling.....

"Company attention."

"Slope arms."

"Form by fours."

"Right face."

"Left face."

"Right about face."

"Quick march."

"Halt."

"Left turn."

"Right oblique."

"Left turn."

"Order arms."

"Shoulder arms."

"Present arms."

"Stand at attention."

"Stand easy."

"Rest."

They did the drill so well, that it was quite wonderful indeed. All these boy scouts had often been drilled in this manner, and the Rattlesnake boy was a severe as well as a smart boy scout officer. This morning for it was a morning they repeated the exercise for nearly a whole half a day, and even ended and varied it with a general Review Drill, with which they were just as familiar.

"Where did you learn it?" The Rattlesnake finally asked, when the flags were encased again, and Penrod and the bunch had retired to their barracks where it was warmer than outside and when Penrod was sitting by him as he had done the previous day.

"From general Greathart." And I like to watch it as you do."

"If you was a general in the Emperor's body guard you could never be smarter at it." The Rattlesnake boy said. "And the military way of manner you name to hold yourself. And the Excellency way you stand. You've got the military bearing of a king. I wish I was you. It comes as natural to you as if it was born in you."

"I have been trained that way by general Greathart himself. I always tried to drill myself since I was a little fellow." answered Penrod.

"And ever since I became commander of this company I have literally been trying to work the military rules into these fifteen hundred fellows." said the Rattlesnake boy. "A nice job I had of it too. Many of them were so ignorant that I thought I'd have to give it up. It nearly made me sick at first. I stuck it out though."

The boyscouts who had not been dismissed yet, only giggled or laughed outright. All of them seemed to take very little offense at the Rattlesnake boy's cavalier treatment of them. It was without doubt that he had something to give all of them which could be entertaining enough to make up for all his tyranny and apparent indifference. As soon as he had dismissed the company and repaired to his own tent with Penrod, he thrust his right hand into his left coat pocket and drew out a large piece of Abbeannian newspaper printed in the Co n country language.

"My general brought this to you to me I mean wrapped around a large book." He said. "Just look and see for yourself what it says there."

He then handed it immediately to Penrod and pointing eagerly to some very important words printed in large black letters and in Abbeannian language, words in and letters all the way across the newspaper. Penrod sat very still as he looked carefully at it, and the words which he read at the headlines were:

"EXTRA. GOD BE PRAIZED. GOOD LUCK FOR ABBE-ANNA. LOST VIVIAN GIRL PRINCESS'S FOUND AT LAST."

Suddenly what flashed through Penrod's mind came the thought: "For their sake I must still keep silent. It is the order." Then he said aloud:

"What does all this mean?"

"There is not much of it as there should be," the Rattlesnake boy said in a fretful tone. "Read all of it and see. Of course many of the Angelinians say that it is not true—but I for one believe it is. It says here in the paper that many authorities think some particular person whose name name is Siguary known where they are, or at least whether they had perished or whether they were saved. Anyhow it'd be the very same thing. They are somewhere within our lines. If they would only kindly show themselves, it might encourage the army to try and capture one section of Vivian who is wicker by more desperate fighting. Just read all of it please."

Penrod did read and his skin prickled as the blood went racing through his body. There was however no change in his face. There was only a short vivid sketch of the story of the finding of the missing Vivian girl Princess's to begin with. By most people and Abbeannian soldiers and officers themselves it had been regarded as a sort of false report or blunder, 1 or lie. Now there was a definite rumor that it was not a mistake at all but a part of the lost past history of Vivian wicker. It was said that through the weeks and months there had always been large parties of soldiers and the Gemini loyal to the memory of the Vivian girl Princesses who were searching the very world for them.

All the people of the whole country of Abbeannia adored the Vivian girl Princesses as much as their own father, the Emperor. And now strange as it seemed, it was becoming an open secret that some person believed that a descendant had found the one who had rescued them, and knew who or where they were or are—and Angelinian worthy of being their guardian, and also that a certain section of the Secret Gemini also held that if the rumors are true, they could bring joy and encouragement to the whole nation and her armies.

In that excitement the Rattlesnake boy began to bite his finger nails again.

"Do you believe that they have been found?" He asked feverishly. "Don't you?"

"I wonder in the world where they could be, if it is true. I wonder where indeed!" they are!" exclaimed Penrod. He could only say that and he might seem as eager as he was feeling just then. Some of the boys in the Company who had been admitted into his tent began all at once to jabber. "Yes where are they? There is no one but that person who knows. They are likely to be hiding in some foreign part of our country for safety sake, or in some real foreign country, America or other countries would be too far away from Abbeannia to be there. How far off is Canada? Was it in Abbe-anna, Angelinia, Abyssinkille, or where the Protestations are, or the Moromulians? But where wherever they are hiding they beautiful as they are, are the right sort to put courage in all our armies, and they'd be the right sort of girls to turn and inspect us boyscouts."

The Rattlesnake boy continued to chew his fingernails vigorously. "The Vivian girl Princesses might probably hiding anywhere for safety" he said his fierce looking face glowing. "At least I would think about it that way. It might be probable that they might be passing through this company"

outside this archd arched passageway of trees they might be in the headquarters of one of our generals." jerking his head over his shoulder toward the direction of a certain distant building. "Perhaps they know that the Angelinians are missing them, and perhaps they don't. Anyway they would know it if it was true that you said yesterday, about countless numbers of women of both sides incessantly searching for them."

"Yes they surely would know." Put in Penrod. "Well it would be a fine thing for all of us if they did."

"Are you sure about that." Went on the Rattlesnake boy. "However as great a danger as they would be in, they would know the secret about the search all the time. And if disguised Glandelinians would sneer at them, or try to kidnap them, they'd sneer back at them, and laugh to themselves. I dare say they must walk or ride exceedingly straight and hold their pretty heads up. If I was one of the Vivian Girls, any one of them, maybe Joise or Jennie, I'd like to make both sides suspect a bit that I was not like they ever think I am." He put out his hand, and in his excitement gave Penrod a vigorous push. "Let's work out plots and plans or there. That would be a splendid game to play on the Glandelinians. Let's get in league with the Abbeianian Comini."

His excitement was now becoming tremendous. He took out from his coat pocket a large piece of white crayon chalk. Then drawing toward a large blackboard he had in his tent, he stood before it and began to draw something very quickly. Some of the boys who were with him, leaned forward with breathless eagerness, and Penrod also leaned forward.

The Rattlesnake boy was rapidly sketching with the chalk a very good map, and Penrod knew what the map was of, before the Rattlesnake boy spoke out.

"That's a map of Vivian wiskey, and her surrounding fortifications as well as I can make out." he said. "It was in that newspaper I told you already about--the one I read about of the Vivian girls from woman Catherine. I studied it for days until I wore it out. But by practice I have learned to draw it by myself by that time, so it does not matter. Now I could even make a sketch of it with my eyes shut. That's the section known as Mic-Whirther" pointing to a spot. "It's called Mic-Whirther Janet. The strongest fortifications in the world defend it. It is the place where the first fortifications were erected. It may have been from here we where the Vivian girl Princesses had been rescued a second time. It's where the core of the horrible reign of Terror was formed. I believe it was the famous Cominian leader general Jack gabrose Evans, who rescued them from the destroyed ship while under fire in the rivers mouth and where every one else perished. He did it by means of a big hatch under which they floated. He should be elected their guardian, he should be adopted to be the Emperor's son. Let's swear he shall."

He flung down his crayon onto the table and sat down. "Give me my two pistols. Help me move the black-board stand to the corner of the tent."

Two of the boy scouts immediately sprang to his assistance. Each took hold of one end of the stand, knowing evidently what he wanted. Penrod rose from his bench too, and watched every motion with a keen curiosity. He thought that the Rattlesnake boy was going outside, but it seemed it was not his intention, but he was going to do something anyway. The nearest boy scout handed him his two guns which had been lying on the table, and then both stood at his side waiting for orders. The queer thing that Penrod had noticed was that at the Calvinian boy scouts were extremely proud of their marshall and regarded him as more than their leader.

"If we could do more than just plain signalling we could do more than this for our country." said one of the boy scouts whose name was Pen Madden, and he said it in a very proud manner.

"Yes and we should be going about like other boy scouts do." added another and he said it in the very tone of one who likes to boast. His name was Santa Banna.

"I'm going to make my whole Company stand the main test now and also all of my officer's." said the Rattlesnake. as he went out of the tent. At the order of the officers the whole company was assembled into a long line go out and dine and then the Rattlesnake strode up and called "Attention!"

"Company Attention!"

When the Rattlesnake said to Penrod;

"Will you please do me a favor and go at the head of the line and help." Penrod did so. The rest were in line in a moment, straight--as soldiers should be, back straight as sticks, and chins way y way up. And at the head stood Colonel Penrod.

"We are going to take a most important oath." said the Rattlesnake boy. "It is an oath of Allegiance. Now of you Calvinian boy scouts as you tell me were born Glandelinians or of Glandelinian parents who also are in the christian armies, and who took our side to help crush the rebellion. And an Allegiance means faithfulness to Country, god, King and flag. That we already have made binding ourselves under pain of mortal sin to break. Ours means now an Allegiance to Emperor Vivian, and his fair daughters, Joise and her sisters. As if we do not know where they are but we will swear to be awfully faithful to them under all conditions not sin, to fight for them, to plot for them, to spy for them and to bring back for them the fallen away Glandelinian boy states."

And the way in which the Rattlesnake boy flung up his head when he said the word "is for finish was exceedingly fine indeed." "We are to be a secret party of our own. We will do our work better in the dark and find out things the enemy are doing--and run any risks--and do recruiting recruiting work, and collect armies of boy scouts no one will know anything about until it is strong enough to suddenly arise at some secret signal and with our w boy scouts work help the Angelinian armies overwhelm the besieged Glandelinian army at Vivian wiskey, and seize all the fortifications and citadels. I believe no one among the wisest of the Glandelinians even know my boy scout Company exists. We even now have made of ourselves a secret silent thing, that never speaks aloud."

They were indeed a very silent and secret Company of boys, but at this juncture a bunch of young strange girl scouts came strolling along, and seeing the boy scouts assembled in line they broke into a howl of exultant cheer. It was a grand sight indeed, and for that moment the girl scouts forgot themselves. "Hooray for the Rattlesnake Company." they yelled. "Hooray for Abbie-anna and the Vivian Girl Princesses. Ray, ray, ray."

"For the love of Mike shut up you confounded swine." shouted the Rattlesnake. "It is not the way you promised to keep the Secret. You'll call or bring the skulking Glandelinian spies and agents and see secret service and others upon us you fools. Look at my company of boys. They are quiet as mice. They have some sense."

The whole Company of boy scouts in fact had not made any sound.

"Come here you girls, and ten of you boy scouts." Raged the Rattlesnake. "I'll not have this at all. I'll not allow them to get into the game at all pretty as the girls are. It is no use with a lot of fat head head raw girl recruits like you. Where's your captain Jennie Angelina Turner. You are all under arrest."

The small column of girls broke and surrounded him in a moment, pleading and urging.

"Aw Rattlesnake, we girls just forgot. And we girls are the priestess of the squads that you have ever recruited, Rattlesnake. Please don't be mad at us. We'll keep quiet after this, Rattlesnake. Aw Rattlesnake, keep it up! Don't have her discharge us. Our sneaking about the enemy's camp and the like will be the priestess part of all. Aw Rattlesnake please keep it up."

"Our girls can keep it up yourselves if you want to." snarled the Rattlesnake. "I'll order Jennie Turner to discharge you."

"You alone could do it Rattlesnake and not us. No one else could think of it or think it out for us. You are the only boy scout who was able to ever think out the things you did for us, and had us do for you. You thought out the scheme of recruiting the Company. That's why you are the Captain. And if we are not with you Rattlesnake you know you will never succeed in your enterprise."

Indeed this was all very true. The boy known as the Rattlesnake boy was the only one who could do anything to train girls and boys as well. He could also invent all kinds of good military entertainment for the girls scouts and as well as the boys. He could seemingly from nothing create what excited them most, and give them something to do to fill useless hours, and useless wet and cold snowy and wind stormy days. Despite his savage way of speaking he really was good hearted, kind and generous, and only what really excited him to anger and fury was when they carelessly blundered, and those pretty young girls one of whom was his only remaining sister foolishly cheered at the wrong time. Yet he was their supposed Marshall, and their pride. Slowly but surely the Rattlesnake snake began to yield but grudgingly. He had not pretended to be mad, just because they were girls. No boys in that country hated girls, and his sister and the others had yelled without permission. Once before some of his boys had done the same thing and the result was that a almost fatal meeting with the glandelinians occurred. He therefore again pointed at Penrod, and the Company of boys who had not moved or uttered a sound, but stood still, remaining at Attention.

"Look at them," he said. "they know how to remain in line even, and know enough to stand where they were put until they are ordered to break line. Though only boys they are real soldiers, not raw recruits, that don't even know the German Goose Step march. They have been trained in barracks before they were assembled under me."

But he reconsidered and decided to go on after this outburst.

"Well here's the oath," he said. "I and the whole company of boys swear to do our duty as far as it is in our power, to stand any torture, and submit to death of any kind in silence rather than betray any of our secrets or our knowledge about the Vivian girls, and their hiding places. We will obey everything in secret and in silence. We will even swim through seas and oceans of blood, and help the christian christian armies fight their way through the lakes of seething fire, if we are thus ordered. Nothing, not even the war of perdition shall bar our way. All that we will do, and say, and think, and all the sacrifices we make will be for our Country, God and our just Emperor, and his daughters, violet and her sisters. If any one of you boys have something important to say, speak out before you take the oath."

He saw Penrod make a slight movement, and made a sign to him.

"You colonel," he said. "Have you something important to say?"

Penrod turned to him and gave his military salute.

"Here stands at attention fifteen hundred brave boy scouts for Abbie-annia. God be thanked he said."

Penrod had dared to say as much as that anyhow, and he also had the feeling that that general Greatheart himself would have told him that they were indeed the right words. The Rattlesnake boy believed they were more than the right words. And he felt somehow that they struck home and to his heart. He suddenly reddened in the face with the arising of a strong emotion.

"Company Attention," he suddenly said. "I'll let you for once give three long cheers on that answer. You girls can do so too and cheer for all you are worth. But it will be for the last time around here. We will have to be always quiet afterwards for our own safety's sake."

And to the complete and exultant relief of the company of boy scouts and of the girls too who still remained, the Rattlesnake boy led the cheer, and all of them were indeed allowed to make just as much noise, not as it was their wish only but with all the power of their lungs. The Calvinian boy scouts being of a high spirited nature, liked always to make the greatest uproar that was in their power, and they did so with a hearty hearty good will. Finally when the uproar of yelling came to an end it had done so much good for them, that they were ready for the final work.

The drama was opened at once by the Rattlesnake Rattlesnake boy. And the whisper of the most secret conspirator had surely never been so low or as hollow as his Company "the 'at ease' order."

"My most secret of Members," he said. "The best time for us boys to work our schemes is at midnight. The best time to meet is in the depth of the darkest night. On account of the danger of the prowling enemy we would not dare to have our important meetings by day. But when we pass each other during the day time we must pretend that we do not even know each other, or get to exchange any greetings of any kind whatever. We are now meeting in front of Vivian Wickey besieged by the biggest christian army in the whole world, and where we also face the mightiest christian army in the world. We will do all the work in our strength and power to help the mightiest christian armies, take them when the secret sign is given, and the whole besieging army makes its final plunge. As soon as everything is ready, and as soon as the lost Abbie-annian Princesses, that is the Vivian girls are surely found, the secret sign shall be given."

"That is the name of the section of Vivian Wickey that we are facing here!" whispered one of the boy scout lieutenants.

"It is called J I Julio Gallio. It has an important fortified seaport. We expect the armies will take it as soon as other christian armies. And the next time we have an important secret meeting, I myself will bring my strong flashlight to you."

"If Penrod could have had the permission to draw for them the map it would have been a great advantage to this gigantic war game of the world. From his learning every big fortress of Vivian Wickey—every strong hold, and the size and form of the different sections. Being a well learned and a most expert expert boy scout he knew in his heart just exactly what kind of excitement would have forward, directing his finger to this point and that, and pile question upon question."

Penrod had learned to draw any kind of map, and every kind of map in existence as correctly as they are seen in a book or geography, and he had learned to draw maps, before he was eight years old, and just from interesting reasons he had drawn different maps again and again, and also because there had been plenty of time. In all his school lessons he had learned so well that his Teacher was flabbergasted. And indeed Penrod could have drawn any kind of a map, or other great achievements to a first ray of joy and surprise. But he sat silent and listened, only speaking when he needed to ask some important question, as if he knew nothing more about Abbie-annia or her fortified cities, than the Rattlesnake boy did. Indeed what a secret part of boy scouts they surely were. All of the boys that could get near enough drew themselves into the closest circle and they spoke in unearthly whispers.

"One guard ought to be posted at the end of the passage of trees there," Penrod whispered. "We may be surprised by a glandelinian spy or raiding party you know."

"Ben go on guard duty at once," commanded the Rattlesnake boy.

The boy scout thus mentioned rose stealthily and placing his hand on the holster of one of his pistols, crept on tip toe to the opening. And there he stood on guard.

"General, and even his officers have told me that a hundred or more years ago a strong secret Society known as the Gemini had been formed," the Rattlesnake boy whispered.

"And who told them?" asked Penrod.

"A soldier who had lived for fifty years in Vivian Wickey," answered the Rattlesnake boy. "He said it was the most wonderful Secret Society of detective spies in the world because because it had worked through many many terrible years, and have never given up their duty despite any peril, though it had no special reason for its formation. It first began among some expert war spies

and old soldiers who bound by an oath to help Abbie-annia in all her wars. They are now leagued together in the effort to find the lost Abbie-annian Princesses, and bring them back to their fathers army. There are not too few of them to do any thing against any of the worst glandelinians, and when the first lot discovered the news and mysterious news, at that about the stk' still more mysterious disappearance of the vivian girls from Vivian Wickey, they made untold efforts to locate them. The news has passed from one seat of the Gemini to another and from each seat the search for the missing vivian girls had grown. No one in the world really knows how large and powerful the great Gemini is now, but it is said that there are members in nearly all the countries in the world who belong to it even in the dead dead secret, and are all sworn to help Abbie-annia in her need when they are called. They have been patiently waiting until this war broke out. Some of the members are very rich, and will give assistance in life, money and property and many more are very poor men, men and women together are in that society, and children of certain age too have formed companies of their own, and many of these have worked themselves over on ship, or have slipped across the frontier to fight for Abbie-annia to help to smuggle in arms and munitions. It is even said that during this war so far the most secret and dangerous of the Gemini. Members have their secret headquarters made in caves in the hills, and mountains or in swamps, and woods, and have most important arms and other weapons hidden there for the use of special Gemini spies and workers. There are members among them who are called the 'Mad Blengins of the nation' and they and their under officers, and their Supreme Persons have always made or concealed unknown weapons, and made their headquarters in large caverns, no one in the world knows of, hidden caverns underground."

A thought suddenly came to Penrod's mind as he listened, a thought which brought fear to him, and unconsciously he spoke it aloud; "If all the soldiers in the army, or every people in every street in the world talk about it, they won't be hidden long I'm sure." "And my Good general Maurice Costello says that it is not common talk. Very few have even guessed, and many of them think it is part or part of some legend about the lost Abbie-annian Princesses." Said the Rattlesnake boy. "Even the whole world laughs about the reports of the vivian girls from Vivian Wickey, but the best of the very glandelinian generals have always been rank fools. They are too full of their own useless swagger to think that anything can interfere with their purposes."

"Do you speak much to your general?" Penrod asked. The Rattlesnake showed his sharp white teeth in a grin. "I believe if I'm not mistaken I surely know what you are thinking of." He said. "You are remembering that I said he was a great general. So he is though it is his command that I should not have revealed his name. He is the most splendid fighter in the Christian army to my way of thinking. He remembers everything he has learned of about the enemy since he joined the cause. I get him going at times and listen to his stories. He always likes to talk to those he is sure he can trust, and I want to hear everything he says. I know everything that goes on within the enemy's lines, because that is the way I find out. He tells me many other important things also, with the purpose of teaching me. He is a great gentle gentleman, besides being a famous general...."

"If you really care about Abbie-annia and her Holy Cause you'd better ask him not to tell me any one that the Secret Gemini have discovered the hiding place of the vivian girls." Suggested Penrod.

"The Rattlesnake boy started a little. "Indeed that is true." He suddenly exclaimed. "You are more clever than I am. Not one part of the news ought to ever be blabbed about, because our camps are frequently full of hidden and disguised glandelinian spies and Secret Service men, and some of them might hear enough to make them stop and investigate. I'll do my best to get him to make the promise. And the real one queer thing about the general." The Rattlesnake boy added very slowly as if he were trying to think it over. "I suppose it is the loyalty to his cause that's in him. If he makes a promise to any one he never will break it even if he was tortured on a rack."

On a table in the room  
the Rattlesnake boy

ONE PAGE ONE HUNDRED TWENTY SEVEN

"Ask him to make the promise." said Penrod. Then he immediately changed the subject because to him it seemed to be the best thing for him to do. "Go on and tell us what the Secret Party of our own is to do. We are forgetting all about it." He whispered.

The Rattlesnake boy, took up his well planned scene and plot with a renewed keenness. It was a plot or scheme which caused an immense attraction to him, because by it his imagination and also his purpose was worked up. And also it held all his boy scouts are spell bound besides plunging his own self into the war and all his strategy. We are preparing in our most desperate efforts to help the besieging army. Rise in their night (fighting strength) and crush Vivian Wickey." he said. "The blow must come soon, and the besiegers have waited too long already. General Marston is preparing all his batteries for a general storm. Glandelinians who oppose us so long are reported to have used up all their strength. Now is our time to strike the final blow."

He stopped and thought for a few moments staring vacantly into space. He then began again to bite his finger nails, and and and and then he said again. "At the right time the signal must be given by our flags." Then he stopped again, and of all of the boys within his hearing held its breath, and even pressed nearer with a soft shuffling sound. "Every day from now on two of us very secret ones will be chosen by lot and sent forth to do their bit." he went on, and at his very accent some of the boys in the squads nearest to him broke into useless cheers, and only just succeeded in stopping themselves on time. "And they must be chosen by lot." he Rattlesnake boy repeated looking carefully from one face to another. It will be dangerous work to perform, exceeding dangerous indeed, and each one who is chosen will surely take his life in his hands when he goes forth. If possible he may face a greater danger than dying a thousand deaths a day, but for the sake of his country's cause he must go. He must when ordered not only expose himself to the enemy's fire when signalling to his general, but must steal in silence from one part of the country to another, and from one rebel camp to another. And who so ever there is one of the secret members of the Gemini, whether he is hidden in a cave, forest, mountain, hovel or in the ranks, or on a throne, the daring messengers must go to him in dark ness and stealth, and give him the secret sign. It will mean the hour for Vivian Wickey's fall has come. God save Abbie-annia and help her crush the wicked Rebellion of her fallen away country."

"God Save Abbie-annia." whispered all of the boy scouts, with exulted feelings. And they saw Penrod raise his head to his forehead, and every one followed his action and saluted. They then began to all whisper at once; "Let's all draw lots now. Let's draw lots Rattlesnake, let's not do any waiting."

For a moment the Rattlesnake boy looked about like that kind of reptile is wont to do before striking. Then he seemed to be examining the sky. "The darkness is beginning to abate." He whispered. "I'm sure that late midnight has passed and that the dawn of day will soon arrive upon us. As any one of the boys had some black and white paper, and Penrod had a pair of shears which could be used to clip the papers into pieces. This the Rattlesnake boy did himself, when he shut his eyes, and mixed the pieces, and then held his hand ready for the drawing.

"The secret person who draws the largest black piece is the one chosen, the Secret Person who draws the smallest piece is also chosen but to go later." He said.

Indeed the drawing was more solemn than his tone. Each of the leading boy scouts wanted to draw either the longest or the shortest piece. The heart of each boy thumped somewhat loudly as he drew his piece of paper. Each showed his lot when the drawing came to an end. The Rattlesnake had drawn the smallest piece of white paper, and Penrod had drawn the largest piece of black paper.

"Goodbye," said the Rattlesnake boy taking him by the hand. "We two will be danger and death together."

"God save Abbie-annia." answered Penrod.

And if the German chief, who knew the whole secret, the Angelinian chief, who knew the whole secret, and did not mind how fiercely the wind was blowing or how thickly the snow was coming down, the Rattlesnake boys plan of coming to help the Angelinian armies in their general rising against vivian victory was more than a giants game of plots. And indeed how more natural it would be that some time perhaps in the shortest while, there would be the Angelinian armies shouting triumph in the very streets of "Lillian Victory." Surely this could happen very soon, for the besieging armies had by this time grown very strong, and that weapons and cannons and ammunition of all kinds had reached the bel besiegers, that by the continual cannonading he heard day and night like a perpetual thunderstorm of violent character without the rain great preparations were being made for a probable final assault, during all these days and nights of the siege so far, even hidden work and preparations had been going on incessantly, even though it seemed to be a preparation for some unknown day, and a strong Secret society which had lasted so long, and which had always passed its oath from generation to generation must be indeed of a most determined and deadly determination, and also the same with the armies, and what might the besieging armies have made ready in their teeny chains of siege batteries, fortifications, fortified works, deep rifle pits, hardened snow breastworks and forts, and the like. Penrod longed to reach General great hearts headquarters and tell the great general at once all he had already heard but the boisterous storm hindered his speed through the deep fallen fresh snow. All that had been told him by the Rattlesnake boy he recalled to his mind, and even all that he had added in the same because, well because that was so complete and real too, so real that it would actually be very useful to all the generals, and the army.

On several accounts of the ship's  
were out of the water.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

GENERAL CHEATHEART CHARGES PERIOD WITH AN IMPORTANT MISSION.  
PERIOD TRIES TO SKETCH THE FACES OF VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS.....

## CHAPTER TWELVE.

GENERAL GREATHART CHARGES PENROD, WITH AN IMPORTANT MISSION.  
PENROD TRIES TO SKEW THE FACTS OF VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS... ..

BUT when he reached his own part of the lines, and entered general greatharts headquarters, he found that some general and many others of vastly higher rank very much absorbed in some unusually important work. The doors of every entrance into the building were well looked and guarded by many sentries, three to six sentries per door when he came, his shoulders and hat covered white with snow. One guard knocked twice, and as soon as Penrod entered the door after shaking himself free of the snow, the door was securely locked again. The generals were all seated at a big oblong table on which there were many important papers, Geographies, and other books, and evidently they were studying them or holding some sort of a council. Many of the papers had maps of Vivian wick, and her fortifications, and also of her sea boards. Some were maps of the divided sections of Vivian wick, and others were street maps and sketches of the important river's mouths, and the series of Lenses Cedernine fortifications, guarding them and still others maps of important buildings, and arsenals and the places where the landelinians had their own submarines and fleets of warships and some of the extended Lucille Icksen portific fortifications, but they were all important maps of places in Vivian wick, and outside and inside of her.

All of these were usually kept hidden in a large strong entrance of the building were always kept locked to be examined or studied the spies, and Secret Service Agents. As soon as all the generals were gone and before the morning mess call came these were all returned to the strong iron safe which was pushed into a secret room and locked in.

"When his Majesty arrives," Penrod heard general greathart say to the last one to go. "We can show him most clearly what has already been planned. He will be able to see for himself."

During the entire meal general greathart scarcely spoke at all and Penrod Penrod did not have the habit of speaking at any time unless first spoken to, yet this morning it seemed that the boy scout colonel looked more than usual unusually silent, and more silent than the general had ever observed him to be before. No doubt the y were both thinking anxiously of deep and serious things. Penrod felt that the story of the strangers that had come to see the Rattlesnake boy must be for some reason not to be told as yet. But y just the same the story was of a kind that would surely keep. The great general greathart did not say anything at all until the orderlies had removed the dishes from the meal table and made the generals' council room look as neat as possible. While the orderly was at this work the general sat with his forehead resting on his hands as if he was absorbed in some deep thoughts. Then suddenly he made a gesture to Penrod.

"Come here, friend and Penrod," he said.

Penrod immediately went up to him and saluted.

"My comrade, sometime to night, no matter how fiercely it storms and great and high personage will come to talk with me, and many other great generals about most grave and important things," he said. "Of course I'm not quite sure but I think he will come when he comes. It is most important that he will find me quite alone before all the other generals arrive. He is coming at a most late hour and at my command one of my sentries will open the rear door quietly that no one may hear or see. It is most important also that no one not even the Angelinian soldiers should see him. Some certain person must go and ride quietly on his horse on the opposite side of Company Street of Battery D. and watch until our great Christian makes his appearance. Then the one who goes to meet him and

give the warning signal must cross the Company Street before him first, back and forth, then ride toward him, salute, and signal with his flashlight. The coast is clear!" and then at once turn and ride quietly, and swiftly away as if nothing unusual had happened.

Indeed what boy or girl scout heart would not have leaped and beat wildly with joy and awe at the very mystery of this. Even any common and dull boyscout or girl scout, who knew nothing of the Glendian Abbeismian war would have surely felt jerky so great was the thrill of his feeling, that Penrod's voice almost shook as he said:

"How shall I know the great general Your Excellency?"

He asked this question because he knew without needing to inquire that he surely was the "some one" to go on this errand.

"As you told me you have seen him twice before," General Greathart answered. "He is the one you saw in splendid uniform ride at the head of all the generals of the highest rank. He is the Emperor Robert Angelio Vivian."

"I shall therefore know him," said Penrod saluting again. "When shall I go?"

"Not until it is half past ten or eleven o'clock. Go to bed immediately, and sleep all the day and until that time to night until one of my aide-camps calls you. You have been out all night on boy scout duty and need some sleep." Then he suddenly added "Look well at his uniform and face before you speak or signal to him. At this time he will not be dressed as an Angelinian but as an private Abbeismian soldier and will appear differently uniformed in hat and clothes than when he was when you first saw him, and keep shy of exploding shells as there may be a terrific cannonading this afternoon and during a part of the night."

Penrod obeyed. He immediately retired into one of his rooms and went to bed as he had been advised, and went to sleep as he was very tired. But early in the afternoon he was suddenly awakened by what he had at first thought to be one of the most terrific thunderstorms he had ever heard in his life. The way everything still seemed so light, and the way the snow was falling outside he knew that only a blizzard storm was raging, and also it was too near winter and too cold for such a thunderstorm to be raging. He heard excited commands and the rattling and roaring of swiftly moving wagons, artillery caissons, terrific crashes far in the distance, and a tumult which it only took to hear to explain.

Unusually such din never kept him awake because he had slept through many great cannonades, and even the rattle and roar of terrific battles not to be accustomed to noise. But this crash and din was unusually loud, and rolled like many drums but louder than the worst thunder clap ever heard, and once it had awakened him he found it hard to go to sleep again.

And now it seemed to him as he lay there, and looked out of the window at the heavy snow he heard every great cannon made in the world going off in rolling thunderous crashes, and every shell that exploded in sharper detonations.

And he could not help thinking of the myriads of gunners of both sides who would lose their lives during that artillery storm, and of the fresh batteries of big cannons that were being hurried toward the point of firing on huge all sleighs and of the swiftly moving gun caissons, ammunition and supply sleighs that were hastily dashing along in the snow and through it and the Company streets outside his headquarters. Then as he lay listening to all the confusion of sound he wondered what all outsiders would think if they knew things connected with the battles they read of in the daily papers were going on to day within the Christian encampments they scarcely gave a glance to as they went by them.

Then while listening still to the artillery fire he thought again of his important errand. It must be connected or something connected with the terrific artillery duel if a general who is to be a great diplomat and companion of war kings like Emperor Vivian came in secret to talk along with an Angelinian general who was something more than a patriot. Whatever his friend general Greathart was doing, was for the good of the headlong arms of Vivian victory, and perhaps the Secret society knew he was doing it. And while Penrod lay listening on this

lumpy mattress on his cot, thinking it over his heart almost beat aloud. He knew he must look well and carefully at the one mentioned before he even moved toward him. And he must be absolutely sure that he was the right man, and not some one else even if it was an Angelinian, because all wearing purple uniforms are not Angelinians. The plan he and the gang of boy scouts had amuz amused themselves with so long that night in the barracks, the game of trying to remember maps, pictures, people, and fortifications, and other places clearly, and in detail had been a wonderful and marvelous thing. He had learned to draw pictures and maps, and also could make an accurate and quick sketch of the most keen eyed clever aquiline face of any one with the well out and delicately closed mouth which looked as if it always had been shut upon secrets.

If he had only the time to draw he would try and make a sketch of the girls as he imagined they looked, he found himself saying over and over again. Very often he had amused himself by making countless sketches of all things he wished to ask important questions about. Even like a good artist, he had sketched and drawn faces of some great generals he knew, and general Greathart had declared the boy had an unusual gift for so rapidly catching a persons of the faces of the Vivian girls, and also their fathers, which would show general Greathart that he knew and could recognize at least Emperor Vivian. He decided to make this attempt because he felt sure he could not sleep because of the din of the tremendous cannonade. He therefore rose up, jumped from his cot, and went to a small table near the window. He drew from the drawer a pencil, and a tablet of writing paper without lines.

The blizzard outside seemed now to be at its worst, and a the wind was occasionally throwing great quantities of snow against the window pane, and the blinding snow sheet outside on hiding objects for a hundred feet made it lighter. By this he could see to do his drawing. He drew up his small chair, sat by the table and began his drawing. He drew up his small

For about thirty minutes he worked steadily and succeeded on the face of Emperor Vivian, but tore up five or six sketches of the Vivian girls, that proved very unsatisfactory. The hasty sketching would not matter to Penrod if he could catch their beautiful, queenly, subtle and innocent half frightened look, and a look which was not vanity, slyness, but something more pretty, holy lovable, dignified and important.

Often he got the marked aristocratic features or outlines of the features, which he absolutely knew were not there, despite their rank. Any ordinary person, man or woman or child who have less pronounced profile, would have been to Penrod's idea, less or more easy to draw or sketch, and he did his best, his level best to recall to his mind every detail of them which had come so often to his memory through its well trained habit. Soon to his relief he observed that he was drawing the likeness to a clearer point but gradually.

And it was not long before the features were clear enough to strike him surely. "AS WELL DONE!" and also that of Emperor Vivian. He then with a sigh of satisfaction arose and drew a long and joyful breath. Penrod did not think of stopping to put on his overcoat despite the storm outside, but left the headquarters without making a sound, and seeing his boy scout lieutenant approaching ordered him to bring his horse.

The steed was brought without protest while Penrod then was putting on his overcoat and heavier shoes. He then mounted the horse, and rode slowly toward the headquarters of the Battle snake boyscout leader. His horses going slowly through deep snow made no sound whatever while on the slow gallop. The officers in charge of this section of the camp had gone to direct the artillery fire, and so had the other commanders. All of the inactive batteries had been moved out of the camp except the one belonging to Battery D.

When he had first joined the boy scouts he had been thought to make a special sign or signal when he wished to speak personally to any leader of a boy scout Company or his officer.

he reached the small building which he knew was the rattlesnake boys headquarters, and dismounting and thetoring his horse but placing a large army blue blanket over him he strode up to the door of the building, stood still and made the signal. It was three low knocks. A boy scout opened the door, and seeing Penrod looked troubled.

"Do you wish to see some one sir?" he asked.

"I wish to see the rattlesnake," answered Penrod. "I must show something to him."

The boy scout let him in, and being awakened because he also had been asleep the rattlesnake boy scout arose from his cot and looked at Penrod questioningly. Penrod first saluted, and then strode forward, and laid the so on sketches down on the cot before him.

"Look at them rattlesnakes," he said. "I had such memories of the vivian girls in my mind that I decided to make sketches of them. I remembered them enough to draw them like this. And I thought of them all at once that I could make some sort of pictures of them. Do you think they are like them?"

The rattlesnake boy scout examined them closely.

"I cannot say whether they are like them or not for I have not seen them, even a picture," he hastily answered. "but they are nevertheless very much like their character. By doing this you make me feel quite safe, entirely safe. Thanks comrade. It was a very good idea indeed."

In the grip that the rattlesnake boy gave Penrod's hand there was evident relief, and Penrod turned away with an exultant feeling. Just as he reached the door, and had opened it, the rattlesnake boy suddenly said to him:

"This is surely a great gift from god himself. It is the best gift of all. And it proves that it is absolutely true that your mind has gone good and perfect training. The more you draw, the better you'll be able to draw. Do the best you can, and draw everything you can lay your hands on."

After this when he returned to his own headquarters, neither the booming of so many cannon, or the crashing of shells, nor the noise of dashing horses or gun carriages and sleighs, commands of officers, shouts of men, nor the windstorm or blizzard, or his own thoughts kept Penrod awake when he went back to sleep. However Penrod gave himself certain orders before he so tilted himself upon his rough pillow. He had often heard general Greatheart say to his that the mind can control the body, when people are once find out that it can be done.

He had also read of this too. He had often made many experiments or tried themselves himself and finally found out some very curious things indeed.

The first one was that he had told himself to try and remember the distance between Vivian Wickay, and Angelina Agathia. At a certain time and he found out rightly enough enough that he did remember it. It was always that something in his brain seemed to remind him. The second experiment he had frequently tried was to tell himself to awaken at a certain minute or particular hour and he had found himself to awaken almost exactly at the moment by the clock.

"I will sleep until two thirty o'clock," he said to himself as he shut his eyes tightly. "and I hope to awaken and feel a very much refreshed. Then I shall not be sleepy at all."

Indeed Penrod was as good as his word. He slept as soundly as any very tired lad could have done and will sleep. All the loudest noise of the bombardment never aroused him once, but he exactly awakened at ten thirty, and noticed what appeared to be lightning display, but which was the flash of bursting shells high up in the sky. The snow already was very deep on the ground and the storm was still raging fiercely but the wind had abated and it was quiet and calm.

Once in a while one of the flashes would be much closer and brighter, and would throw the light of its reflection through the window. He knew it was half past ten because he had a cheap little time piece on the table by the window and he could see the face of the clock for every flash. He felt quite fresh, and not at all sleepy. Again his experiment had met with complete success.

On account of the snow of Vivian Wickay, all railroad communications were cut off. The snow was so deep that the trains could not run.

He got up hastily and put on his clothes. Then he left his headquarters, secured his army overcoat and warf, and not wishing to wake his horse or use it in the deep snow and storm, he decided to walk to general Greatheart's headquarters and secure one there. He walked down the Company street, without making any sound as thickly as if it had a mind to bury him. The snow was still coming down. And this time he carried his overshoe in his hands for he only meant to put them on, when he was to ride the horse, but seeing how deep the snow was he rapidly changed his mind and put them on right there. He reached general Greatheart's headquarters in two minutes. The thought it was only a block away, and made the same sign at the general's door as he had made at the rattlesnake's, and made the general himself who had opened it.

"Is it right, that I should go now?" Penrod asked with a salute.

"Yes you may ride my horse. And ride slowly to the other side of Company street of Batteries Band Detach. And ride slowly in every direction as much as the snow a round shroud with will let you. We do not know where or from what direction the signal will come. He will have a large company of generals with him dressed a little like the 'hooded terror.' After you have given him the signal or worded sign to them, go back to either your tent again or your own headquarters, which ever is nearest, and retire to bed for the rest of the night."

Again Penrod saluted as a soldier would have done on receiving an order. Then without delaying a second he passed out of the house in a noiseless manner. For several minutes general Greatheart then turned back into his own room and for several minutes stood in the center of it like the statue of some uniformed monarch. His hands were form to night looked particularly erect and stately, and his eyes were glowing as if something moved him deeply.

"Here is one of the best boy scouts for Abbie-annia," he said to his orderly who watched him. "God be praised. 'He'll make a great guardian of violet, and her sisters some day.'"

The orderly saluted quite reverently as he said in a low hoarse voice:

"Yes sir, your Excellency. God save Abbie-annia and the vivian girl Princesses."

"Yes indeed (you are in need)" Greatheart answered after a moment's hesitation. "then they are found."

And he went back to his table smiling his most beautiful smile. Fortunately for Penrod the cannonade at this section had suddenly ceased, it probably being either a lull or a suspension on account of the sudden increase of the thickening snow fall. The Company streets on account of the great blizzard were completely deserted, and all the roar of so many cannons, near distant, or far, had hushed, the very tumult of exploding shells, had ceased, and everything except the storm was at a rest.

Such a sudden silence was a thing almost unbelievable. It even surpassed the stillness of a mountain top or in a forest, and it was so still Penrod could actually hear the snow flakes fall. A few hours before, there had been the wildest tumult of cannons, and exploding shells, and howling of a windstorm, the noise of all kinds of military sleighs or the jingling of their many bells, the neighing of horses, the shouts of commands, and all tumult imaginable and now all was quiet, though probably in another hour or so it would break loose once more, especially if the snow fall lets up. And Penrod for that reason hoped it would not stop falling but would increase.

But now the Company streets were so clear of soldiers, and everything was so quiet, that even the very tramp tramp of the sentries in the deep snow was hushed, and so that the snapping of a twig, or the flapping of some tent cover had the most fearful and horrible sound, that Penrod had ever heard.

It seems worse even to Penrod than a haunted ground, as he crossed over to the other side near Battery D. He could hardly believe that the Company streets had ever been so clear of persons and so silent before. Was it so every night, storm or no storm, or whether the cannons were thundering or not.



closed for the remainder of the night.

When Penrod awakened the next morning he was summoned to general Grantharts headquarters right away when he got out of his tent he saw two feet of snow had fallen, but now the morning was clear, and the sun was rising and it was about six below zero so so cold but not colder as yet and the air was again still and quiet and when he arrived at general Grantharts headquarters he saw enormous columns moving forward toward the direction of Gwanggulin Grida.

Around here all was still and quiet, except the far distant roll of cannons which was unceasing when he stood before general Granthart, the latter did not say anything about what happened during the stormy night. He only said

which was unseeing when he stood before General Overton's, no longer a man, but a woman, and she was not any thing about what happened during the stay night. He only said:

"My dear boy, you did your errand amazingly well, despite your long waiting out in the cold and storms. You were not even hurried and nervous though I myself felt somewhat impatient. The Emperor was exceedingly pleased with your calmness. You scared him at first though. He asked so in front of his horses before you gave the word that he thought you was one of his daughters in disguise. He had a good laugh over it. He wishes to see you in a week. And somewhere he told me you again saw the Indian girl last night, and they saw you, but you did not know it."

you, but you did not know it." After this no more was said. Penrod knew that the quiet mention of the Emperor's deeds had been merely as a sort of designation. So though nothing was said on the subject of the stormy night incident, it was plain by the sight he witnessed of the mobilizing of the forces that something very unusual was going on. General Greatheart and his generals, and other officers were also assembling their columns, and there was great excitement and emotion and also stirrings seen every- everywhere among the soldiers. Penrod wishing to find out what was going on, and why there was so much distant cannon firing went up to the top of one of the highest signal stations with the intention to spend part of the day in watching everything of interest no matter how cold it was. From that height, one hundred and thirty five feet he could see the north-western sections of the massive concrete massive breastwork like walls of the Thunderbluff fortress.

SEE PAGE ONE HUNDRED  
THIRTY FIVE.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ALSO HE OBSERVES AN ARMY ATTACK, AND ITS RESULTS DURING THE BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE OF JEROME AVIAN, AT DELIGHTS JUNCTION.

IN THE direction of Kvangolmbi a Grania heights and far off elsewhere among large stretches of woods, he saw what appeared to be a white snail as of a far distant forest fire, and strange sounds came from that location. In viewing things this way he became intimate with scenery and strange incidents, which to most boys and girls and even people seemed only the unreal events. He saw what appeared to be big fires, cabin eruptions, and the sky was covered with a yellow haze. He could see the spires of the far distant Norma Catherine, and this again reminded him of the prisons and dumb dungeons, the : non-combatants had been confined in to be murdered, and where many had died in the end. He could see some of the powerful battlements, and outer works and rifle pits, and snow fortificant lots far in advance of Fortress Maya and Delightington, and their big fortress towns, the beautifully colored flags of the enemy fluttering in the winter breeze, and the towering cannon.

He was occasionally fired on or seemed to be by some rebel cannon but of no avail as the station being a former signal storm station was out of range. Some of the shells exploded high in the sky like the crash of a thousand thunderclaps at once but did no harm except cause him a little excitement. As everything soon became obscured in the queer smoke haze, and as he could see nothing further, and as he felt cold in that biting wind, he soon came down.

The column of troops were all in motion, there was the confused shouting of commands, the roll of many drums, the blare of bugles, and the snorting of horses added by the loud band music and the tumultuous threat of countless feet in the deep snow. One general who rode a horse that appeared to come from some cowboy was taking the lead, and he appeared to be good natured and evidently very fond of important talking. He was tall and very stoutly built with a large face with bull dog expression but somewhat nice looking too, and had merry but firm attractive blue eyes. He was rather like some old fashioned picture of the later Emperor of Rome. Now when Penrod remembered having seen so day he appeared to be an unusually talkative, when he was met by a column of handpicked uniformed officers, and he was a face like a young man, the right of England who had rode up to him and asked the reason for the mob molesting and movement of the troops.

"It is because Hanso Yvian wishes to take possession of the small villages of Jennia Yvian." He answered. "If general Constantin Aronburg the baron of Abysskille had failed in his purpose we'd have not got this far. Emperor Yvian is bound if it is possible to take the Lucille Riksen fortifications in the rear by storm. Also the St Dominus fortresses and the Evangelina Grania Heights. Hanso Yvian was clever enough to manage last night's conspiracy, and if he plans any successful attack he will have to do it with the aid of the traitors to be sure. These Ouarinus we are facing have done with better plans than they fight most savagely and most doggedly too, and with great tenacity."

"There was a big battle near Thumblin in somewhere yesterday," another officer who was close to Penrod said to the fierce general with the h bull dog like face. Millions of are killed on both sides it is rumored and our side was worsted it is rumored. I saw it in big letters on the bulletin this morning. This war is so fierce that we are just slaughtering each other that's what we are doing. And now we got to move our armies forward to storm the heights of Mt. Himalia. Grania as soon as everything is ready, I call it."

The general whose face had the bull dog expression looked at him keenly and said: "The Emergents have fallen in such uncountable numbers that they can't bury their dead fast enough until the battlefields are cleared. It is the same with out side. Before long there will be some dreadful plagues breaking out, and sweeping into the countries, nearest and all around us. And Vivian Wickey will be the center of it all. And I'll bet the plagues will continue so fiercely and incessantly that they'll spread all of over the world as others have done. Things will be so bad later on when the hot summer weather comes that all the civilized countries will have to jump in to bring the war to an end." "I'll be alive I'll tell you moral greathheart what I have heard."

Penrod thought: "It shows that everybody in the army is continually thinking and talking of the siege of Vivian Wickey, and the horrors of the war, and that even the generals and other officers know this war will result in some serious and most terrible consequences. This must be the right and proper time."

And what he meant was that now must be the time for, or in which the Secret Gemini and Emperor Vivian had so long and patiently waited for, the final effort to overthrow the Kingdom at Vivian Wickey. But just now General Greathheart had rode away with his own staff to direct the movements of his troops, and when Penrod went to the generals headquarters, he found the Aide-de-Camp alone, and he looked more silent than ever as he stood by the door. However as severe and an exciting the situation seemed to be, Penrod acted as if the war, and its horrors were as a difficult game.

"Any man can fight in a battle, and yet be a better battle gentleman," General Greathheart had said. "And it is as easy to form good habits, as it is to form bad ones. And if one is even brave enough to even feel ravenous for a battle, a man or soldier who has been well bred, will not allow himself to look upon any dog may do so, but a man may not."

In all perilous exciting adventures, and the like, Penrod kept himself in perfect ease and grace of boyish carriage. He always was self controlled, and very courteous under any conditions. And he always had the habit of holding his body perfectly well, and his head erect, and he always had a certain look of great distinction which though to others it seemed nothing, it nevertheless set him apart from all boys of the careless and awkward bearing.

"I have any report cards, or sheets that tell of you yesterday's great battle sir?" He asked of the Aide-de-Camp after he had finished eating the plain and scant food, and left the table.

"Yes Colonel Penrod," was the immediate answer. "The general said that you may have permission to read it if you so desire. But I believe the report is a black and dirty tale." He handed the boy scout the slip of paper.

It was however not a black tale. And as Penrod slowly read the accounts he suddenly felt as if he could scarcely bear it. The besieging fleets had bombarded Fortress Thumelina, while the troops from the hundreds of big transports, and from a portion of General M. A. Wansons army assaulted it by land. It was as if both sides for the whole day swarmed in oceans of blood.

At the outcome of the conflict the glandelinians had suffered almost a disasterous defeat. The Angelinian forces under General Jackson Evans and Nelson Pelight attacked the whole glandelinian front under General Handonia Turner. The whole christian attack at this point was so overwhelming, and so deadly and so irresistible as to break the main rebel line at once. By this time and within three hours afterwards the whole army defending the rifle pits and outer works was aroused, and countless wagons, sleighs, ambulances, and artillery were making for the rear. The whole battle field seemed dominated by scores of thousands of the most terrific explosions. The twenty fourth corps of the Scodder and Whitel Whinsie Turner's army abandoned all their works, but fought every inch of ground while slowly retreating. Soon half of the glandelinian army defending the works had been flying in dismay and so thick was the smoke of battle it hung like a dense fog. Then General Wilsenbell hurried upon the assaulting Abyssinian waves the 15th Corps of General Bright's corps and by heavy firing partially checked the terrible pressure of the christian attack, giving the Twenty fourth a chance to reform its lines.

But the outlook was still very gloomy, and the losses of the rebels had been terrific beyond comprehension, when at twelve thirty o'clock cheers echoed along the lines in the rear.

On arrival at the edge of the lake, all railroad communications were cut off, and the army then moved on to the lake. The rebels were completely isolated.

General Mc-Hollister Johnston who had ridden with his army of cavalry and infantry from Fort Mayn was approaching. His appearance created the wildest enthusiasm. He rode along the whole front of the rebel line moving his hat and calling to his men and uproarious cheers from hundreds of thousands of soldiers greeted him. The retreat along this quarter stopped in an instant. The broken lines were reformed and with one magnificent charge which was resistless the Angelinians themselves were swept back and their left turned and driven into confusion. In fact most of the line was driven into confusion. The christian general in a main command haste to the spot and found the forces had been driven back about half a mile. They took the affair in hand, quickly sent forward reinforcements and formed a compact line of battle miles longer. The attack upon the enemy was then resumed with the greatest vigor driving and routing back the three pieces of artillery, and many scores of thousands of prisoners. The number of the casualties of the enemy was not known but the rebel general Jackson was perhaps mortally wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the christians. Four christian generals were killed and ten wounded.

After the repulse of the enemy the christian forces reinforced again stormed the rebel works around Thumelina and the first really deadly decisive battle of the conflict was fought, with the glandelinians again the victors. The losses were heavy on both sides. General Siasmore was wounded and was not expected to live. The charge against the rebel line was led by General Winderline and Roswell Gustar Johnston and within the rifle pits and snow forts and other works of the enemy the most desperate hand to hand fight ever imagined raged for four hours, with nearly two hundred and twenty two thousand falling per hour on both sides singly.

The works even then would have been taken but the glandelinians in the main works of fortress Thumelina poured an irresistible torrent of grape and canister into the christian columns driving them out with dreadful loss and following up their triumph, cheering and singing suddenly general belights corps reinforced came upon a moment there was the wildest scrimmage. The Abyssinians gave the glandelinians a most terrific fire point blank into their faces, and then swung into them hand to hand past the rifle pits, and into and out of the snow forts, through the rebel trenches, went the panic stricken glandelinians, while the Abyssinians bayonet played indescribable havoc with their disordered ranks for miles. Never was there such slaughter, for even up to three o'clock on both sides singly over ten million two hundred and twenty thousand dead and wounded were left. The Abyssinians lost two million.

A correspondent says: After the battle there were found 2,544,666 dead glandelinians found in the gunnery Creek, many who may have been drowned during the rout. The Company streets streets of the rebel lines and encampments were strewn with dead as if corn mowed down by the tornado. The Angelinians had ordered to go through the rebel trenches and they did their best. Up to three o'clock probably five million five hundred thousand died in the battle attempt.

The glandelinians themselves died by the hundred and ten thousand per charge and made fifteen charges in all during the whole day. They filled two trenches a mile long with their own dead, and the living charged over it.

All the countries when they would hear of it, must stand aghast at the news of such a furious and cruel battle. Even the bombarding fleets, a thousand ships in all were repulsed with great loss of ships, 10,000 cannon thundering along the glandelinian front, and many more from the ships, and the land forces in the last attacks slaughtered in awful numbers of myriads, and the surviving columns driven back to the shelter of their own works which the enemy tried fiercely the rest of the day to take in vain. The christian army thus was cut and torn in pieces, and half the numbers from the transports wither out down or captured.

"Colonel Jentonia!" Perrod suddenly said spring to his feet in a frenzy and his eyes burning! "Something for God's sake must be done to stop such bloodshed. The besieging armies are strong enough to capture Vivian Wickey. Why don't they all move forward to the attack, and not only a portion? The time has come, for this has come. Why don't they strike! With the Rattlesnake boy scout was the Chief general!"

And the boy scout rapidly paced up and down the room almost in the same manner that general Greenheart did, because he was too excited to stand still. It was amazing indeed to see how the general's Aide-De-Camp watched the boy scout colonel, and there could also be seen in his own restrained face the overpowering feeling that was almost too strong to be overcome when he suddenly said:

"For air my lad, it does seem as if the time has come."

But he said nothing more. He immediately turned and went out leaving the building at one moment. The Aide-de-camp had decided that it was much wiser to go before he suddenly lost power over himself, and said more than he should. After this Perrod went over to the meeting place of the Rat Rattlesnake Company of boy scouts. Just as before the Rattlesnake boy was sitting among the highest of his followers, and he had received the morning paper, and was reading the contents to them, and especially the portion which contained the news of the disaster at Thumbelina. All of the Company of Boy Scouts had become Members of the Secret of Gemini, and to Perrod's delight every member of it was thrilled to the utmost with the spirit of dark and adventure. They all spoke spoke in the softest whispers.

"We cannot remain long in this section of the camp," the Rattlesnake said. "We are ordered out on signal duty this afternoon and to-morrow. We will have to crawl through bushes, and other shelter and behind snow drifts, and watch every wave of the battle that's coming to-morrow."

To the rest of the boys this was indeed exciting news but Perrod knew that what the Rattlesnake said was true. And yet though the Rattlesnake boy knew none of the things that Perrod knew he saw that the whole story about the disastrous ending of the assault on Thumbelina was a shocking thing. The violent and desperate struggles of the glandelinians and the Angelinians for the possession of Vivian Wickey had taken full possession of the Rattlesnake and his boy scouts.

His passion for soldering and warfare, and his curiously nature brain had led the Rattlesnake into following every detail of the glandelinian war he could lay hold of. He had listened to the conversation of many officers and general soldiers and had heard and learned many important things with the most remarkable results.

He remembered many things that many other boy scout leaders forgot after they had mentioned them. There was nothing he forgot. When Perrod had arrived he found that the Rattlesnake had drawn on the blackboard in his barracks another map of Vivian Wickey, and which Perrod saw was absolutely correct, and he also had made a good sketch of the Thumbelina fortress, and the actual divided battle line lines which had had such disastrous results.

"The fiercest fighters of all the glandelinians are in possession of fortress Thumbelina," he explained with the most feverish eagerness, "and the national forces attacked them there and from here!" pointing with his finger. "That was one of the worst mistakes of the siege. If I had been general Hanson I would have attacked the fortress and her outer works and snow forts from a place where the very glandelinian garrison would not have been expecting it. Their generals from the movements of the fleets that they observed expected an attack on that section of the fortress, and their forces were ready to defend them. For my part I believe that an overwhelming force of Angelinians and Angelinians could have easily stolen up in the darkness of the night during a blizzard storm and suddenly rushed in from the north."

After thinking it over Perrod believed it, or at least that the Rattlesnake boy scout leader was right. The strange looking Angelinian boy scout had made it all out, and had studied all portions of the city of Vivian Wickey as he would have done at an artist's or a puzzle. He was one of the cleverest boy scouts

On motion of the committee of the city of Vivian Wickey, all railroad communications were cut off, over and over again, and the city was completely isolated from the outside world.

know so far, and as sharp as his queer face looked.

"I believe you would make a good general over the whole troop of boy scouts," declared Perrod. "If you have no objections I would like to have the permission to show your map to general Greenheart, and ask him if he does not think your idea of ideal strategem would have been a good one, for general Greenheart to follow."

General Greenheart knew much about Vivian Wickey, and her great fortifications. He asked the Rattlesnake boy scout:

"I suppose you should, as he written many things, and has many maps of Vivian Wickey," Perrod answered. "And everyone in the world is thinking and talking about the terrible war and the great sieges. I believe no one can help it. The chief interests of the nation is centered on Vivian Wickey and the siege."

The Rattlesnake boy scout quickly drew out of his inside coat pocket a dingy but large looking and now neatly folded piece of paper, and looked it over with an air of reflection.

"I'll make a sketch of a good map," he said. "I'll try to make one that will make the highest general proud to look at it, and say it is perfect. I can general learned me how to draw maps, and plans, and I always ask him many questions about Vivian Wickey and the strength of her fortifications. But he is so reckless that he'll be killed in some battle before long. He had a narrow escape from being wounded last night during the storm, while out on a scouting tour."

"Please tell us Rattlesnake that you and Colonel Perrod will soon have to be when Hanson's army concentrates along the banks of Gunkel Creek," said Perrod. "Your general has decided for us to do," suggested one of the boy scout Rattlesnakes.

He and the rest of the circle of boy scout officers draw closer, some sitting cross-legged, or their feet way out, and others hugging their knees with their arms.

"This is what he has commanded us to do," began the Rattlesnake boy scout, whispering like some one belonging to a strange secret society. "The hour will soon come for us all. Even all the Secret ones of the Gemini is being involved. And to all of us boy scouts and your whole Regiment too Perrod, and to all the very Angelinians belonging to the Secret and powerful Gemini in every nation in the world, the Signal must be carried, for their recall to Abbelemia and her states. And finally it must also be carried around Vivian Wickey by all those who would not and could not be suspected by the wisest and most watchful the of the insurgents. And if disguised properly who could suspect only a number of boy scouts and one of them disguised as a dirty Calvinian peasant girl. The best thing for all of us is that I can disguise properly as such a girl. And so can Perrod as he is so good looking. My general suggested who could also pass as a bunch of beggars. He says that in some cases as bad as they are the glandelinians will nearly always give a little money to beggars no what country they are of, as long as they don't suspect them as being opposed to their cause. We can pretend therefore to beg wherever we go, except within the Christian lands. And we also can do our part to help the Gemini locate the lost Vivian girls princesses. Perrod if he likes to a shall pretend to be my older sister or young brother, and to take care of me. I will pretend to be shy, and scared of rats and mice. I say speaking to Perrod with a change in his voice that was sudden. "Can you recite poetry or accomplish any good singing in Spanish or Angelinian? No matter how you do it, as long as you can."

"Yes I can sing but only in French and English," Perrod replied.

"Then Perrod will pretend his singing is in some strange foreign tongue to make straying persons give us alms. I'll get the make up to dress as a peasant girl, and also to pretend I'm a crippled cripple. I'll secure a lot of crutches somewhere, and part of the time I will make my way on crutches, and other times on some sleight sleigh or sledges. All those days while we are doing the work we will make our fake makeup as beggars and go wherever we are sent to. And I can go slowly past a man and give the signal and no one may be enemies will ever know the better. Sometimes Perrod can give it when soldiers and others are dropping coin into his cap. In case we are sent we can pass

a with out the sword from one arm to another and make everyone do as they now in a wonder of the powerful goddesses that we will work and send our way into the enemy's lines, and we'll only be a dozen boys with one girl and girl, and no one will think we are doing anything. We'll go inside giving away, if any of the Gombi are hiding there. We'll go to bag in the streets, set on the high roads."

"We shall get the money and provisions to make the travels. We face great perils and some of the boys may lose nerve and show something like a white flag," said a sergeant.

"The quarter master sergeant will give us the necessary supplies, and we shall need such. But we must be careful just the same, and get help those who do show a white flag. It would be safer for us to travel by night, and sleep by day. We could sleep in corn fields, shed, cornfield, under bridges or even archways, or in dark woods and so on. I've done it many times, when my general sent me alone on long tours. If it is cold weather like what will come be coming on now it will be bad enough but in summer when the weather is fine fine and hot it's better sleeping on the outside than always sleeping in a mother's tent. Goodnight," said Penrod. "Are you really now?"

"Go anti Gombi as general Gombiheart says did, and for some good reason or other Penrod did not show any resentment because he was ready to do anything for Abbisimian. It was a part of the game of war, and it made them all comrades."

"You Gombi I'm really," Penrod answered him.

"We shall I hope be in giving away when the general fighting of the siege begins. The Rattle snake boy indeed carried on his story with excitement. We may see a part or all of the battle. We shall be ordered to do something to help. We will be sent by our general to signal to others, and carry messages and the like, under a rain of shot and shell, and a storm of bullets. We will do anything. For a few minutes he became so terribly excited that he forgot to speak in his ordinary whisper, and his voice certainly rang out clear as a bell."

"We boys have been in one big battle already. If luck go with us and, given away, is captured, we might then find the lost virgin girl princesses. I mean the found virgin girl princesses, and ask them to let us bring in their brigade of flower and brave boy and girl scouts along. And if this great war rages on in spite of the fall of given away, they could send us where they could not go the selves, or set bigger people or spies. And if I was ordered before their father, I could say to him: 'Your Excellency Majesty, I've called the Rattle snake' because I and my Gombi of boys can strike the enemy sudden blows from unexpected places, and start about, and escape just as suddenly. Order me or my followers into any danger whatever, and I and they will surely do as I would rather die like a coward if I can't serve him like a Rattle snake.' Then he with a sudden motion threw his contenance across his face and he was excitedly excited himself with the picture of daring deeds he thought of. And indeed he felt as if he saw the Abbisimian general, and the virgin girl princesses, who at last were found. Then he suddenly he uncovered his eyes. 'That's what we must do,' he said. Just that, if you wish to know and nothing else, and a lot more. And there's no end of the work then. So there we are. Goodnight."

At the conclusion of this put Penrod a thought in a bewildering whirl. It was more than an exciting war game to him. He was beginning to grow hot and a excited. I over, if either Emperor given or his grand little heroine daughters wanted to send only reliable messengers no one could ever think of suspecting who could be more harmless looking than two apparent vagabond children a boy and his crippled sister wandering about as make believe beggars, picking up the information that is necessary, and not meaning to belong to any one. And the Rattle snake boy besides being dressed as a girl would stand to be a cripple. Indeed it was true—yes it was more than true as the Rattle snake boy said, that his pretending to be a crippled girl, made his look and manner more harmless and safer than any one else. Penrod actually put his face in his own hand and pressed his temples.

"What's the matter, Homosick?" asked the Rattle snake boy.

"No," answered Penrod.

On modern account of the siege of Abbisimian, the Rattle snake boy was out of the picture, and the Abbisimian, the Rattle snake boy was out of the picture.

"Well then, what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking that a great general you'd make if you was a man. I'm thinking that our enemies are worthy of Emperor given's little girls. It might be something more serious than a conspiracy after all," said Penrod.

"It might be at that," the Rattle snake boy answered. "If I knew where the head of the Secret Society of the Gombi was, I'd only be too glad to go and tell them about it. I'm in that," he said and turned suddenly to king out of one of the windows of the barracks into the company street. "What's the officers and generals yelling out there in all the fierce confusion?"

All the boys turned to look. The streets were full of excited soldiers, and one of the nearest officers who had a most loud voice and particularly shrill was shouting orders at the top most power of his lungs. There and there dashed other officers among the crowds of soldiers rushing like a surging flood in all directions. The member of the boy scouts for those few minutes spoke of moved, so tense and excited were they. It was evident the troops were driven to panic and confusion the through some cause. The Rattle snake boy listened, Penrod listened, the whole squad of boy scout officers listened, and watched prinking up their ears evidently being suspicious of what was the cause.

"Startling news from the front," said Penrod. "The enemy under Hanley has struck us a sudden blow somewhere, and the Abbisimians are driving the troops back in confusion."

"Turn you confounded cowardly swine and face the foe. One of the officers was a shrilling at to his men. Turn the other way you God diveded jelly plagues. Face the foe and drive him off."

"Here's a chance for us to work," snapped the Rattle snake boy, and beginning to assemble the company of boyscouts in the arched passageway.

"I'll follow," answered Penrod, "forward with your flags unfurled. Told the Rattle snake boy. 'Let's go and signal to some general for help at once.'"

And he charged down the passageway of trees while the company of boys followed him in the formation of squads. Indeed the first battle that was to for Penrod to experience went this way. It was about twenty minutes after eight in the morning when the flag-ship of the Angolan batt fleet then passing down one of the deltas of the Great green river encountered one of the returning Abbisimian transport steamers whose very gallant captain cordially put in the sudden report that a full army of fierce Abbisimian marines under general Rickman Inner Mylotze had moved off for or from Hanley's extreme left near a small abandoned at ockade fortress called the Floristine Pal mende, and had posted itself behind newly erected works and fortifications at the Southwest Bend of the River called Delight Junction, and were steadily holding the position post ion in spite of one of the most desperate efforts of one hundred and thirty three Abbisimian warships and ninety six gunboats to dislodge them. The Abbisimian army had posted itself there with the purpose of making all navigation impossible for christian battleships and other craft. The matter was immediately reported to the Abbisimian general or admiral to whom however could hardly believe it was so but finally he became acquainted with the facts and ordered his whole fleet to be got underway and headed northward up the great river. At the approach of early noon the foremost of the Abbisimian fleet arrived near the southwest bend, where they found the Abbisimian fleets of various ships moving back and forth with big rolling clouds of smoke from their throats during thundering guns, and paying no attention to the perfect storm of shot and shell and high explosives which the concentrated Abbisimian batteries rained up upon them from behind their works. As soon as the advance guard of the Abbisimian fleets came within range a fresh battery of heavy Abbisimian artillery discharged and directed a tremendous volley of broadsides against them, but although their decks at this moment were crowded with men the fire being of too high and too long a range was without any effect whatever.

Through every ship rang sharply the sudden order: "A. All hands under cover!" and immediately the decks were deserted. All the crews in charge of the big guns of the warships were at once called to quarters. And as soon as the big nine inch guns were swung to port and pointed, volleys of eleven inch high explosives shell shells went shrieking into the sea, and upon some portions of the rebel works put unfort unately every one of the shells burst far beyond the rebel positions, and did no harm whatever, out of the shells, at least those on the rebel side I mean who were within hearing of those on the ships and back to the Angolinians a fainting laugh, and yell of defiance and also cries of derision, and the glendelinian bullets and shells fell faster than before.

When the glendelinian army had driven here, their engineers and trench sappers had formed on both sides of the great Horna Run river one of the most excellent breastworks and long snoutworks and rifle pits every ever made by any military achievement. It was evidently possible that only a brigade or two of the most determined men could have easily without any loss to themselves hold eight times their number at bay for weeks.

Only could they be driven out when extensive positions could be obtained where the rebel army could be brought under an inflicting fire of the greatest intensity. But at this section the for station of the river made it most impossible for any so much position to be taken and it could be seen by the very futile efforts of the Abbeonians fleets that it was evident that to face pace back and forth before the rebel works, and to attempt to dislodge them by the most heavy and continual fire of the guns was worse than useless, neither could they be driven back with the heaviest fire of grape and canister, for the enemy in the foremost works on both sides of Delight Junction were the most expert marksmen ever known in the world in bushwhacking. They hardly ever exposed even a small part of themselves, and not even the best marksmen of the Angolinians would ever have the slightest chance whatever of hitting one of the glendelinians, where fore if the rebels must be dislodged it was evident that more important and decisive steps must be taken.

These were the thoughts of the admiral while he paced up and down the main quarter decks of his flagship while the rear admiral was issuing excited commands with his usual strange coolness, each man working at a gun, the entire fleet all the while sending a perfect storm of shells upon Inner Myletze's positions making immense clouds of dirt, snow, wreckage and material of every description fly in every direction like a series of volcanic blasts by the hundreds. Seeing it was useless the order to cease firing was signalled by wireless. It was apparent that the admiral thought it was useless to think of driving the rebels from the works in this manner. The order to cease firing for the present was given, or repeated, and also came the reports to close ports and straighten or level guns, during this bombardment which raged way into the night, Emperor Yivian and many of his generals, and members of the Council met at general Greatheart's headquarters after Penrod had declared the coast clear and after a four hours consultation plans had been determined upon to move immense bodies of troops forward to attack Inner Myletze on all sides and capture his army before Manley could send to his relief any reinforcements.

Greatheart was to pretend to advance his forces upon Kwangolinia Grania to attract Manley's attention to him the next morning after the big blizzard had ceased, and taking advantage of the deep snow it being the 22th of December the signal was given throughout the lines. Hanson Yivian's purpose to support or he proposed to support Greatheart's demonstration, while general Nelson and Rickson and Jackson Evans was to proceed down toward the north section of the north and southward then when everything had been in readiness general Jack Jacob Baldwin rode up to his own quarters as soon as he had seen the signals obeyed and ordered them forward. Indeed at this section the first bloodiest battle of the war was to happen. General Hanson Yivian rode up with his 1st reserve Winkie Abyssinikilian and Abbeonians divisions and riding up to his brother said to him:

"A. Emperor Yivian's request I have ordered my whole army to make a demonstration toward Kwangolinia Grania and to concentrate general Concentinian Archon's whole army upon Jennie Yivian, and as sending forward as many guns as

On desolate account of the siege of Jennie Yivian, all railroad communications were cut off, even after the railroads were cut off, the Angolinians were completely isolated from the outside world.

as I can spare, while I am sending general Hanson's guns with his ninth corps corps to the rear of Inner Myletze's position at Lucy Lane with the purpose to cut them upon Bappa Kwan. If it is possible we can capture that in a insurgent insurgent division for the glendelinian army under Inner Myletze 21,000,000 strong in hindering Hanson's supplies by closing the rivers navigation. I shall also send my battalions of machine guns of which general Rickson will take command and I need not tell them to do their best, but be careful my dear brother and do not need needlessly expose yourself. This may turn out to be a hotter fight than we expect. But Inner Myletze must be got out of his position if possible, and at any cost."

Hanson then rode off and met general Robertson Yivian and ordered him to go with his Domobian and Concentinians to support Greatheart.

"Force your way into Jennie Yivian if possible," he said. The smoke from the thundering christian batteries made such a fog mantle that it completely concealed the movements of the army, and so confusing were they that neither any of the glendelinians generals had any idea what was going on. About six miles below was a point which completely concealed the movements from the view of Inner Myletze's army. Greatheart and Hanson moved with the other divisions under Yivian and Jackson Evans toward Jennie Yivian while the others commenced marching toward and through the wooded regions and toward the point where Inner Myletze's army was posted. Inner Myletze's army numbered ten million five hundred and fifty thousand men in infantry, and the other force making the total of twenty one million were cavalry and dragoons, and all were commanded by many high generals, and other officers, such as Counts, Dukes, Barons and all other titles. The Angolinian armies advancing against his position numbered twenty eight million of which eighteen million were Abbeonians, and were commanded in person by general Jack Ambrose Evans, and with his assistant Rickson Gale, the latter who although a very brave captain general and an excellent excellent soldier was new to his army, and knew nothing of the tactics of the rebel generals. The third in command was general Goss, an ensign belonging to the same division. He had never yet known what a small battle was, never pulled through a conflict without being wounded, and when he first entered the army he knew no more about the nature of the Angolinian rebels than a hen knows about the Geography of the Moon. His appointment had been obtained through some friends in the Abbeonian tribunals. At the beginning of the war he had served in a company of raw militia, and though they all fled before a charge of the goodlier Angolinians, he withstood the rebels single handed, and routed them, but was wounded severely himself. After that learning more about rebels he became the wisest, and now he was considered a great military genius. His own troops moved forward in long lines of battle with heavy skirmishes in front and on each flank, and general Baldwin with his batteries was in the center.

In this manner they advanced for about an hour and then a heavy and thunderous firing was heard rolling on far in the distance, mingled with a sound as if a world full of tigers and lions and millions of other kinds of wild beasts and loud screeching birds were suddenly letting loose all their loudest tumults.

A halt was ordered, and general Rickson with a party of officers, went forward to reconnoitre, while general Goss who was left in command ordered his men into the proper formation. One of the officers approached the general saluted him and said:

"I object to this formation sir. I think sir it may be much better to keep the men moving on for it is by no means certain that all the insurgent Angolinians we will be obliged to fight are to be in front of us."

"I believe you were put in command of your own company were sir," replied general Goss haughtily. "While I was left in charge of this division if the enemy attacked me while my troops are in motion, and a disaster occurred, I would be held responsible. I received my orders from general Rickson and am obeying only him or my superiors. I would thank you therefore to attend to your own affair, and I'll mind my own."

Very good air, very good air indeed." "Forward the colonel," and I did not  
can to offend you in any way air but merely to offer advice, but as I saw and the  
company of troops I intend to have it ready for any emergency, but loose the guns  
boys, and stand by them."

The sound of heavy firing in the distance had grown into the most greatest  
intensity, and also there was a sound in front that proved that the rebels  
under general Isner Myletze were keeping up a hot cannon fire directed against  
the attacking fleets. But still general Cosmo was not at all discouraged, he knew that  
to keep the troops moving when Rickson had halted his, would cause great disaster.

In case a force of the foe should come from the rear, generally were these very  
thoughts passing through his very mind, when suddenly there came a tremendous  
roll of musketry in the rear and nearly two thousand Angelinians fell dead,  
and ten thousand wounded at once. As general Cosmo had expected the rebel general  
had no doubt been informed of the movements of the nations Nationals and had sent  
a large division of his Scoundrels to flank the advancing Christian troops. Great  
confusion broke out at the suddenness of the rebel fire in the rear, and most of  
the men who survived only delivered a straggling and ineffectual musketry fire,  
and then began a hasty retreat through the deep snow, with the exception of the  
left of Cosmo's division, and more of the better and more braver of the men on the  
center.

The latter hundreds of thousands of them, suddenly threw themselves behind trees  
logs, snow drifts, rocks, bushes, and other objects of shelter, and returned  
in the fire of the rebels for two hours, while the artillery men who were old  
men at the guns and who had been accustomed to the strict discipline of the service  
stood at their pieces awaiting the order to fire. General Cosmo for a  
moment stood pale and trembling at the sight of the cowardice of the rest of  
his division, and then without waiting to give any orders to those who stood  
their ground disappeared and was soon upon the rest with the determination of  
rally them or die in the attempt.

Indeed general Cosmo was astonished when he witnessed this  
cowardly conduct of his best trained men, and he had to recover from his  
surprise and had rallied a part of the retreating forces, when the rebels  
being reinforced by the others who had followed immediately broke from cover  
with loud yells and curses, and charged toward the guns in long compact  
lines.

This brought general Cosmo to his senses at once. With the mere handful of men  
at hand succeeded in rallying he could at least cover the retreat of his  
timid troops. The strong battery was unharmed and the general shouted:

"Steady and cool there you boys. Aim low, fire."

The one hundred and fifty howitzers, and three hundred pathing guns  
at once opened a tremendous fire belching forth their contents like a river  
of destruction. General Cosmo's guns had taken the precaution to have all  
the guns loaded with shells, grape and canister, and as the glandelinians  
repeatedly rushed forward in the face of that fearful fire that tore the very  
drifts of snow from the ground in awful eruptions and waves the slaughter  
was terrific. The glandelinian columns of attack were repeatedly shot to  
pieces. The musketry of the hundreds of thousands of rallied troops also committed  
dreadful execution, and after the sixth charge the appalled glandelinians  
recalled unable to withstand the fearful and whole sale havoc so wantonly  
made in their columns.

General Cosmo who was a man always ready to take advantage of such an opportunity  
as this, gave the orders for an immediate countercharge, with a yell that filled  
the woods with a deafening echo the whole force at the word going all along  
the line sprang forward like the sudden appearance of an immense tidal wave  
upon the shore, and led in person by general Cosmo, Count De Giff, and other  
generals and officers threw themselves upon the columns of retreating  
glandelinians who after showing a few minutes dogged resistance fled precipitate  
leaving myriads of fresh slain and wounded on the snow covered fields, and in  
the woods. The artillery men themselves worked with a tremendously good will  
sending volley after volley of shells and solid shot into the direction in which  
the glandelinians had retreated with the purpose of giving them a good and plenty

On each account of the siege of Avila, all railroad communications  
were cut off, even soon after the siege began the bridge heads were torn up by  
the nationalists, who, however, were not able to do more than to cut off the  
communications between the two armies.

before they got out of their range. As soon as the flankers had disappeared,  
a loud roar of musketry, and a most tremendous thunder of cannon, and other  
wild volleys of sound at the front told them that they had many more stubborn  
glandelinians to deal with. While this severe and sanguinary rear guard action  
had been going on so fiercely and desperately, the rest of the Angelinian troops  
who had retreated were met by two generals, and other officers, and also by  
picked men who were returning from their reconnaissance and as soon as order could  
be restored among the panic stricken troops, and the other section of the division  
had been regathered, a fierce attack was made by the main army of rebels  
but repulsed after a hours most ferocious slaughter, and then the Abhiemians  
made an attack themselves on the whole glandelinian position under Isner Myletze  
the glandelinians being posted behind stronger looking works than what was  
suspected at the southwest bend. One battery through some cause or some cowardice  
of its new officer in command was pointed into the wrong direction and in a  
few minutes general Cosmo and Count De Giff came riding up and both addressed  
themselves thus to the commander of the guns:

"What in the world are you and your battery doing in this location air,  
firing into the wooded region, where you don't see any glandelinians? And why  
indeed are you not rearing your battery at the front where it belongs? And I must  
tell you my dear sir that if you are indeed afraid to go there, and meet the one  
enemy, you had better give up the command of your battery, and go to the rear."

All through the stormy fray general Cosmo thought it was a nice way  
for his well trusted troops under Cosmo to act and behave almost of them did  
a few hours before, but he took it all in without alarm, and ordered the guns  
belonging to the cowardly officer to be immediately secured, and the men there-  
fore catching up the trail ropes commenced to drag and push and pull the battery  
through the snow toward the point where the hottest fight was now raging.  
While general Cosmo went to the front. Indeed when general Cosmo arrived at the  
front he found that the enemy of Isner Myletze's army were still behind their long  
line of works, and land fortifications, where for their whole length,

they were exposed to a most galling and destructive fire from the  
long lines of Christian infantry, who were concealed among trees, rocks, snow  
banks, and other objects of protection, preferring to run the risk of being  
driven out of their own works by the fierce fire of musketry than to brave  
the torrents of shells and high explosives from the main Christian batteries  
and from the fleets, which now began to fall into the woods before and behind  
them and burst bursting, throw immense columns of dirt, snow, and showers of  
branches and rocks in every which way about and upon them.

General Cosmo did not wait to receive orders but immediately placed his  
divisions in a more favorable and sheltered position, ran forward his batteries,  
and immediately opened upon the left wing of general Isner Myletze's army a  
furious fire of shot shell and canister. This fire was so severe and along such  
a long line that it was as if the very rebels were under a perfect shower bath  
of shot shell, grape and canister.

By all the desperate efforts and brave dogged exertions of other officers and  
generals all the rest of the panic stricken soldiers were collected, and while  
a new line was being formed for a headlong charge, general Cosmo was ordered  
to move his battery out of the woods into the open fields in order to get better  
range and order his infantry forward.

When he heard this unusual and rash order or command, general  
Cosmo's blood ran cold, for though the attacking Angelinians outnumbered  
Isner Myletze's army, the glandelinians had the advantage of position, and all  
this while the Angelinian generals had been prevented from ordering a charge and  
recovering the glandelinians only through the fear of their own shells from  
the fleets, and also the glandelinians were sending a perfect hurricane of bullets  
and grape shot, and shell into the whole stretch of woods where Cosmo's infantry and  
artillery were stationed, and a thunderstorm of hell seemed to rage and crash.

Despite his present position of protection general Cosmo had lost the  
already a hundred and fifty thousand of his men in killed and wounded only, and  
now when he thought what an awful slaughter there would be, when he should move  
his troops and batteries out of his concealed position it made him shudder.

however he felt sure he had no alternative but to obey, for he had always been thought that only with the strictest discipline can success be obtained and if he was aggrieved he could surely seek satisfaction or redress afterwards but this without doubt was a very poor policy indeed, for what could in the world would it ever ever do to make of orders to objections to any such orders, after too many of his men had been so wantonly sacrificed to no avail. And indeed all the men

of the division and of the artillery were also fully aware of the grave danger they were about to surely incur, but they did not hesitate a single moment, when general Gomo repeated the order to make the advance. At the command the whole division of troops at once rushed forward, while the long line of cannon were put out into the open ground and the effect was just as all had certainly feared. The attackers swept on with irresistible force and reached the very enemy works and rifle pits, but the whole fire of the rebel cannon and musketry was broadly directed in full force against them, and all those who reached the works, and many ranks behind or all of those also and many platoons further in the rear of the line of charge were shot down at once, while every volley of rifle balls, and grape and canister from the enemy left general Gomo with less number of battery gunners to handle his artillery. It was even soon becoming impossible to load the guns for as soon as a gunner picked up a rammer or a sponge they were shot dead. Men after men went to each gun but every time one approached he went to his death. General Gomo then turned to his assistant and said:

"General Gomo go and ask his Excellency general Pickens if I cannot be allowed to retreat back to my old position. I can do more execution there than here and also if we remain here, we'll all be dead men in less than two minutes..."

The officer thus addressed immediately bounded off to execute the order, and just then the general and two colonels and six captains of the battery were killed, and twenty other officers wounded. General Gomo immediately seized the priming wire which one of the fallen officers had dropped, and despite the protest and entreaty of his officers worked with the other gunners. Indeed the fear that had possessed general Gomo had now given place to probably the most reckless determination in his life, the purpose to do his duty at all costs despite what the consequences might be at the end, and any way if a disaster did occur no blame could be placed upon him.

However while he waited for the return of his officer he became very impatient, and his impatience increased ten fold worse, when word was brought to him that his artillery and his infantry were exhausting their last round of ammunition. The delay in the return of his general seemed very, very extraordinary and while general Gomo was still waiting, a general charge was ordered.

It was without the slightest doubt that the very "landolinian generals and their under officers had a good idea what was in purpose for a few minutes or so the order, for the rebel line had slackened the musketry fire considerably but as soon as the whole line of christian soldiers, belonging to general Pickens and other high commanders issued from the woods and other shelter they were met by a most terrific fire all along the line which shattered their advance

completely and moved down three quarters of the whole assault. General Gomo's line though reduced to almost nothing held, but Pickens were thrown into great confusion, and began to disperse. Their general was killed. The survivors despite the orders and entreaties of their other officers refused to push on, some of the immense column of the Angolinians remaining in full view of the insurgents too panic to advance, and too bewildered to retreat while at every minute countless numbers of their own comrades were falling constantly round them.

Seeing the confusion among the waves of slowly retiring Angolinians the enemy finally rushed forward to make a counter charge, and most of the Nationals without waiting a moment to offer the slightest resistance broke with loud yells and fled in every direction like a swarm of frightened sheep. Only the few christians that remained firm was that only under general Gomo, and these Angolinians remained at their exposed position until they were badly and badly reduced still further, but the survivors soon discovered that they were deserted by the main columns, and were soon compelled to fall back into their main positions.

On account of the siege of Iviana, all railroad communications were cut off, even soon after the siege began, the telegraph having been torn up by the nationals, wire facilities, completely failed, and Iviana was completely isolated from the whole world. The situation was very serious.

The officers of the other columns exerted their utmost and managed to rally a portion of the line at the edge of the timber, and these men again bravely standing their ground met the landolinians with a most murderous fire than before. Before the battle and the shells and grape from the long range christian batteries which now began to burst in their midst like a torrent of death and destruction completed their own confusion, and they in turn were compelled to retreat to their own shelter after having sustained the most dreadful loss of the war yet. In an instant general Gomo and many of his infantry and artillery men sprang forward at the counter charge with the purpose to recapture one of the christian batteries which had been left between the lines by the retreating columns of pickens divisions, but they were all moved down and general Gomo mortally wounded. The other brave christian columns however springing up pushed on with irresistible fury yelling like a million wolves but the landolinians being on the watch everywhere shot all of them down also and after a loss of only thirty three thousand men in slain and fifty thousand in wounded rushed forward and general Gomo who took general Gomo's place was driven back and compelled to order a retreat. To attack the rebel position here meant annihilation.

All through that terrible morning the severe and undecided fight was continued the landolinians themselves making two more roaring charges in long surges of many miles long, but the few fresh Angolinian divisions coming up to the support of general Gomo repulsed them with great loss, tearing their lines to pieces, and each time the infantry of general Gomo's army made determined but unsuccessful attempts to recover that battery but as often were either all shot down, or those who survived were compelled to retreat leaving too great a number of his men on the field to his liking, and a great number of the men in the hands of the insurgents as prisoners. The battle raged now with inconceivable violence. The right of general Gomo's new line rested on the edge of the river between Delight junction and Lucy Lane Lane where a full view of the counter attacking landolinian columns could be easily obtained, and also also a view of the attacking christian fleets. The contest raged here all day long with such fury, that the country in this region was devastated, and no advantage was gained on either side, and the losses were simply terrific in the extreme.

The demonstration of general Gomo's command made upon the region along the Iviana line in the heights followed by the concentrated movements of general Iviana's army along the left region of Delight junction and upon Lucy Lane brought an assault upon general Gomo's forces made by general Gomo's landolinians that swept all before it, and half destroyed his army. The landolinian loss here however was frightful in regiments instead of men, and hundreds of officers fell, and the woods was scathed by the dreadful artillery storm of fire on both sides. Hanson's line held its position but met an assault, and no movements were either made upon general Iviana's troops by the Angolinian insurgents, and were able to send reinforcements to general Gomo's aid, and covered his retreat, tearing general Gomo's army to fragments. Hanley came to Gomo's aid and pressed the assault with redoubled violence and pushed on victoriously with the purpose to capture the christian camp it self.

General Concentinian Aronburg, and Hendro Gale met some severe disorder but it was only like the coming and passing of some storm with its fringe only touching them, or as if these christian divisions were struck by soft cream puffs. The attack upon general Concentinian Aronburg's line however caused the death of the landolinian general Bellingtonbell and two others were wounded, and half the rebel army captured.

The blow upon general Gomo's army however was like a railway engine hitting a small peddlers cart. He could not stop the total rout of his survivors fled for the rear like an army of scampering mice before a horde of bull-dogs. General Gale met the hard shock of the assault too but was able to hold, and

repulse the attack along his line by slaughtering every charge and after three hours desperate fighting in which fearful numbers fell on both sides hurled every lance and lance-corn back column back. Greatheart's panic-stricken troops were heaving toward the unoccupied part of the camp, while the boy scouts perched and the Rattlesnakes were at their plotting, and within fifteen minutes after the confusion started the head of the column reached the camp within sight of the two boys and the Rattlesnakes' followers, who seeing what was up rushed down the passage of trees in time to see the whole thing. The boy scout who was quick-witted shouted their own "sir!" voices above the roar of entreaties, and commands of the officers.

"Meet the foe. Meet the foe," he, "Ivian" girls are somewhere near, and the y are in danger on account of your retreat...."

It however took more than two hours of tremendous effort to rally portions of the forces, and while these were preparing to make a stand on the edge of the camp and while the oncoming foe was visible in the distance like the onrushing of a huge gray tidal wave one of the officers who had succeeded in rallying a regiment reported that a hundred barracks were afire, and a thousand tents were going, and that already the enemy was in possession of a portion of the camp. This was true as an enormous cloud of smoke proved. At this moment while the tumult was like a screaming cyclone and thunderstorm in one a colonel reported that some distant station was making frantic signals.

General Augustine St. Clare who was the one, who by peroxide aid rallied part of Greatheart's shattered division immediately hurried along the left of the line calling out at the top of his voice:

"Lieutenant, General Gump. Where is my signal corps officer, Lieutenant general Zander."

For a few moments or so there was no answer but the continual of the wild volume of sound, and no one among the disconcerted troops had seen the signal officer or any of his staff since general Greatheart's forces had been so disgracefully and ingloriously defeated at the beginning of the fierce glandelinian onslaught.

"For the Love of Heaven some body pass along the line the call for Lieutenant general Zander Gump," shouted the general.

The order was obeyed and finally a faint voice from one of the soldiers replied: "Not here sir. He is badly wounded, and his entire staff is dead."

The general then saw a soldier among the Angolinians who was an Englishman and who had joined the Angolinians just for sight seeing.

"We'll wait in the name of Jupiter are you doing there sir?" demanded the general angrily. "You also belong to the signal corps, eh? In the world are you not at your post? Get out there with your signal flag and answer that signal station." And the general drew out his note book.

The foe forlunner who had no right to be in the Angolinian army at all, took a good look first at the long wave of advancing Scodder, glandelinians, then at the many big fires burning in the camp, then at the excited general, and then down at the flag, which he held in his hand, but did not make a single move. It indeed was a most dangerous undertaking. If he went out to answer the signals which were now still more frantic, he would be obliged to stand where there was not even a tree or bush to protect him, and where the advancing lungers would surely see him. And the rattling of countless numbers of rockets along the partly rallied Christian line, the answering fire of the fierce Scodders, the sharp cyclonic whistle and roar of the tempest of bullets as they flew thickly about the soldiers, and among the trees, and the roar of some far off portion of the conflict, and the yell of defiance from the enemy and their horrible blasphemies and imprecations, and cries of derision from the rallied Angolinians, and the pandemonium of confusion among the rest, so worked upon the cowardly instincts of the man, caused him to be thoroughly terrified, and as he had never heard such a tumult of sounds before, or saw such a fierce looking horde of glandelinians in all his life, or such a tremendous fire burning in the camp, the danger seemed a hundred fold worse than it was for real facts.

On account of the siege of Ivian, all railroad communications were cut off, even soon after the siege began, the tracks having been torn up by the nationalists, wire facilities, completely failed, and Ivian, being so completely isolated from the whole world, the first week of the war was completely cut off from the world.

Within a few moments general Biff came up and relieved general St. Clare and took charge of the situation himself and having made out the signal which was: "That is the cause of your retreat general Greatheart, now are you proceeding elsewhere?" and then exclaimed: "Mr. Englishman immediately make answer that general Greatheart has been crushed, that we are standing our ground on the edge of our burning camp of Greatheart's position, that the cause of the retreat is uncertain, that our ammunition is getting scarce and that—?" "Well why don't you start Mr. Johnnie Bull?" He roared angrily and spat an impatiently seeing that the Englishman did not even stir a foot from his post.

"Your Excellency, Yes sir, Your gracious Excellency," faltered the officer speaking in a voice that could hardly be heard. "I'm not allowed to do it sir as I am not of your country sir, sir, sir, and it would make me very glad sir, yes very happy sir, yes indeed Your Excellency, but sir I'm a foreigner, sir, but—"

"I don't care what your nationality is, but do as you are ordered sir this very instant."

"Really Your Gracious Lordship, Your Excellency Excellency, but you see that I—"

Phelapman could speak no further, but stood before the irate and impatient Count de Biff, trembling as if he had convulsions, and showing the utmost fear in his face. "You're a yamsucker, and a sneaking coward sir," shouted the Count in a terrible rage (for he hated cowards). "Mean contemptible coward. But his business had you to join us if you are like a Jelly fish."

"I know it sir, Your Excellency, Your lordship," replied the Englishman, frightened that he did not know a single word he was saying to the general.

"But Your Excellency, you know that the real truth is truth is—"

"GET OUT OF HERE, and go to the rear," shouted the general, and for my "and for my life, and the life of my army to the rear and remain there until I send for you," he boy scout. He continued turning to perod, who was standing by watching the scene with evident disgust. "Are you able to make those signals?"

"Yes Your Excellency I can," declared perod very promptly, however his face appeared to suddenly change its color for the first time in his life, for though he had witnessed the fiercest conflicts he had ever observed of believe it, and also was very much used to the noise and confusion of battle, and had gone through his hazardous experiences during the battle of Plegburg Landing, he knew only too well that there was very grave peril in the work he was ordered to undertake.

Whether he felt fear or not, his face showed unflinching determination and brightness instead of betraying terror of any kind. He had fear indeed, but his greater fear was of being a coward, after all he had talked of wanting to do and of the shame of being branded as one, and he knew that no matter what the results may be his duty must be accomplished, even if he died a thousand deaths. Without hesitation he hastily picked up the flag which the cowardly Englishman had dropped in his overpowering fright, and after giving him one last look, sprang quickly into view of the distant signal station, and started the flag waving in answer. The nearest of the rebels had observed the signal flag waving above a tall wall of jagged rocks covered with snow, and immediately directed the hottest fire upon it, its frail protection was riddled by a perfect hail of grape, besides bullets, shells and shrapnell, and great high explosives burst all around and above him making his perch a perfect inferno. At perod made the required signals and retreated in safety, just as a shell hit the rocks, and blew them up like an eruption.

Perod escaped unhurt, and reported to the general that more shells had been made ordering general Greatheart to abandon that section of the camp, now in a fierce conflagration, and if possible to make a retreat as he might to a stronger position of the lines. The word had already passed along the whole active portion of the Christian line to slowly fall back when Colonel Francis Smith approached Count de Biff, saluted and said:

"Your Excellency it is against my will to make a retreat without my battery of machine guns. Will it please you sir, to allow me two brigades of the fiercest men to help me recover it?"

"I cannot spare but one brigade sir," answered the general. "I cannot send to many men out there in that deadly ambush sir. It is certain destruction sir."

The colonel at this began to think within himself that the Count de St. Clare suddenly became either stingy or very careful of his own men, and therefore accepted the one brigade without reply, and hastened that force to the very spot his shattered regiment in retreating, had left the battery. Just as soon as he arrived he was overjoyed to find ten of his howitzers and four of his machine guns safely in the hands of those of his men who had rallied, and as he came galloping up in front of the brigade a number of shells and a broadside of grape and canister went crashing among the foremost of the rebel line mowing every rebel soldier down there, and followed by a triumphant tumult of shouts and yells from the gunners.....

The same men who had succeeded in recapturing the guns by throwing a rope around the trail wheels, were making desperate efforts to secure the others in the same manner.

A few of the attempts were unavailing, but finally they succeeded, and though under a hot fire every one of the remaining guns were pulled back safely to their proper places, and the rebels at this section repulsed by the heavy fire of the brigade. When the gunners under cover of this fire had succeeded in regaining the remainder of the ammunition, all of them that could caught up the trail ropes, and without a moment's delay they all recoiled, still covered by the fire of the brigade, and then took up a strong and new position in the center of the retreating main line. The victorious grand divisions with fierce yells followed the retreating remnants of general Greathart's divisions so closely that the covering artillery and brigade had to halt frequently and drive them back. During one of these desperate stands, general St. Clare, and Waldron Darger were wounded, and the Colonel of the covering battery killed. General Henry Darger then appeared on the scene with his division as if by magic, and without an instant's hesitation gave the command to the disordered troops of Greathart's divisions to fall back more rapidly, while he himself would cover the retreat. His own divisions then formed, and gave the enemy a good reception while at length before the recoiling troops reached the main portion of the camp, the ammunition for the batteries being exhausted one of their leading officers who survived the disaster immediately made the request for the permission to make the retreat of the artillery much more rapidly, and get the guns safely to the rear.

On account of the edge of Vivian's bay, all railroad communications were cut off, even soon after the siege began, the troops having been taken up to the national wire facilities, completely failed, and Vivian's bay was completely isolated from the main world. The first week of the war was the most complete and solid for the nation and the world. The war was the most complete and solid for the nation and the world.

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SPECIAL

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#### CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

THE RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF DELIGHTS JUNCTION. WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE COURAGEOUS ENGLISHMAN. SOME OTHER DOINGS OF PENROD AND HIS FRIENDS. OTHER ACCOUNTS OF THE BRICE OF VIVIAN WICKLY. SUFFERINGS OF SURVIVORS. CONFLICTING ESTIMATES AS TO THE LOSSES. VANDALISM OF CHANDLERIAN SPIES. HORROR UPON HORROR.

On sudden account of the edge of Avian, Italy, all railroad communications were cut off, even soon after the siege began, the troops having been torn up the railways, wire facilities, completely failed, and Avian Italy was completely isolated from the whole world—the first week of the war was most stormy and cold for the besiegers and besieged, for a whole week blizzards raged every day accompanied by the heaviest snowstorms, at falling at the rate of

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.....  
THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE OF DELIGHT JUNCTION.  
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE COWARDLY ENGLISHMAN.  
SOME OF MORE DOINGS OF PENROD AND HIS FRIENDS....

THE permission was readily granted and the artillery men succeeded in getting their artillery to the rear without the loss of another man. A few minutes after general Greathart's men came pouring into their impregnable shelter, while the batteries in the fortified works commenced shelling the slowly advancing Indian forces. While general Greathart's forces were succeeding in holding the enemy, general Greathart rode up and signalled for general Greathart's division had been reformed, the countless number of men covered with dust and gore, and their faces begrimed with powder, stood at attention in their place in the snow, while a portion of general Greathart's division formed in line directly opposite, and regarded their comrades with sorrow depicted on their sunburned faces. General Greathart knew that the battle of Delight Junction had been most desperate and bloody one for the numbers engaged, and that he had suffered most severe loss, but he could scarcely believe his eyes that when he discovered that out of forty thousand brave artillery men, who had started out with him in the morning, but fifteen hundred were only remaining, that all the rest had been left dead on the battlefield, or prisoners in the hands of the

voice was hardly audible when he called the roll of his once so splendid division and his captives increased, when at almost every name he called out with the assistance of officers and men came the answer: "Not here sir."

A few minutes Emperor Avian himself appeared. The reports he received about every point of the battle was very unfavorable, and the great rulers face looking white and sad, wore a look that betokened trouble for some one. Hastily running his eyes over the list of those missing in common division, and others, and over the small lines of dust and bloody men who stood before him and Greathart he said in a very low voice as if he was speaking to himself:

"Only fifteen hundred gunners left, and half of general Greathart's division destroyed, and after my council and plans so secretly held last night, could I afford to lose so many men, you may go to your quarters lads. I'll send doctors to see that the best care is taken of the countless wounded." After he delivered this order the emperor who was very ill at ease turned and slowly away. As soon as the immense body of soldiers had gradually disappeared to their own quarters, general Greathart with an aching heart, repaired to his headquarters to call his surviving officers, and some of his Gemini staff an investigation as to the cause of the disastrous defeat. While he was waiting for them to appear he thought of the horrible incidents of the day and gently he was heard to repeat to himself:

"Only fifteen hundred left of my artillery men, fifteen hundred out of twenty thousand, and my division, lost six million, some two, and the others lost a loss indeed in one day. Eighteen million, when all killed and wounded, may more prisoners, some one blundered." What a tremendous and whole sale slaughter it had been—a useless slaughter beyond measure there had been all along the line, the attack upon Kletze's position also had been a bloody failure, and some was killed as assistant and many other officers and generals under him wounded even death, and as it was believed that the disaster had been caused by the

and most inexcusable ignorance of some of the commanding generals on Greatheart's right, they were reported to have instead of making the proposed demonstration, drew by some infernal blunder a violent and overwhelming attack upon Greatheart's army by the whole of Marley's army, and which was delivered with such force that nothing could withstand it, and had the general's position which his army had first been in the result would have been different, and how had the boy scout penrod gone out into the exposed ground with his signal flag, and escaped without a single scratch? He had stood besides the soldiers in the thickest of the fight freely exposing himself, and then rendering himself extremely conspicuous by the flag and his uniform, and had answered the distant Christian signal, and the flag had been riddled and torn by bullets, but not a shot had touched him. It seemed to every one but little short of some tremendous miracle that in the face of that dreadful masonry and artillery fire he had come where so many when so many thousands had fallen round him and all killed too, unscathed, while he still waited for the coming of the officers, General Greatheart in the report he received from Count De Giff, angrily dashed off the following note:

TO HIS MAJESTY ROBERT ANGELIC VIVIAN!

Having received reports from his godship Count De Giff, and also from some of my officers in command of the demonstration with the purpose of helping General Jackson dislodge a force of rebels posted in works at North Bend near Delight Junction, that one Englishman in my command was a coward and disrespectful to my officers, and for causing the reckless exposure of my boy scout and foster son to the worse fire of the rebels of the battle, and finding out that these reports are true, I respectfully request that the highest Court of Inquiry may be convened to examine into that Englishman's behavior while under the enemy's fire, and of his cowardice.

Your obedient servant;  
General Richard Haldon  
Greatheart  
Lieutenant General of  
Right Grand Division.

General Greatheart slowly paced up and down in an excited manner while awaiting the coming of his generals, and during the coming of the first listening carefully to the low conversation of those present, and especially to General Jello Marce Penlign, who sat in General Greatheart's chair, and talked and smoked in a cool manner, soon all were assembled and the consultation began. Penrod was the first called upon.

"Go on don't be afraid to tell us anything," said General Penlign. "I want to hear all of it. He was a coward and shall be shot if found guilty. You noted him a fine lad indeed."

Penrod then told the facts of his visit to the rattlesnake boy-scout (third visit) secret enclosure beyond the archway of trees, and of their quick work when they saw the approach of the retreating Christians. He began at the very start, and all the generals listened with a deep excited interest. All this day would never pass from him throughout his life. He would always be able to call back such a memory—the wild fury of the conflict, the panic and confusion of the Greatheart divisions, the rally and stand of a portion, the cowardly act of the cowardly act of the Englishman, his own daring, and even now the strange erect bearing and actual beauty of the tall form of General Greatheart, which even the great men's sorrow and anger could not hide or dim.

On such an account of the siege of Vivian, all railroad communications were cut off, even after the siege began, the troops having been torn up by the patriots, wire facilities, completely failed, and Vivian, today was completely isolated from the whole world. The first week of February, the most stormy and cold for the besiegers and besieged, for a whole week blizzards raged every day accompanied by the heaviest snowstorms, at falling at the rate of two inches an hour, and a foot an hour at their worse. On account of the snow storms everything had come to a stand still, even sleigh traffic was impossible as the horses could not plow through the deep snow. During one of the worse blizzard storms the wind increased to a terrific typhoon, increasing in velocity with such rapidity that thousands of houses per minute were torn to fragments, and their wreckage scattered far and wide, and the whole Christian camp was swept clear of all tents and barracks, while the snow raged at the rate of a foot an hour for whole days was driving before it in blinding clouds so that no objects could be seen five feet away, and then the night drew on with dreaded apprehension seen on the faces of every one under better shelter as the violence of the cyclone increased. Hundreds of thousands of thousands of wailing soldiers at the beginning of the storm bravely struggled against the madly swirling snow sheet and fierce screaming howling wind in their efforts to reach places of refuge, especially in dugouts. All the soldiers of the besieging armies who remained within their barracks crowded to their utmost were injured and killed by the thousands as their shelter was shattered to fragments.

As the storm increased darkness settled on the besieged wind raked city and vast encampments of both sides like a pall while the wind ever increasing shrieked with frightful velocity, and the snow fell heavier than ever threatening to bury the encampments under the white sheet, and worse for both sides and worse for the Christians preceding the blizzard, and after the blizzard when all was partially reestablished once more came a most heavy artillery fire. Barracks in the glaciolite encampments and also those of the Christians that had hitherto withstood this cyclonic blizzard tumbled and crashed before the explosions of so many shells, carrying death and destruction to thousands. Roofs were sent whirling through the air by great explosions, windows were driven in with a crash by the concussion, or shattered by flying shell fragments.

Telegraph, telephone, and electric light poles with their masses of wire were cut down, or snapped off like pipe stems by the explosions, and their concussion, every point within the region of the siege, had become a mass of wires, all water communications were being broken, a king water and food very difficult to obtain during storm and colder weather.

That fecuity the von bombardment attained a few hours after it started was purely a matter of speculation—the heavy detonations of falling barracks buildings and the piercing cries of the wounded broke the air, and the rear of the artillery storm. Dead bodies of the gunners slain on both sides lay like leaves fallen from the trees, and the whole region looked like the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.

All this heavy artillery fire made a harrowing day that may never be obliterated from the memories of the survivors. Thus raged and passed one of the most frightful and destructive artillery duels which ever devastated the besieging and besieged lines in the history of the siege so far. The cities of Glaciolite and Angolite encampments were filled that night with wounded by legions, bereft of shelter and shelterless soldiers, while the visit of the batteries would have shown by the fitful glare of lanterns and flashlights right in death, hundreds of artillery men lying in all postures and half buried in the deep snow.

Indeed whole companies of artillery men when picked up were placed aside by the officers to the privates. Men and officers on the verge of despair were searching for their beloved comrades amid the deep snow near the batteries and under the bad debris of their recently happy homes. Nearly every one who dared face the terrible cold were engaged in the gruesome work of searching for the wounded, while many thousands of others were bordering on the verge of insanity over the appalling bereavement that had suddenly come upon them.

Colonel Samuel Marcus, artillery officer, and also a military telegraph operator, despite all his efforts to save them by trying to make them lost his three best guns and all their gunners by two great explosions and no one could locate their bodies in their deep snow. When speaking of the matter he trembled like an aspen leaf. General Lewis, Jr., another artillery officer, also found one third one third of the number of his gunners lying in the deep snow by the guns.

Captain James Trippler's Signal station was torn down by an enemy shell and every one on top of it was killed. Major Jessie Winterfront, another artillery officer lost his entire battery crew.

The telegraph offices of the christian lines are in a plight beyond comprehension. The wires are down in every direction for fifty six miles. There was only one wire out of Jennie Arvin town, the night before the great artillery fire and that was in use by the many army generals. It went down at Two Thirty o'clock in the afternoon. Gangs of soldiers were put to work until a force of fully forty thousand men were at work, even under sniping rebel fire, straightening up poles, and stringing wires. The following night the Western Union at Jennie Arvin had three wires out via by way of Litchburg, ending, and the main christian lines.

Ten thousand christian officers tried to get telegrams out to the section of the besieging armies at Jennie Arvin, and expressed themselves in various ways when they found they could not. In another night without disturbance from the enemy, the conditions had been improved, as to wires, and both sections of the army could again resume business with each other, but only north and south, and not east and west. A large number of news paper men came to the army from Angelina, Jethia and Corrothy Gale and Ossa town and each one of them had from thirty two, to two hundred and fifty messages of advices in his pockets from government officials from or in these cities, and other places, on the outside. Later on gasbont came up the ice a chooked river of Norma Run and this brought more than twenty two hundred thousand messages and letters giving advice, as if the soldiers and they had not enough trouble and work already. It looked as if half the country of California were trying to send advices by telegrams to the besieging christian armies, and as quick as a fire was reported in shape it was quaded and soldier telegrams were put to work, getting messages, out and receiving them. Even the very war correspondents of outside, and National newspaper men were piling matters up sky high, and within another day the abbeisnapper postal offices refused to rel received any more special.

refused to rei reviewed t any more special.

The Western Union telegraph of Jennie Avian town continued to handle them, subject to much delay. At five o'clock at another Morning some of them were still hanging on the books. At every military telegraph office extra men had been put on until there was no room for them to work more. The advice messages continued to pile up and many correspondents were already filling matters h up which was to be sent in answer as soon as possible.

All the other wires were being put into position with remarkable quickness despite the efforts of the enemy to frustrate the workers, and it was possible that military "specials" would be landed in the futir future with greater ease. Every person arriving from Gorthy Gale, or Angelina Agathia brought illter, messages to generals and other officers, some of the messages we re urgent advices and or a orders. The official news came more slowly, and more than confirmed the wildest and most alarming first dispatches. General Whille-Bon gump chief of the signal stations, declared that the siege of Avian city, was which had developed into an enormous investment of a most gigantic city, was central at the gorma gatherine and Jo-Whirther Janet sections and was rapidly increasing in its vise like grip, the battles at Jennie Avian and gorma possinia being the bloodiest conflicts of the siege so far.....

It probably willis and vor wol would have if true, passed into any history as being one of the most stubborn, disinterested, tenacious, destructive bloody as well as most peculiar signs on record. On the gammy general jump deduced that it was a matter of years before "vian" liokey fell.

VIVIAN STURKEY

"First news from main line just received by wireless, that great conflict raged with artillery of over two hundred thousand guns, only a few days ago, and the deep snow covered ground of both sides is strewn with shell scattered debris, and countless dead bodies. Two large batteries of general Baldwin's command, was silenced, and overmounted. Nothing at that time could be seen of Ivan Jokay as there was too much smoke from the burning of a hundred Glendolfinian camps. Loss of life from the artillery duel, and also loss of artillery and military property was undoubtedly a most appalling. Weather clear and bright here with strong north westerly winds. Extremely cold. Fourteen below zero here.

Colonel general,  
J.B. Lorette & Co., 1110

His first look of life reported during the artillery duel was that of Battery B, under Col. Colonel, latter near company 1, where three of his most prominent and best beloved officers, and twenty men of the battery lost their lives, and where many others were maimed and imprisoned and frozen to death under their disabled guns; the dead officers were Major Galbra, 2nd Lt. Captain Peter LeBaron, and David Killjoy a Lieutenant. They were commanding the retreat of the battery to a safer range, and although the danger from the enemy's shell fire jealously killed them, and from others that they would stay within full range of the enemy's shell fired from the consequences.

suddenly close to them or about forty yards there was a terrific and stupendous eruption of smoke, coarth, and snow to a terrifically great height, followed by a terrific crash that shook down barracks by the score from the concussion, and a number of guns about fifty were killed into the air like stones thrown by a strong man, the three officers being killed. One of these guns in descending fell

strong men, the three floors being killed and the three guns in descending fall through the roofs of barracks, killing all within, and others fell here and there among the companies of men or into the company streets. From the concussion of the explosion the roof of a number of barracks a mile away caved in with a crash every soldier in the upper rooms being killed, and all came down with a deafening roar of killing and wounding all of them in the rooms below. But many of those in the lower part of the building escaped with their lives in a most miraculous manner.

The falling roof caved in the flooring with an ear-splitting uproar of crashes all of which debris were caught on an enormous bar and balcony many soldiers standing near it dodging and resting under the debris. At the same time a soldier who had been sent for an army sergeant was killed by the fragment of this gang gun shell though he was more than twelve company streets away from the scene of the explosion. At another portion of the same battery every battery gunners were imprisoned under broken guns, and shattered gun carriages, and frozen to death in the deep snow. The living ones were rescued by a party of soldiers headed by Captain Phillips. Many of them were badly hurt but still living and half frozen. He spoke of the explosion hung over the scene in thick dense clouds for half an hour and approaching to one of the company streets, where the barracks had been raised to the ground by the concussion of the crash near the battery, by climbing over piles of debris which had once been barracks fourteen thousand bodies were observed in a space of four hundred yards, and seven hundred in one of the ruined barracks while as many as six thousand bodies were to be seen lying singly and in groups in the space of a line of works where forty more guns had been tossed into the air like rubber balls by the same explosion and all from this one explosion. Notable among the sufferers of this same disaster was General Stanek Keefern who had for years been an expert artillery man and known to every Argentinian army. As this general came trudging along toward the rear he was lamenting the loss of his whole battery one of one hundred guns and every gunner he had in his command, and where his headquarters stood on the river bank facing the Vivian wharf there was not a vestige of a building to be seen. The pagoda and remnants of tents and barracks had been destroyed by the same concussion and followed

camp Olympia. There were many more killed here than at the site where the rescuers were.  
 There were many more killed here than at the site where the rescuers were.  
 hundreds were in sight from the snow after the snow began to pour down during the outbreak  
 the snow after the snow began to pour down during the outbreak  
 of a winter storm, the wind growing and leaving the dead to be buried by the snow  
 compelled a return to the line and leave the dead to be buried by the snow  
 and recover them when the storm was over. The misery of the poor soldiers now  
 without shelter, thousands mangled and hurt pressing even in the snow  
 at one to the base hospitals for medical attention was a great  
 augmented by the fierce wind and blizzard storm pressing at one of the best  
 base hospitals with the purpose to avoid the storm injured. The food and also the  
 found it packed to overcrowding with seriously injured. The food and also the  
 medical provisions in this base hospital had been almost exhausted. The food and also the  
 and there was nothing for the numerous patients who came hungry, cold and  
 three, hurt her down the company street a large army winter caisson which had been  
 partially demolished by shell fire was serving out soggy snow covered food and bread  
 and bread and shoes to the hungry crowds of the many shelterless soldiers. And  
 that was all that was left. Much of the snow had gotten upon the food and made  
 it wet and soggy and the soldiers who were fortunate enough to get these  
 provisions were cold and hungry and made no complaint. All other barracks had been  
 selected as places of refuge by a large number of the homeless men. In windows  
 in the buildings and portions of their walls in the damaged camps had been blown  
 in by terrific explosions and during the artillery duel the occupants had expected  
 every moment to be their last. It was impossible for about the buildings  
 shells had been exploding so rapidly that to go outside meant destruction.  
 a hundred thousand tents had been burned down, and the soldiers had to live  
 through deep snow nearly five feet on the level a mile to find shelter. And so  
 far as can be learned up to eleven o'clock on the night of February eleventh  
 approximately eight thousand bodies of slain soldiers had been piled up in what  
 can be properly termed the Vivian Wilkey Artillery duel pits. Five thousand and  
 hundred of these bodies of dead soldiers were gathered up by the medical relief  
 forces operating along the battle front of the siege for the distance of twenty  
 miles between the Wilkey Artillery junction.

Bulletins received in Gorthy Gals railroad headquarters reported that advanced troops of relief parties penetrated across the Gorny Run and across and sent couriers back to the Christian lines. These army couriers reported that six thousand, six hundred sixty three bodies of dead soldiers were found in one company street for the distance of two blocks, and that sixteen thousand six hundred corpses were at one place in the outskirts of the camp, and four thousand, four hundred in another.

under complete martial law until order could be restored to the  
Thase.  
And the situation two days after the Artillery duel was that on account of the  
extreme into city of the cold all attempts at burying the dead soldiers and  
artillery men had been abandoned and when possible bodies of all were being  
and disposed of in the swiftest manner known. Thousands of them were burned, and  
many over thousands were taken to the Gorma gun river and with weights on them were  
thrown into the deepest waters, especially where the water had not from  
frozen over the safety of the whole besieging army was a very paramount question  
indeed and nothing that would tend to prevent an outbreak of an awful pestilence  
the coming summer being being neglected.

This was indeed awful work in such deep snow and such cold weather, and few soldiers were found with sufficiently strong nerves, or ability to stand the terrific cold to last at it more than forty minutes at a time. It was forty three below zero.

Major general "Incensinian" Glendora reported his assertion that the number of victims of the enemy's gas was 150,000. The enemy's artillery fire would reach fifty thousand and many of the enemy's estimates were as high as one hundred and ten thousand. The enemy estimated that one one hundred and seventy signal stations operators and one hundred and seventy signal stations themselves only three escaped death and destruction during the gas artillery duel. The terrible cold, as well as the too deep snow and windy hurricane like winds, and the conditions of the many frozen bodies, and carcasses of artillery horses as well as from the wreckage left by the explosions of shells, and the dense smoke of thousands of fire burning every day since the artillery fight, made the work among the dead, a most fearful task and a hard and difficult one.

artillery was always active every day, at some point or another inflammable  
boat loads of highly inflammable materials, and other inflammable  
were brought in and used where most needed to burn dead bodies. The deep snow and the  
were cut down by the thousands, and made into funeral pyres. The thought it at many  
in inability of the horses to even pl pull sleighs at times through it at many  
places was a serious feature of the situation, as better progress could have been  
been in hauling off the dead had the snow been less deep, and the cold were  
less severe, and the signal weather reports were "The worst cold wave of the winter  
is coming. Fifty nine below to morrow!"  
The cheerful news indeed. All attempts to identify the dead were abandoned. The  
majority of the bodies were mangled, torn, and beyond recognition, so except  
when some article in the pockets gave the name the body was burned or thrown  
into the river where it was not frozen over on account of the swift current,  
without without being recorded.

practices--  
And these g Kind of glandelinian spies had becoming extremely bold do doing  
every thing possible to obtain whatever they were after, at no matter what the  
risk or cost .what a blessing it would have been if these very spies worked  
for a more holy and worthy cause.One spy who had been shot and killed had in  
his pockets twenty eight important letters being sent to gorothy Gale by various  
generals.One of these letters was a report to government headquarters at  
Angelina Agathia advising the abandoning of all works or unmissed works at  
Jermie Avian or their tr strengthening, which ever was the best and safest safest

He said in his opinion, the city of Jemima, given by the desperate battles about her, was destroyed beyond its ability to recover, never this it did not dissuade local authorities for the city declared that after the war the city would be built anew in spite of its losses.

The night scene and local war correspondents, and those who were not in the army or who did not come to offer any help were refused admittance within the territory of the great siege as there were already too much danger, and one quarter of the army was shelterless everywhere throughout the whole size of the siege siege a million so shell explosions occurred every two weeks. At this time every effort was made to find out the actual loss in life and army property. One suggestion was a new census or roll call of the section of the army in the region of the great artillery fire. It was believed that in no other way could anything like an accurate estimate of the casualties be made.

All kinds of relief corps of examination had arrived, and as usual they were too large in numbers, and to a certain extent in the way of the soldiers of the siege and a great impediment to the prompt relief which they themselves were as desirous of offering.

Some of the relief expeditions had committees so large and large enough to consume forty per cent of the very provisions they brought.

The relief sent from Calcutta (Calcutta) twenty miles north of Vivian was arrived within a day after the disaster, and was distributed as fast as possible. It consisted of two immense train loads of provisions, and some by way of the goodie and Sacramento railroad. The great trouble seemed to be that these people or soldiers who were in greatest need though no fault of those in charge of the distribution but on account of the intense cold and deep snow were the least to receive the aid. Many of the injured soldiers were so badly maimed and wounded that on account of the severe cold weather they were even unable to apply to even the relief committees, and these committees were so overwhelmed by direct applications that they were unable to send out any of their messengers.

Contributions were coming in for the soldiers as rapidly as possible, it being reported that over \$300,000,000 was already in the hands of the army committees. The countless numbers of wounded in the army at every point needed the attention of army physicians sorely, and despite every effort it was feared as an unaccountable number of them would die because of the sheer physical impossibility to afford them the aid necessary to save their lives. Every officer in the besieging armies able to command was engaged in the work of relief with all the energy of which he was capable.

But despite their utmost endeavors they could not keep up with the increase of the miserable conditions which surrounded them. The river close to the shore and other streams were so terribly frozen that water could be obtained by able bodied soldiers but with the most greatest difficulty, and was even most difficult to obtain. One of the generals who was busy in the relief work declared to general Vivian after a while that there were one million three hundred thousand at St. Camp Mary without water and very little fuel. They had either been receiving or making coffee of snow and melted ice, and using that as their only beverage.

Indeed the most sharp and painful contorts in human nature were brought out by the duties which devolved upon the stricken sections of the Christian lines. General Francisco Vergal was the most noted officers of the besiegers.

Lieutenant April was his aide-de-camp, and a great favorite of his men. These two officers were among those who put lime and other disinfectants upon themselves, and went into the fields, and despite the intense cold, and wind and deep snow worked for hours in the most dangerous task of all handling away of the mangled and shell torn corpses.

Indeed it was work from which the stoutest hearted shrank. Yet many soldiers who lived always in the northern part of California and where it was coldest volunteered for it. The whole army being living in a whole death heroic heroically with their greatest emergency.

Receptions were withheld, forbidden, some exercise of force was deemed necessary in the hours of confusion which followed this greatest disaster of the siege. The army it was found out had a considerable number of foreigners, such as Germans, English, French, Italians, Dutch, and Spanish, and Turks, and many Mexicans and Negroes and others.

When the officers organized for the burial of the many dead soldiers some of these foreign foreigners saw a number of spies rush from their headquarters each belonging to general Grant, General Vivian, and his brother, and some also from Emperor Hanson.

"Stop you dirty Vandals, we want you," some of them cried out to the spies.

"We don't have to come back," was the reply.

A number of well aimed shots rang out from the very foreigners. A little later the spies were found dead. Almost everybody except a very few of the foreign foreigners proved themselves loyal to Abhimania, and when called upon

took up the duty assigned to him. In some of these foreigners were worse to the enemy than the Angelinians or Abhimanians were, especially the Mexicans.

At a meeting of the generals, reports were received from various points. Every general called for armed men to assist in getting all the men possible to dispose of the dead, and clear the wreckage, and arrangements were made to supply the demand. There were countless volunteers for this service but an insufficiency of those able to withstand the terrible cold and wet and the committee of army officers did all they could to clothe these army soldiers sufficiently.

It being decided to clothe soldiers who were only impressed into the service, and issuing orders for extra rations to only those who did their full line of duty, and those who were wounded. Survivors told of getting out of their barracks just in the nick of time, when fire. They told of soldiers or seeing soldiers struck by shells fragments, or by showers of earth and flying timbers and snow hurled thousands of feet all around by great explosions by the score every minute and crushed to death in the wreckage of barracks before their eyes. One lieutenant was cut off from his company just as he thought he had them out of range of the enemy's fire, and saw fifteen hundred men killed at one time by a terrific explosion of a gang-gang-shell.

He turned in to rescue others who were in peril. One soldier fled toward a refuge carrying a five year old child slave set free in his arms, only to see a heavy iron beam hurled by an explosion in five hundred yards away, strike the child on the head, crushing her skull and simultaneously knocking out every intestine in her body. He suffered a broken arm, bruised leg, and probable internal injury. The crash of this explosion was equally as terrific as that which blew so many cannons into the air, but it blasted two barracks of buildings to smithereens and dug a crater in the ground forty feet deep and five hundred feet wide. Trees were prostrated by the thousand, and the eruption of smoke earth and snow shot upward to the height of seven hundred feet. The same explosion shattered a vast canteen a hundred feet from where it occurred. Fifteen hundred or so soldiers were caught in this company canteen and it was presumed that all were lost as many had been reported dead who were known to have been in this army store which had been blown or via pieces from the air waves and concussion than by the mere blast itself. The rescuers buried one hundred and fifteen of these souls of one company street.

The graves of these soldiers made under the deep hardened snow crust were marked with rude wooden crosses. Colonel Francis Lovegood an officer of an Abyssinian squadron who lived in Angelina Agathia before the war reached raced all the way across a shell swept plain to reach his men whom he found to have escaped the disaster. He raced from meadow to meadow and not a shell injured him or his horse.

In the enormous winter signal station which stands one hundred eighty feet high, on Belliver junction, about twenty five signal men were at their duty during the tremendous artillery duel.

Most of those whose own tents had been swept away by a fierce conflagration were there. Among them was the signal corps officer general Keyo sunia. This officer stated that when he reached the signal station two days before the artillery duel that he sent his men up to the top to get it prepared for use. During the artillery duel they all spent an awful day on the top of the structure but nevertheless stuck to their post. Their work was a success in a way, but they received a great demonstration of remarkable incidents as to the force of the great explosions. The river was fifty yards away. One great gang-gang-shell exploding in the bay covered river shot a roaring sheet of water and shattered ice skyward to the height of eight hundred and thirty feet with the roar of a water rapet and tornado and thundering crash at the same time, and the men were soon showered as if with a torrent of rain and hail. A number of pails on the platform were filled to the brim. Another explosion sent a blizzard of snow rocks and earth upon them. A tree vaulted into the air by the concussion splintered its branches into the frame work of the structure. Many other freaks such as actual tornadoes occurred. Yet no one was hurt.

SUFFERING OF SURVIVORS.  
CONFLICTING ESTIMATES AS TO THE LOSSES.  
VANDALISM OF REBEL SPIES. HORROR UPON HORROR.

ALONG THE WHOLE LINE OF THIS tremendous battle of artillery, after the wicked glandelinian rebel army had struck their blow to the artillery of the besiegers a smashing blow, the bright moonlight of a cold winter night enabled the rebel forces to continue by night in spite of the fierce cold their work of recovering and reloading the many remaining injured and also to recover the bodies of the remaining dead still lying by the crippled batteries.

So great was the loss that no one for a time could make any reliable estimate as to the number of killed and injured christian artillery men alone, and also of those killed in the barracks and outer works by the hundreds of thousands of explosions. Yet an accurate estimate of the number of missing was believed to be one hundred and fifty thousand to one million in all along or all alone.

Many bodies were buried deep in the snow and those thrown into the river by the terrific explosions were probably carried out to sea by the swift current never to be recovered.

While the search along the region that was devastated by the enemy's artillery was swept by the rebels artillery shell fire for a length of sixteen miles was kept up, it would never be known how many artillery men lost their lives owing to the fact that there was such a large territory or river shore line and small swept and snow covered country to be gone over. All night long the searching parties walked and combed the battle field in search of bodies and recovered many, but they were not identified. A day or so later a dispatch was sent from one of the generals in command of a division at Vivian, Wiskey, via-Jennie's former containing this shocking information:

"Twenty seven glandelinian spies acting more like vile ghouls, eight of them officers, and the rest privates were caught within the christian lines, after robbing the headquarters of the general's packages, maps, and other things were found in their pockets. These rebels had been promptly shot down because they had refused to give themselves up but made desperate attempts to escape. In all about one hundred and fifty of these glandelinian ghouls all disposers of some general's headquarters, have been shot down and another spy who attached some officers had been killed. Strict strict martial law reigns within the christian lines. Friends who like buzzards thrive at such a horrible time as this are given no chance to escape from the lives and we are under orders to shoot them down like dogs, and these orders are obeyed very willingly.

A herd of glandelinian spies in attempting to make an escape attacked a squad of Abyssinians soldiers guarding general Evans headquarters. Hundreds of shots were fired in a minutes time, and sixty of the glandelinians were killed, and a number wounded mortally, and the rest escaped. Every hour during that cold wintry night other shooting of glandelinian spies were reported at general Vivian's headquarters. Even on a morning following the disaster, a Goodie soldier glandelinian attacked an Angolan officer who was a colonel and with the purpose of securing an important plan murdered him in the most brutal manner.

After a long hard chase of seven miles through the deep snow and intense cold and failing to catch him a number of the soldiers opened fire and blew him head off. Reports of many cases similar to this had reached army headquarters.

The Angolians were never used to terrible crimes. This reports moved them to instant action. Eighteen other desperate murderers caught looting army quarters, and attacking child scouts in the same day were killed by the soldiers of these glandelinian spies being fully determined that their cause should win have become desperately bold doing everything, facing any peril to secure what they were after."

On a

On another day this dispatch came from the scene of the horrible siege:

"The glandelinian spy vandals were holding a perfect orgy in their purpose to secure what they were after. The greater number of these glandelinians are Goodies but there are also Gammannians, who take part in the desperate and dangerous spy work.

some of these also were Gammannians and some of these entered the christian lines under the disguise of being escaped Angolan refugees from the enemy's camp. Not only did they rob a general's headquarters, and murder some officers, but they set fire to the structure of the camp, or even a whole camp of tents to cover up their escape or in order to secure what they were after, taking advantage of the fact that the snow was too deep for the military fire department to get to the scene of the fire on time to prevent a conflagration. A party of twenty glandelinian spies were seen running from a general's headquarters. It appeared they had stripped the building of all valuables, in papers, lost letters, plans, and maps, and the pocket a of some of these glandelinian looters were fairly bulging out with most important documents.

Increased at this discretion of a general's headquarters and also the mutilation of an officer, the looters not being able to be captured were shot down to death like dogs during the pursuit, and it had been determined that all such glandelinians caught in the act, and since they were too desperate and dangerous to be captured, shall be shot in summary fashion, purging the robbing of a general's headquarters not only were important papers stolen, but huge military maps were carried off, and also geographicals in order to secure information of great value to the rebel armies.

Even on a moon account of this extra troops patrolled the company streets. Even boyscouts have also endeavored to prevent the robbing of a general's headquarters, and on many occasions have also killed the spies. It is said that at one time eighteen or were killed and at another time fourteen among the many incidents during the night was the daring work of four hundred and fifty glandelinian spies, besieging a regiment guarding the headquarters of the Vivian Irish. They were surrounded by a large horde of Gammannian Goodies. One thousand seven hundred and ninety six shots were exchanged, Colonel Griffiths killed fourteen with his rifle, and about eighty were killed by the soldiers. A force of Abyssinians came to the rescue and after a spirited conflict lasting half an hour in which forty thousand shots were exchanged with incessant rapidity out down and routed the survivors. But their own loss was heavy, every minute during the night a fresh shooting of a spy was reported at headquarters. It even became evident that to bury the dead would soon have to be abandoned unless the cold discontinued. The cold on the morning was just as the weather reports said, and so intense that the bodies fairly froze to the ground, and had to be dug loose with pick and shovel before they were taken from the snow.

Instead of burying the dead soldiers, as that was now impossible on account of the cold the order was given to burn them, the reason being too many to waste time on to bury especially in the intense cold, and therefore that day wherever the dead bodies could be found in the deep snow or found in the snow filled ruins of the barracks, torches were lightened, and terrific columns of flames soon consumed up these dead bodies.

Thousands upon thousands of soldiers were seen at these spots in that day of most terrific cold, many stamping their feet and waving their arms like insane men to keep warm while waiting for quick transportation to other parts of the christian lines, some for day to break as so as to permit the burial of the corpses of which there were still countless numbers scattered upon and down the line of battle, and over all the field and prairie for the distance of probably ten or twenty miles. Countless other soldiers were waiting for a first chance to get as far away as possible from this terrible scene, and very scarce this day were the soldiers and men found who were either willing or who could stand the frightful air like temperature to work in collecting up the dead in such deep snow, and most of the soldiers who had lived in northern parts, and who were willing to work and could stand the cold, had a desire to boss each other, and which did not improve matters in the least.

An organized force of considerable proportion should be sent to the stricken artillery positions at once. Glandelinian spies, felons, vandals, child kidnappers, and fire bugs have been robbing the headquarters of general officers, and others and murdering and pillaging. One glandelinian spy was trapped in the middle of the night, but shot himself but they got him.

When the pockets of the dead spy were searched a general's letter to Governor Vivian was found with a picture of Jennie Vivian, one of the Vivian Irish in the envelope. From the branches of many trees, tangled the bullet riddled bodies of glandelinian spies and fiends who even rifled the bodies of the dead soldiers, and officers. On one of the company streets was seen lying a row of bodies, Goodies and Gammannians shot down, while trying to make an escape after robbing some officers headquarters of papers containing valuable information. Major general Pholans great committee of vigilantism caught these fiends at their work. They had been shot down while trying in vain to make their escape. There the bodies lie frozen stiff in the intense cold, for as yet there were no provisions to burning or burying this class of dead. One spy was seen struggling with an officer near general Hanson Vivian's tent. He was shot down, and then strung up to the nearest tree. Then sixteen men in

two squads, pumped his full of bullets. At the Virginia Junction across from the creek, where the killed and injured lay the thickest was the main harvest of the landelinian ghoulies. Whatever was of value to a rebel officer was taken. There were twenty thousand bodies lying here. All efforts of the officer could not stay the awful work of the landelinian vandals. Many of the bodies seemed dead soldiers, were fairly stripped naked by the soldiers of the enemy, of the dead soldiers, were fairly stripped naked by the soldiers of the enemy, in their efforts to secure what ever they were after. No effort was ever made to take whatever valuables were saved inside the lining of a coat, vest, shirt or pants, the clothing was taken even. There was nothing among the surviving work of dissection. Colds and winter fevers was appearing among the surviving soldiers, and the medical staff was unable to cope with it. There was hardly any water to be obtained as everything was now frozen, and the little water that was obtained was max from melting snow or melted snow and clean ice. And the winter diseases as well known was spreading. It appeared that nothing could stop it, but the arrival of more doctors and supplies. Friends and soldiers were sternly warned to keep away from the location of the artillery battle, and long barreled rifles and bayonets backed up the warning.

But this was done in a christian spirit, and not with the intention to be brutal. The safety of the thirty six million soldiers still living made this a necessity, for every day the enemy's shells were always exploding in this location five per hour or more, and the terrible cold was already overcoming many of the workers. This whole region was a vast charnel hell.

So scores of thousands of dead sleighs hurrying from place to place filling with the awful cargo and then sped away into the river where the bodies were dumped into large scoops and towed out into deeper unfrozen water of the swift current. The waters of this river where it was not frozen over floated the bodies for a few minutes, and then swallowed them up.

There were short services, a few prayers, and then a "splash" "splash" as the corpses were thrown to their last resting place, then the military funeral cortege of big scoops returned to the lines for other loads.

The many guards quelled the resentment which rose in the breast of heart broken soldiers, as other bodies were thrown into the many dead wagons. It was done all by the order of the officers who said: "It is possible and must be so that the living must be protected from disease when the summer months come." The whole christian camp is a perfect harvest for "landelinian ghoulies." In the quarter masters stores of the camps are millions of dollars worth of goods, which are always in danger of being set on fire or carried away by these very vandals. These wicked landelinian vultures looted whenever they can, and the staring eyes of the countless dead have no terrors for them. One man an Angelinian who was of excellent standing and intelligence told a war correspondent on the way to Angelinia Agat his a day after the disaster following the artillery duel that the officer of the guards did not place enough sentinels to prevent these outrages committed by the landelinian ghoulies.

He had been in and out of that section of the christian lines several times, and was also on the relief committee. It is no doubt he had no reason to tell an untruth, nor was it probable he had any intentions of telling an untruth. Yet his statement was entirely without foundation. The officers of the guards at all parts of the line had placed guards at all points of the points to be guarded. Go with millions of other stories. The disposition to jump at conclusions to repeat rumors as facts is a most common failing. But so enormous was the calamity that no story of escape or tale of horror seemed impossible.

During this same terrific artillery duel which lasted full twenty four hours the entire country of Abbie annia and other states were shocked beyond comprehending, and saddened beyond measure by the news paper reports circulated all over by the Angelinia Agathia daily. News that many women and children and especially child slaves, and even child scouts had been killed or burned to death when the explosion of a fire shell tore their shelter to pieces and set afoot the ruins on fire. The siege of Avia, Wickey however had and was so tight, and the regions around the rear of the siege so remote on account of the danger of approach of rebel armies that at first the reports of the terrific bombardments and its horrible effects had been necessarily meager and even up to now while the dead and wounded had been still picked up there had been very few details of the terrible happenings that turned that one terrible cold day into one of the first and probable most heart rending tragedies of the war. Here for the first time since the terrible artillery duel happened the story was told as best as possible by an foreign newspaper man and war correspondent.

The day of the artillery duel fell cold and clear at the region of Delight's junction. In the company street in this location had been taken all the child slaves, women and children and refugees and others including boys and girl scouts from many miles around, and despite the thundering artillery duel without the place was decorated with wreaths and garlands of the celebration of some recent victory past, and big twisted red ropes and

made of bright red and green papers like that used for decorating at Christmas time. Outside since the recent heavy snowstorm the trees of evergreen kind were almost hidden and burdened down with their weight of decorative snow. In front of the barracks stood the Angelinian National flag the most beautiful flag of all, and near it stood a general's big tent made of heavy canvas, and its top decorated with what appeared to be a golden star. At this section of the nature of the artillery storm most of the women and children were being sent here by the soldiers believing these places would be out of range of the enemy's fire. Most of the refugees had come that day from as far as more than fifty miles to this big barracks, bringing with them their families, even from old grand mothers and so on to the babies in arms. The child scouts had also come here with the purpose to keep them in order. For weeks and weeks these child scouts had been drilled in the best military style, and now the girl scouts in their best uniforms and the boys, did all they could to keep the refugees in good cheer and prevent anything like panic and confusion, each of them a quiver for what in expectancy of what may yet come. In these barracks were over five hundred souls either in seats or standing, but fearful facesome with dread and waiting with as much hope and expectancy as the children for the terrible sound of cannons and shell explosions to cease.

Some sang and some sang hymns. Just at this moment one of the christian officers came into the doorway in his full uniform and at that instant there was a crash above the barracks like thunder but a hundred times louder and at that moment there was a gasp from some of the refugees.

"Look!" cried some one and pointed out the window.

A great explosion only a few hundred yards from the barracks had hurled a dozen trees up into the air and shattered others, while one was split in two and the top part bending slowly over as if ready to fall. Before any one could realize what was happening it had fallen, then there was another crash close to the barracks and a shell exploded on the roof tearing it asunder and making plastering and timbers come down. The stove was upset by the timbers and the wreckage flashed up like powder. Other wreckage fell upon the burning pile and half a dozen more of inflammable pieces burst into flames. And in another instant a shell tore out a whole wall, the upper part of the barracks became a torch of fire the wooden woodwork flaring and the burning pieces dropping through the heart of the mass and setting more of the wreckage ablaze.

The children nearest the conflagration arose screaming like mad and scrambled pell mell over the wreckage. Then there was a sudden rush from all quarters as fathers and mothers and child slaves tried to get to them. In one single breath the room that had been so quiet became a pit of panic filled with struggling, fighting screaming men, women and children. The pile of wreckage burned even more brightly and fiercely, fire began to dart up the east wall, and the scene became like an inferno. And high above the turmoil came some notes of a hymn. Some of the girl scouts who had kept their heads had leaped upon some table and stood there hands uplifted pouring out their notes they knew best, with the desperate hope to bring the panic stricken crowds to its senses.

If any one did hear they heeded it not. As the struggling groups continued on a big piece of timber fell from the blazing roof and struck the table, and hurled the girl scouts from it. These brave girls went down to be crushed to death under the feet of this milling crowd. Six doorways led from the schoolhouse or barracks I mean, some opening inward, and some outward. However there was no escape in those locations for those within the room and especially for those who were closer even as wreckage also barred the doors. And now the heat of the fire had set or started to set fire to their clothes. One yet strove frantically to get out the door ways, but the wreckage kept them firmly closed, and men women and children fighting to get out failed to do so.

Then came a shout "the windows, the windows!" Men therefore doubled their fists and smashed out the panes. But if there was any escape out by the windows death lurked outside. Shells were exploding outside by the score per minute. And now the rushing air fanned the flaming roof, wreckage and wall. The flames from the wreckage darted to the unruined part of the ceiling and to the decorations. The ceiling was of heavy pressed paper and wood, and large pieces of this loosened and fell, blazing on the heads of the crouched throng below. Thousands of wreaths and paper ropes scattered another rain and sparks of fire upon them. Their clothing was set on fire, the burning cardboards of the barracks ceiling dropped upon the very hair of their heads, and tongues of flames licked about their faces while dense clouds of smoke almost choked them. Hard muscled men continued to tear away at the wreckage barring the doorways, and frantic mothers and child slaves clawed and scratched at the jagged pieces out and tore their hands. But at last one door was freed, and one after another the terrified children began to be handed out.

Ten child scouts the first of the heroines a lay dead, trampled and now buried under a portion of the ceiling which fell. The other heroines were three girl slaves who were soon to die. When the cry of "explosions" and then "fire" had been first heard, they had been sitting on a bench in the rear of the room. Some of the boys tried to force them to go to the doors before the wreckage fell. They struggled free, ran to the front of the room, and began to huddle together many of the younger slaves, and in the outstretched hands of men and women women they handed as many of them as they could. When the one doorway was at last cleared of the wreckage one of the boy scouts had again readed them.

"This way out," he cried to them.

"Go take these young children," one of them answered, and began pushing and dragging the little ones toward that one open doorway. The boy scout passed them out. Suddenly a crowd of panic-stricken others closed in on them. The boy scout was separated from these girls, and carried to the rear. And these brave girls each of them having an arm about a baby of three to four, when they were trying to shield them from the fiery rain were swept off their feet, crushed to the floor still holding the children, and there their lives were trampled out of them.

James Andrews, a young lieutenant and his pretty girl scout assistant, had tried also by their efforts and songs to still the terror. Before the outbreak of this confusion they had sat clasping their hands on a rear seat of the barracks. The next day as they had proposed, they were to be married. It was a romance that had started at the very outbreak of the war.

"Hold tight to me my dear sweetheart," he whispered. "I'll get you out of this scrap alright."

"I know you will," said the girl, and clung desperately to him. At the mass of panic-stricken refugees soon forced them apart. The poor girl was pressed to the floor and trampled. She died bravely there, while her lover was swept out through the now open doorway into the open. It was ten of the boy scouts who had succeeded in opening that door. By some miracle of strength and courage they had managed to get to it. They had pushed and beat back with clubbed pistols and rifles those who had tried to reach it first after they succeeded in clearing the wreckage. Then they managed to clear a space sufficient to pull it open.

When like sheep being squeezed out of the narrow neck of a corral the burning people began to come out of it. How indeed was their progress for among them indeed there were many who did not want to get out by that doorway. They wanted to get back into the blazing rooms of the barracks and pluck it from it wives, and children and child slaves, sweethearts and mothers and other relatives.

They fought desperately to get back, closing the way to the others. And now the supreme horror happened and at once. Slowly one of the blazing walls began to topple. An irresistible rush of the immense crowd had forced those against it on its skirts and those nearest the wreckage against it. Children and grownups stumbled and rolled about the base of the wall, which already eaten through was disturbing its balance. A wall of wreckage and fire, the wall first bent slowly inward, and then fell crashing, pouring sparks and immense tongues of flames upon the heads of those within its range. The masses of thundering wreckage fell children by the score, and then pinned them up in a seething sea of fire. The children beat at that mass of blazing wreckage with their little hands, and tried to crawl from under it with the flames fairly searing their faces. Men and men and child slaves tore at the wreckage most desperately and most determinedly trying to drag the little ones out. Many indeed died within that inferno of fire. When a shell again exploded smashing the rest of the roof to save in, further the fall of the roof and wall had cut off the one open doorway and all but one window. Now it was this one window or nothing, and out of that seething furnace through that one single window those pressed who were still living, and those who dropped either through faintness or the pressure of the crowd were trampled to death. At last all those who had been able to finally escape were out in the biting cold of the forty below zero day. From the time that the first shell tore open the barracks, over to the time that the last scorched survivors had gone out the door only ten minutes or less had really elapsed.

There was one scene of great nerve racking means. After this tragedy there had been a checking up of all those who were missing. Many women were weeping for their little children. It is supposed that they were in the burned barracks. Then later some of these mothers felt a tug at their skirts and saw their children had escaped. It was all of a full day before the fire burned out or was put out by the army fire department sufficiently to allow these heart-broken people and soldiers waiting in the bitter cold to search through the burned wreckage for what was left of their loved ones. Three hundred of those who had escaped had been taken to other parts of the camp seven miles away, where they could receive medical aid.

Of these had been taken to unoccupied tents and army houses. Still many others burned, bruised, and in some cases, with broken hands, arms and legs refused to go. They would not leave their own dead. At last when the fire men got out the last dying ember the tragic search began. They found many pitiful groups who had come or been brought here from many miles. One man had brought with him his wife and his two small children. There were those who had seen the four of them standing at the last, clasping each other in the very center of the blazing barracks, with every means of escape cut off, and there after the fire burned down the barracks, their blackened bodies were found, arms of husband and wife still around each other, and what was left of the two children still clinging to them. They found to the bodies of the dead a child scout. Recovery of all the bodies on account of a fierce blizzard and colder weather was very difficult. And in so many instances only enough of the bodies snow covered now were only recovered that twenty eight of the dead could be buried in one grave. There was no way whatever of establishing what part of the body had belonged to any boy or girl. Bits of bone and scorched flesh and charred garments were gathered reverently, and placed in the graves. Two days later nearly a hundred died in the Base hospital, and forty more in another, and probably all the rest will carry to their graves the disfiguring scars of injuries and burns. Others will be life long cripples. And for all this it will be said when the proper time comes the Angelians will retaliate.

During this great artillery duel a great fire was said to have broken out in the "Lillian" city. Over the city could be observed what appeared at first to be a bright pile of snowy colored smoke clouds perring above the western heights of "Lillian" city. It was succeeded by another and still another roll of such clouds each seeming to push upward the other and towering with dazzling brilliancy in the deep blue winter atmosphere atmosphere, while all the while in the direction of the "Lillian" batteries rattling palls of rolling cannon thunders were plainly heard. The clouds of smoke were now rolling in immense volumes over the top of the city, the summits of the snowy clouds still bright and dazzling, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The lightning flashes from cannon volleys and shell explosions seemed to leap from work to work and streamed quivering along the ground. The thunder of bursting shells crashed in thousands of tremendous explosions, the peals were echoed from work to work and wood to wood. The shells crashed upon the Christian lines, and then their echoes rolled up the long defile of rebel fortifications, each fortification making a new echo until every point seemed to hallow back the tremendous noise.

For a time the smoke from so much firing hid even the snowy landscape from complete sight. There was indeed a fearful pall illuminated still more fiercely by the streams of flashes which glittered from the cannon volleys and shell explosions. Never could have any one ever witnessed such a warring of cannons it seemed as if the shells of both sides were rending their way through the defiles of the fortifications and fortified camps of both sides, and had brought all the artillery in the world into swift and intolerable action.

When the war correspondents entered the Christian lines the thing was too vast to make an attempt to investigate each conflicting story, the features of each barracks building wrecked by the enemy's fire and every separate happening about or probably an million happenings. They were forced to use their own judgment about whatever excited soldier was ready to tell.

Indecision: every prolix soldier they interviewed was a loss of time. They asked many hurried questions. They did not even have time to compare one soldier's story with another's. The result soon came that the barracks and other buildings which were far out of reach of the bombardment during the battle of Delight's "unction" or which were not harmed or captured by the enemy, were reported burned or wrecked, or looted by vandals, and torn and shattered by the artillery fire of the "Lillian" lines. ....

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers, nay millions, who were never within sight of the artillery battle, or who had not joined in general vivians assaults upon Inner Myriads at Delight's "unction" were said to have been killed, and many other millions wounded. Thousands of shooting affairs that never happened were accepted as having occurred. It was even reported that from fright and horror the "Lillian" army had even committed suicide when they were still walking around the company streets of their own part of the lines as if nothing happened.

Supplementing this great exaggeration by soldiers of high degree, by officials, by militia officers, and the reports of generals even who believed so many soldiers were dead because they had not seen them came the great constitutional liar. The culpability at general vivians battles (his batteries were not even in the battle) was the turning loose of this liar, he burst his chains and as it is said the devil will do in the last days of the world, and for several days ran riot in that stricken portion of the Christian lines. ....

Yet the most fantastical efforts of the spinners of yarns could not beat the truth. It was simply a lying about details, where the disaster happened, not the results, while the general facts were almost beyond exaggeration, except by general Charles Brown who reported truthfully to anxious enquirers two days after the artillery duel and his serious repulse of general Lyvian assaults upon Inner Myletze at Delights Junction in monotonous one this very information,

Christian batteries under general Luckwick Baldwin covering attacks of christian troops upon Inner Myletze wiped out, one hundred and fourteen thousand artillery men and infantry in ruined barracks killed. Artillery men in total alone 10,000 in killed and total artillery men in loss as far as one hundred ten thousand in killed and wounded, christian loss of infantry battle eighteen million in killed and wounded, christian forces reported defeated and Greathearts camps captured. Kindermine saved the day and prevented the whole christian line from being broken. Great fires raging. No one just now allowed to go visiting in that location. The countless numbers of survivors of the infantry battle are being cared for and fresh batteries are being placed in position and general Lyvian taking Baldwin's place the latter having been seriously wounded. All wounded must leave that portion of the christian lines day after to morrow as the region may again be shelled by the landelinian batteries....."

Curiously enough however the stories of horror were the chief delights of the exaggerators. He did not tell joyfully that everybody in a barracks had been saved but that they were all buried in the ruins, and that fire consumed them and the wreckage. A One man in uniform went about the worse places, and boasted and babbled to all the soldiers that he was a commissioned war correspondent by profess profession who happened to stop within the christian lines on war business, saw only the great artillery duel of the battle, he had formed a corps of fourteen hundred reporters (when in fact he had only formed two) and was cabling 449,000 words to the Angelina Agathia News, and had already compiled a list of 514,999 in identified dead artillery men alone, a alone and a million wounded. If he had really cabled these numbers he must have done so as it can not be understood where ever it was a cable ran underground from Lyvian wick to Angelina Agathia.

It is also most probable that if this beautiful liar told the soldiers that he was cabling nineteen billion words, and had a list of nine hundred million dead artillery men, and a hundred million wounded, and a thousand million disabled, and that Baldwin would have lost a hundred million cannon and had seen the whole city of Lyvian wick burn up at the same time, and the christian lines blow up into the air, they would have been foolish enough to believe him.

When it came to the stories of the wicked landelinian ghouls robbing an officer's headquarters, the favorite yarn was that a well dressed landelinian officer or soldier had been caught with the most important papers in his possession, and that some one else had put it in his pockets to avoid detection. In each instant a soldier with unsavory aim shot the wretch to death. If you don't believe it ask him!! These stories were belied by all who repeated them. Yet no one ever found the soldiers of a christian general or gln landelinian vandals did loot some headquarters of a christian general or of some other officer, and these looters were shot in attempting to escape, but the real storioes of how, or when and why, were lost in the stupendous background of death and destruction...

Illustrating the human weakness for exaggeration: the man who insisted the dead artillery men numbered more than five hundred thousand, was the very same man who asserted that in three hundred and fifty years, Lyvian wick would not fall, though besieged by one hundred billion men, and bombarded by one million cannons. Even two days after the terrific artillery storm and battle of Delights Junction came this news received at Angelina Agathia!!!!

"The burial of the dead soldiers goes steadily on. The cold wave is more intense than ever being sixty eight below zero, all the corpses, in the open along the shore near the frozen river, or near and among the snow covered wreckage have been sunk into the river where it is not frozen, or buried in the ground or burnt by fire. Twenty thousand men who could stand the intense cold were put to work, and in sixty minutes fifteen hundred frozen corpses were found within a space of three hundred yards square. And the labor of clearing away the debris of wrecked barracks in the search of the bodies of the dead soldiers began at Company A. One of the worse wrecked parts of the whole of Baldwin's wrecked camps, whole regiments lay dead, piled up in the most indescribable confusion... old soldiers and young torn by shell fire

or crushed by falling timbers, were by hundreds dragged from piles of snow clogged debris or dug from snow drifts mingled with debris six to twenty feet deep. Aged officers were lying among more robust forms rescued, but now dead and frozen stiff dead child slaves were still clinging to the soldiers. Young girl scouts with their arms around brother scouts, and so on. These were the melancholy sights seen by those digging among the ruins of the barracks or snow banks.

In hundreds, the bodies were turned up by pick and shovel, rakes and ax, and even explosives, the soldiers working and freezing together in the cold weather. Away to the left the wreckage stretched two miles to Company Street of Company L, and to the left a mile and a half toward Delights Junction, and south of it.

Popular sentiment insisted that the north end be set on fire and burned but the generals hesitated to give the order for fear the conflagrations would spread to the encampments that had not been damaged by the great battle. Three days had wrought surpassing changes in conditions at this portion of the christian lines. Each day had been a big chapter in itself. The day after the artillery battle and infantry action was complete paralysis. It had had been complicated by a terrific snow storm and eye lons. On the following day came the beginning of realization. The third day might have been called the crisis period, and the crisis was passed safely. What had been accomplished since the turning point on that day was amazing.....

It was almost an incredible measure of the effects of this visitation were without precedent. On the day after the artillery duel and battle, the confused soldiers did little, but go about dazed, and bewildered, gathering only a few hundred of the bodies or as far as the cold and snowstorm would allow, and which were in their way. On the following day, still colder but sunny the born soldiers who are seen in a region until some great emergency arises, began to forge in front. They were not soldiers from one rank, in point of wealth or intelligence. They came from all classes. For example there was colonel Murphree on Abyssinian. On the cold snowy day after the great disaster came his message;

"All the camps are now at work and the heavy contributions which we are receiving from all parts of Abissinia, are going to pay for the most urgent work the horrors of the siege impose upon the besieging armies....."

Thousands of bodies which lay exposed in the snow covered campway streets on company streets and which were more than necessary to remove snow were somewhere less they be unintentionally stepped on were carried to barracks to be used as surplus material five thousand frozen corpses lay in rows on each of the low and wide floors.

Then a big problem in mortality such as no Abissinia army ever faced before since the war began was presented. Lizards raging out of all proportions and accompanied by a one hundred and fifty million sour gals which ga carried all before it, and it did every thing under snow, and which seemed about to snow the camps under, and a winter pestilence which stalked forward or forth the day after the artillery duel and battle seemed about to take possession of what the battle had left. 100,000 were soon down with deadly cold. Therefore the immediate disposition of so many of these dead bodies became most completely necessary to save the whole besieging army from a dread plague with the coming of summer. Then it was that general Love and Lyvian and pillian and the others who by common impulse a impulse had come together to deal with the problem found general Henry Dargor.

This general took up this most gruesome task the most gruesome and cold one ever seen on a battle field. But he had to have a great number of helpers. It was hard to get soldiers to go out anywhere on account of the severe cold weather and windy days. Some however volunteered, others were pressed into the service at the point of the bayonet. Big bonfires, whiskey and brandy by the bucketful was carried to these men and the bonfires made to keep them from suffering from the effects of the intense cold, and they were drenched with it, or and warmed as much as possible by the big fires. The still stimulant was kept at hand and applied continuously, but no one became intoxicated. And only in this way was it possible for the soldiers with the stoutest hearts and the strongest constitution and the toughest skin and in the heaviest clothing to work in such surroundings, and in such awful cold, and in facing such dreadful icy icy blasts of wind. Under the directions of general Dargor these thousands of bodies already collected, and others brought from the center section of the devastated camps--those which were quickest found in the deep snow were loaded on war barges, and taken far down the frozen river to where unfrozen water could be found to be cast into the deep icy waters.

A chronicle letter from a war correspondent says, dating Feb. 1: 15th;!!!!

A systematic effort has begun to obtain the names of the dead artillery men alone, so that the information can be used for legal purposes, and so on. General N. J. G. prothia was stationed at the headquarters of the relief committee to receive and file sworn statements in the absence of the usual military Certificate. A roll call was made to obtain some approximate idea of the total list of dead artillery men was made. Partial figures from one on batteries made the number of slain as far as probably ten thousand to twenty five thousand and this was regarded as only a very small outside estimate. The destruction within the christian camps had been appalling. Out of 555,387 barracks, but only one was left standing and over ten million tents and other made shelter were burned or partially destroyed. The work of clearing the many company streets of the windrows of accumulated wreckage due to the cold weather and deep snow is proceeding rapidly, although till a wide area still remained untouched.

Eight hundred thousand men are wading pick and shovel through the blizzard and thousands suffer from cold feet, and frost bitten hands feet and ears every hour and have to be exchanged. Included in this number were several thousand non-combatant who had volunteered their services. Many of the Glandelinian prisoners are also put in force and compelled to help in the work at the point of the bayonet. Bodies are being unearthed from the deep snow constantly and it is estimated that at least twelve thousand five hundred victims of the artillery duel still lie beneath the snow by the disabled guns. Fully two months must pass before the company streets could or would be cleaned. The city of barracks especially in the main section where the enemy's fire was the heaviest and most destructive was or is soon beginning to look like itself again. Fresh batteries of cane cannons are being dragged through through the company streets and the operation of signal station lines and other military service is being partially resumed.

And this progress being made under the circumstances is little short of remarkable.

And this may have been true at that, and his progress being made was unusual for the heavy snows and intense cold weather. It could not be by any means understood that the remaining portion of the christian encampments and barracks had been put in anything like its normal condition, but such a great change has been wrought, so much order and system now prevailed where formerly chaos reigned that the christian encampments and the soldiers who had been given the injured such noble assistance had more than unusual reasons to be satisfied with what had been accomplished in the face of such fearful odds.

#### CHAPTER I CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

SCENES, AND EXPERIENCES OF THE VIVIAN OIL, PRINCESSES, DURING THE INCIDENTS OF THE TIMES OF TERROR.

THE CARNIVAL OF CRIME FROM GLANDELINIAN SPIES, AND ESCAPED GLANDELINIAN RICKMERS, WHEN CITIES OF CHRISTIAN ENCAMPMENTS ARE DESTROYED. THE TERRIBLE NEED OF THE SURVIVORS. SOME OF THE INCIDENTS THAT THE VIVIAN OILS WENT THROUGH, DURING THE GREAT HORROR.

THE AWFUL MAGNITUDE OF THE SAD MISFORTUNE... THE RESULTS OF THE HORRIBLE FIRES IN THE ENCAMPMENTS, AND TOPICS OF THE BATTLE OF DELIGHTS JUNCTION. ALL THE BESIEGING ARMIES OF BALDWIN'S CAMPS MUST RISE AGAIN. THE MOST GRIEVOUS PICTURE OF THE RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

INCIDENTS OF THE TERRIBLE BATTLE, THAT MAKES UP THE HORROR OF AN UNUSUALLY VIOLENT WAR. ALSO THE FULL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE FURY, AND THE RUIN IT CAUSED BEYOND DESCRIPTION. THE FIRST STEPS ON THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BALDWIN'S CAMPS.

proved a haven of refuge for many of the "miserable" "thousand", shelterless and small storm driven soldiers and others who were so unfortunate,

SCENES AND EXPERIENCES OF THE VIVIAN GIRL  
PRINCESS'S, DURING THE INCIDENTS OF THE TIME OF  
TERROR...!!!

THE EXPERIENCES of Violet and her sisters who were in that part of general Vivian lines when the camps of barracks, earthworks, and tents were wrecked or burned is probably to be most interesting to the reader if he 1 please mention it. They were at that time with general Jack Evans who had his headquarters in the street of Company H. between Company G. and M. and Thumbelina and Child Lonia road. It is probably that the great artillery duel of the battle of Delight's Junction (very delightful indeed) started early in the morning of St Valentine's day Feb. 14th.

"That day was awful," said Violet. "We had been witnessing at a distance the great infantry assaults upon Inner Myletzes divisions at Delights Junction but at that time had not taken any notice of the enemy's terrific artillery fire that was seeming to blast the very earth into the air. At one thirty in the afternoon while the assault continued but with disastrous results the enemy's artillery fire had become extremely furious.

We left general Jack Evans headquarters where we were having a council and in order to get back to general Vivian's lines we had to go by a round about way through the deep snow and we were directed by a soldier who later learned that many of his comrades had been lost.

That day was terribly cold and stormy and the wind was blowing such a howling gale and the shells were exploding so frequently that we stayed in a more sheltered spot until the explosions came too near, and became appalling hurrying snow, wreckage, and earth and everything else over two hundred feet into the air. We could hardly stand the noise. It was like thunder, like the crash of the loudest thunder you could ever imagine. Or to put it more mildly the crashes of the explosions made the loudest of thunder crashes sound like a whisper.

When we were compelled to go further to the rear and stay there until evening when we returned to our own headquarters through the same depth of snow, but also over huge windrows of wreckage.

Colonel Hallen who was a five foot man carried us gracefully on his shoulders my feet being rested against his broad chest. I have since learned that Colonel Hallen lost his father mother and three sisters. The scenes of devastation was simply awful, beyond description, or miles in every direction which had been thickly settled by tents and barracks not a tent was left, and there were only two barracks standing. Immense masses of snow covered timbers were piled up everywhere, and thousands of bodies of dead soldiers were to be seen. On the next day a snowstorm the worst we ever seen raged most frightfully accompanied by a most terrific gale laying two more feet of snow, and it took us a hour to walk to the general's mess hall a distance of a quarter of a mile to get our breakfast, if you can call it a breakfast. The same utter devastation existed everywhere.

If we met any of the soldiers and kindly asked how they were, they would only cry out!!!

"We have lost everything. May God protect you good little Princess's from the enemy." We plowed our way through the deep snow to the beach of the storm gun, never despite the intensity of the cold and the fury of the storm sometimes later, and south of the camp street of company G. dead bodies of poor soldiers were piled up everywhere half covered already by the falling snow. We counted over two thousand two hundred hundred soldiers lying almost under the snow on the river's beach as we slowly walked or plowed our way along. We left for general Vivian's camp later that same day when the storm grew too severe and arrived there by sleigh at eight thirty five in the evening. "!!!!"

Up to the time Violet and her sisters left general Vivian's shattered fortifications twelve thousand eight hundred bodies had been buried in the river despite the storm with stones and other weights fastened to a fastness to them.

At St Angelias fortifications and encampments under general Manning proved a haven of refuge for nearly one hundred thousand, shelterless and shell storm driven soldiers and others who were so unfortunate,

irations and terror. Another refugee was rescued, a few minutes later, and carried to shelter. Her mother and father were also being held by the hill islet and her sisters and others were carrying her against an injured among the refugees, another soldier was battling for his life against the shell eruptions and bliss red of flying wreckage, while sheltering himself behind a big oak tree just outside the fortifications. When he suddenly heard the cry of a little child near by just as the ear splitting crash of an explosion spent itself like the worse of thunder thundering, the child coming close to him hunched out with one hand and caught hold of the dress of a little girl who cried out "please let me go" not realizing the danger she was in. The child had once been a slave. Despite the peril of the constant seemingly

"It is very easy to see as awful as the calmness of the Artillery storm had been a few hours delay would have more than double the loss of lives especially if the Artillery men alone a large number of reinforced Artillery was to have been placed into position, and six hours delay would have brought up 10,000 more Artillery men with their gun into position with little time to battle with the conditions which swept so many into eternity. Another lesson should be impressed upon the minds of the generals everywhere no not to be over-confident of the success of the siege-- for those who little risk may in any day come to meet with disasters and defeats much greater than those"

The story of another soldier's experience and that of his comrade on the fatal day during the artillery duel of the battle, is indeed a wonderful picture of the scene, and worthy of the movies. It was this written by the very soldier himself. It goes as follows: 11111877

VIVIAN WICKET: FEB. EIGHTEENTH.

TO THE ANNELINIA AGATHIA DAILY TIMES:

Allow me to tell you of my experience during the recent artillery duel of the battle, and I feel that I am greatly fortunate to have escaped with my life and am able to tell the tale. It was about half past three when the artillery duel seemed to be at its worst. I was pacing up and down the hall of the barracks while the soldiers murmured about and watched the intensity of the battle and distant explosions and talked of how the infantry assault upon Isar Myletzes positions would turn out. With me was my wife and two children, a boy and a girl visiting me, the boy six years old, and the girl seven. Also with me on a visit, was my father mother uncle and aunt, and my uncle young child.

All were visiting me from the city of Pandora (Abbeisannie) 11111877. A big shell struck the barracks on the top and as I heard the roof cracking when the explosion roared from falling tons of bricks, I glanced to glance upward, and saw that the plastering was about to fall down. At this a thousand thoughts passed through my mind for I saw the danger that had surrounded us and knew as I looked toward the enemy's lines that the artillery duel kept up its violent fury shells would soon strike and shatter the barracks to pieces, and we would all perish beneath the ruins. At about four o'clock in the afternoon a great explosion sent particles of rocks, pieces of wood, and every kind of debris imaginable through walls and windows like if they were cannon shot, and some even fell through the ceiling, and into every one of the rooms.

The only chance we ever saw of saving our lives was to desert the place and take our chances with the air splitting explosions and flying earth, snow and other debris hurled by the blasts. As there was danger of the building going to pieces I felt I had no time to lose. I sprang up and ran to the door. As the crashing of explosions was getting simply furious I told my mother and wife and the children to stand ready for me to follow me as soon as I dashed out. As I opened the front door we were nearly all swept off our feet by the concussion of an explosion not far away, and a great cloud of smoke and snow poured in.

As I opened the door, the sight before me was fearful. The barracks many on fire were everywhere in sight (light) and wind-driven in the snow covered company streets and sticking up, pointing in every direction were the shattered wreckage. I got the women and children safely at started, though at first they were too frightened to go, and then climbing over the first window of wreckage with my father and uncle, we made our way slowly over the wreckage. After a severe test of struggle and work only two of us came out alive. As I halted and stood up straight to look over a window which partly surrounded us a shell exploded three hundred feet away, and I was struck on the face with a piece of rock or slate which cut my left cheek wide open. The blood poured like a torrent from the wound. Very soon I sank down completely exhausted and faint from the loss of blood, and with this gash laid open to the heavy far below sore wind, I felt sure that my end was near.

I finally said good bye to my wife and children and begged them not to give up but try to live the artillery storm through. Then after this I knew nothing for some time and then when I recovered I felt enough strength to raise my head. I had to think for a moment when I saw my wife who was bending over me crying most bitterly. I felt new courage come back to me and then I discovered I was lying on a cot in the army base hospital. When my wife told me, my mother, father, uncle, and babies were gone, I wished it had been all over with us too but I said "No". I must not give up. For what she told me they had made a desperate struggle to save their lives. They had not been hardly able to see anything on account of the blinding clouds of smoke from the explosions and numerous fires. As they had been struggling on to find only know where a large piece of timber struck my aunt, and fractured her skull and shoulder killing her instantly. Yet my parents and uncle were determined then not to give up. After being dashed from one place to another by the concussion they finally came under the window of a strong looking place and seeing as they supposed that no shells were exploding at this spot, my uncle climbed into the window and found himself in a room completely devoid of furniture.

After he getting his wife, mine, and the children in, cold and exhausted, a

giant, gang-shell hit the building shattered it, and killed all but my wife, and the soldiers who rescued her took her to the base hospital where I am, and where the doctors and nurses did everything to make us feel safe and comfortable. Toward late evening, the artillery storm had stopped, and all was quiet, but far in the distance the most gigantic fire I had ever seen in my life was burning steadily. It was seven o'clock I take great pleasure in extending my most sincere thanks to the soldiers who brought us to the shelter from the artillery storm, and helped save me and my wife from dying of cold. I feel very grateful to both him and the doctors and even though we have lost our parents, children and relatives, clothing and everything else, I feel fortunate to be alive, and thank God and his blessed mother, that my wife was saved.

Anton G. Allen Hurr.

The terrible destruction wrought by the landmines batteries did not confine their path to the Christian encampments but also directed their fire to the very rear of the Christian lines at the rate of one thousand shells per hour. No respect of persons, or even places, or things, of the memories most sacred to the living, the terrific artillery fire, plowing with terrible destruction tore dead bodies from their graves, shattered all the trees, tore craters by the hundred in the ground and blew the overground vaults to pieces which mark the last resting place of all that was mortal of those who had gone before.

The sixteen large old graveyards outside of Vivian Wicket near Delights Junction presented heart-rending pictures of the astounding and ghastly work of the enemy's powerful shell fire. The graves were literally robbed of their dead, and vaults, built of stone, and concrete and granite and also from many of them twenty to thirty feet high, were crushed, crumbled, blown to pieces, and scattered about the cemeteries. Metal caskets, containing the mortal remains of precious ones even little children were torn from their tombs by terrific explosions, and either shattered to pieces or scattered all around. Three were even smashed in tangled flesh and intestines hung from the branches. All organs were seen on the branches of trees. All the cemeteries especially those where Catholic nuns, nuns and priests were buried suffered the greatest in the destructions of vaults many of which were the most magnificent structures built to stand for ages.

All these burying grounds were in the rear of Baldwin's headsigning lines and despite the distance were the first to receive the furious shell fire of the enemy's long range guns. Not one of these vaults withstood the shell storm on any of these cemeteries. And in all the cemeteries, tombstones and also Catholic and pathologic monuments of any kind all of them having withstood the fierce galvanic summer and winter storms of many years, and even the terrific Terrorian and pirian fearian Cyclones or Typhoons were torn and blasted from their foundations. All were demolished, thousands broken, and many buried to a distance of one to 10,000 yards. All the tomb stones in every one of the cemeteries were sorry wrecks. Of all the metal caskets with their sacred dead that were disintegrated only one had been reported found. None of the others would ever be expected to be found later. The metallic caskets fall easy prey to the raging shell fire after once released from the tombs as they had been blown to pieces with their contents.

All of them were covered with wood and to the casual eye resembled wooden caskets. In some instances old graves were blown out, and the bodies blown to nothing. One vault were nine members of a family had been laid to rest was found torn open, but there was no trace of the caskets.

THE CARNIVALS OF CRIMES FROM GANDELINIAN  
SPIES, AND ESCAPED GANDELINIAN PRISONERS,  
WHEN CITIES OF CHRISTIAN ENLIGHTENMENT ARE DESTROYED. 001110

It is probable for those who were heading "Ivian" ticks, that it will  
be as formidable as a startling study of the nature of the fierce landlions,  
whose wild, swirling herds, of spies, and vendals incessantly mauling  
the small turn camps or barracks, just as the same clans appeared  
like bands of grey when the fierce hurricanes and its stormy sea  
yielded possession of the havoc made at Salveston (Tenzus), or like those  
at the Onchoo side in the year of eighteen Seventy one.  
Landlion sides were always plying busily

held possession of Chicago in the year of eighteen Seventy one. given the genre disguised. Landlubber spies were always plying busily his magnificent, nimble, and graciously beautifully art of picking pockets for plans, maps, and important letters, and the genus Landlubber sharks in human form was equally busy at the darkest hour of night taking advantage of the desperate straits of the countless hi homeless, and shelterless soldiers by secretly carrying away saved goods, and all kinds of baggage or conveying their comrades to places of shelter and safety when discovered and persuaded given some of the sharkish ghazals, and spies fought among themselves over sought for plunder and army prizes, as starving hyenas might be expected to fight over a choice carcass; or as buzzards with shotted appetites might wrangle over carrions.

choise carcass; or a landolinian rascal made the very air  
 hissers. These two quarreling and fighting within the torn up christian lines  
 smell of hellfire; the wicked profane, blame  
 and sick oaths; and shocking imprecations they yelled out through  
 their clenched teeth  
 Waging war on side to soldiers for protection; and little refugee children  
 many of them the sons and daughters of once wealthy and refined but most  
 of them now dirt and rage screamed and moaned and petitioned in the agony of  
 terror and broken heartedness. Another war correspondent telling of the  
 criminality of the wicked landolinian spies within the wrecked fortified  
 camps during and after the dreadful artillery duel wrote this for the various  
 news paper concerns at Angelina Agethia and Brothy Dale;

"I could see up the company street, as far as the recent battle torn regions of Delight's junction during the artillery duel, and it was full of confused wounded soldiers of the defeated infantry and other panic stricken refugees all the distance weaving and surging under the reign of conflagrations and shell fire, the steady upsurge of the bloodiest battles of the war as I was told I believe so far this was one of the bloodiest battles on our side. Around on later over eighteen million infantry men fell alone on our side. Around on Riverbank Company Street the tumult and scene was worse. Here for the first time since their entering the christian lines did my fellow war correspondent and news paper men behold scenes of panic and confusion that made their blood boiling. Landelinian forces were seen far in the distance pressing on to victory. Big fires were raging, and the scene was as if the world was turning into a conflagration and here Landelinian prisoners taking advantage of this broke loose to join their advancing comrades. In front of one of the quarter master stores some of the Angelinian soldiers had loaded two long sleighs with all kinds of army goods with the intention to get them out of the region of peril before the rebel forces came up. When they had piled all they could on the army sleighs some disguised Landelinians flourishing revolvers and rifles shouted to them not to drive the goods away or they would fire at them to which the Angelinians replied: "fire away you rebels if you dare." The Landelinians did and made away with the sleigh, goods and all before a company of Angelinians came to stop them. Just east of this quarter master store was at least many tons of all kinds of fancy army goods thrown during the confusion and panic into the snow choked company street over which hordes of panic stricken soldiers and many thousands of sleighs and army vehicles passed with utter indifference until the pursuers either took them or the conflagrations caused by shell fire consumed them."

One of the war correspondents himself saw a soldier or someone on a small bridge across a portion of the gunboat Creek who had been killed by a shell explosion with white gloves on his hands, and whose pockets were stuffed with money and important letters, and on that same bridge he saw later an immense train of soldier refugees crossing at a panic stricken gait.

All to be Company Streets within the range of shell fire was rich with not only the army treasure abandoned by the army who was on the retreat, and escaped during the confusion forced their way into the army stores and flung out every thing to their fellows in the Company Streets who received it without disguise and when fought over it openly and ferociously. Despite the peril the very war correspondents and newspaper men went through it the company streets clearly as far as Belgrave's junction and here every company street was choked with all manner of army goods and broken weapons and confused and desperate soldiers.

many one of them who had been forced from the other end of the camp by the advancing enemy and the shell fire, and also the advancing forces had brought some articles with them and so far their progress was delayed by too deep snow and also by the wreckage strewn streets if not completely stopped by the guns and Greek, the bridges of which also were choked with all the refugees soldiers in their panic abandoned all their burdens so that the Company streets presented the most appalling wrecks!

valuable uniforms for all general officers, clothing, books cartridge belts military musical instruments everything was being stripped under foot. Added to this the army geese from the army quarter master stores had been quickly hauled to it and it had all been taken fire or been scattered about by shell fire and captured or destroyed by the victorious Russians.

And the escaped Mandelstam prisoners breaking into a large army liquor establishment used for sick and wounded soldiers were yelling, cursing and blaspheming like demons as they brandished champagne and brandy bottles. Indeed the brutality and horror of the whole scene made it most sinister and

Subbed the brutality and horror of the whole scene made it most sickening indeed. A wild cry of uniformed glendelinian soldier was standing on a high wooden box declaring that the war would soon end in favor of the glendelinians. He declared he wanted every glendelinian who was free to help themselves to the best liquor a liquor he could get and continued to yell from the top of his voice until another glendelinian who was drunk as himself flung a hard snowball at him and knocked him completely off.

Twice in his terrible chances of war were thousands of children all  
 the fugues wailing and crying for their parents the poor little girl in  
 particular one of the war correspondents saw whose whose golden hair was  
 loose down her band and which had caught fire was a pitiful sight to  
 see, he ran screaming past the past the war correspondent and some casually  
 glandelindan threw a glass of whiskey upon her hair which flared up and covered  
 the top of her head with a blue flame.

the war correspondent war correspondent and ran after her, caught her and by throwing his coat over her head put out the fire quickly by smothering it.

The Angelina Agathis - James Her old says of the criminality of the glandelinian soldiers that appears in association with the disasters of the great war!

"the worse specimens of the 'landelinian soldiery are always seen at their most wickedness in civilian clothes, and on the verge or inside the very christian lines just after some terrible disaster of war has so befallen as in the christian camps at the battle of the Delights junction, even the innocent Refugee children men and women seeking shelter within the very christian lines q are now involved in the disaster but who still live are for the time not themselves and many go mad or are made extremely helpless in their utter despair. Criminal 'landelinian spies are as it seems as much disturbed in their minds but instead of themselves being overcome and rendered inactive by terror in facing the savage ferocity of the aroused Angolinian soldiery, they are then more active and desperate in their purpose than before--they are in fact probably more dangerous than the most insane criminals. Within that portion of the christian lines at the battle of Delights Junction this peculiar indulgence in the vandal criminality of the glandelinian spies in the presence of the actual scenes was unmarked as it never was marked before in any conflict and all of the nation is awakened by it as the nation was aroused by the Crowley and Jennie Wren women and other wicked glandelinian assassins.

bigger bluffs and those passing through them.  
through them.  
even at night the glacial moraine spires and vendale who were possible anacostia lurks  
behind trees amid d and the heaps of stones and bricks of fallen barracks build  
ings or behind snow drifts and brush and briars, for officers and messengers  
who they became prey. was officer of my tank; whether he be a general  
down to a 1st lieutenant was reported to have been attacked and held up  
in the dark every half hour, and rumors of possible and most horrible  
anacostia were rife, even it was reported that the civilian girls were murdered  
though all these were unfounded. Panic not only seized the non-combatants within  
the christian lines but the christian soldiers as generals as well, there was  
the same kind of magical distress felt here that agitated the soldiers of other  
parts of the camp, however less cause for it in the christian lines at  
night's junction than there was elsewhere in the christian camps or at  
any portion of the main general besieging army but still there seemed to be  
all signs

any portion of the main general message.  
On 6/24/54:  
All of the guards had to be on duty many times taking as they supposed their  
very lives in their hands. Hundreds, nay thousands of collapsed army stores still  
had unburied army goods buried in the ruins and randomly criminal spies by  
digging down to them, might perhaps work in security. Many of the most  
powerful of the guards in all cases were placed over all spots necessary but  
many of these guards especially at night were attacked by the Mandelstein  
spies or so constant rumor had it, and so the revived Argentinian Met 1 and  
Met 2 were printed in.

The first of these was the fact that the German prisoners of war were not allowed to be treated as prisoners of war, but as slaves or as common laborers. This was in violation of the Geneva Convention. The second was the fact that the German prisoners of war were not allowed to be treated as prisoners of war, but as slaves or as common laborers. This was in violation of the Geneva Convention. The third was the fact that the German prisoners of war were not allowed to be treated as prisoners of war, but as slaves or as common laborers. This was in violation of the Geneva Convention.

Finally as I witnessed it caught such a hold on these informant camps that some of the buildings had to be abandoned, the buildings on all sides were in flames the world seemed to be torn up by eruptions and the snow covered streets were falls fell killed with the ruins of fallen walls and the like.

The glandelinian prisoners in the barracks, jails, and encampments or guard houses almost suffocated with smoke ran to the doors of their cells and shrieked at the iron bars of the doors with the strength of frenzy uttering fearful shrieks the iron bars of the doors with the strength of frenzy uttering fearful shrieks the iron bars of the doors with the strength of frenzy uttering fearful shrieks

the barracks the captain general was compelled to order the cells to be immediately unlocked, and in a more moment the more than a score of thousand prisoners were released, all bareheaded, many barefooted and without coats and running naked into the snowy streets yelling like demons.

prisoners rushed into the company streets yelling like demons but they were not many seconds without clothing. A large quarter master store filled with ready made uniforms was reached by them and in an instant these Mandolinian prisoners swarmed into them fairly empty the buildings of their very contents and fled to remote places and dark passageways and behind bushes and trees where they disguised themselves as well to the consulting Christian every time during the confiscations and the retreat of the consulting Christian forces when soldiers succeeded in their attempt to convey provisions and goods to a place of safety they could not be taken far away although were followed by howling crowds of escaped Mandolinian or Mandolinian soldiers of the victorious forces who snatched the goods and provisions and made away with them.

In a matter of instances the thieves got possession of the sleighs and drove off with rich spoils of army goods to out of the way places. This was however but a beginning and was in the early part of the night after the bombardment.

Before daybreak the thrilling horror had ended in scenes of even greater daring, and more desperate deeds. Also a few hours earlier after the bombardment the wicked Glendalinian waldens had seemed to try to evade christian soldiers to some extent but how now as the terrors of the terrific artillery duel, and confu-  
sion as well as the disgraceful defeat of the armies in the air attack upon  
Linnar Mylsten, as well as the intense cold weather aggregated for mostly every one  
an intensity of misery and dis courage, privations and exposure and grief,  
the Glendalinian Waldens dropped all efforts at concealment and piled their desper-  
ate work most boldly and fiercely.  
They would literally come at a quarter Masters store, storm it, smash away  
at everything and as if happily was most always the ones they failed to effect  
an opening into the building they would turn their attention to securing  
securing all of value from the army stock that they could possibly carry away  
when other Glendalinian waldens would slouch slouch in after further  
booty.

The full promise of a share in the spoils gave them the assistance of many of the escaped prisoners who stood with Army sleighs at the doors of the very army stores and waited as compositely for a load of stolen army goods and property to be piled on as if they were honestly receiving goods from the stores where they might have been employed every day.

Every day the army might have been employed. The stolen army sleighs once heaped up with the goods were driven pell-mell through the Gasparre company streets of the burning encampments and into the rebel strongholds at Delight's junction. All the most desperate efforts to stop them was without avail. Despite their efforts the Angelinians were knocked down and forced to see the army stores cleaned out by the wicked Landolinian Vandals and then laid in ruins by the flames. The instances of vandalism we re not confined to the sacking of the army stores only. Landolinian Vandals would raid into a general's private headquarters that lay in the path of the coming destruction and snatch from every place anything of value to their wicked cause. Intereference on the parts of the thousands of guards was useless. The Landolinian scoundrels hunted in fornice squads and companies and many of them we re inflamed with drink and furnished all kinds of weapons. In many instances women and children refugees and even soldiers were stopped as they were bearing from their barracks objects of special worth and the articles torn from their grasp by the unrelenting gangs of vandals who resist them wq was suicide.

The wickedest actions of the wickedest man I ever saw were such as:  
 After the artillery duel ceased, and the great fire was extinguished, the wicked  
 glendinning Vandals made a general attack on all cases of dangerous  
 incendiaries we were most frequent. Glendinning spies to hide their work or  
 so as their escape carried and supplied the incendiary torn torches  
 many were shot, all were too desperate to allow themselves to be captured, and  
 when trapped held hundreds at bay with accurate firing and fought most savagely  
 until killed. Several of the Vandals were disguised as women, priests  
 and even nuns. When a glendinning boy scout was captured by a sentry  
 in trying to set fire to a barracks and was immediately shot dead.  
 Another guard who was a wicked Mexican in the Anglinian army shot and killed  
 a Vandal who was setting fire to a army cant on below general. Evans  
 headquarters. I also a Vandal disguised as an old lady was seen in the act but  
 she got away as after shooting down five of his pursuers. Two others we shot  
 while attempting to set fire to a quarter masters stores; they tried to escape  
 as soon as we were killed on the spot. Half a man hundred incendiaries were  
 killed in that section of the ruined camp; the army trying to set fire to the  
 headquarters of general Evans himself were shot on the Street of Company B  
 and near B. a Vandal was discovered in the basement of a barracks without  
 torch in his hand and alarm being given he escaped into the street and ran  
 for his life. A crowd of soldiers followed him and coming near clubbed him to  
 death after a horrible and thrilling struggle.

This spirit of vandalism continued for several days and was only arrested by the coming to the encampment of relief reinforcements. General Burger brought up his cavalry and it was used to the most good advantage. But more troops were needed and so the 1st horse commando by General Allen was ordered there by General Vinton also those of General Paul Marcus and Jacob Maritz as well as the division of General Ben Goggin. Many squadrons defended the remaining stores. Upon their arrival there was great joy among the others. It should be added that during all this time of trouble and panic General Evans and all his staff were calm and even the civilian girls and all who were in hurt hardly as military officers did their whole duty to reestablish the ruined camp as much as possible.

# THE TERRIBLE NEED OF THE SURVIVORS.....

NEARLY a full week was required for full realization of the enormous proportions and pitiful awful horrors of the siege of Vivian, Alaska, and of the recent terrible battles of Lieghberg Landing and Delight's Junction, and of the terrible artillery fire. Ardent hopes that the first stories of the deaths of so many thousands of artillery men, hundreds of thousands of infantry in the barracks which were all blown down and of the loss of eighteen million men of the main infantry battle itself and the destruction of scores of thousands of army baggage barracks, and a million big tents, and thousands of quarters, winter stores would be untrue or exaggerated. It faded out, and over the horrors of the whole siege so far, all the other articles as all national newspapers predicted truthfully were against and from all quarters of Alaska and her sister states came aid by wire and railroad as far as they could carry information and transportation without hindrance from the enemy.

Money for the besieging armies was relieved, provisions and ammunition relief trains not hindered by the enemy, were hurried to the front for fuel. As even threatened the besiegers, at some points there was little water to be obtained except from snow and ice, there was no light at night except from that camp fire could be made, and the remaining thousands of dead still buried in the deep snow were so fearful a scene that if not buried soon, pestilence would certainly threaten with the approach of winter, and at the same time swarms of Germanian original spies descended upon the enormous wreck of encampments and from the scenes of so many big fires and the crash of exploding cannonades and millions of other terrible noises of the siege there were many demoralized who appeared to think the end of the world and all the planets were at hand, and robberies of all kinds of army property and senseless outrages by rebel spies and vandals and escaped prisoners made up a continual unrelenting horror.

Below the following telegrams passed between the Emperor's Palace at Angelina Agatha and the besieging armies:

From general Vivian  
Commander of the besieging armies at Vivian, Alaska;  
To Emperor Robert Angelina Agatha;  
I have been deputized by the Vivian Girl Princesses, who are called Violet and her sisters, and their Uncle Emperor Hanson Vivian, and Cassius of general at Jamie Vivian down to inform you that the city of encampments during the bloody battle of Delight's Junction is in ruins, pounded to pieces by the enemy's artillery, and certainly many thousands if not hundreds of thousands are dead, and many more injured in the barracks and other encampments. The tragedy and disaster is one of the most frightful of all sieges, and battles known. All help possible must be given by all the states, of the very nation on an account of the severe winter the suffering among the besieged or besieging armies will be most appalling.

Not clothing, but food, ammunition, and provisions which will be needed for our armies, armies and at once. The whole of the christian encampments at Delight's Junction for probably the distance of sixteen miles, in front of the river is swept clear of every barracks, breastworks, guns and tents, the whole river front is a total wreck, and but few barracks in the canyon still remaining are habitable. The infantry forces which assaulted Ma Myltes positions are crushed. On account of the intense cold all water supply is cut off by being frozen and food stocks is damaged by snow and wind driven wreckage dirt.

All bridges in that locality have been wrecked by the shell fire of both sides and broken fragments of boats litter the unfrozen portions of the river. When I left for general Hanson's headquarters this morning despite a raging snowstorm the search for the bodies of the dead artillery men had started. Corpses were everywhere in the deep snow. A terrific rebel infantry assault is said to have followed the artillery duel and the enemy carried a portion of the works before he was repulsed. At the time of the assault the enemy's attacking column swarmed over the whole region having driven general Baldwin's troops of infantry to the distance of a mile before the attack was repulsed. The enemy column has now receded and the many dead and wounded are left among the wreckage and in the company streets cut off from all aid as it seems.

General Robert Vivian.

The answer was from Emperor Anna Vivian and herself;  
Angelina Agatha, brother George, Gale;

To general Robert Vivian;  
The commander of the besieging christian armies at Vivian, Alaska;  
The reports of such a awful and great calamity which has befallen Baldwin and your armies at the battle of Delight's Junction, and Baldwin's encampments and other encampments of that river front excite my profoundest sympathy for the christian sufferers as they will stir the hearts of the whole nation. All help that is possible shall be gladly extended. Have directed the Secretary of War to supply rations, materials, and troops at your request from the actual situation at Delight's Junction.

Emperor of Abbeemania.

General Vivian received the letter or what you may call it by wireless, and thus received it much quicker than he had ever expected. Therefore general Vivian answered;

To the Emperor of Abbeemania;

I thank you heartily for your telegrams of wireless. Your actions are greatly appreciated and greatly remembered by the best of the besieging armies. I have this very day requested the Secretary of War to forward troops (poops) rations and tents to the region of Delight's Junction.

General Vivian.

Commander of the besieging armies.

Emperor Vivian's telegrams to general Vivian was also sent to general Hanson Angelina Vivian, Violet and her sisters had issued also the following appeal;

National Appeal;

Our Mother;

All the Red Cross of the entire nation is appealed to on all sides for help and for the full privilege to help in the terrible disaster of war which has befallen the christian armies at the battle of Delight's Junction under Baldwin's command and where two boy scout friends of ours lost all their boy and girl scouts in their two commands. Our armies remember the disasters at Easter Starring, Pullaway and Angelina's run and also of many fair with the hundreds of thousands of dead and months of misery and needed relief and therefore turn confidently to the whole nation whose sympathy has never failed to help provide the relief that is asked of it now.

All their experience on all the battle fields so far renders the obligations of the National Red Cross of America in all the greater. Indeed the people of Abbeemania have long known the work of the Red Cross and it must again open its accustomed avenues for their charities.

It does not answer to each then to force a leg against their will for their sympathies are as deep and their humanity as great as others, but we pledge to them faithful old time Red Cross relief work among the stricken victims of those terrible fields of suffering, devastation, and death, and they give twice who give quickly. All contributions may be if possible wired or sent by mail to any of our generals who will report all donations for immediate acknowledgment by us.

Violet Angelina Vivian, Princess.

signed also by my sisters.

The following statements of the conditions within general Baldwin's lines at Vivian, Alaska and appeal for aid was also issued by the relief committee. They however did not state anything about the general battle of the infantry itself, or of the assault upon Inner Myltes' positions and of the terrible repulse and counter charge following. They thought only of the conditions of Baldwin's army at that time and forgot all else.

therefore they wrote entirely of Baldwin conditions alone and this was the following statement)

Delight's Junction,  
vividly, Feb. 18th.

A conservative estimate of the number of artillery men who were killed or wounded during the artillery duel of the battle of Delight's Junction is that it will reach nearly thirty thousand. At least five million soldiers of Baldwin's command are shelterless and wholly destitute. His entire command of Baldwin's army is suffering in greater or less degree. Not a single barracks or tent of which the encampments had so many is left intact. Not a single barracks building has escaped and almost the entire artillerist were entirely obliterated. There is immediate need of clothing and every goods of a 1 kind. The hour by hour needs of other generals have tried their best to relieve the situation by sheltering as many as they can. Poor generals encampments have tried to send us water and provisions but the deep snow hindered their purpose.

General Richard Kindermann, General in Chief.  
Melloni, Grothman.  
Commander of 1st Grand Division.  
Ravall, Master Johnston.  
Army Artillery.  
General Jules Bonligon.  
Army commander of third division.  
General Jackson Evans.  
Manager of four grand divisions.  
General Clarence Ogden.  
Chief and/or commander.

General Hanson Vivian also issued a proclamation in answer to an appeal from General Jacob Baldwin.

Delight's Junction)

Feb. 18th.

As the generals of Baldwin's army at Delight's Junction  
I am in receipt of a hurried telegram from General Vivian at K. J. Vivian as follows: General Luckwick Baldwin's whole army is cut off from all communications with the main besieging army. The most general suffering and loss of life is known to exist there, and the damage to the encampments is beyond all description. I advise you to move your own batteries to place and guard the region of Delight's Junction. It will be sent to Luckwick Baldwin from Angeline's gun which is the nearest base base of supplies and for furnishing help. Have good organization effected.

General Hanson Vivian;  
Main commander of besieging armies.

Feb. 18th.

From this telegram it is apparent that the suffering caused by the recent artillery storm which proved so disastrous to life and property within the Christian lines at Delight's Junction and other localities are in the need of immediate assistance and I order that all generals respond as liberally and as promptly as possible to the call for relief. Also all possible contributions sent to the besieging armies will be forwarded by me to the relief of the situation at Delight's Junction at Vivian's place.

General Hanson Vivian.

General Vivian is in main charge of the besieging armies at Vivian's place. I applied to the war department at Angeline Agathia for ten million tents, and fifty million rations for immediate use, for the war sufferers from the terrible battle and artillery duel at Delight's Junction. Acting Secretary Vivian and Count De Biff issued an order granting the request.

To General Robert Vivian;

At J. Vivian's place;

His Excellency General Hanson Vivian at Delight's Junction, Vivian's place made this appeal;

General Baldwin's artillery has been repulsed by the enemy and all his encampments have been visited by a most frightful disaster and is still cut off from all communications of the main army as well as rail and wire communications with the outside world. Scores of thousands of refugees all non-combatants bring the most alarming reports of great loss of life, military property and the destruction of a large number of batteries. All the news papers and those correspondents and photographers are giving extended accounts of this awful battle calamity which they place as the most disastrous as all times.

The soldiers are now in the worst distress and as further reports come in the death list grows and the damage to military property increases. Countless numbers of artillery horses have been killed, and the deep snow and intense cold and fierce winter storms hinder rescue work. We urgently ask your liberal and prompt assistance. General Vivian's forces, Grothman's, and others were also in the battle, but will take care of their own myriads of wounded and help those most seriously affected. All aid possible will be gratefully received and judiciously expended.

General Hanson Vivian.

Major General.  
General.  
Supreme Person.

Emperor Vivian Hise of out of his own pocket forwarded \$10,000,000 to the relief fund and issued the following notice to all persons in high offices, such as Barons, Lords, Dukes, Counts, and the like in his empire:

To All.

A most appalling calamity of uncomprehensible form has happened within the Christian lines during and after the battle of Delight's Junction, near Vivian's place one that appeals to the sympathy and aid of the whole warring nation of Abbeism. Will you kindly issue an order for the call of extra volunteers and start a general conscription if necessary on the sixteenth in aid of this great distress of the war world. The orders should be sent to the high chancellor without delay as the need is pressing. I have myself issued a call to the nation for extra volunteers to be sent to the relief of those affected by the terrible disaster at the battle of Delight's Junction and please express to the generals in charge of the besieging armies at Vivian's place the profound sympathy of the people of Angeline Agathia for general Baldwin's army in this hour of its distress.

Emperor Angello Robertson  
Vivian.  
Emperor of Abbeism.  
Angeline Agathia.

Telegrams were exchanged by me Emperor William Germaine of Protestantia and Emperor Vivian the former's message being as follows:

Gleensburg, From Protestantia.

Feb. 18th. 1918.

To Emperor Vivian of Abbeism;

I wish to convey to your greatest majesty the expression of my deep felt sorrow and sympathy with the dire misfortune that has befallen the north wing of the besieging armies at Vivian's place and of their vast encampments and I ruthfully mourn with you and the people of Abbeism over the useless and terrible loss of life and property caused by the rebel artillery fire during the battle of Delight's Junction and of the vast defeat of the main armies under General Vivian, but the awful magnitude of the disaster is equalled by the most indomitable spirit of the many remaining soldiers who in their long and continued struggle with the wicked rebellious forces at Vivian's place will sooner or later prove themselves to be victorious. I sincerely hope that the besieging camps will be rebuilt to better strength.

Emperor of Protestantia.



SCENES OF THE INCIDENTS THAT THE VIVIAN GIRLS WENT THROUGH,  
DURING THE GREAT HORROR.

A LONG LETTER that tells the story of the stroke of fate to Baldwin's batteries at Delights Junction was that written by Joloe Angelina Vivian and signed by her sisters, whose kindly parents were then at Angelina Agathia. He had with her sisters just returned to her own part of general Vivian's lines when the war of the artillery duel broke out, and brought the disaster to general Baldwin's army, he wrote the letter to general Vivian's headquarters on a Wednesday to her parents:

"I have been a very long time since I had been able to write to you and just now it is pretty hard to have any recollection of my thoughts to tell you of the horrible disaster that has occurred down at this point during the fearful battle of Delights Junction. Countless thousands of dead in the length of Company Streets, the very river and ground outside the Christian lines being strewn with dead soldiers of our side alone. The whole Christian encampment is completely desolated, literally blown in the air. Not a drop of water is to be had except from the snow, food is terribly scarce and the temperature is about sixty three or more below zero. If help does not reach general Baldwin's army soon there will be a great and terrible famine for every soldier as it is hard to get provisions through on account of the deep snow. There is no time at all for the dead to be even identified, they are all thrown on large sleds and then taken to immense barges on the river. The river where they are loaded on like loads of wood and taken out to where the river is not so ice choked to be cast into the cold water. I was at the edge of the river early this morning but for a short time only and saw sixty three immense barges loaded with their gruesome freight. The bodies of the dead artillery men are frightfully mangled and many are so completely nude and frozen stiff that they cannot be identified. No one can even tell who the soldiers were or what side. The line of artillery men frozen hard in the cold frigid air. On account of the cold wave being so severe it will be impossible to remove the soldier dead or from the wrecked barracks for weeks. The scene of the whole encampment is most frightful. I saw one thousand one hundred eighty three bodies of dead soldiers taken from one barracks building, very one of the Angelinian soldier still living is striving to get the bodies buried or disposed of before they are frozen too tightly to the ground. I or my dear sisters never expected to leave that portion of the Christian lines alive, but thanks to our blessed Mother and God that none of us were slain. A fierce was the enemy's shell fire that we were compelled to leave our belongings and flee to the rear, being forced to dodge between one great explosion after another. At Delights Junction proper the battle with infantry and artillery was raging in full fury and it was reported to us that so fierce was the battle that soldiers on both sides fell as fast as a torrent of rain and never knew I or my dear sisters forget the sight after the battle as darkness and a blinding snowstorm settled upon us. I thought of you father and mother dear and prayed that you might be comforted by the news that we are safe even though we lost the battle. The roof of the building used as our headquarters is blown away the walls have fallen down around us but the floor still remains and I cannot hardly write it it is too terrible, too horrible.

I and my sisters escaped being killed from one shell during our escape to the rear. One of our best generals has been wounded and is on in a most dangerous condition. He is Baldwin. I and my dear sisters had lost everything we had and are now wearing boy scout uniforms borrowed from boys who were more fortunate than we are. The cold weather here is terrible to say indeed, hundreds of thousands of artillery horses without owners are seen day in the saddest condition that could be imagined, not a drop of water for them to drink since yesterday morning, though there is so much deep snow around and the surviving soldiers wonder that the whole of general Baldwin's army has not gone mad at all these horrors.

We account of any kind can ever exaggerate it. It is absolutely necessary that everybody in the whole of Abissinia do what they can. The whole of Baldwin's camp is now under complete martial law to protect it from the disguised Ghandalini Vandals. Last night a rebel spy was shot, and when his clothing was searched he had ten important letters in his pockets with valuable information in them. Colonel A. Men is in command of the large protective forces here. They have

been compelled to shoot many of the daring Ghandalini Vandals to keep them in perfect control. Captain Edwards is the next in command, and is certainly doing the most noble work. I and my sisters are doing the best we can to help the many dying and wounded. We were five hundred feet to the rear of Baldwin's batteries. Probably that is only what saved us. For blocks and blocks reaching into miles not a barracks, or tent remains, everything is completely demolished, all the barracks just torn down, or shattered and the tons of wreckage just piled up. I and my sisters have climbed over snow covered wreckage forty five feet high in the Company streets to get to places. I think I and my sisters were more fortunate than most of the troops in the Company streets of Baldwin's camp. One of us was hurt though we had a most narrow escape, with the exception of poor Papa all of us were calm though I believed every one of us quaked in.

At least I know I did. I and my sisters are well. We all had some sort of a breakfast this morning and water from melting snow and ice. Coffee is plenty but we don't like it. It is too strong. To day dead bodies are found frozen as hard as stones. The soldiers are even piling them in great heaps and burning them. The horrors are appalling. I have seen Vandals shot down in the company streets by the Angelinian soldiers. The snow is too deep for the progress of any kind of work. Last night it even was cold in the place where we lay, and though we went to bed with our clothing on the awful cold kept us shivering and awake although we were utterly fatigued. It dries our mouths and throat and even makes your head ache so. Had to cover our faces in the quilt to protect our ears and noses from freezing. The horrible experiences will take me a long time to tell and more than a life time to forget. If only you could be here you would feel that your anxiety was nothing. You among the refugees it is so pitiful to see so many husbands searching in the cold, and deep snow for their wives and children, wives for their husbands, and most saddest of all the many children though they are enough to be left orphans our lost outside in the cold—looking into a cryogenic face with frightened and appealing eyes. It is heartrending. We now I and my sisters are much better off. And they are safe, so please don't worry. I and they hope to hear from you as soon as possible.

Best love and kisses to both;

From Joloe Vivian;

And

and my sisters

Violet;

Jennie;

Angeline;

Catherine, Mary

and Hattie.

Notes were also quoted from that section of the Christian lines saying as thus;

The accounts of the terrible catastrophe at the battle of Delights Junction written in the midst of the great wreckage were like photographs which through some reasons failed to develop.

"Boys it is utterly impossible for me to write about these scenes," said one of the war correspondents to a group of newspaper writers within the Christian lines at Delights Junction.

"These harrowing scenes have benumbed my mind," said another. "I have mysteriously and miserably failed to write any part of the story."

"I expect to receive a dismissal from mail or by mail," was the exclamation of a third.

And indeed none of these men were a likelier joking either. They were all skillful experienced war correspondents and newspaper men who had hastened to the scene of the awful catastrophe to get the news that they saw to the waiting world.

But now they saw what had happened and felt their utter inability to even write an adequate picture of it.

And even the sum of upfactions of scores of thousands of soldiers seemed to be very infectious. There were not less than countless thousands of narrow escapes, thousand thousands of deeds of bravery as many thousands of great instances of helping others, and countless thousands of dreadful and pitiful deaths, but all belonged to the one terrible elements of battle, explosions, too much so cold, too much deep snow, darkness, storm death and conflagrations. The war correspondents and newspaper men floundered in an endless ocean of battle wreckage, and material.

There were hundreds of thousands of conflicting stories and theories about the wars first bloodiest battle, a greatest disaster.



A short account of this general midwin of how he received his extremely serious wound during the frightful battle, and how it was treated to save the general's life gives a good interesting glimpse of the Abbessinian surgeon.

During the height of the infantry battle in the woods of northward to the left of Delight's junction the general himself perceived an Avensense force of Do Concanthian cavalry engaged with a vast detachment of the glandelinian forces of Do Concanthian cavalry as they are called, and one part of the rebel Cavalier Cavalry or Garguillian guards in the flank. The general was on the point of taking the christian cavalry in the flank. The general therefore with his own column galloped to the assistance of the christian cavalry followed also by his other columns known as the Dragons of Moran Tornado.

The conflict had been indescribably fierce and being furiously charged by one of the swift horsemen of the rebel squadron he received a sabre thrust which entered below the left eye, sloping toward the nose and mouth, and passing out on the other side, between the ear and the nape of the neck, and which was delivered with such violence that the sabre blade broke off near the hilt which remained embedded in the cheek bone without leaving more than a foot and a half of so of the blade where by it might be extracted.

Notwithstanding this terrible wound, the general did his best to keep in his saddle, and several officers coming to his assist assistance conducted him back to the Abbessinian line. He presented a horrifying pitiable spectacle, with blood streaming down his face and over his lavender uniform, and the surgeons a t after examining the sabre still in his face protruding so far out that he at first declared that he was beyond their aid and that to attempt to extract the sabre blade would only cause him additional agony. Happily the main general Robert Baldwin who had survived through the thickest of the conflict on learning of general Baldwin's plight had sent his own chief surgeon with orders to do everything possible to save Baldwin's life. Despite the protests of other doctors and surgeons this surgeon determined to endeavor to extract the sabre blade by the aid of a pair of pliers but before doing so he considered it his duty to warn the wounded man that it would be necessary to use great force and will power and to obtain his consent to the operation without any other as none could be had.

The general consented to everything and only begged the doctor to hurry and complete the work. It took three hours of desperate and torturing work to pull out that sabre blade. The strong fortitude of the general did not abandon him for a moment during this long and cruel painful operation which was not without fracture of bones, nerves, veins, arteries and other parts of the face and which he supported as though one had only taken some time to pull a hair out of his head. Transported on a litter to the rear of the lines he hung for nearly four days between life and death. But on the evening of the fourth he began to mend and thanks to the iron constitution which he had inherited from his ancestors the doctors were able to predict that he was on the road to full recovery, and that his eyesight would not be affected though there was danger the general would be badly disfigured all his life.

During the disastrous artillery duel and shell fire in his encampments many trees, and other shrubbery were uprooted in every direction and shattered.

Still thousands said to one another: "Let us be glad we are not outside the siege where they have had more fiercer and fatal disasters."

The portions of the christian lines facing Delight's junction contained the encampments and fortified works of the two vivian Generals, Greatheart general Jack Evans and the others. The right section of the same encampments faced northward toward Delight's junction and was heavily guarded by general Baldwin's batteries. Three hundred batteries thundering to cover the assault upon general Evans' positions were rapidly reduced, and finally silenced, while as stated in the preceding chapter the attack of the infantry was disastrously repulsed.

Following the retirement of the defeated christian columns most of the retreating masses before they even reached their encampments were engulfed by a great wave of the yelling glandelinian soldiers. It was exactly the same thing as the ordinary advance of a large watery wave rolling upon the shore among shrubbery and trees. The attack of these victorious glandelinians who were Scodlers and the fierce Zlamersmanians was indeed awful beyond comparison and of devastating magnitude. In a short time the attackers pressing forward every where along the whole line of battle with irresistible force and fury fairly carried all before them.

Those of the shattered Angelian divisions divisions who had fled to the higher ground or as much as a mile from Delight's junction and to the south of North Bend where the battle had begun were chiefly endangered by the enemy cannon fire and the salvos of great explosions and not by the wild pursuers who were not then near enough to do any harm or cause any amount of confusion.

But those who were closest to the pursuing enemy and who were driven southeast of Delight's Junction, and a much greater distance northeast had little show to escape destruction or capture. They had believed against doubt until it was too late.

At this awful moment as darkness began to come on the foremost of the retreating troops arrived to their encampments and rallying here fought for their lives like hard pressed lions and tigers and other wild cats. The soldiers who were forced to retreat through the deepest snow seized timbers to vault themselves along but harassed by the enemy's fire they sought objects of protection by using pieces of frame houses, barracks, and their walls, roofs and fragments of heavy flooring as shields and breastworks and fought behind these as they slowly retreated. In this quarter the army barracks were nearly all frame, many of them large three story army buildings of strange ornamental architecture. Thousands in a moment may scores of thousands took defense in these and fired upon the pursuing enemy from doors and windows and from the top of roofs and other protections.

The great wave of pursuing glandelinians swept one christian column against the other as they pressed them on. The entire christian line under heavy shell fire from the rebel artillery was pushed steadily back into their own encampments. At some points being free from rebel artillery fire the christian columns rallied and fought tenaciously. Meeting this rebel resistance meeting this resistance the glandelinians fought like enraged demons and still pressed on. Nothing in the world now could stop them. Thousands of desperately resisting Angelianians were shot down or bayoneted in a single minute. They were brought down from house and barrack roofs like flies killed under the swatter. The glandelinians were totally victorious over where. For hundreds of yards the glandelinians irresistibly pushed the bloody wrecks of the desperately resisting christian columns until a great writhing wave was gradually formed twenty to thirty feet in depth and to the extent of forty or eight barracks long.

Several hundred thousand men were literally compressed and pushed through the encampments in columns of panic stricken men one hundred thick. By desperate men thousands of rebels succeeded in obtaining entrance into many barracks and those defending themselves inside fought desperately to the last. It was not at all like a military battle here. It was a regular mob like scene. The plans of officers made out for days could not have formed a column of men so strong, furious and tenacious. It was a mob column of men seemingly stouter than masonry for at this moment the enemy were not able to drive it back any further.

And this great bulwark of troops saved the rest of the christian forces. Reinforcements arrived, and after four hours tenacious hand to hand fighting where hundreds of thousands fell the glandelinians were slowly hurled back to their own works, and the troops who had retreated to the higher points saved by the destruction of their encampments said to each other:

"See the glandelinian columns are receding." knew that our lines could not be broken.

The next day after the battle and artillery duel the soldiers of other encampments who emerged from their places of shelter found Baldwin's encampments of barracks shattered in every direction as if done by a tornado. The shell explosions had torn up the encampments like a great cyclone had torn great cities. Worn out by the terror and the hard work to keep the windows and doors fastened, and the snow and cold out of their barracks many soldiers in the more fortunate camps pattered about without knowledge of the disaster that had stricken Baldwin's lines. Many did not know it for over two days.

Many of those who had remained within the main lines until the artillery storm grew too great to venture near the scene, upon setting out in the morning were horror stricken first by the destruction wrought by the enemy's shell fire then by the sight of the countless dead upon the battle field. They reeled and by these scenes that so far it had been the bloodiest conflict of the war. Palled with dread and benumbed with remorse because they had not stood their ground at all hazards they rushed over the snow covered wreckage toward the recent battle field only to find all the barracks gone and the fortified works demolished, or with the greatest relief to greet their dashed friends. In the main parts of the cities cities of christian encampments, barracks, buildings had been unroofed, walls had been blasted down or fallen, hundreds of big tents had been blown bodily many feet but the conflagrations which had followed the shell fire had not done as much damage as at first reported, except to army store houses or to some of the barracks and tents. The heavy snow storms had done the drenching that prevented a more general conflagration throughout the entire christian lines.

One explosion of a shell in general Angelian encampments committed a freak similar to that witnessed after the passing of a tornado. The force of the great explosion drove a long two by thirty ten board blunt at both ends into the hard walls of a brick barracks crossways of the formations of the bricks and mortar with such force and so deep that it was impossible for even the powerful general Hanson Angelian who is able to lift two hundred pounds with one hand, to remove the board. A person even with the help of others hung a big gun on the board and it did not even give way.

but when they reached the region of Delight's junction itself they came to one of the greatest walls of wreckage any man could have ever dared to imagine. These were the soldiers who pushed through the wreck laden snow choked company streets to the snow

covered banks of the Sunbeam Creek were entirely unprepared for what they now saw. They looked upon the long wall of snow laden debris and beheld a sight that defied them to utter any amount of words to describe. Beyond where they had been accustomed to see beautifully formed barracks, trees, and rows upon rows of tents and houses, and high earthworks surmounted by cannons, was nothing but a bleak and featureless snow covered level desert with here and there a small pile of debris, countless small craters and here and there immense masses of snow shrouded dead, and shattered trees and shrubbery.

Beyond that were the encampments of the wicked glandelinians, and the rolling undulating swells of smoke clouds from series of distant fires. In about a week the enormous relief expeditions with army surgeons, and Red Cross Nurses, which had been sent to Delight's junction from Omaha City, Angelina Agathia, Lacey Hobbin, and purthy came because so numerous that they had to drum up patients at the start. On a very cold and snowy Sunday a swift train from Angelina Agathia brought many Red Cross Nurses, and scores of doctors, and these were soon busied about the wounded soldiers evidently quite proud that they had real patients. At last one expedition with a complete army hospital outfit was unable to reach the region of Delight's junction on account of an unusually severe snowstorm and was compelled to establish their headquarters near North Bend.

"Oh there are more wounded here than a hundred of us could count during a life time," said one of the army surgeons in a cheerless tone.

For a day or two he and many others had been afraid that they would have too many wounded to go around and their fears were happily or waby maybe sadly confirmed for they had rather the best of the others in the competition for wounded came to them as thick as blades of grass.

When even the surgeons of and red cross nurses were sent it was at first believed that as many as were needed would only come. If they had not started with such a flourish of trumpets they could have quietly folded their own tents and gone back to some other battle swollen army but the great overwhelming amount of wounded would not permit this at all. They simply had to stay and make a fight to do all the possible good they could. The first that came were well received.

The only ones who were personally objected were the too many undesirable news paper men and war correspondents from foreign nations in white duck suits. These the very Angelinian soldiers changed their attitude. They regarded them as notoriety seekers, foreign spies and the like, and the National Abbeismian war correspondents and newspaper men complained that these many undesirable ones from the foreign nations had come to grab the news for undesirable purposes only.

So much did this feeling grow that when a large party of newspaper men under James Barton arrive from Angelina Agathia near Delight's junction opposite the main christian lines they had to remain there all night for might the army Tribunal would de to bring them over this cold night. They were mistaken for fi foreigners.

They were all cheerful however although they had to spend the night in a cold unheated misty day railroad coach covered over with blankets while sleeping on the chairs. These stories were told by a casual group of three soldiers who passed a full minute to discuss the disaster.

A soldier fleeing across the company street between explosions managed to rescue two bewildered boy scouts, and reaching a fortress leaped through a window. A distant explosion from its concussion and air waves tipped over a big telegraph pole as he tried to climb in himself, it struck him and hurled him head first into a deep snow drift. He reappeared and again approached the window but was evidently hurt and dazed. One of the soldiers in the fortress descended from the window, holding to a rope and brought the man to the window and he and the two boy scouts were rescued, but the rescuer in turn lost his hold and was killed in a thirty foot fall to the frozen ground below.

An Angelinian officer who had his headquarters in the west end suburbs of the encampment took the chances with the crashing shells to go out to the military barn to release his horses and give them a chance for their lives. The horses immediately came out of the very barn and plowed through the deep snow after the officer to the front steps of his headquarters which had not been demolished by the shells and walked right into his relieving room. The two other horses followed directly after and also went into the relieving room. A horse belonging to some general not only came in with the others when the door opened but went up the steps to the third story where at the last accounts he was still lodged after the artillery battle afraid to descend. Another officer declared that his horse managed to get upon the veranda of his place during the progress of the artillery battle a shell exploding with tremendous force tore the veranda away,

except one section about fourty inches wide and long whereon the horse stood except one section about fourty feet wide, and long, whereon the horse stood all the rest of the day and night and was found there about twelve feet above the snow covered ground in the morning after, frozen to death. Many officers turned the horses loose on the company streets and most of them turned up all right afterwards. One of the most pitiful sights was of strange animals, such as hogs, cows, chickens, and dogs and cats wandering about over the sea of wreckage probably looking for their horses which a while ago had been swept away.

The soldiers took possession of them, and they gladly accepted their care. The estimated cost of the aid extended was over forty million dollars to start with the great bulk of the aid going to the wounded, and the soldiers at work cleaning up the wreckage, digging in them for frozen bodies, and a cleaning up the company streets through them to their officers. No matter how much snow there was on the ground, no matter how cold it was, or no matter how stormy the weather would be, (go to sea) no able bodied soldier was allowed to escape the work, whether he needed aid or not though most of them did. This applied to those of prisoners who who had to be made to work at the point of the bayonet as well as those who volunteered their services.

Practically every able bodied soldier was made to work and unless he worked he got no supplies. The work of distribution was conducted systematically and with apparent minimum of imposition. There was a central committee of which general William Mac-Cann a prominent prominent leader was chair man. Then also was a committee for each of the many distributing stations. As far as goods or any amount of the provisions arrived from Angelina Agathia, and other towns and cities, they were placed in the army warehouses, from there the different ward chamber chairs requisitioned them and they were then taken to the quarter masters stores, in all the different sections. All day long, cold as it was there was a motley crowd of soldiers around a very one of these depots. Every applicant passed in review before the chairman and in this way check was kept up on all the applicants for aid.

"All our food stuffs is adequate," said the chairman, "but just now we are a little short of clothing and uniforms and bedding. Frequently we cannot be too sure if anything is coming until the trains get through the deep snow to us. We have plenty of materials and ammunition however, and everything else of what we need."

The refugees on the seventeenth of Feb. had also been crowding all the trains leaving Delight's junction and at the same time all the necessary supplies forwarded were arriving.

The big Mac-Holleston and Pandora trains sent out by citizens of Angelina Agathia, for the relief of Baldwin's army, were now being rapidly unloaded on side tracks, cars running far into the christian lines, and also of the roads belonging to the Abbeismian, condinia and Calverline. Owing to the fact that the arrival of the trains were not announced and were run as extra's every newspaper man and war correspondent within the christian lines lost them. All the train dispatchers of the different railroads not injured by the war were fully besieged, but were not able to give any information whatever.

The great Mac-Holleston and Pandora turned the sixteen hundred loaded cars over to the civilian agency Central at Fortress Gertrude Angelina and orders were immediately issued, to put all the trains on passenger time, to stop at all passenger stations, and give them the right of way over everything, which was done, the run of eight hundred and seventy miles from fortress Gertrude Angelina to the civilian agency being made at the possible speed of seventy two miles an hour when over the beautiful snow allowed them. On arrival at the rear of the christian lines the dispatchers carried out every one of their orders to the letter, and the trains were turned over to the Abbeismian, condinia and Calverline with rush order, and they were certainly rushed. Before daylight the trains had been sent to Jennie's civilian town, switch trains by the three score hurried there to meet them, and the work of a unloading began without a moments delay.

There was no sufficient side track trains at once available on account of the deep snow to come up in time to hold the great amount of relief stores which had been sent. On a Sunday afternoon the first load was started for Delight's junction and arrived there at an early hour the next morning, the unloading being accomplished quickly and the switch trains started immediately on the return trip to the town of Delight's junction battle disaster.

One of the most remarkable things attending the Delight's junction battle disaster, was the strange fortitude of the surviving soldiers, wounded or not. Their loss in friends, probable relatives, and military property was so overwhelming that it seemed too much to be expressed without outward grief. Two young officers, who were probably generals who had not had time to see each other since the disastrous battle at Delight's junction met in the Company Street.

"How many did it you lose?" They happened to ask by common impulse. "I lost everything, my friends, and property, but I came through without receiving any injury."

The other declared: "I was not so fortunate. I was the only one surviving out of a whole company of men."

There was then an expressing of sympathy from the other, but nothing approaching a tear from either. They were too broken hearted to even shed a tear.

"Despite the cold weather they are making good progress cleaning up," remarked the officer whose loss was heaviest, with a pleasant smile. The other one then made a light answer, and they passed on. Another graphic description of the artillery duel and the freak caused by explosions is that given by Captain Nero Wilson. He said:

"I reached my headquarters after plowing through three feet of hardened snow, and as the number of explosions were steadily increasing made immediate preparation in orders from my superior to secure my belongings, and go where my safety would be more assured. I knew if I remained much longer it would then be impossible to leave the house and go to the front. At this time a neighboring barracks adjoining mine fell having been shattered by a number of shells at once, the ruins burying every one beneath. Then down the Company street two small barracks erupted into the air, and a telegraph pole which was struck by an exploding shell was hurled across the Company Street like an arrow shot from a bow. Far off I could even hear the sound as if many of many children screaming, and some one yelling the words: 'OH MY GOD SAVE ME.' I can still hear that ringing in my ears. Another eruption hurled the fragments of a small barracks clear across the Company street against another, and the same explosion blew away the gallery of my own quarters. The three barracks closest went down and I could see the avalanche of wreckage carry to death eighteen hundred and fifty afterwards I could see many of the gasping hundreds of struggling forms among the burning wreckage. I was expecting it would be my turn soon. I bid my comrades good bye and as I did so one of the oldest soldiers said:

"Sir it is not our time to die yet."

Then came the piercing scream of a shell, followed by the crash of some great explosion, and another barracks went up into the air like an eruption. The concussion of the explosion knocked me and my comrades about until we were completely exhausted. Then the battle surged back in another direction and the explosions began to cease. I then looked about and could not see a barracks building for miles. There was nothing but a vast expanse of debris in every direction. In the morning I found our own building had been narrowly escaped. Among the countless stories of the freaks of the storm of exploding shells which however could be considered very much unverified were as follows:

That one of the civilian girls running into the way of one of the falling shells was hurled by the force of the blast through the window of a barracks sixty feet away where she landed on the floor inside among the surprised soldiers very much unharmed but surprised at her experience.

That a soldier dug from beneath the ruins of a wrecked brick barracks two days after the disaster, stretched, shook himself comfortably, and remarked: "Gee but I'm cold and hungry. Any of you got something to eat and a hot cup of coffee?"

That a big drive wheel of some McHollerster and Pandora railroad locomotive was found in Jennie Vivian town fourteen miles away from Delight's junction. That in thousands of shattered trees, straws, and even hair, was driven through their bark by the fierce explosions. That a heavy field gun with cannon driver and horses and all from the force of an explosion suddenly assumed all the characteristics of an airplane and disappeared over the roof of a barracks partly shattered but still standing. That a horse and army wagon was hurled into the top of a tree the horse being uninjured, and that its rescuers cut it down without injury to it or to themselves.

# THE TERRIBLE MAGNITUDE OF THE SAD MISFORTUNE.....

COUNT DE BIFF, one of the main generals in charge of the mobilization camps at the city of Dorothy Gale and representing one of the strongest interests in the cause of the nation, said Feb. Seventeenth that over five hundred million dollars could and would not be enough to be required to put the Christian forces at Delight's junction on their feet again, and this would not even merely clear all the wreckage he was asked:

"What immense measure of only gradual relief will either burn your one million dead, or bury them, clear the wreckage wreckage in the Company Streets at Delight's junction purify the remaining barracks, feed and clothe the surviving soldiers, and place the whole of 3 Baldwins shattered army where it can again be self-sustaining and be reinforced again enough to regain all that had been lost in the frightful battle!"

His reply was:

"It will take at least \$555,555,555,555,555,555, to relieve only Baldwins army from the distressing effects of the battle of Delight's junction. At least that big sum only will be needed to dispose of the one million dead soldiers, to remove the ruins, and do what is right for the unfortunate and surviving soldiers. Also that I think that we should not only feed and clothe with new uniforms but that we ought to have some means to help all the soldiers who have lost everything in army goods to make a start toward the full restoration of their encampments. To do this indeed, will surely require every single dollar of the full \$555,555,555."

One who after the terrible battle of Delight's junction the report was: "The countless number of injured soldiers are recovering rapidly from their hurts recovered in the conflict which are largely superficial. Many refugees old, men women and even little children are suffering from severe nervous shock, and find it night impossible to sleep. Despite the deep snow hindering train progress as well as the snow, food and provision is coming in by the train load, faster than it can be handled in such generous quantities that no further doubt, are ever entertained about supplies. The estimates of the number of soldiers fully dependent on the army relief committee varied from eighteen million, to thirty million and probably more."

The date of the information following was the seventeenth of Feb. In all sections the main company streets have now been cleared of wreckage and partly reopened. All the buildings and tents of the other encampments still show the marks of the tremendous artillery storm of the battle, but army goods are displayed, and all military business is being displayed or transacted. The city of encampments belonging to Baldwins command is gradually assuming the same appearance as before the terrible battle. All the Company Streets are being restored to normal conditions, and electrically lighted. The cold weather however is still intense but so far there has been no snowstorm. Cremation of the dead is still being pushed, but on account of the severity of the weather it may be many days before the working parties of soldiers and even prisoners get out the least of the numberless bodies.

The whole entire stretch of Baldwins encampments to the full length of sixteen miles, was torn up by the enemy's heavy artillery fire. The horrors of the extreme portions of the western section beyond the camps at Delight's junction are just being learned at general Vivian's headquarters. One hundred and eighty one thousand bodies were already buried or burned since the battle. Between thirty and forty thousand bodies were counted among the long piles of the long railroad bridge between Delight's junction and Gunbeam Creek. In Holdorns point now known as Hell's Inferno so furious was the conflict there, about one hundred thousand were slain during one charge, and eighteen hundred thousand in the woods close by. The further the soldiers work on the Delight's reservious section the more numerous they find the dead. Big fires by hundreds are burning every one hundred feet in the Company streets, and along the river beach, and also along the recent battle line. General Vivian said himself a week after the date of the battle: "We are in a most serious condition on account of the conflict the major of us generals. My army has been crushed, granthearts camps have been destroyed, Kindermine is wounded, and the armies of general Baldwin have suffered in my estimation based upon all reports much the worse than any. I have now greater losses than ever known, and eighty million dollars in military property in my own camps alone. Baldwins ranks further than 4 \$666,667,777. Shipment of disinfectants and food supplies as well as ammunition now on the way will even be insufficient to meet the immediate wants. But probably by the time these are all used, we shall have regained all our facilities so that we can resume our former positions to advantage and have the chance to revenge the blow we recovered from Inner Myletsze. We now have between one hundred and fifty thousand, and three hundred thousand soldiers at work, searching through the snow and debris for bodies, clearing the

clearing the company streets and burning debris to create warmth for the army toilers. All of this work which ought to be done as fast as possible in the interest of the survivors there is enough to keep three hundred thousand soldiers employed for four weeks, although my generals believe we surely shall have the principal company streets clear in two weeks or ten days. However I hesitate to say how much it will take to restore Baldwin's army to its normal condition so soon. Certainly five hundred and fifty five million will be only what would call a small moderate estimate. There is not a barracks building standing, nothing is damaged beyond repairs, not a tent, of those left standing million dollars' worth remains. If the army at Delight's junction could get one hundred million dollars it would be used judiciously to enable the army to recover partially from the disastrous blow. It may be true that the Christian positions at Delight's junction was represented as being one of the strongest of this line of the siege. But all of Baldwin's men had everything here, even their private property besides military and are terribly and hopelessly crippled with their losses, many of the less goods that can never be replaced by any amount. Every one is ruined even the refugees non-combatants.

The class dependent upon military labor must be furnished with something to do for wages or must suffer. General Lord Good who has been among the stricken soldiers more than I have been able, saw that there are more than thirty million helpless who must be fed and clothed and carried along for some time. There is no sign of the cold weather letting up and we do not anticipate any. To me it is one of the coldest winters on record for Galvarinia. Many are suffering from shock and exposure and from injuries received during the awful and fatal artillery duel, battle, and among the ruins.

The entire Christian forces in the battle, that is those that were engaged I am now convinced lost fully 18,000,000 in killed and wounded, and five million were taken prisoners, and one million missing making a total of over twenty four million nine hundred thousand in all. A awful loss indeed. In the wooded section of Maldorns point outside of Delight's junction and of north end were scattered between two million and three million dead soldiers of our side alone. And from the reports slowly coming in it appears that most of these soldiers lost their lives, or died of their wounds while exposed in the snow and frightful cold. Baldwin's encampments seems to have been swept clean and also a portion of undermines breastworks and fortifications. It was the most terrible battle, and disaster of the war so far. The enemy almost broke the siege. Battery 9 of Baldwin's Command came out of the artillery battle with a loss of one hundred and eighty seven men out of one hundred and ninety a loss never sustained in any battle before for artillery. One of these army regulars who was an officer was thrown by the concussion of an explosion upon a block of ice in the great warm gun river and floated clear across the river. The few survivors were barracked in a shattered army building until they could leave for general Antonio Penguin's camp to be re-equipped and armed. All the officers and men lost everything and had to get clothing to cover them. Colonel James Allen of Poroth's city undertook to see that Major General Wabash's boys did not suffer. The grain men of Poroth's city and elsewhere took a very personal interest in this matter. Major General Wabash came to Vivian Wickey, via Delight's junction from Poroth's city where he certainly was well known. His family consisting of his wife, three little girls and five boys went with him. Major General Wabash bought or had builded a small but nice barracks building and moved into it.

When the artillery duel grew too severe to allow the building to be any longer safe he ordered soldiers to escort his three little girls, two boys and his wife to the front to direct the fighting. Unfortunately the major general's intention of going to the front to direct the fighting was not carried out. The boys were taken safely to the Christian rear but unfortunately the major general's wife and his three pretty little girls were lost. The number of non-combatants who fled from the region of Delight's junction during the battle was about eight hundred and eighty thousand. The latest list of the dead soldiers of the whole battle at that time, accounted for was up to 4,178,899 men.

On the 19th of February, general Vivian himself sent this report by wireless telegraph to the Emperor At Angolinia Agathia. It was as follows:

The situation to night in all parts of the stricken districts of the camps at Delight's junction so far as no known to me is very much improved and will I suppose should we have fair weather and receiving no further attack from the enemy, continue to improve. And our armies have the voluntary assistance of the full railway, express, telegraph and telephone companies, all of whom have promptly and without any hindrance from the enemy transmitted supplies and messages besides besides contributing to the relief of the suffering wounded.

The armies at Delight's junction is being managed by its own general generals supplemented by the assistance of a large National army committee composed of the best generals, and also by the aid of general Darger and Schneider. General Robertson Vivian.

The most reliable information obtainable placed the dead at the battle of Delight's junction including those killed in the barracks between 5,000,000 and 5,500,000. Also at a meeting of the general relief committee no one at first could be found who would undertake further the job of removing the debris on account of the severe cold weather as all state it would be impossible to work under such conditions without freezing to death. And the nearest estimate expert wreckers will make is that it will take more than two million men one hundred and ninety six days to clear away all the debris, and get all the rest of the bodies out, and that this would probably cost \$500,000,000.

Yet the whole situation was now rapidly growing better, though the surviving soldiers found themselves shocked and shattered as a result of their harrowing experiences during the frightful conflict.

While there was an abundance of energy running as night or might have naturally been expected a vast amount of it was not concentrated, because of the extreme intensity of the cold weather and the difficulty of even getting all sleighs through the deep snow. It was the policy of all the generals to concentrate all the energetic energies possible. These efforts despite the cold weather had been indeed most gratifying.

There was still about two hundred and fifty thousand men who owned their own tents, who had seen them all destroyed. Nearly the whole of the besieging Christian lines were now dependent upon the full general city of the whole of Galvarinia, and upon the relief committee to do all it possibly could to help the besiegers withstand the rigors of the mid winter, and reinforce their encampments with more troops and all necessities. No man or soldier who had been an eye witness to the terrible devastating effects of the battle which has swept over the region can have the faintest idea of what it really meant.

The small city of Delight's junction lies on the north bend of the gunbeam Creek, the big town covering about half a mile of this, the bend also extending for a mile. Along the southern sections of Baldwin's encampments for a distance of two to five miles every army barracks had been absolutely demolished. Scores of thousands of the soldiers were living in their wrecked barracks here. Many of these barracks were without floors and devoid of all sanitary provisions. And despite the cold weather's serious outbreak of sickness among these soldiers was feared. And the terrible intensity of the cold made sleep almost impossible at night, the soldiers shivering under their thickest bed clothes, and war correspondents who went there did not remain there long on account of no sanitary place to shelter them from the terrible cold.

An increase also in the awful cold weather was already noted, and many soldiers were in danger of freezing to death unless something was done to place the soldiers into more warmer shelter.

One of the great hospitals contained over six hundred soldiers, sick and overcome from exposure, and many men, women and children refugees were among them. They were being cared for by the Angolinian Red Cross nurses, doctors, and also Catholic nuns and priests. Many deaths said to say had occurred at this and many others of the army hospitals. Many of these victims were not identified but a record was being kept of them for purposes of identification in the future. There was no lack of any amount of medical and also medical aid within the Christian lines of the main distant camps, but it was the countless suffering and sick soldiers at Delight's junction and the other points, where the battle raged who were badly in need of medicines and army surgeons, precluded from these points had reached the main

christian lines, asking that any surplus of help there be sent them, but nothing for a time could arise on account of the deep snow, and hindrance by the enemy robbing and scouting part part parties. The work in the cold of burning the frozen bodies and countless other carcasses which still were to be found under almost every pile of wreckage continued. In most of these snow clogged ruins great numbers of bodies were found frequently. No attempt whatever was made in keeping count of them, and therefore it could and would never be known accurately how many were destroyed in this manner.

Even the deep snow drifts were giving up dead bodies constantly, and the shore of the river and other points were still strewn with them. There were only ten barracks in a condition to be habitable. There were yet thousands of bodies of dead artillery horses, and about one thousand five hundred and fifty bodies of soldiers being found there south of Flower Junction. The latter had been only partially buried on account of the snow and frozen ground, and hands and feet were seen to be protruding from the earth and snow in many places and there were not enough soldiers who could stand the cold long enough to bury the remaining dead. Writing from Delight's Junction Feb. eighteenth the Angelina Agathia Record's correspondent said:

"The besieging armies at Vivian Wickey had been engaged in three most violent battles already, but even this disastrous experience is not enough to convince these at Delight's Junction that such a disaster will happen again. Only a few more cautious generals have any idea of taking steps to prevent a repetition of the recent terrible disaster. Asked if there will ever be anything done to make future blunders like the one at Delight's Junction impossible, many of the officers quote the old saying, 'Lightning never strikes in the same place twice.'"

"No indeed," said general Richardson Halsted. "The generals of all the divisions will remain here in fancied security just as those at Delight's Junction did before plan of erecting extremely strongly fortified works is perfectly feasible and so in a series of new batteries. I think the good old Mies-Hollerster and Lucille taken plans are the best. The old battered works at Delight's Junction do not need to be abandoned. I was seventeen years chief army engineer and following the great battle of Bieghburg Landing drew on a piece of paper plans for a strong line of fortified works ten feet high and extending all along the river for miles to the north end on the north of Vivian Wickey. There was also drawn the plans of works on the river edge in the formation of a dyke. At first our generals gave my plans great consideration, and I still have the map of the plans which show the fortifications. Even the legislature at Angelina Agathia gave full authority to fortify the besieging christian lines, but it was sometime after the battle of Bieghburg Landing when this had been secured and many of the generals said:

"On the enemy is not strong enough to drive us back," and they did not fortify strongly enough in the vicinity of Delight's Junction."

The construction by the armies of strongly fortified works one eighteen miles long extending out southeastward for the purpose of making it impossible for the enemy to gain their way into the christian encampments made the necessity of remedial work more apparent but strangely to say nothing had been done. In the terrible battle of Delight's Junction when the enemy in making his furious counter charge captured general Greatharts encampments one section of the rebel line of charge moved across the southeastern works like a vast tidal wave of screeching fiends and literally carried all before them. This was the point where whole brigades of christian troops were literally swept away with the most fearful loss, such fearful loss that left hardly enough men to escape the foe's rage, to indicate that any brigades had ever stood their ground there.

At this part of the christian line the enemy's attack grew to a violence out of all proportions to any ever known yet in any battle. The foe swept on as if resistance was not there at all. Reinforcements in men and field artillery and even cavalry were rushed in great numbers to the scene, and had not these immense fresh columns formed as irresistible as a gigantic log jam but extending along the line of battle for seven miles, this enormous body of men attacking glandelinian soldiers would have swept through all the christian encampments far beyond Delight's Junction, and the number of dead wounded, and captured and the amount of property damage would have been enormously quadrupled, and in a most deadly and sanguinary manner.

The reinforcements fought desperately and held the foe in check cutting their masses down like waves crashed against the rocks.

"The reinforcements forced like a powerful breakwater against a wild stormy sea," said general Richardson Halsted in calling attention to this feature of the irresistible glandelinian attack. "And had it not been for the brave stand of the reinforcements we might not any of us here be here now to tell of it."

According to general Richardson Halsted the christian escape at Delight's Junction had the wrong at the architecture for the making of fortified works to resist the fire of the enemy's artillery. Most of all the army barracks were built with balcon frames and were poorly adapted to stand the heavy shell fire.

"This battle was a most terrible of the war yet," he said, "just such as we have not had before the war or the siege of Vivian Wickey began. Still we can never know when one may break out again, and we should prepare our besieging lines accordingly. What we want is not to keep the enemy from attacking. That cannot be done. We want works and strength enough in troops and artillery to compel the waves of the assailants to break the force of their attack before they overwhelm the whole christian line with disaster. Disaster that will be fatal to the whole cause. It was the force of the great rebel attack which caused the loss of the battle of Delight's Junction and not the damage from the artillery fire."

General Fredrickson Parson attributed the loss of the violent battle, in part to the recent demolition of a long line of old breastworks which originally protected the whole christian line in the vicinity of Delight's Junction near which glandelinian encampments were located. In the regular course of some unknown blunderous order, these were leveled off purposely by Angelinian engineers and workers and therefore there was no front line of works to roll back a violent glandelinian attack and so on from the rebellious in the northwest. Many of the generals under the supreme command of general Robert Vivian had a number of survey maps which showed another contributing cause. It was soon by the very recorded soundings that there was a long line of newly erected works extending for near nearly three miles toward North Bend the average height of the breastworks being less than two twelve feet, one fourth higher than the other works erected before. These works extended before what was supposed to be (but was not) a shallow but lengthy bar of quicksand extending the same length. A fierce glandelinian attack from the direction of the southeast woods of Meloria near Delight's Junction would if successful have a tendency to drive the defenders for miles before it and when the victorious rebel troops reached these shallow sandy stretches during the battle, they only extended their lines, and surged over it, rather than break and recede as they would have had it really been quick sand. The location of Delight's Junction also was formed so as to make an immense ambush. The desperate work of removing the bodies from the mass of wreckage still continued. It was then Feb. eighteenth yet and over forty thousand of the bodies were taken out of the debris which lined the battlefront.

With a blizzard that had been done to recover so many bodies buried beneath or placed to the immense windrows the work on account of the intense cold weather had scarcely started.

There was in most places no chance to dig trench graves because of the deep snow cold weather, and hard frozen ground, and the corpses beaten bruised, and mangled beyond identification was consigned to the flames.

Now despite the cold were still holding many volunteers were coming in fast for this horrible gruesome work. Soldiers who had recently avoided the dead because they said they could not stand the dreadful cold were working with a most vigorous will and energy in getting them out of the way.

Under one pile of wreckage in the afternoon of the eighteenth one thousand two hundred and twenty bodies were taken and cremated. In another pile a non-combatant pulled out the remains of his wife and children and put for a full minute gazed upon them and then threw them one by one into the fire. And an immense force of soldiers were still engaged in removing the dead from Delight's Junction located about four miles north of Delight's Junction. At this point the glandelinians counter attacked with the fury of a raging legion of all the lost creatures in the infernal regions, and carried all before them as does a roaring torch tornado. The force of explosions hung up in trees, and on telephone poles, and fences, the bodies of soldiers which were being collected and cremated as fast as possible. At the southeast of Delight's Junction the searching for and the cremating of bodies that either perished or found lodgment there was being prosecuted vigorously.

An officer whose headquarters was not overthrown by the shells but mangled, tells this of his escape:

"At about eight o'clock in the morning as christian reinforcements began to arrive the glandelinian assaulting columns began to slowly recede, and I could see countless numbers of dead on the snow covered battlefield. It was then I had my first gleam of hope as the glandelinian assailants fell back, dreading the fall of the tottering walls, I clambered out the rear windows to the pile of wreckage outside where I stood for a long time exposed to the fierce cold below zero weather until late in the day and on toward night not daring to stir when a squad of brave men came and said it was possible to get away and find shelter from the cold. This squad of soldiers knew I had taken refuge in what was known to be one of the strongest barracks buildings in the camp. They came through all the danger to learn my fate. The gladdest sound I ever heard was the that of their voices. They hastened me off fearing the return of the fierce glandelinian soldiers."



Already despite the awful cold weather all efforts for quickly rebuilding most of the shattered barracks have been made and the clearing away of the debris continues, though the cold wave is so severe that the work is only progressing with the greatest difficulty. All the railroads not hindered by the wicked snow are working with all their utmost energies to bring Baldwin's armies out of their afflictions. Eight hundred million of capital invested in these roads is bound to see us through in face of all perils.

Especially the great Mc-Hollister and Pandora have been built with special reference to a most great commercial mart toward Vivian Wickey, and they cannot fail to sustain the besiegers.

#### ALL THE BESIEGING ARMIES OF BALDWIN'S CAMPS MUST RISE AGAIN.

Our nation, our whole nation do not belittle the awful calamity that has befallen that part of the vast armies besieging Vivian Wickey. The whole world has probably never seen the like of it—certainly not even the worse fire-fires of the world could compare to it. But the forces of the enemy, as well as the cruel forces of other nature no less than the forces of reason require that the exchanges of a great region should be conducted there.

Ten weeks may be required to reconstruct the encampments, but the means to even make the fortifications fire proof, will and is forth coming. The losses the armies have already suffered so far during the siege must be borne, but the place is there, and the men are there, to commence at the bottom and work up again, not at the bottom either, for our armies have credit in every land and nation, and the experience of one upbuilding of Baldwin's encampments will help the besiegers. Let our whole nation cheer up, save what the great war will leave, and in the long run we shall win out all right. It may be probable that the worse is already over. In probably a few more days everything will be restored to normal conditions, and if the besiegers hold out nobly against the center of the rebellion we can win the whole war if we retain our Christian faith and unusual holy grit. Let the whole nation cheer up. The whole world is watching us and backing us against the enemy of our blessed Lord. We must win and shall.

This written battle call had indeed an electrical effect upon the spirits of the nation. The same spirit had been shown at Delight's Junction though indeed there were more discouragements of a serious nature even than those of other disastrous battles at other parts of the war-stricken nation. There was no place that escaped outside of the city of Delight's Junction. The writer, (that is himself myself) may resume the war time:

The day or week after the disaster may be a day of recovery from the bloody chaos of war to regenerate general orders, though the whole nation looked upon the scene like the chaos of the Infernal Regions had just passed. All the best and highest generals of Baldwin's army who had survived, were busy providing for the reestablishment of reformation and utmost confidence all organizing for the quick resurrections of the encampments but little of this indeed was seen by the general observer. The war correspondent within the snow bound Christian lines that is the parts not devastated by the enemy observed on an early morning first perhaps, an occasional camp fire, and yet not many, for the immense amount of snow prevented the making of camp fires, and also the orders from officers of all ranks had fully prohibited the making of too many camp fires, and only the very reckless or the contrives exposed to the intense cold made what fires they dared.

He saw thousands of heavily bandaged soldiers, with faces haggard, red eyed, panting, posturing or sullen, many still angered or morose from the effects of the previous experience since the battle of Delight's Junction. He saw military wagons, carts, and army sleighs moving slowly through the company streets and being surrounded by soldiers of the meanest war bearing with caution for water to obtain the fluid which suddenly had become so confounded precious and scarce despite the snow all around.

He saw long sleighs being driven up to the Base Hospitals carrying wounded soldiers and injured non-combatants, innocent victims of the battle now furnished with timely shelter. He saw military fire engines probably from other parts of the encampments well in position playing upon the still blazing and a clattering coal heaps of the ruined encampments along the sunbeam creek, their occasional sharp whistle being almost the only sound to break the strange solemn silence of that cold winter's morning.

And by and by however all the unwounded soldiers began to appear at their duty, and then all gradually became a babble of tremendous confusion din and commotion. Long and small army sleighs of every description, and in numbers no one could believe the encampments would boast of were plying hither and thither with reckless speed through the deep snow. This was a revival of military energy, the complete

resumption of trained army engineering labors, a loud protest against further loss of time. The reader if he wishes can follow a vigorous speech of general Vivian Wickey.

The Christian positions at Delight's Junction have called upon us for help, upon the whole nation and is therefore bound to reform with the rapidly developing positions of the other besieging armies, and to do so in spite of any slight or serious hindrance that may happen. Such military po properly have been in some cases irretrievably lost though the way in which Baldwin's surviving brigades rebound even from out the slough of despair is something truly wonderful, but the siege must still continue on. Baldwin must recover from the surprise the rebels over the disaster, and she must recover Vivian Wickey for use which no other nation can subvert and which no other city in the whole world even if it had the advantage of location could prepare itself to subvert in time the time it will take the besieging armies at Vivian Wickey to occupy rates. All the efforts of the entire nation is alike interested in keeping the besieging armies much more rapidly growing than that of other National armies. Non-combatants and strangers who come to Delight's Junction and take a survey of the present desolation are terribly shocked by it and go away saying that Baldwin's fortifications cannot be rebuilt in less than a full generation.

They forget that general Baldwin's positions was only a few months in attaining their last great magnificence simply because the main besieging lines was for that long time growing to its present proportions and that the question of how long it will take to rebuild the works at Delight's Junction is simply a question of how long it will require for the whole Abolitionist nation to produce the provisions, materials, and every thing that is known to be used in the erection of fortifications and earthworks. It is estimated by all those who are competent to judge of this that as soon as the fierce winter lets up, that three months or maybe much less will be adequate to the work, in other words that as soon as more earthworks mounted with artillery can be completed in a solid manner our reconstructed encampments will already be strongly supported by better fortifications equal in their capacity for the reformation of Baldwin's Christian army to that which was demolished in the great battle at Delight's Junction.

One foreigner who appeared to be of Mexican nationality was wondering among the strange and mournful ruins of the extreme north part of general Baldwin's camps on the cold day after that portion was destroyed by Inner Myetic's artillery storm storm and met an Angelinian officer whom he knew and whom he accosted with the usual salutation:

"How did you come out during the big battle?"

The Angelinian officer was "Yesterday morning I had a full Regiment of fine noble soldiers. To day I have only have myself wounded as I am and that is all."

"Are you going to give up?" asked the Mexican with his usual leer.

"No indeed," answered the soldier. "We don't have that for our Religion. Rather than give up to such wicked rebels we'll fight to the death."

"That's the way to talk. Same here," said the Mexican and they both shook hands.

A few days later the Mexican encountered the same Angelinian officer and friend dashing down the snow covered company street at all the speed he could go. He had easily with the help of the Darling Vivian girls, that is Violet and her sisters recovered a new Regiment and was going to take command before night. He was buoyant and very enthusiastic. Probably the reader of this long story if he could visit the besieging Christian army at Vivian Wickey may find this same Angelinian officer three months hence in full command of a division of troops, not in command of thirty thousand men but five hundred and sixty thousand, for it is such pluck as this that wins a just war in the long run. The visiting reader could see besides the newly erected works which would soon appear at Delight's Junction and the sixteen important new long range batteries now already formed also guarding the outskirts of the camp probably by iron and concrete mixture. The echoes of all words expressing individual tenacity of all purpose never giving up under any conditions came upon every breeze from Vivian Wickey. The first hours of despair after the inevitable calamity would take years to describe and a million volumes to fill.

During the confusion of the battle when the foe were in possession of the camps, every company street, glass, and field and all ground in the rear of the camp was occupied by trembling exhausted panic stricken troops, pale with fear and desperate with uncertainty. "What shall we do? The enemy is upon us—what will become of us if the enemy capture the works?" were the anxious queries of the heterogeneous multitude of soldiers as they grouped bewildered in the company streets or as their many wounded lay prostrated in suffering and despair in tents or shell term barracks or on the snow covered ground. And now look at the situation. A great or rally than ever.



Many of the barracks not completely damaged looked almost like capsized boats or a ship's masts leveled flat upon the ground with not one piece of timber remaining upon the other, others were there with roofs off, and upper stories stories raised, many others were torn or twisted into the most fantastic shapes and grotesque forms and there were still many others with most of their walls intact but which had all the windows out and had been stripped of everything in the way of army furniture, a freakish incident for explosions it seemed indeed a most unusual thing for explosions to perform these strange miraculous things, but these blasting explosions repeated all those same strange tricks that the most terrific windstorms in the world ever did, or that tornadoes have ever been known to enact and gave countless new manifestations of their mysterious power.

It would be wasting time, and also it would take me to print a million to a foot sheets to tell all the most curious things to be seen in the desolated

company streets, how many of the biggest trees were uprooted by eruptive explosions and driven branches and all through barracks, how even the military telegraph poles near the Min-Holleston and Pandora lines were either driven under the tracks as if they had been hammered there, and how pianos music boxes of every description and all kinds of army furniture were mysteriously transferred from one barracks to another. Pieces of glass sometimes five to ten inches and even three feet in length were found driven into walls inside buildings like as if they had been shot by a bow and sticking five inches into the walls without being broken or cracked.

And yet such were ominous of all than all these freaks not even mentioned as there are too many were the vast windows of debris covered over with heavily laden snow and ice, and from which despite the intense cold of winter these strange orders which told of many dead victims of this cruel war beneath not only soldiers but also refugees women and children, whose silent lips will never be able to reveal the horrid agony from which death alone has released them.

More sorrowful and heartrending still was the sight of the million morose faces of so many brigades of wounded soldiers, the tear stained faces of women refugees half clad who looked listlessly from the windows of the few remaining barracks haunted by the memory from which they can never escape the loss of children, and priceless articles torn from them by battle crazed war mad glandelinians or of seeing their families hurled into a horrid maelstrom of destruction to be seen no more on the earth.

But yet what were all these desolated army barracks to the countless thousands of desolated hearts, within how in the world should I try to describe it will the world ever know the real dimensions of this disaster of the war, which crushed the fighting christian forces at Delight's junction and left them broken and most desolate and discouraged like a wounded dove or sea gull fluttering on the sandy beach of the ocean. And the small but beautiful beachy shore of the gunbeam Creek or river near Delight's junction. That once most beautiful river beach with its long stretches of strangely yet unusually snowy white sand where long before the war the country children used to come to play—what in the world had become of it? Horribly misshapen, unusually and strangely distorted, to blotched beyond comprehension and drabbed and horribly crisscrossed and wreckage and body strewn it spread away to the north and the south, its ugly scars and shell holes and craters made by explosions rendered more hideous by the glinting rays of the winter sun.

Most of it just now had disappeared under the deep snow. And frozen pools along the shore, with the approach of summer, would be stinking with the remains of ill fated pets of the soldiers, dogs, cats, chickens, birds, horses, cows, and even human beings. All along the river shore as far as eye could reach were massive windrows of wreckage, and disabled wagons and gun carriages and everything of every description all shattered and torn to pieces.

Far in the distance I noticed an immense black cloud of smoke and thinking some of the wreckage was ablaze, I hastily drove away to the scene and found a large number of soldiers mostly Abyssinkilians feeding the flames of a big bonfire with the timber of wrecked barracks which once gave evidence of an enormous encampment. And why such a big bonfire? These soldiers were burning in this one fire alone over six thousand bodies, picked up from the battle field, and the fuel was the timber of the very barracks which the brave soldiers once occupied.

And yet this most awful spectacle was but the smallest fragment of the murderous work of the first greatest and bloody battle of the war itself. Along the river front there were to be seen countless piles of snow covered earth and frozen sand and in every direction along the mutilated shore. And many soldiers were noticed in the far distance shoveling these already countless numbers of unearthen mounds. I saw with the sinking of the heart what they were doing. The thousands of dead soldiers brought in from the field were being buried deep in the ground either in single graves, or trenches. Driving beyond the grave diggers

we saw prostrate on the ground or lying about the damaged guns, forms like bodies covered over with snow and floating further out in the unfrozen part of the river where the current was strong were other bodies of soldiers that would soon be brought in to be hastily buried. The sea elephants and barges were like herons bringing in the dead dead to be buried anywhere possible. It is to the sad contemplation of such awful scenes resulting from such big battles that would stagger consciousness and sting the human soul. Many of the soldiers told me and my followers with sad humor that what I saw and they had seen nowhere as nothing as to what we could have seen had I and they been here during the actual battle itself.

I am glad then that I did not come sooner, and I am sorry that I ever came at all. What I have seen has been sufficient to make me miserable to the very last day of my life and what I have heard that I could not see and could not have seen had I been in the battle itself will surely haunt me by night and day as long as my senses remain. Indeed I am telling of an incident repeated to me by one of the surviving officers of the battle itself. Four days after the disastrous conflict seventeen thousand five hundred bodies had been gathered in six surviving barracks buildings near the shore of the river. All these bodies were frozen hard and even now very severe cold and windy weather was setting in very rapidly.

Indeed this horrible scene of death and destruction could be observed for miles. What disposition should there be made of this horrifying mass of human flesh was an immensely imminent problem indeed. And while this serious matter was under discussion the army and relief committees were informed that there was no time to waste in any amount of deliberation that nearly all of the wounded were nearly frozen to death. There was so many dead soldiers and it was so awfully cold that it was impossible to get any amount of soldiers to dig into the hard frozen ground to bury them and that all of them could not be totally incinerated in that portion of the encampments without endangering more life and property as an account of everything frozen hard there could not be any amount of water obtained to extinguish a big fire once started.

It was also decided to load the bodies on barges, tow them down the unfrozen parts of the river and sink them with weights. That seemed to be the only reasonably thing that was to be done. Countless numbers of men were called upon to perform this awful task especially glandelinian prisoners.

But on account of this intense cold to which they were not used to having come from a warmer climate, they quailed at the task. And as it was so terribly cold who in the world could blame them even if they were wicked soldiers of the rebellion. They were told that the quickest and surest action was necessary, that they were responsible for the many dead themselves, and with the cool coming of summer a great pestilence might come and sweep off the whole besieging army to the full disadvantage of both sides. Still quailing on account of the cold and deep snow they were completely immovable. Yet it was no time for dallying. Regiments of hardy men from northern Abyssinkia now in the army with muskets at fixed bayonets were brought to the scene and a large force of these glandelinian prisoners, were compelled at the point of the bayonet to perform this sad and fearsome duty.

One by one the many dead soldiers were removed to the barges every body as frozen as it had been and was represented in that horrid mass. The dead, men, women, and children were separated from the soldiers and put on a separate barge. The unwilling glandelinian prisoners, who were performing this awful task, were compelled to bind heavy cloths about their mouths and nostrils to keep their faces from being frozen while they were at work, and occasionally soldiers passed strong brandy and hot coffee and whiskey among them to nerve them to their duty. And the workers were exchanged every half an hour so that no would suffer too much from the cold. Who indeed could ever conceive the horror of all this? After a while, a great long while the seventeen thousand dead soldiers were piled upon the barges and an army tug pulled them slowly down the river.

About a few miles down, where the current was very strong, amid the howling white caps and roaring crashing ice floes with God's Benediction breathed in the moaning winter winds, all that was mortal of these seventeen thousand men and women were consigned to the depth of the river. And yet this was but another sad incident of the sad tragedy of the war of which I write. General Anthony Morino of the one hundred and fourth Infantry known well throughout the army was a member of a party of officers who struggled all day through the deep snow to get to the devastated camp at Delight's junction, and he arrived late at night. It was a very nice day for him, for this was the encampment also of his own troops and before the battle he had six high officers and five aide-de-camps here in addition to a young colonel who was his son and an uncle, and father also officers of high rank.

He found his son safe, but slightly wounded and many other members of his staff also. They told him how one officer a lieutenant had at the height of the battle, picked up, up colonel Granden who had been wounded and placed him on a cot in a little house in the rear of the christian lines after traveling under fire for half a mile and then had made a second trip to bring a wounded general to the same place.

When the lieutenant returned, the house and the colonel was gone having been shot and is nothing but a high explosive shell. The other officers with their very regiments clung to their work throughout and successfully withstood the fiercest of the terrific Glandelinian assault. General Anthony Marino found later on however that three of his officers had been killed during the full fury of the battle. I also met Colonel Knight who arrived at about three o'clock in the afternoon yesterday. He told me that three quarters of his regiment had been destroyed, and all his best officers down. All had joined each other in death on the battlefield. How many stories of sad tragedies like this that remain to be told can not now be numbered. The anxious millions of soldiers who had been desperately struggling, or even who had been straggling into the region of the raging battle from the distance had usually found some dear beloved officer or many of them, and even dearest friends missing and numbered among the hundreds who who became in a few brief moments or hours the victims of the first bloodiest battle of the awful war.

It is with the greatest reluctance that I am compelled to relate one awful case that came under my own startled observation. It was so horrible that per se I should not tell much about it at all but only such instances can convey a very faint idea of the horrors of the battle. While driving near the disabled christian batteries of general Caldwell's artillery the mangled bodies of artillery men by the score of hundreds were observed with their organs plainly in view or with bodies shattered, arms and legs torn off heads shattered, or bodies blown in three parts, or with big holes torn or ripped into them. Colonel Lewis of Baldwin's Field Artillery arrived also looking for his son. General Lewis said: "I helped bury sixteen hundred bodies at Delight's pass a last night cold as it was a victim of the violent artillery duel. The soldiers of my command also buried fifty eight hundred yesterday. Cooling down Delight's pass I saw hundreds of legs and arms, all of infantry soldiers protruding from the deep snow or frozen muck and quick sands."

I myself believe there were countless thousands near the very mouth of this Bayou. As soon as the soldiers can be found able to do this work these poor soldier victims will also be looked after without question most of them were from general Greathart's retreating columns because Delight's Bayou is near the Meldron woods. Among many columns and other things I saw there were known thumbstones with inscriptions in Abbeismian and rusty caskets which had been dug out of some grave yard by the shell explosion. On going to the nearest location of Delight's junction after the big and awful battle tells the terrible tale in this succession of words: against a series of long barbed wired fences, and other kinds the frozen carcasses of many dead artillery horses had been hurled by great shell explosions their swollen limbs stiff toward the winter sky, and yet other horses were seen in the encampments which had been a roaring boiling inferno of shell explosions but five days ago. This sight was the first we saw of the innocent dumb beasts killed by artillery fire, and every officer in the sleigh with us as if to avoid the sensation of fear, emotion and excitement that arose in the mind of each began to express wonder how in the world this could ever be—that is that some of these poor animals had survived the artillery storm, and the others did not.

It was indeed an idiotic talk, but a most beautiful one to me. For it showed to me that all the arguments had fear and excitement for their foundation, and that fear had great sympathy for its foundation. The officers who talked and talked, we who advanced such foolish opinions, had hearts then there under an eclipse of fear for their fellow men. It was hoping desperately against hope. And that was curiously apparent to every one of us officers. And yet why not hope? Why not even if it was tremendously ridiculous!

Countless numbers of trees were denuded of all branches as if shattered by a tornado. How could any number of soldiers live through such a shell fire? At here and there a barracks, even now tottering could be seen, and distressed soldiers would be seen looking out over the devastation of their encampments, and so they could live and hope would take on a new life. Then Delight's junction began to show what the fury of a battle like this could do. Many skeletons of big trees were laid low by shell fire.

And even the hardened snow had been trampled heavily, most brutally here. The opposing forces were surely angry at each other in this spot beyond a doubt. The sleigh went slowly on as it went through the deep snow I could see the horses plowing desperately, slowly as it went through the deep snow I could see the country side laid low. The talking ceased. Hope had gone with the sight of the country side laid low. Everyone of us realized that we were now within the heart of the battle. The battlefield where such a ghastly conflict had lately raged. The army sleigh merely because the horses had hard work plowing through the deep snow went slowly.

And this added to the effect. It was like to invading the territories of the lost souls. It was a funeral cortege over a wide extent. Over the snow covered prairies near Delight's junction the sleigh slowly crept. Bodies of all kinds covered these prairies. It was from the encampments near Delight's junction, because it could not come from no other place. Every part was covered with the remnants of barracks and headquarters of officers miles away. There were army blankets, military furniture of all kinds, but mostly of the expensive kind. Mysteriously there were children's clothing, and toys, though where they came from no one knows, also ladies' toilet articles, bed clothing, and in fact everything that goes to make up an army encampment. And this spot was seven miles away from where the battle of Delight's junction had raged. I believe the whole christian army suffered badly. A terrible number of soldiers had lost their lives there and the agony of the great army of wounded was to see but above all was the idea. What of across the way near general Greathart's position? It was eighteen miles to that point, and another sleigh with a new team of horses was in waiting to take us there. Before we got there there was a good chance of observation of the outer limits of general Kindermine's position on which in the late fall the waters of the Sunbeam Creek had so gently lapped. This little stream itself was as gentle as some small country brook during the summer. It had lapped and kissed the blades of grass that always grew down where the lapping of the waves was very gentle. It merely gurgled up now the shores of this beautiful little stream was strewn with dead soldiers and animals. The countless numbers of bloated artillery horses was also among them.

Strange to say, chickens, rats, dogs, and cats and everything it seemed though it was mysterious where they came from were also there in, in fact every creature that breathed "I'll dead and frozen stiff in the snow. But by their sides and among them were as many dead soldiers. The worn out survivors of the conflict having pulled through the conflict and buried their own dead or created them were quick to respond to natural instincts and to do right by their own kind. I saw them take the bodies of many dead soldiers and with quick shrift place them in trench like graves. It was terrible but what could they do? There was no time for any burial services. The soldiers who did the work were simply doing what they could to relieve the view of them. They were not gentle but how could they have time to be gentle when the weather is so terribly cold and the sight of them lying there is liable to discourage the whole army. It may strike the minds of the soldiers with terror. But it was the only solution—there were fifty nine thousand soldiers buried deep under the snow that cold day, buried as best as the poor unfortunates could bury them—with the idea wholly that they should be placed where those that came to claim them could afterwards find them and protect themselves against exposition of the fierce enemy.

In the debris from Delight's junction was everything getting off the sleigh. I walked about the wreckage and was impressed with the idea that this battle must have impressed the survivors with the idea that the world was at an end. For the extent of forty miles along the stream, and into the interior of Delight's junction—this disorderly battle had raged. The rebel artillery committed the most of the destruction upon Baldwin's encampments and when it ceased the results could be easily observed and the destruction of lives fully revealed.

For slowly plowing through the deep snow among the wreckage I found a real truth. It had been broken over by the violence of the exploding shells. Countless numbers of letters written by soldiers and now hurried by snow melting on them were frozen on the timbers. I was not allowed for serious reason to read one of them.

No man had been busier comforting these terror stricken refugees of the battle than general Kindermine, and Greathart and their officers. They took charge of the homeless child slaves and orphans that streamed in with the refugees and prepared to send them by quickest and safest route to Angelina Agathia—that grand general they are. I will take off my hat to them in any day of the week. I have known these two generals for years and there are to my opinion no nobler characters alive. I saw them both at the battle of Poughburg Landing when the whole of general Kindermine's lines was terribly ravaged by the aerial onslaughts of the Glandelinians. They were at every point of the christian line along the battle front looking for breaks to mend, and I know they have always been quick to reach the scene of impending danger and disaster and do all in their power to avert it.

During this past fearful battle near Delight's junction they brought their divisions forward at eleven o'clock in the noon time or forenoon and lost no time in doing their part of the work and heaven knows there was none more important than that to which they assigned themselves. But all the world ought to know what these two generals have done during the battle. The soldiers have always loved their generals, the whole world should know that hundreds of good officers have been formed by their example and disciplines officers who have become successful in every way they accomplished and who honor their flag and army by their useful and upright lives. But Abbeismian will have greater cause than ever to love and revere all her good generals when it is known what they did for their country when at stake.

INCIDENTS OF THE TERRIBLE BATTLE, THAT MAKES UP THE  
HORROR OF AN UNUSUALLY VIOLENT WAR, ALSO THE FULL ACCOUNT  
OF THE BATTLE BATTLES' PURY AND THE RUIN IT CAUSED  
BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

THE ADJUTANT of general Baldwin had a narrow escape with his life from  
tons of falling wreckage when the general's headquarters collapsed and he managed to  
fight his way out of the line of debris with the help of some surviving officers  
and privates some who were just out of a sick bed.  
They managed to get to the basement of another and stronger barracks just across  
the company street. This was the barracks of general Allenton. This barracks also went  
to pieces between three thirty and four o'clock and the general fortunately was not  
there though the other occupants of the army building were lost. Baldwin's aide-de-  
camp had to flee from the burning structure but he caught up a glassless transome  
and rushed out into the company street and soon found that the  
wooden transome belonged to a part of general Baldwin's headquarters being about  
six feet in length and three in width. It had or probably came from the side of  
the barracks made of ordinary siding and studding. He used this as a shield  
to protect himself from flying debris hurled about by the explosions and even  
now did not know how it really protected him.

All the time he kept telling those who escaped with him to follow his example  
and this they did. Along toward five o'clock a shell fragment struck the transome he  
used for a shield and demolished it from him without injuring him. By this time he  
and his followers were almost completely exhausted but he managed by probably a  
thousand successive efforts to bring his followers further out of range of the foe's  
heavy artillery fire.

A little later a number of refugees, men, women, and children were seen coming through  
the dense smoke haze. The aide-de-camp called to them to take to the lower  
windrow of wreckage wreckage behind and not to come higher for he was afraid the  
refugees would reveal themselves to the enemy artillery men and would cause the  
shells to crash there also. When the wildest uproar of the battle ceased he and his  
followers emerged from their shelter and he told one of the soldiers to go far  
ahead and scout and look for better shelter in the distance for had there been any  
concealed shell craters, or furrows, he wanted to be advised of it before he emerged  
too much out into the open with the refugees for it was all he could do to push  
through the deep snow or clamber over the windrows of wreckage in his exhausted  
condition.

After working through the deep snow until eleven o'clock at night he reached a  
portion of the vast encampments not injured by the battle and eventually got into  
better shelter. Not until two days later had he or those with him sufficiently  
recovered from their exhaustion to resume their duties. At the day after, a number  
of soldiers in looking for bodies under the debris found one of a sweet faced  
nun on her knees with eyes uplifted and her hands clasped and extended as if in  
prayer. It was evident that the sister had been praying over some dying soldier  
a among the wreckage when she was struck by some flying shell fragment and  
instantly killed.

During the height of the artillery storm, a young officer heard the cries of wounded  
outside in the company street. They were calling for help. Two shell explosions hurled  
a whirling cyclone of wreckage about him and he was so badly battered though not  
hurt that he had to return to shelter where he waited impatiently for a lull. The  
cries of the wounded still filled his ears. He went out into the open a second  
time and after being gone for what seemed a eternity to those who were away, awaiting  
his return he came back with four wounded soldiers. They had been pinned under the  
wreckage of a barracks. The young officer was not satisfied with that however but  
went out for other wounded soldiers immediately, the shelling having begun to  
slacken by the time, and worked all night. That same evening an army mascot dog  
stood violently barking near a pile of debris in the west and a little north of  
Belmont's junction. The guards who endeavored to stop him barking by driving him  
away did not succeed for he returned as soon as they stopped their efforts.

It was suggested that he was guarding a body but others disputed the idea. Finally  
they dug beneath the spot where the dog stood and there they found the remains of a  
young officer and a little girl with him whom the soldiers identified by the  
decorations on the uniform he wore as Lieutenant T. Corron and his little daughter  
a popular young officer well known both in the army and in many cities.

scene  
This young officer and his followers with the exception of a top sergeant were killed.  
This young lieutenant was the commander of a large platoon of Abyssinians.  
cavalry cavalry. On one of the company streets there was kept in a large barracks  
building a Glandolinian prisoner who though no evidence was found on him  
was charged with being a desperate felon spy and fire vandal.  
Those of the soldiers who survived the awful battle reported that during the tremen-  
dous confusion and excitement the prisoner escaped and stole three large flasks of  
brandy and staggered through the shell torn company streets drinking steadily until  
the explosion of a sharpshell swept him away to his death death, his idea  
evidently to kill himself in this fashion before the firing squads put an end to him.

His body was picked out of a high snow drift between the streets of Com-  
panies A & B. While working with a large squad of soldiers clearing the debris and  
taking away the deep snow of a large number of barracks on Avenue O. of Company A. P.  
one of the rescuers found to his utmost surprise a three year old child snuggled  
tightly under an unusually thick clothing of an army or a cot.  
It was impossible to make any identification of the barracks or of the names of the  
soldiers and refugee occupants, as three, one hundred foot long barracks were crushed  
together into one windrow of mortar, bricks and timbers and intermingled with all  
kinds of army furniture.

The bed was pulled out of the wreckage with the greatest difficulty and out of the  
wreckage a sixteen feet from the ground, where it had been buried beneath only two feet  
of debris. The little boy seemed none the worse from his experience of nearly a  
week covered up under heavy bed covers beneath a mountain of battle and shell strewn  
wreckage. The full witness of the destruction of one of the refugees filled army  
barracks and the loss of one thousand seven hundred and seventy five lives with it  
out of a total of 2,345 was told by one of the three survivors who came through a  
most terrible experience by dint of Good Providence. These three of many survivors who  
came through with many severe scratches, and cuts, and bruises, and their lives,  
were Miss Alibreta Johanna aged 46, Francis her brother, age 49, and William Rich  
Murray a foreigner. Her husband had been killed. The latter said to be an Englishman  
was much the larger and braver of the three survivors stated here in person, the  
other two being a quite undersized.

He went to a tent in general Hanson's vivandoe encampments and as he could not  
speak the Abissinian tongue, very well the story came entirely from Miss Alibreta  
Johanna. According to the story of this Abissinian Lady most of all the refugees  
men, women and children were gathered with the soldier guardians and a  
man number of nuns and Red Cross nurses on the three long floors of the building.

The shell storm fire was raging terribly outside, the crashes of  
explosions ten per minute in this location alone being stunning and ear-splitting,  
and the shriek of the shells being deafening like the roar of steam whistles, and they  
all being terrified by this noise and the tumult of rolling thunder from distant  
cannons engaged in prayer and supplications. The west wall of the building to the  
two remaining explosions and they were driven from that section of the building to the  
parts still standing, a fierce fire breaking out and threatening to engulf the whole  
building, and then with it. Many proposed to escape by climbing to the roof of  
the part remaining, but it could not be risked, as solid shot, sprang sharpshooters,  
a high explosive and bombshells was flying past as thick as hail with a roar of a  
high sailing cyclone. Finally along about nine o'clock, in the morning, she was not  
fully sure as to the time by the hour, the remainder of the building went to pieces  
before an increase of the shell fire and the whole pile of wreckage soon burst  
into a roaring mass of flames.

What became of all the rest of the survivors no one could positively tell.  
Miss John Johanna only knew that she got out of the blazing wreckage somehow  
and ran across the company street being missed by the part of some roof of some-  
thing of the sort that was flying with great velocity having been hurled by a terrific  
explosion a hundred yards away. Her brother broke through a part of the blazing  
wreckage also, and got out but was scratched by flying debris hurled by the same  
blast. He dodged the exploding shells for some time and finally found his way into  
a deep narrow ravine and clung to its side, and soon found that his sister and the  
King's Englishman were in the same place cursing the Glandolinian roundly  
and wishing for the chance to tell so then something right to their faces.

Prior to that they had been separate but a strange fate attracted them to the  
same ravine. This ravine it developed later was nothing but an enormous shell or  
mine crater.

There they remained all day. So frequently did the shells explode near by that both  
men were about to give up and cried out that a shell might land on them. But none  
hit the shell hole. When night came and the battle ceased and they came out of their  
shelter they found they were alone on a open plain close to the rear of the Chris-  
tian lines.

After hard tramping through the deep snow, and almost frozen they finally returned into the heart of the encampments and started southward, not knowing what a reaction to take. They finally came to a barracks building something like a mile or so from the place where their own shelter had been but so recently located. There they found some shelter to warm themselves, but were unable to receive anything to eat because there was nothing in the building. So they came on toward general Vivian and faint they soon reached a barracks that had gone through the artillery storm but was partly demolished, and at the rear of which there was another. There they remained during the night and in the morning they again started out reaching shelter during the day. The two men were taken to the Base Hospital for treatment.

It could have been the probable local aspect that during the day before the awful battle broke out general Vivian's Christian columns had been cutting up strange antics as didoes and seemed to move every which way. This as I said was the day before and general Liner Mylles was then in his strong position at North Bend while the strong Christian forces were going out of the usual way to strike him a telling blow in the rear and force him out of his strongly fortified positions. On the following morning the movements of the Christians under the main commanders increased and during the day there were some terrific stormy interviews between them and some sections of the enemy's forces for miles and miles were steadily concentrating upon Liner Mylles' positions and then came the hard driving assault.

As could be stated the waves of assaulting Christian forces were steadily pushing forward in immense lines striking the Glandelinian armies with mighty force and for a time bursting them and driving them back from the works in the greatest panic and confusion. The main Christian forces at this time were also like angry breakers breaking themselves to pieces on the breakwaters.

At times they met counter charges that shattered them, or a rebel fire too severe to be withstood, the foremost of the waves of Christian attackers would slowly recede leaving the snow covered ground, strewn as thick as grass with their fallen comrades, and then recovering fresh columns and pushed on by the others behind and gathering force anew they could be seen to sweep forward with irresistible fury passing clear over the enemy's lines, leaping over the snow forts and breastworks like overwhelming surges and forcing their way through an inferno of cannon and machine fire into the very rebel encampments.

Early in the morning along one part of the battle line in the Melrose woods where Manley's forces came up the Christian forces under Greatheart, though surprised in the rear as mentioned in the first chapter of the battle, were forcing their way through despite the desperate and most tenacious resistance of the Anglians. Rebels and some of their foremost columns were leaping at times over the enemy's lines of snow forts and breastworks also, making it impossible for the Glandelinian artillery men to operate their machine guns upon the attackers from the woods as the force out of the rebels were almost in possession of them. Their guns were therefore withdrawn to a better position and operated between one of the Glandelinian camps and on the double tracks of the railroad line. A little later the attackers reached this point but met such a terrific fire that they almost as to say undermined the tracks and the grounds of the camps with their dead and wounded.

One column of Glandelinians which defended a gallery of works were cleared out after the Christian forces fought in that inferno for three hours. These however were not the main part of the rebel works and were not as strongly defended or even fortified as the main positions. The main Glandelinian works proper at their outer limits extending far beyond Delight's Junction were but at that time disturbed by the attackers although the heavy artillery fire of general Vivian's batteries at times poured so many bombs upon the rebel commanders and so near the rebel encampments and the rebel batteries on the right that for a time it appeared as if the shell barrage would dig up the whole region and leaving nothing there. The scene of the battle was magnificent, grand. The movements of the fiercely attacking Christian forces were a sight extremely beautiful and fearful though awe inspiring to behold. Notwithstanding the deafening uproar of so many parks of big cannons, screaming tempest of bullets, and earthshaking explosions and the ear-splitting shrieks of exploding shells, scores of thousands of non-combatants from the rear by some in the rear went near the scene to behold the maddened battle, and every one was kept extremely busy dodging eruptions of death of every kind and immense showers of heavy hardened snow.

Down near Kindermans formidable rifle pits during the early morning when the battle was not raging so heavily there seemed no apparent necessity of the curious non-combatants for placing themselves into shelter of the rifle pits to make this trip to view the mad squabble and indeed many of these reckless people went out into the open to their sorrow.

Even thousands of well and warily dressed men and women, and even bold curious children, boys and girls disembarked from the very sleighs and made their way toward the scene and picked their way through the deep snow to get into midway and to pass along to places where a good and apparently safe view of the battle could be had. For an hour they succeeded in keeping in apparent safe places, but using trees, rocks, and snowbanks for shelter but all these soon counted for naught, trees were soon ripped into fragments, or thrown down about them by exploding shells, great eruptions occurred by the score, the air was shaken by terrific crashes louder than the worst of thunder, the atmosphere became smoke screened, big fires broke out, and enormous showers of everything fell about them and the curious were forced to run every which way for dear life, some abandoned themselves to the inevitable and went around seeing the battle at some peril only caring not for the earthshaking eruptions of ground and billiards of snow clogs hurled by great shell explosions nor worrying about the shrieking bullets or falling trees and flying clouds of rock splinters. Some people with abundant nerve even children appeared as near to the scene as possible and of course they were right in the midst of the excitement from the start within their very view the big waves of Christian attackers rolled on through the woods and over the plains, crossed the snow covered fields like waves of yelling fiends and pressed the foe far from behind his works.

These columns fighting desperately were backed up into the other works and the supply of troops being ever on the increase there was as yet no opportunity for the hard pressed rebel troops to drive the Nationals out. It can be probably said that the beautiful region of Delight's Junction had been the scene of one of the fiercest battles and greatest catastrophes in the history of any war. The story of this great battle, as it should be will never be told as it really raged.

Words in any number, or explanations, or expressions, are too weak too few to fully express the shocking horror the awful fury of the battle itself, to even paint pictures of the scene of devastation, wreck and ruin, misery, suffering and grief and exposure to the extreme cold of winter while lying wounded in the snow on the battlefields. Even those who went through the hottest of the battle and miraculously escaped after terrible experiences, who were spared to learn their best friends and military property had been swept away, spared to witness scenes as horrible as the eye of God ever could have borne to look upon, only He alone could tell the story.

There were countless stories of the most horrible deaths, countless stories of individual heroisms, stories of wonderful rescues and strange escapes each of which at another time would be a marvel in itself and would and should command the full interest of the world. But in a time like this when a battle so intense in its fury, so prolonged in its dreadful work of unaccountable artillery destruction, so wide and so so extensive and so infinitely terrible in its consequences has swept away an army an entire army and neighboring encampments for many miles on either side, the human mind cannot comprehend all of the horrid horror, can not learn or know all of the dreadful particulars.

One would stand speechless, and powerless to relate even that which he has felt and known. Gifted writers have told of many battles, where countless hundreds of lives were at stake in one day and even lost. All the horrors of the biggest storms at sea and on land were also written, earthquake disasters also but all these take pale into the utmost insignificance when compared with the task of telling of a insane battle which threatened the lives of perhaps sixty million of soldiers, sent to their deaths perhaps twenty five millions of soldiers, and left more than a score of million wounded, countless numbers shelterless and destitute and still countless others to cope with grave and serious responsibilities to relieve the stricken to grapple with and to prevent the reign of rebel vandals, to clear the snow laden ground of frozen bodies, to perform tasks that try men's souls and sicken their hearts, and even ruin what nature had made. The battle in any story at sea is terrible but there are no such dreadful consequences as those which have followed a big battle on land. And it is the soldiers who pass through the terrors of the battle who faced death for many hours, soldiers ruined in private as well as military military property and benefit of friends and relatives who took up the herculean and well nigh impossible task of bringing order out of chaos of caring for the sea of survivors and getting the vast army of dead away before they made life most impossible there.

The terrible counter charge of the enemy came not without warning but the danger which threatened was not exactly realized, not even when the attack of the Christian forces were being repulsed, torn and roughly handled by the Christian attack the enemy was terribly and wildly angry.

By eleven o'clock in the forenoon their counter attack supported by general Manley's divisions of good soldiers and Glandelinians had grown in fury while the enemy artillery replied to gaudy grand drum, brass fire and the wrecking of all his barracks began. The assaulting Glandelinian columns driving all before them pushed their way into general Greatheart's camps.



of troops in the woods fighting the enemy besides mine. We had been confident that our lines could withstand any a glacialian charge, if not for that we would probably have moved forward to the right of the woods instead of through them. We all managed to rally the foremost rather than to gather but all at once the enemy charged with redoubled energy and in an hour my divisions were swept out of the woods and the glacialian soldiers came at us like a yelling army of demons and the retreating troops all made a break for Baldwin's encampments but reached it a moment just before the exultant glacialian troops surged up. The columns of both sides fought their part way to the front and had almost succeeded in rallying a portion of my troops when driven into terrible confusion my right grand division fell back clearout of the camp. A shell exploded close to me and I was hit on the right side of the head with something and it knocked me off my saddle and into a snow bank head first.

I was partly stunned and I do not remember how long I remained in the snow but two soldiers lifted me up and not being wounded I remounted my horse and rode back to my troops who were still resisting the enemy. I was surprised and gladdened to see on observation that appeared to be reinforcements approaching to my left and more on my right.

I rode to the line of troops that were still in the greatest confusion. Their columns were completely broken to pieces and despite all my efforts and the efforts of my officers we could not rally them part way no one surge of the rebels with their banners flying defiantly before us was within four or five hundred feet of them. There was not a cheerful prospect in sight. I rode forward and managed with wits to withdraw these confused soldiers to a stronger position of the camp but with reinforcements coming up at this point also the rebels did not press on any further that I could see but increased the vigor of their rifle fire to a perfect tempest of shrapnel.

The divisions of all of us generals must have been driven back at the same time, but I cannot tell why they did not fail to rally unless it is that when my forces broke I was into confusion first we were like a long wall loosened from a floor and with like from a lurch we were like being thrown through the crevice and held down by the floor the floor being the enemy. At the right moment however the large column of reinforcements was there on the spot and I do not think the enemy held long against their onset.

It was a wonder I did not get killed when I lead in the counter attack as I just exposed myself to a fire that sent me of my full column flat on the ground and I was dead and wounded.

But to go back to my story of my experience after the battle. I viewed the scene by a partly walking and climbing from one lot of debris to another. On company street was a pile of tops and sides of barracks and the way they lay it was evident that explosions of an enemy shells kept the air full of flying boards and other debris. I think I gained about a block and a half on the debris in this manner and tiring of facing the intense cold so long got into the shelter of a barracks still standing but before a gale then blowing the upper parts of the wreckage was fast going down and I was afraid of getting buried.

Just then the part that I was standing on started to give way and in slipping with it I fearfully struck my head and shoulders or struck my head and shoulders in an old narrow cedar chest that was on some of the debris above me. I could hardly get it off but that is what saved my head from being injured by falling debris. When I decided on returning to my own snow encampments I found I was twenty five miles from where I started. Two slight accidents my head was bruised and hands and legs out a little which I did not find out until I returned and that I could not get my hat on I managed however to save what clothing I found in the ruins, a pair of uniforms a few shirts, one pair of shoes and two suits of heavy underwear, and a one hundred dollar bill. A soon as it was light enough the next morning I went to explore the worse ruins of Baldwin's encampments and not even the sign of a barracks building for nearly two miles where before there had been a large city of barracks. Then went to pay a visit to the wounded general - Alvi - for - had heard he was in a very bad fix a caber having injured his face. After the visit I saw saw soldiers and glacialian prisoners bringing in the corpses, they brought them in by the sleigh load of about a hundred at a time, laid them in rows to be buried in long trench graves or loaded them on big barges to be taken down the river.

They were even starting to bury them wherever they were found and many were even ordered to be burned. Soldiers and prisoners under their guards were starting to remove the debris and also burning it and when they came to a corpse it is just thrown on the huge bonfire.

It is the most awful disaster of the kind that has ever happened in our own history. Hundreds of our best officers have gone down into dead and thousands into wounded and but hardly a squad of men had been left to their hundreds of regiments. Yet it seemed they were all cool to the very last. General Delight had been killed right before my very eyes. It seemed that the whole disaster fell upon us in an instant.

If I had not been hit on the head by something hurled by the exploding shell I might have been able to prevent the disaster. It seemed all the way through that my own divisions were to go to pieces and I was to be unable to prevent it. The last few minutes of the battle was a most terrible time and all the refugees were wild with fright. To encourage them to better efforts I kept telling my surviving officers that we must win to make our cause safe and about the last words one of my officers said before he fell were "That God would help us win in the long run". Despite the awful panic and confusion every one of the officers were perfectly cool and so was general Delight before he fell and when my whole force was in the most tremendous tremendous confusion I cannot begin to tell you dear little girls what an awful suspense that was for us, our columns in panic and the enemy rushing on victoriously and we unable to rally the demoralized army.

But it seemed when the main crash came it was all over in an hour. I'm fully satisfied the enemy did not progress any further that our brave officers did not fear death in the least and I do not believe any of them suffered long. If I do not find what I am looking for I will have to give it up I think, but we can do them no good now. I am getting along alright now since the excitement but for full two or three days the full result of the battle was a problem. Perrods companion and friend called "Ty a battlesome, lost his sister," and all his boy scouts and his general in the battle and I am taking him to my own.

Your friend and servant  
General Meldonia Greathart, .....

The work of all the Abbiennian news paper concerns in the fictional history of the ever memorable battle of Delight's junction that wrecked a whole christian army and demolished twenty five miles of massive army barracks was considering all the surroundings a most wonderful achievement and one that would always be regarded by the members of every press throughout the land and the whole Abbiennian nation as of most extraordinary merit--the one thing that was equal to the occasion for the country's holy cause, worthy of the opportunity of the occasion.

Without the success of the news throughout the nation was due to the curious dual character of the main news concern at Port do Dorothy pale city and also Angelina Agathia and Pandora. The resources of these news offices not in the sweep of the war terrific devastation were available. It was the feeling of the many daring war correspondents though much extremely good work was done that they had not been equal to the task on account of the cold for it was as the Angelina Agathia news said at the headlines: "GOLDEN'S BEYOND DESCRIPTION".

The gaps through the special war correspondents was most faithfully and competent competently written-- was filled by all papers in issues about heroic deeds during the battle that will be famous. I will quote one of the written stories thus:

"And all during the terrible battle acts of the greatest heroism were performed throughout all the battling armies of both sides. Not a single news in the whole nation could recommend to highly the work done by the armies of volunteer soldiers since the battle of Delight's junction Feb. fourteenth. The great war catastrophe near a d around Delight's junction and through which the armies were passing at same place had brought out the fact more strongly than it had perhaps ever been demonstrated in any community community that there is more good in any man than evil.

It would be and is perfectly safe to say that fully half or perhaps two thirds of the lives lost at the battle of Delight's junction were lost in the determination to save those lying wounded on the snow covered ground. Strong willed soldiers and officers refused to flee from their work and leave the helpless wounded behind to perish. Scores of thousands of soldiers despite the destructive rebel munitions fire and eruptions of exploding shells rescued as many of their wounded comrades as they could. Hundreds of them every hour went to their deaths.

Yet they had made up their minds to save their comrades in the face of shell fire or perish with them, and alas in many or nearly all cases it was perish with them. As soon as the besiegers realized the awful herculean task before them in burying their vast sea of dead it was hardly necessary to impress Angelinian soldiers into the service.

During the trying period following the disastrous battle nearly every one of the surviving soldiers and non combatants who were able to do a good days work had been at work and also forced glacialian prisoners to aid. It was impossible to see an able bodied soldier or man non combatant loafing about the company streets. Many of the able bodied children volunteered their services as long as they could stand the awful cold.



Everyone was looking forward to the day when the rebuilding of the encampments would be well on the way. The work of cleaning the encampments of wreckage, unhealthful refuse and disposing of the dead had been almost completed by now and all the available labor in the besieging armies was being applied to the rebuilding of the encampments. Most of the soldiers were at work in earnest and everything was done to push forward the work of reconstruction.

Arrangement had been made to compell all Glandelinian prisoners forced to work at the point of the bayonet to do all that was possible at rebuilding. It was hoped that in a month's time that a new city of encampments would rise on the shell of ruins. Clothing and uniforms had been coming in by the trainloads every day, but still there were soldiers in palidwines camps who had hardly enough to cover their half nakedness. There were thousands of non-combatants with also thousands of child refugees who had not enough clothes to go out on the company streets on account of the stormy weather and cold waves and the like.

As cold as it was a tumultuous uproar of the hammer and other tools was heard everywhere. All Glandelinian prisoners, and army carpenters were patching and strengthening partly damaged barracks which in the better spirit that prevailed the besiegers now hoped to save. It was now possible for teams drawing long army sleighs to travel the company streets in the outskirts of the camps into the interior. As he there were many places where passage through the debris had been cleared only enough for a thin line of infantry or cavalry to pass throughout the condition was improving hourly.

Packing along one company street and looking up and down the company streets a visitor could have seen hundreds of big army sleighs loaded high with the fragments of ruined barracks and all kinds of building material that was to be used over again. Also as quickly as the refuse was taken up it was hauled to vacant space vacant spaces cleared of snow and loaded to the many big bonfires which burned continuously before lines upon a line of sentries.

All the encampments were going through a kind of purification by fire. Nearly eight days had passed without more snow falling after the battle, and there was a single barracks surviving in the city of encampments that had a sound roof.

The incessant creation and hasty burial of the sea of dead soldiers and the clearing of the company streets during the severe cold weather had taxed both the Angelinian soldiers and the almost starving Glandelinian prisoners. So cold had been the weather that there had not yet been any attention been given to the roofs, much repairs as had been made to barracks buildings had been only in the form of straghtening and strengthening them so that they might not fall down.

Many barracks which were still standing were leaning over like the Tower of Pisa or were partly off their foundations. When the snow poured down during another blizzard it entered these half shattered barracks still called habitable and covered and almost ruined the contents again. The faces of the surviving soldiers showed the influence of the snowstorm. They were overspread with sadness and discouragement. They were now losing hopefulness and the joy and encouragement which had been light in their features were now gone. But it was only one day of depression when the snowstorm for that was all it proved to be passed with somewhat warmer weather, when the sun came out.

All the army went to work with renewed energy and even worked their prisoners with greater vigor. Many large army sleighs made their appearance and drawn by horses were operated over several company streets.

At all points there was great activity. The strengthening of the batteries recommenced with energy. Creation and cleaning steadily went on. The finding and burning of one thousand bodies in a day showed that the end of this sad duty was not yet in sight. In the southern and southwestern parts of the city of encampments the great windows of wreckage still remained concealing from sight with the aid of deep snow what was underneath.

An order from general Vivian directed against idle Glandelinian prisoners went into operation on the eighteenth. Many Glandelinian prisoners had been working, some of them even of their own free will, the others by impressment—ever since the disaster. But it came to the knowledge of his generals and military property officials that a large number of Glandelinian prisoners were pretending to have different kinds of sickness and in these grounds were refusing to do any kind of work. These prisoners had been standing about the hallways of prison barracks all day long doing nothing. Some when asked questions as why their comrades were come compelled to work received answer by the Angelinians:

"Your comrades under your commanders have caused this havoc and it is more than right and just that we in return make you work for nothing in order to repair the damage your comrades have done in the battle."

Finally as this had continued for several days and probably more than that, general Vivian had this order through the efforts of his officers put up where every one could see and read,;

#### "WARNING TO IDLE PRISONERS."

In view of the fact that a large number of said prisoners are remaining within barracks and refusing to work it has been decided by the army Tribunal to establish a camp in which these prisoners will be confined out in the open and kept on the smallest diet and kept out of the way of those who are performing the herculean task of cleaning this city of encampments and disposing of the dead. Warning is hereby given that all these Glandelinian idlers will be required by strict demand to join fellow prisoners at work, and if really ill to report to an expert doctor who alone will say whether they can stay at their prison barracks or remain in camp, and also as ye rebels have caused this destruction it is the ir duty to repair said damage thus inflicted--

General Vivian."

On the eighth day after the disastrous battle and artillery duel at Delights junction this message came from the stricken encampments;

"Millions of tents have come and with immense loads of board floors and fences separating now make a white and purple city of camps where the many barracks were so quickly swept away. They will be much safer and healthier than many of the shattered barracks which are yet occupied by the refugee non-combatants. There have been until now some wounded soldiers finding shelter in the big army cisterns which shell explosions had blown off their foundations and left lying about the company streets. Others are said to be in barracks without roofs, windows and still others are in barracks the walls of which are far from perpendicular."

It could be of much interest that while the great battle reduced the strength of the christian forces engaged to a great extent other portions of the christian line was strengthened about as much. One of the Angelinian generals said;

"We have the grandest and biggest armies here besieging Vivian Woke. Why our main armies instead of being reduced by our losses was strengthened twice as much than it was before. We had then facing Manley's armies about twenty of about twenty nine divisions of 10,000,000 men each. We have now forty divisions the biggest army the world itself could boast of having. And who was talking about general Vivian giving up? He was and is bound to prevent Manley from reinforcing his father and preventing them from advancing to the succor of Vivian Woke. The authorities has one million men at work on the repairs. I stared eternity in the face during the battle and was ready to give in to day. But now I have more energy and ambition than I ever had."

It was the beginning of the second week after the disaster following the battle of Delight's junction that the fragments of Baldwin's army in general recovered from its paralysis and general Jack Ambrose Evans took the entire superintendence of the city of encampments for the preservation of order under his own personal charge. One of the war correspondents said in a calm survey of the wonders wrought after the devastating effects of the battle;

"No history of the world ever yet contained any record that we remember or know of of such a spontaneous and general uprising of a whole nation like Abbocanna in a work of aid sympathy and charity as that which immediately followed the stirring news of the grievous and most appalling disaster following the battle. In less than twenty four hours after the commencement of the battle—long before the conflict rations following the battle had ended—the whole country shocked and exulted by the great and awful calamity at Baldwin's camps was alive with movements for his relief. Troops and money without limit and food and clothing and materials without limit also were promptly offered and sent, first by all the towns and cities not in possession of the foe in the immediate region round about, and soon afterwards by every town and city and community, indeed every individual and corporation throughout the land not in possession of the traitors' insurgents."

Incessant words of inquiry and sympathy and cheer were telegraphed to the Delight's junction authorities and to all the well known generals from all directions by men who were anxious to help all portions of the edge in the terrible hour of need. Gifts and village governments appropriated millions and tens of millions from their treasures for the relief of the Delight's junction sufferers. All kinds of societies and corporations contributed and forwarded unusual contributions.

hospitals, military ward dispensaries and many other medical relief stations. Most of these wounds, were slight and not dangerous. It would have become so if not properly dressed and treated. The bulk of the work of caring for the sick and injured was confined to the dressing of small wounds received during the battle and minor surgical operations, despite the exposure there were very few cases of sickness, other than wounded, in fact sickness not resulting from wounds was very scarce and if anything below the normal. Soldiers with slight wounds went to the many different medical relief stations and had them dressed and went away and did not come back until the wounds needed redressing. ....

The destruction of Baldwin's encampments was sudden and all within one half a day, starting with the distant disaster at Greatharts camp as already described. The rebel column had struck like a mighty tidal wave, the shock had caused near total destruction.



Not even the disastrous defeat and decimation of his division, or the loss of so many of his artillery men and officers and provisions and camps or even his uniform now torn in rags and tatters could make general Greatheart seem unduly tinged or even insignificant. He was the same as usual but appeared more haughty and unusually dignified. Even his dark eyes seemed more wonderful than ever before in their remote thoughtfulness and interest as he spoke had a kind of flash.

"Go on comrade," he said. "It is splendid to hear. I will prove it and it is very curious too. The Emperor had thought out the plans well, and yet we did not succeed. You my lad are a born soldier. And your companion the Rattlesnake boy is a good lad too."

"There is not a boy that is more game than he is," snored said. "And I am not any braver than he is. All of his boys are game, but with him it is very much different. He always feels sure that he will really never get to do what he most desires, but he feels that to day during the fight the almost unexpected almost happened and he said also that I might have his permission to show you a great map he made. I'll request you to look at it."

He handed the clean copy of the Rattlesnake map to general Greatheart and all of the generals crowded closely together to look at it. All sections of Ivian Wickey was placed properly and also marked with certain and strange signs. In particular they were to show at what important points the Rattlesnake boy—if he had grown up, and become a general would have attacked the Thumbelina fortress near Murt ha yorde. As Penrod pointed them out for the general he explained the plans of the Rattlesnake boy and the reasons. The generals looked over the maps for some minutes. Every one of them fixed their eyes on it curiously and general Greatheart's black brows suddenly drew themselves together.

"This is indeed a very wonderful map," he said with conviction, and the others nodded their approval. "The Rattlesnake is perfectly right. The smallest attacking force might have succeeded in forcing their way in there, and for this reason that he stated on the map, now in the world did he learn to do all this? It seems very unusual for a boy of his age."

"He has learned it through the help and explanation of his own general, and now he thinks of nothing else," snored Penrod. "General Maurice Costello is his general and he has made excellent play plans for battles. He is not like his company of boy followers brave as they are, his main commander is always busy being well educated in the military service, and when the general is not busy he likes to talk about Ivian Wickey. The Rattlesnake always ask him important questions then and leads his general on in a good conversation until he finds out a good deal of information about the strong enemy at Ivian Wickey. Then at his general's permission he looks carefully over the Geographies, and goes as close to the enemy's lines as he dares, hides himself in dark places and listens to what the Thundelinton officers are saying. He says that sometimes he would like awake all the full night thinking out the things that he studied in the Geographies, and he even thinks about it all day. That's why he succeeded in forming his excellency company. He is a general in some ways despite his age."

General Greatheart and all his generals being intensely interested continued to examine the map of the city of Ivian Wickey and elsewhere. Then he said to Penrod while he folded it up and handed it back to him:

"All the Rattlesnake Morrell, that I and my officers studied his magnificent map well and carefully, and that he should be proud of it. And if it please you my comrade, you may also tell him he is right, and my word is backed by all my generals. Our strongest armies would be holding Ivian Wickey now and also all the fortifications if he had led the assault on the gormman section of fortress Thumbelina."

These words of the great generals made Penrod feel so exultant, that he could not hardly control himself.

"I certainly felt sure that you would say the Rattlesnake was right about his plan, and now that is the main reason that makes me desire to tell you the rest," Penrod said hurriedly. "And if you feel sure he is right about the other two—Penrod stopped suddenly, and in an awkward manner because he suddenly had a wild thought. "I'm not sure of your Excellency what you may

think about it." He stammered. "Perhaps it will really seem to you as if the game we planned in very very risky." In spite of his strange hesitant hesitation, the boy scout was so fervently and full of emotion, that general Greatheart and the other generals began to watch him with great sympathetic love and respect, as he always did when the boy scout was making efforts to express some strange thing he was not positively sure of. And one of the greatest bonds between general Greatheart and the boy scout colonel was that the general was always intensely interested in the strong mental process of Penrod, especially in the way which his innermost thoughts led him to an conclusive subject.

"Go on with your story," the general again said to him. "I fell like the Rattlesnake myself to day after my defeat, and also I feel as if I am like you. Luck has not been with me to day. The battle has been like some game with some one cheating on one side. It has not seemed like a fair game to me so far."

Greatheart then sat at the table with his generals and Penrod in his boyish eagerness drew nearer, and then leaned against it, resting his arms on it, and lowering his voice, though for good reasons it was always their habit to speak at such a low whisper that no one, should he be hiding in the room and under the table or elsewhere could not understand what they said.

"If it is the plan of the Rattlesnake to give the signal for a tremedous uprising against Ivian Wickey and her Garrison," he said. At this general Greatheart made a sudden slight movement.

"Does he think the government Air Authorities at porothy gate and Angelina Agathia will be able to gather such an enormous army for such a purpose in so short a time?" he asked.

"He says that is what they must have been preparing for all these months since this way started. And you know it must come very soon, and the other christian nations, will see to it that the supports of Ivian Wickey must be opened to navigation. Navigation even if they have to open it themselves. And if the beautiful Ivian girl princesses are found— but when the Rattlesnake secured the news he saw to his and disappointment, that there was nothing in it, about which camp they were really in. However as he believed it may have been only a sort of false news or rumor. Nobody in the whole camp seemed to know anything about them. He stopped for a few minutes, but he checked himself on time, and did not utter the words which at that time were in his mind. He did not forget himself and say 'but general, I finally believe you know where they are.'"

"And you say that evidently the Rattlesnake has a plan for giving the signal when the armies should strike the fatal blow against Ivian Wickey." "Yes."

At this Penrod forgot his first intense feeling of hesitation. Even he began to see the peculiar plan just as he had observed visions of it, when the Rattlesnake boy scout spoke of it. And the Rattlesnake had talked of it, he made a clearer description and a finer picture than even the Rattlesnake had made of the two vagabond or bagger children—one of them disguising as a crippled girl making their way from one part of the Thundelinton camp to another, quite free quite free to secure information, and also to carry important messages in a messages or warnings to the sections of the christian armies in danger because they would make themselves appear so insignificant and forlorn and poor that no one, not even the smartest among the Thundelintons could ever think of them as ordinary boy scouts, and would only believe them to be two lost or runaway strays of waifs belonging to no one, not even a child slave master, and probably strayed about here and there by the misfortunes of poverty war and so on. Penrod felt as if he wished to convince general Greatheart and his staff that the plan was more possible than it ever seemed. He also felt terribly anxious to win the approval of the scene, though he did not know why—for it was more than real, and Penrod felt sure it actually could be done without fail and disaster, and this feeling inspired him to to enter into new and more grand ideas, details, and to also suggest other possibilities.

the disasterous defeat and decimation of his division, or the  
of his soldiers and officers. And provisions and camps or even

226

"You know your Excellency a little girl who seems to be a cripple, and one who tries to be a good singer, and to pretend to be a beggar, could go and edge his way in anywhere." "I said," "I'm sure singers or children or soldiers or any one would listen to children singing, no matter what side he or she is for on providing he can sing good tuneful songs, and they might not have suspicion And be afraid to speak before him. Any how any strolling singer accompanied by a little crippled girl, would surely hear and find out an abundance of information, which might be very useful for the Abbeismian girls to know. They might even hear or discover the most important things in the enemy's lines. Don't you think so general?"

However before Penrod had gone very far with his story of the plan a strange far away look had fallen upon general Greathheart's face, the same look Penrod had noticed so often before. Greathheart as he sat among the other generals was turned a little sideways from Penrod, the general resting his two elbows on the table, with his chin between his hands. He was constantly looking down at the bare floor, and he remained in this position as he carefully listened to the end.

It may have been evident that some newer and stranger thoughts were quickly passing in his mind, as Penrod went on talking of the scene or scene, and enlarging on the full detail of the rattlesnake boy's plan. The general did not even make the slightest movement, look up or change his position as he answered: "Yes dear Comrade, I believe so. I think it can be possible."

Penrod felt his courage rapidly increasing. He had at first felt the fear that the parts of the scenes he was relating, might seem to be so bold and rash, or reckless like the plans of a daredevil, that general Greathheart would not approve of it, but this discouragement faded away, because of the look in the general's face. And the great general had declared that the first plans or the first part of them according to the rattlesnake boys' imaginations had not seemed quite as dangerous to him if done in the proper manner. And even now the general was listening in a manner, as if the details were less than mere fancies and not at all exaggerated. The general believed that the plans would be difficult to carry out, but was not wild or impossible.

And though Penrod was a Canadian, he nevertheless knew enough of all parts of the very Galverinian and Angelinian countries, and methods of making journeys as to help him to give as much reality to his plans as to enter into all their details.

"I for one could pretend that I can speak or understand, French, Spanish, or English," the boy scout said. "You know it may go well that way, because the rattlesnake does not understand anything but his own language. I then for the best part, should pretend to know only an English. I know all portions of each section of the Galverinian, and also the great city of the Whirtherian fortifications, and other places we should want to go to. I know how all the Galverinian boy scouts live and do, and so we should not do anything that would make them suspicious of us. Also we must also be careful we don't cause any strangers to notice us. And if the Galverinians should ask us questions, I would make them believe that the rattlesnake is my helpless sister, and we have made our minds up to travel alone to find our way home, and also that most charitable people, gave more money to a ragged boy who sang for his sister, who is a cripple." "Yes I know but it is hard to hoodwink the Galverinians," said general Greathheart. "And if you find a merciful one among them, I'll give you my command. I knew a boy scout once, who it was reported went into the enemy's lines to pretend to play the guitar, but somehow the Galverinians knew their purpose and put an end to their existence, in a way I do not care to say. And what I say is true."

Penrod at this suddenly suddenly leaped further forward across the table so that he could get closer to him. These words that the general said did not at all shock his courage.....

PAGE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY.

227

227

His courage only leaped up like a flame. If the general had wished, to stop him, he would have done it with one quick sharp glance, even without speaking a single word. But for some unusual reason he did not wish to make the boy cease talking. The general and his staff was more than willing to hear what the boy scout could tell— they were even as interested as listening to an important story. Penrod when he first entered the Angelinian armies, did not think himself to be worth enough to enter the national guard, or worthy to help Abbeismia in any small or big way, even with boyish fancies which might contain a suggestion of some thought which older and much wiser persons might deem to make good use of. And Penrod wondered exceedingly whether general Greathheart listened to the plan, because it was interesting, or because the plan made like a desperate game, but not impossible, and if two boys could be found who would be trusted to the work, the boy caught a deep breath as he went on, drawing still nearer, and speaking even so low that his tone was almost a whisper. "If the members of the Great Gemini society have been working and thinking out their own plans for so many months, for the cause of Abbeismia, they have prepared everything for the final blow. I'm sure that their main Supreme Persons know that probably by this time what must be done by their messengers who are to give the final signal. They can direct them what places to go and how to know the Secret Members who must be informed. If the plans could be properly made out, and sent to some of the Supreme Persons, who has seen all things in the Galverinian and remembered them." The boy scout had started to breathe so rapidly that he was compelled to stop for a full minute. General Greathheart suddenly looked up. He looked directly in Penrod's eyes.....

"You mean to say one of the Supreme Persons who has been trained to remember the in's and out's of the Whirtherian fortifications?" "Yes," he said. "Yes sir, some of the Supreme Persons who has had the training." continued Penrod recovering his breathe again. "Some one among the Supreme Persons of the Gemini who had learned all, and who will not forget all that he has been trained for, who would never, never forget. Even if the messenger were only a twelve year old boy even if it was only a ten year old girl scout as long as they could carry the important message...."

General Greathheart then put his hand on Penrod's shoulder. "My dear Comrade," he said slowly and with emotion. "Your speech sounds mighty suspicious. I believe you are speaking as if you wanted to go on that mission yourself. Is that so Penrod?" "Yes," the boy looked bravely at general Greathheart's face and into his eyes but just now did not say a single word. His look however meant his answer.

"No you you Penrod really know what it means to do that," the general continued. "Do you know the nature of the Galverinians, and their frightful ways? Do you know that even if successful in the plan it would be a very dangerous adventure? Are you not thinking of this? And have you not thought within yourself how it would be, if clever disguise readers among the Galverian guards would betray you, and your companion, and you were sentenced by the Galverinian Tribunal to be put to death as others were?" "Yes," At this Penrod suddenly stood his straightest, and looked haughty as if he owned the world itself. He appeared as if he was even then within the rebel lines.

"If I were put to death, I would be put to death for Abbeismia and her cause," he said proudly. "But the Galverinians will never capture me or the rattlesnake alive."

After Penrod had finished the general said almost proudly: "It is needless to say comrade that I am overjoyed to see a boy scout and his friend the rattlesnake so game. I am especially glad because I wish to explain something to you. I was not justified in myself for forgetting to tell you my appreciation for the way you so bravely behaved to day in the fight at Pelight Junction near south end. I realize it was on account of the cowardly conduct of general James Parkington, an English signal officer that the disaster to my army occurred, and so many of my best officers had been killed. Count De Biff

reports shows that just for that reason the attacking forces besides my own had been severely and most disgracefully whipped, and when I learned what a tremendous slaughter had occurred all along the line, and of the dreadful loss of the very division under my own command, and which I find upon inquiry was caused mainly by the cowardice of that English Foreigner, and from no other reason--- I say I was so completely disheartened, and heart broken that I scarcely knew what I was about. It was the first time during my service in the army that, which an important movement that I had planned out to general Vivian and Emperor, Vivian had failed so disgracefully, and also the first time in my life that I was compelled to order my depleted division to retreat and as I had every good reason to hope for complete success, you can have some idea how I and all my generals feel.

After the battle many facts came to light of which mention was made in general Pitters and Count De Biffe reports and which I was unacquainted until an hour ago. And I find therefore if I leave the prisoner, go unpunished I do a grave injustice to my boyhood chum and friend Emperor, Vivian, to the Vivian girls who love me like a father, and to Abbie and Annie. And if ever a person earned a shoulder strap you did at to day a fight at Gouth Bend or Delight Junction. I have however sent in an application for a strict court of inquiry and have also represented the cause to the Authorities at Ag Angelina Agatha and Dorothy girls. As soon as the Emperor drives to night you will report to him, and he will invest in vestige the case. That foreigner will wish he had not come within our lines. He is liable to be branded for life as a coward or be shot as a coward.

Even as the general was speaking there was a signal from the guard outside, and the Alde-De-Camp opened the door. He was heard evidently speaking to some one but side, and then they heard approaching footsteps, and the Alde-De-Camp stood at attention before general Greathart and looked very solemn as he saluted and said with emotion:

"Your Excellency, there is a boy scout outside the door who wishes to be admitted. He mainly asked to see Colonel Penrod."

"If it is the Rattlesnake leader," said Greathart being him in at once. I myself wish to see him."

In his hurry to see the Rattlesnake boy, Penrod saluted the general and went rapidly down the hall way to the door fronting the general's headquarters. He opened the door and then stood stock still. The rattlesnake boy was there, alright, but at first Penrod thought he was not in his uniform. And Penrod also observed with a queer feeling he did not like, that the boy Marshall was leaning on a pair of hospital crutches, and his head was bandaged, and also Penrod believed that his friend looked very wild and strange. This gave him a feeling like if he had lost his own father. The boy's face was very pale and white, his eyes flared and the usual lines on his bull dog like face seemed twisted in a strange and new way. Penrod was startled and wondered if something had frightened the rattlesnake boy or if he was badly injured or ill.

"Hedcliffe," he began, "general Greathart is expecting"--

"I've come to tell you about my company of boy scouts, and my general." The rattlesnake boy broke in at once without waiting to hear any more, and his voice was more strange than the appearance of his face. "I don't know what made me come--- what made me come--- or why--- why--- why I've come but I--- I--- believed I just desired to. My general is badly wounded and all his staff are dead. My Company of boys and even girls are wiped out, and my sister killed. An explosion during the battle did it while they were signalling to an over a frantic signal late this afternoon."

"Our general, and your Company of girl and boy scouts!" stammered Penrod in dismay. "They're dead!"

"Every one except the general is dead." The Rattlesnake answered in a shaking voice. "The general is also without a command as it was wiped out. Our camp is still burning like a inferno of hades. I feared it would happen though. They were in the path of the advancing Landallians, and one of the Rebels hurled a shower of grape and shell at us followed by others. The general was badly wounded in trying to rally his brigades. He was picked up half buried in snow on the field. I knew he'd be shot one of these days because I cannot understand otherwise. And I told him so. And he told me he knew he would himself. I never

Part Two.

# CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

GENERAL GREATHART SHOWS MORE THAN FRIENDSHIP TO RADCLIFFE, CALLED THE "RATTLESNAKE" BY THE GLANDLILLIANS.

saw a daring general survive a battle yet. And I stayed with him until I saw him taken away to the Base hospital, and then I was laid low by a shell. My right leg is almost shattered, the doctor said. I've had a bursting headache ever since I've been close to the battle line, and I feel sicker than a mad-dog---and after my loss I thought suddenly of you."

Just at this moment Penrod made a quick spring to grasp the Rattlesnake boy because it appeared to him that the boy scout was suddenly shaking as if he were going to fall in a swoon. Hewms grabbed the boy scout on time however, and the Aide-De-camp, who had been looking on from behind Penrod suddenly rushed forward as between them the Rattlesnake was kept on his feet.

"I don't believe I will faint now if I control myself," he said in a weak voice. "I felt as if I would though. It was a bad scene, to day's battle, and then to see my sister and the general shot down, and my company of boys wiped out. I was all by myself. The whole division was too panic stricken for any one to come to my assistance, and no one would come. He lying in the Base hospital and I'm afraid he'll die. I have not even a boy or girl follower now."

"Come and see general Greathart," said Penrod. "I'm sure he will be able to tell us what to do. Aide-De-camp please help him up the steps."

But the Rattlesnake boy scout refused to be helped despite his wounded leg. "I believe I can climb up the steps myself," he declared. "Do you see the crutches I now have. I was wounded in the leg while kneeling at my sister's side. My doctor gave them to me."

The Rattlesnake boy tried to speak as carelessly as possible, but nevertheless Penrod could see very plainly that he was shaken horribly and overwrought with grief. His queer bull dog like face was still yellowish white in color and he was trembling like a leaf. Penrod led him into the presence of the general. In the middle of the room in one of his strange and silent attentive attitudes stood general Greathart. He was patient for the boys to come in.

"Your excellency this is my friend called the 'Rattlesnake' Penrod began. The Rattlesnake boy stopped suddenly when half way in the room, resting on his crutches and staring at the tall majestic figure with surprised widened eyes.

"In that general Greathart," said he to Penrod, and then he suddenly added; "He looks like a king don't he?"



It seemed so peculiar for a general to do so. The Rattlesnake boy decided also that after he had eaten his breakfast, and then went out to go to the Base up hospital he should now recover the use of his leg desire to hang about the general's headquarters, just on hoping for the chance of seeing him, and his staff officers ride by sometime as usual. And now having a lost his sister and his entire company of boy scouts once under his command, the Rattlesnake boy did not know what he was going to do it was without doubt that his general, the general is command of one of general Concentina Aronhurga divisions would already be brought to the Base hospital, and if he died he would never see him again, and he did not see any reason what use it would be to wish to see him again. It would not bring him back, and what difference would it be to the enemy if he and his general had ever cared anything for each other. He did not wish to see a gladiolus flag again. And probably on account of his sister's death, he would be like a whipped outcast, when he left the army. He never believe that the enemy could be so brutal and so violent. Perhaps the Rattlesnake boy the enemy could be driven to go about the enemy's territory alone. Could he succeed? He could be about death, since his sister and his boy scouts had been brutally murdered by the enemy, and his best general wounded, for this he decided he would spy on the Inherge Inat instead of mere scouting on them. The general is a side-de-camp was waiting for himself of greenhearts big wara Tabour tent. The Rattlesnake boy scout had back for a moment.

"Perhaps they would rather ask eat their breakfast by themselves." He said in a hesitating voice. "You can see for your self that I'm, not ---I'm not the kind of a boy for general Greenheart's father drink my coffee outside the tent, and carry the rolls and tinsulite away with me. And I ask you to thank him for me for his kindness. I'd want him to know how much I am thankful to him."

The side-camp looked at the boy with a most steady eye. And the brave Ratt lesnauk boy noticed that the side-camp was looking him over, as if he were a king's son.

"You may be the kind he is but you do not know it," He said, "The general sees a lot of good in you, and even so does many others and the Emperor himself and also his daughters and if general Greathart did not see any good in you he would not ask you to sit at his own breakfast. And there are seven beautiful boy scouts who wish to see you, and have an important consultation with you. Therefore you must not back out. You must come with me."

All boy scouts who had known him, or heard of him had indeed seen a lot of good in the pennantsky boy scout, and even millions of the Angelinians had, but the glandelinians had not. Neither the vixian girls, neither Angelinia Armburg, or any other heroines or boy heroes in this story was a were a greater terror to the enemy than Radcliffe Glandelinian officers in charge of scouting parties had said.

'There's that Internal Rattlesnake' when ever they saw him at a distance

and his tend of wishing to meet him had turned and moved away as fast as their horses could go. All glandulians had regarded him as all persons in Southern part of the United States regard a Rattle snake about to strike from ambush. The Rattle snake boy about gave forth a sort of grin and wondered what the Aide-in-camp really meant, as he followed him into the tent. The day before he had only been in the buildin building, now he was in the beautiful tent, which was as good as a country air mansion. The Rattle snake boy as he gazed around him saw how rightly met the handsome to sit quarters had been cleaned, and even as swept and matted, how the walls of the chambers had been cleaned, and even decorated with beautiful pictures of children, and how everything in all the rooms were set in such perfect order. The handsome lunch cloth on the table was fresh, handsome in design, and spotless from any spot speck of dust or stain, and the silverware shone with brightness like new material.

[illegible]

people peeped their being in boys attire, the Rattlesnake boy who had often seen them, and been with them in secret, knew who they really were; so at the look a from one of them he did not snipe or courtesy as he at first was intending to do. Only he alone besides Greathair had recognised them. But Penrod did not, though he evidently was very suspicious of them. He did not know they were the yvian girls, but he did not believe they were real boys either, but some beautiful children - or girl scouts in disguise as boys.

General Greathair noticed that the Rattlesnake boy had been on the point of making the gesture, and the expression on the general's face as he moved forward lifted the load of bashfulness and confusion from the Rattlesnake boy's heart.

As the strange men advanced, the strange were happening to him,

He began to feel as if something new and strange were happening to him, as if he was not after all so unlucky as he felt himself to be, that he did not need to be afraid of being in the presence of any important persons, even as if he need not feel so much at ease in the dark, and like a thing there was no place in the world more straight, and strange far seeing look in the generals eyes, and the presence of Penrod, and the seven beautiful boys he knew so well seemed to make a place somewhere for what he looked at. And yet what general would indeed very simple.

so well seemed to me a very simple one. Greathart said, "was indeed very simple." "This is very well comrade," he exclaimed. "You have slept well, and rested, and received your morning bath. I suppose the way you looked at them you know these are ven boys as well well as I do. We will have some food and then we will talk together."

The general pointed in the direction of the bench with a slight gesture indicating that the Rattlesnake should be at the right hand of his own place, and left of the most beautiful boys. Again the Rattlesnake boy showed signs of hesitation. What a swell general he indeed was when he saw the general make that wave of the hand it made the bereaved boy scout captain feel as if he were a great general himself, and that Greathart was honoring him.

the hand it made the others look at him. "I'm nothing but a common boy scout Marshall!" The rattlesnake boy suddenly broke out, and jerked his head abruptly in the direction of the beautiful boys. "They evidently know me more than others do." He ended. "I've never in my life sat at a general's table before."

"It does not matter at all comrade." General Grentheart again made the easy going gesture toward the right hand side of the bench again and smiled in his slow manner.

his slow manner."  
"Let us sit down."  
The Ratt lennks boy obeyed the general, and ate the best meal he had ever had in his life. It would take too long a list to describe what he ate here, but the Aide-De-camp noted as the waiter. And when he was not serving he stood upright behind the generals back as though he wore no real livery of scarlet and gold.

To the Rattlesnake boy scout who had gnawed only bones or crunched a crust of bread where ever he may have found them, and with no thought but of wishing to relieve or appease his own ravenous hunger, to watch the nine others with whom he sat, eat the same food as he did was indeed a new experience. When he first entered the Angelinian Army he knew nothing of the every day manner of the Angelinian generals and other officers. As they ate in their dignified manner the Rattlesnake boy loved to watch them, and to follow their ways. And he tried to hold his cups and other dishes like the rest did, and to sit and not as the seven beautiful boys were doing, sitting and eating, and moving, taking his bread butter and rolls when they were held at his side by the Aide-de-Camp as if it were a simple thing to be waited upon by a general's aid.

Indeed Penrod himself and the seven beautiful boys with him had everything handed to them all their lives, and when they were waited upon it did not make them feel a bit awkward. The Rattlesnake knew that his own general had never had the time to live in this manner. Even he himself would have been at much better ease with himself if chance or fate had treated him more squarely. And he scowled when he thought of the nature of the enemy and the horrible death his sister and boy scouts met at the battle of Delight Jun T Junction. In a few minutes more while they were still eating general Great Heart began to talk about the map of Yivian Lakey, and her fortifications, sea or land. This made the Rattlesnake boy forget every embarrassed feeling and so he was not ill at ease no more. He did not realize however that for the sake of the beautiful boys (the Yivian girls in disguise) was intending to lead him on to explain all his own theories about the country surrounding the city of Yivian Lakey, and the strength of the base besieged Angelinian army, the rescuing force under Mic-Hollerston Johnston and the Hanleys and others, and the condition of the siege. He told all that he had read in ballads, or overheard during conversational conversations, or even everything he thought about as he lay awake at night in his tent.

He had explained so many things he thought out that even the beautiful boys looked surprised. For his age he had a strangely over-mature and concentrated mind, and he surprised every one with all the military scenes he could think of, and they listened with great curiosity and were amazed beyond what they usually felt. The boy scout Marshall as he called himself proved to be very clever, and also the extraordinary way in which he fixed all his mental powers on one thing surprised them still more. Not even the seven beautiful boy scouts had believed that they would ever know any lad who could reason with everything so clearly, or know so much about Yivian Lakey, clever and shrewd as they were themselves, the Rattlesnake boy scout seemed very unnatural to them. And everything he described was extraordinarily interesting and useful. He related many strange rough and clear plans, describing all that had been or should have been done to bring on the speedy capture of the Mic-Whirlthian fortifications and Yivian Lakey. General Greatheart listened as attentively as the seven beautiful boy scouts and Penrod and the Rattlesnake at once saw the general exchange and rapid and somewhat startled glance with the beautiful boys.

And this was at the very moment when the Rattlesnake boy was sketching with his finger on the real map of Yivian Lakey, an attack on the weakest spot of fortress Thumbelina, which had not been attempted when it should have been done. And Penrod realized at once that the look so quickly exchanged between general Greatheart and the Angelic boys meant—  
"The Rattlesnake is perfectly right. If fortress Thumbelina had been attacked at her weakest spot by an overwhelming force there would have been victory for general Yivian Abyssinkillians instead of calamity and defeat."

For the boy scout Marshall it was a very good and wonderful breakfast, and the Rattlesnake realized that he should never forget it. After breakfast was over, and the seven boys were gone, the general told him what he had done for him the night before. He had seen the great Abhinnian Emperor and so everything had been done which the military authorities provide in case of the death of heroic boys and girls. As gallant general was not as dangerously wounded as first supposed, and the boys and girls with his sister would be buried in the usual manner any great general is buried.

"We and these seven beautiful boy scouts whom you know will also follow them," General Greatheart said in the end. "You and I and Penrod and the seven beautiful boys."

The Rattlesnake boy gasped.  
"You—Penrod—and the Yivian—I mean the seven beautiful boy scouts!" he exclaimed starting. "And also why should the seven beautiful boys go? I did not think they'd want to. I did not believe they'd go to the funeral of a common boy scout's sister, even if they were generals."

For a few moments general Greatheart was silent.  
"When even a brave general falls in battle, or boy and girl scouts, the end of it is a lonely thing to any boy scout and they know it," he said at last. "As for you being 'common' is another thing. The Y see more in you than you ever think. They respect you as much as they respect themselves, and they pity you exceedingly for your loss. The Y would do anything for one so lonely as you are." And he spoke the last few words after making a slight pause.

"Yes let us go now as it is yet time," said Penrod gravely, and he caught hold of the Rattlesnake's hand. The Rattlesnake made a sudden movement. He dropped his crutches and slipped back onto the bench and sat still gazing out out of the window at the falling snow as if he were not even looking at the November storm at all but at something else a long distance away. In a few minutes he looked up at general Greatheart.

"Do you Your Excellency realize what I was thinking of all of a sudden?" he suddenly said in a shaky voice. "I thought of those lost Abhinnian Princesses. I feel I saw them to day but for good reasons I'm not allowed to tell yet. Perhaps they got out of Yivian Lakey secretly. No body else but you, I and the Emperor know, but it is nearly a year since, and just because they are cool and friendly, no one I think the Y can do things. It's queer but it does me good to see them once more, though they were in complete disguise. It seemed like heaven to be near them, and if they've been so carefully hidden all these days since their escape from Yivian Lakey, they may have been at all parts of the camp, but so cleverly disguised, that no body may have ever known anything about them except the Emperor and their guardians. But I've seen them to day, and so have you. That's what they have done. Just kept themselves cleverly disguised. When I think of them, and of other pretty little girls and boys—there is indeed such awful and wonderful difference between them and others, that—Yes, I'd be sorry to refuse to let those seven pretty boys attend my sister's funeral and the funeral of my boy and girl scouts. This is the first time they have ever done this much for me at that. I was like to him a general's son and he was the only one I had, but now since he lies injured in a general hospital I am very lonesome—I want them to come to the burial with me."

After this hour, the forlorn details of the dead girl and boy scouts were conveyed to a specially made trench which are dug for the burial of commissioned officers, and an enormous military procession of a funeral followed them. There were the seven beautiful boy scouts, general Greatheart, many other officers, friends of the dead generals boy and girl scouts, the Rattlesnake and Penrod, and behind them Penrod's whole regiment of boy and girl scouts, who walked in squads. Then came one thousand soldiers who had respectfully sad and sober faces, and as they marched they held their heads up, shoulders properly and marched with shouldered muskets as if on drill. They were a company of Abyssinkillian soldiers who were to fire the parting salute, as the dead boy and girl scouts were lowered into the grave. Also with them was a priest.

After the burial ceremony, and while they were returning from the trench grave, the Rattlesnake was unusually silent all the way to the camp. He was thinking of the battle that had caused him to lose his sister and boy and girl scouts, and of what now was his destiny. In fact he was thinking to himself that no good fortune lay before him, nothing good whatever. And as he felt sure that this was too certain, his strange face sharply lined, took on such sharp new line lines which not only made it look look pinched and hard but increased the full dog expression of it. Before his sister's death, and the destruction of his company of girl and boy scouts, all he had before was a dingy room in general Maurice's post-office headquarters, which on account of its condition,



"I could have the chance to draw closer to Vivian Wickey and the great Mid-Whirlian fortifications, and see everything that is going on every day, I could plan the attacks upon them every night," said the Rattlesnake quietly and with a panting breath as an incredible vision of the fortress came before him. When he thought within himself: "Are the Mid-Whirlian fortifications so powerful that if all the nations of the world were arrayed against them they could not be forced? Here the fortresses of Thunelania, Corranum, St Phillip and St Andrew so strong, that they were unapproachable by even the strongest fleet and armies in the world? If so then the siege was of no avail."

"When the time comes we'll see who can draw the best laid plans," said General Greatheart.

"Do you mean to say that you'll be helping me at my own plans at and make maps at any moment even for the cause of Abba-sunila?" asked the Rattlesnake.

"I was not expecting that," answered General Greatheart. "I'll help you when ever you draw maps, or make plans, and we will even have conventions about them."

As they continued on their way, the general told him that Penrod and his Regiment of boy scouts could do many things, that fairly terrorized the glanglinsians. They could go when in disguise to all parts of the great Lucilla taken fortifications, because they knew them, and Penrod and any of his boy scouts could show him, what could be done in real spying work everywhere on that line.

His father said it is exceedingly dangerous for any one to even approach the insurgent line. The Rattlesnake said in a most hesitating manner, and growing hot because he remembered so many ugly days in Corran-gatherine. "I swear, I'll dare anything to go through or into Vivian Wickey but also the Infernal region. Infernal regions to spy on the enemy if need be."

The general smiled, "When I said to my generals that I have a firm belief you can be trusted I meant several good things," answered General Greatheart. "The spying work is one of them. You are a well disciplined boy scout. You and Colonel Penrod are both under my personal command. You both will command a Regiment of boy scouts each."

And the general said the words because he knew they would elate the Rattlesnake and stir the his blood to the highest pitch.

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE OPINION OF THE BOY SCOUTS ON THE FALL OF VIVIAN WICKY.

ARE THEY RIGHT?.....OR THE NATIONS?.....

THE OPINION OF THE TWO BOYSCOUTS ON  
THE FALL OF VIVIAN WICKERY.  
WENT THEY RIGHT, OR THE NATIONS?

THINKED THE WORDS DID ELATE HIM, more than the general ever could have expected. His blood was stirred by his words, and every time they returned to his mind. He did even remember them for many days and nights that followed. He even very often indeed laid awake at nights saying them half aloud to himself.

The cot in Penrod's room was not very comfortable, but on inconvenience prevented his resting as in most cases he had not rested much since he entered the army as a boy scout. And to live in general Greatharts headquarters with Penrod was a great comfort compared with the past life he had gone through, and now this new kind of living was a great comfort, and almost luxury. He recovering the use of his wounded leg sooner than he expected even so he could get along without crutches, took his bath every morning. He sat at the general's table with Penrod, and would also always gaze at general Greathart, and speak to him and hear his voice often. But the chief trouble that the Rattlesnake had was that he found it almost impossible to keep his eyes from the general's face, and he was sorely afraid that it would greatly annoy him. Yet the boy scout could not bear to lose a look, or even a single movement. At the end of his second day with the general he slowly made his way but with some trouble and difficulty to the room of the general's aide-de-camp which was at the top of Greatharts headquarters.

"Do you mind sir if I come in, and talk with you a little while?"

he said.

The officer nodded, and motioned the boy to come in. When he had entered, he was obliged to sit on the floor, because there was nothing there except an old bed, and some old pieces of furniture.

"I want to ask you a serious question at once," said the Rattlesnake boy scout plunging into his important talk at once. "Do you think that the general of or even Penrod is right about it being too dangerous to approach the enemy's lines just now? Do you think he would mind me going as near as possible and observing the enemy's lines? I can't help desiring to go----but if he thinks it is too dangerous----well I'll try to overcome the desire, and keep my distance from the foe lines." "OK?"

"The general is used to knowing what the danger is." The Aide-de-Camp answered. "But Penrod knows better also. It is well Radcliffe to ask the general himself. He always has a liking for open speech."

"I want to find out everything possible about the fortifications, and the enemy's positions at Norma Catherine, also of the Lucille Pickens fortifications." The Rattlesnake said. "I want to know----isn't there anything I could do for the general?" "It surely wouldn't matter how great the peril is, and the Emperor would not need to know I'm doing it. I know from the way you look at me that if you was a general you would not be willing to let me do anything particular especially if it is dangerous. But you have always been close to Vivian Wickery and his fortifications, night and day. Could you tell me what I should do please?"

The Aide-de-Camp looked at the Rattlesnake boy with his piercing keen eyes. At last he said in a very gruff voice: "-----"

"Now and then the danger is very great indeed, so very great that only those who desire to commit suicide take the risks. But when the opportunity comes, I'll take you as near to the enemy's lines as I dare to go, or you can take the chances and accompany Violet and her sisters on such a trip. But not to day----perhaps sometime next week if the weather is good. ...." "AA--"

"That day will you take me?" asked the Rattlesnake, boy earnestly....  
 For a few moments the Aide-de-Camp reflected, his shaggy eyebrows drawing themselves down over his eyes as if this were a question of state.  
 "It probably will be next sunday, or maybe yonday," he conceded, "but not before. I'll tell him when you are to accompany me."  
 "I rather you wouldn't," said the Rattlesnake boy. "I almost don't want him to know, and I want to know for sure myself if I'll be able to do something important for him. And I'll find out things that I can do without interfering with the duties of the vivian girl princesses. I'll think them over...!"  
 "Anything any one else did without permission no matter how heroic would really be interfering with them," said the Aide-de-Camp, "and they would be liable to the most severe punishments."

It was now time for the Rattlesnake boy to reflect now and it could be seen how that his face was twisting itself into stranger lines and wrinkles.  
 "I'll tell you before I do anything rash," he said after he had thought it over. "You have served in the army longer than I have, and ought to know."

"I have served in the army ever since I was an eighteen year old lad, and now I'm fifty six," said the Aide-de-Camp. "I was then a drummer boy...!"  
 "Is vivian okay so powerfully defended by the Angelinian Insurgents as they say and as the nations of the world believe...?" demanded the Rattlesnake thinking deeply.

"It certainly is defended stronger than they say," was the Aide-de-Camp's decided answer. "It would take a million books to describe all the makes and formations of the fortifications and the material they had been constructed of. I'm positively sure it will never be retaken-----and neither the fortifications...!"

"Then what good is the siege then?" the Rattlesnake said. Then he laughed a little quaky laugh. "I've never been near vivian okay yet at least any nearer than I am now...!" He added.  
 At his this moment his eagle eye caught a sudden passing look on the general's face itself. It was sudden queer, and most disturbed look. Could the Aide-de-Camp be really in favor of his great scheme? Perhaps there was that kind of meaning in that look.

"If you stay near general Greathheart long enough----- and it surely need not be too long, you will be finding out a lot of the dangers you and Penrod too will have to face. Everybody will tell that Comrade, that the slightest kind of glandelinians are not to be trifled with. Why take harsh chances with the worse...!"  
 This made the Rattlesnake sit up as straight as that kind of Reptile erects itself to strike strikes.

"Then it suddenly comes to that," he suddenly blurted out. "I've seen a lot of adventures already ever since I joined the boy scout force. I was even feeling as if I was general Greathheart's son, several minutes after he gazed at me with those queer handsome eyes of his. I feel that his eyes are strangely queer, because they gazed me so strangely, and they make me wish to follow him more than anything else."

That night when all was quiet, the Aide-de-Camp related to the general the story of his interview with the Rattlesnake boy.  
 He carefully repeated the words the boy had said, and general Greathheart listened gravely.

"I believe we did not have time to learn much of that boy yet," he said. "But he is a faithful lad, during and else, though I think he is somewhat reckless. Be careful with him, and do not approach too near the rebel lines under Mc-Holleser Johnston, or Penrod."

About two days had passed, and everything was still silent along the opposing lines, except occasional artillery duels, and some big fires in vivian okay, or near the fortresses, and some in the camps of both sides, and flood and blizzard storms. The weather by now being the first of December was growing intensely cold, it being 20 below to day, and there was several feet of snow on the ground.

It was at this time, at and while an early newmber cold wave was on, that Penrod suddenly met the Rattlesnake boy scout especially right after the morning, and had been out. He had even made his disappearance without saying a single word to general Greathheart or any one else. It was nearly three hours after before he came back, and when he did return he appeared to be very excited. And he looked very cold and tired. He was questioned by some of the soldiers, and even general Greathheart, but he would not just then give any explanation whatever. He did not volunteer to explain until the approach of the evening, and then as he lay on his cot, without getting up, he said it to Penrod.

"I have been scouting near the enemy's lines, it's some hazardous practice I'll say, walking about with my cuticles and it being so cold and windy and so much snow on the ground, there were so many glandelinian scouting parties around, and within view, that I had to go about more like a rat, than a Rattlesnake. I want to go as near as I could dare, but I walked much closer than I believed I had. I was within five hundred yards of fortress Gertrude Angelina, which I believe had an extent of two miles. I saw her strength. I believe she has enough guns, and fortified sailboats or snow forts to annihilate a million men. If I go again I'll take a look at fortress Korrmann Aurad Aurandecallio."

"Shall I make a trip with you, when you go again?" asked Penrod.

"I couldn't you mind sharing the dangers with a crippled boy scout?" asked the Rattlesnake.

"Don't worry yourself sick about that," said Penrod. "We can examine things while we are together, and try to copy everything we see as we go on. It's best for us you know."

"I want to learn everything about the enemy's positions, and to remember things," answered the Rattlesnake. "I'd like to train myself to also approach the Great Lucille taken fortifications in the most cautious way too. I'd give anything to know all the extent of those fortresses, formations and so on. I've a good memory, and can see things and remember them as they are. I remember the sights of Mc-Whirther Janet, and the great Norma Catherine horror. These things I don't want to remember any more. I hate to. Will you go to morrow morning?"

"Yes," answered Penrod. "I'll be glad to do so...!"

"I, the main thing I really want to do," he exclaimed in not only to see fortress Aurandecallio, as other spies and scouts do, but also the Lucille taken fortifications. Scouts are surely trained to do anything with all complete success. You know it is training that does it for all of us. And you know Penrod, there will come a time when even general Greathheart will need some boy scout to quickly go on some very important mission, and as one of us may be chosen, I'm going to be ready. I'm making up my mind to train my own self until until no general will think of me as if I were only a common boy scout who can't learn to do all the thing a he is required to, and runs himself into useless peril so often that he has to be taken care of. I want all the generals to know that I'm really as strong in spirit as others, and where others can go, I also can find my way...!"

When the morning came their first had breakfast, and then they set out the general being told the reason for their going. The general suspected no reason, or suspected one reason probably, but he did not realize the full intention of the two boyscouts. This day they intended to do their scouting until dark, it being not quite so cold though heavy snow flurries was on. Penrod was silent as he watched the Rattlesnake, and observed with amazement his great determination, and endurance. They could see everything from every point of view. They did not fail to observe anything as they walked. They saw that Manley and many others of Mc-Holleser Johnston's army were pushing forward large bodies of troops, and concentrating along all points of gunboat Creek, and movements were going on at all points of Delight Junction and they saw, larger masses of troops were also moving for Evangelina Grania heights, and elsewhere, while strong batteries, and long and high breastworks made of snow and earth were being hastily erected. Penrod as he observed this, knew that he should not speak of what they could not fail to see as they continued to walk on and on. He

Rattlesnake began to look cold and tired and very pale, and desperately fatigued, but he did not give in. Penrod knew that the Rattlesnake had determined for some particular reason of his own to view the threatening attitude of the rebel lines, and to do this thing at any cost to himself. Sometimes when it appeared that they were observed by distant enemy scouting parties, or when shell explosions rent the air with ear splitting detonations, a thousand fold louder than the loudest thunder crash, his face grew white and he breathed hard, but he never retreated nor retreated for any longer period than ten minutes, and no matter how many distant cannons crashed, or how many shells exploded dangerously near never turned back or shortened the scouting tour they had planned.

"Tell me something about the fortress defending the nearest approaches to your Catherine," he said when he was viewing the outer works of Juranaleo.

"When I look at these works I can't see how they can ever be carried," he said. "I look at these wide trees, and as they did so, they talked about the glandon works, and the Rattlesnake committed all he heard to his memory. He was quick at everything, and saw new sights every minute. They invented a game between themselves of remembering every section of the enemy's positions as they viewed them, both would try to sketch a copy of the fortifications. They went to the top of small hillocks, and elsewhere, and observed movements among general. Many Mandays lines that fortold the approach of a gigantic elemental storm of humanity between Jennie Ivian and Delight Junction. Jennie Ivian no doubt would be its center." He took in everything they say (not into their pockets though) making out lists and descriptions which when they returned at night, they intended to show to general Greatheart. It would be very important to him. As the hours passed, and as it grew colder and windier, Penrod observed that the Rattlesnake was gaining strength and nerve.

Indeed this exhilarated him exceedingly. Wherever they had gone, they walked in the snow and wind facing the cold as if it were a summer day. Even now there were not so many wrinkles in his face, and his sharp angle eyes did not look half as fierce, and between each other, they had a long and curious talk. Penrod began to realize that the Rattlesnake wanted to learn everything he could about the enemy's positions.

"The way it seems to me general Greatheart always talks to you as if you were a learned man," the Rattlesnake said on their return. "He knows you understand more about Military things than most men even do, and yet the glandolinians have treated me as if I were a Rattlesnake that lived in gutters, and seemed to live no where else."

They were soon back to their own quarters and a little later were talking in their own room as they always did, when they went to bed at night. To night they sat up clasping their arms or knees. Penrod on his cot, the Rattlesnake on his both of them conscious of hearing all the while, strange booming sounds, and other sounds more eerie than the cry of ghosts or evil spirits, and observing through their bed room windows the flash of night signals. All this made them feel the sense of companionship. All the while they listened to the volume of strange sounds in the distance, they revealed their most reliable thoughts to each other, and even told such things that they never had thought of telling before. In fact they found out about themselves many important things, they did not suspect before.

Even Penrod had discovered but slowly and gradually the admiration the Rattlesnake had for all the Anti Angolinian generals, was becoming quite impassioned and also that he had a curious feeling which entirely took hold of him. It seemed also to Penrod that the Rattlesnake thought incessantly of general Ivian and his beautiful laughs the Ivian girls. So when he told of the enemy calling him a Rattlesnake of the gutter, Penrod had the comfortable feeling that he was somewhat fortunate in remembering something very important he could say.

"General Greatheart and many of the generals declared yesterday a that you have the brains and talent of a professional spy and also a very strong will," he said from his cot. "He told me you have the experience of an official of the wonderful and Powerful Gemini, a most wonderful memory and that you used a special training. He said it again this evening after he looked over the drawings of the fortifications you made during our scouting tour to day."

At hearing this the Rattlesnake began to shut a shuffle on his cot, and then clasped his knees a little tighter.

"Did he really say that? Did he really?" He demanded. Then a few minutes passed, in which the Rattlesnake rested his chin upon his knees, and stared straight before him. Then he turned and looked at Penrod like a startled Rattlesnake does when rearing itself to strike.

"Penrod!"

He spoke suddenly and his voice was rather hoarse, and also queer in its sound. "Penrod, were you ever afraid of anything?"

"Afraid of anything?" said Penrod. "Why do you ask?"

"I mean have you ever felt any kind of a fear when ever you faced great peril?"

"If so do you know what fear is like, and what causes it?"

"I don't believe I understand you," answered Penrod staring a little.

"Are you ever fearful of peril when you go on long distant scouting tours, with general Greatheart, because you know the savage ferocity of the Angolinian insurgents, because the general knows more about his work than you do, and may send you on perilous missions, which no one but you can do? I mean are you afraid to go within the very lines of the enemy, knowing the penalty if caught?"

Penrod first looked out the window for a moment, then removing his arms suddenly from his knees, laid himself down flat on his cot.

"No I don't think that I am one bit afraid. Towards are not wanted here."

He said. "That Englishman was shot the day after the battle for his cowardice. The more brave you are the more the people of this country will love and serve you, and the more you'll be honored and respected. What happens to all cowards I do not know. He only one I fear, or should fear is God, and he is the only one I believe I love or should love most, the only thing I care for is—him. Really I just care for him and the Ivian girls though I have never seen him, or them. All of the lowest and highest of the Angolinians think the world of God. Don't you?"

This question greatly excited the Rattlesnake, but only internally. For all his life he had been constantly thinking of this, and exceedingly too. Sometimes the thought had terrified him. He might as well have it out with Penrod if he could. If he felt sure he could get at the truth at once everything for him would be much easier. But Penrod, would he really be willing to tell him all he cared to ask without getting embarrassed, angry or suspicious.

"Go you mind," he said in a voice still hoarse and eager. "Go you mind how much I really desire to enter the enemy's lines, and to learn the intentions of the highest glandolinian generals. Could it be or would it make you feel like using all your power to prevent me, knowing how savage the glandolinians are? Could it ever set you thinking, that if I made the attempt, I would be nothing but—what other persons would think, that I am a reckless fool, and that it would be cheek of me to push myself into such a grave danger, especially if the general objects to myself going without his permission? Anyhow I might as well tell you the plain truth right now." He declared suddenly. "If I were you going out on the perilous journey, or if you were me, then I should think what is proper to do. I know it is dangerous to attempt to enter the very enemy lines. But I can't help desiring to do it, since it is a sense of duty, and as for that foreign Englishman who acted so cowardly during the last conflict just past now, I can see every low thing that is or was in him, in his cowardly manner, and in his voice and looks. I could see nothing but the contrast between that coward and the back bone of a jelly fish, and also between your bravery and his fear. When I think of the action of that cowardly foreigner I should and do feel so disgust that I should fly into a fierce rage. I should hate that cowardly fool, but God forbid! But nevertheless I certainly do despise him and I'm not sorry that he had been condemned." While he was speaking, the Rattlesnake had worked himself up to a strong passion of feeling, such a passion that Penrod believed the boy scout had surely wrought up such strong emotions, such as he never before had observed in other boy scouts.

At any rate the Rattlesnake had been thinking and pondering over the cowardly actions of that Englishman since that eventful day, or nearly if five minutes later, lay peacefully still while he thought the matter over. Then he said: "Count De Giff, who held that coward a prisoner turned him over to the firing squads because no one interceded for him at his trial. He had no right to work his way into Abbie-annia or into the Christian lines if he was of a cowardly nature. You might despise him if you were with other Angelinians who thought the same way as you did. And if Count De Giff had not found out by that trial that it was such a mistake to demand the coward to answer the signal station, he would not have been so stupid, and would have sent someone else and shot the jelly fish down on sight. But you see it would be probable that if it had been one of the Gargolian girls instead of Count De Giff she'd have drawn her weapons and made him go out there and answer the signal, or shoot him down herself. They have been finding out about the nature of cowards all their lives and won't tolerate them."

"Found out what?" "Oh just this," answered Penrod. "O them to trust a coward or traitor, is just like letting some big dogs loose who are suffering with that strange malady called Rabies. They spread a sort of hideous fever which is as impossible to cure as Hydrophobia but a much worse disease."

"What is it do you mean?" The Rattlesnake demanded. "It is like a plague," said Penrod as he lay flat and warm on his army cot and looking at the reflection of the signal flames outside in the dark. "I remember a day when a boy scout, a new knee whose name is Walter Starring went out adventuring with a party of boys all under eighteen years of age. That day they came upon a body of Gargolian Kurds or what they are called the 'mounted wheelers'. They had not known they were so near. Suspecting that he and his boys were the onlookers of the Gargolian girls, and that the Gargolian girls were near they at once gave chase, and fired a volley of shots at them. At first Walter Starring knowing his followers were or crackshots was for rushing in and fighting the attackers, but it saw the uselessness of it, and fled where the enemy's horses could not go. If he and his boys would have remained and fought like savages what would have happened to him and his followers of thirty boys?"

At first the Rattlesnake did not answer. After a few minutes hesitated and the Rattlesnake boy answered in this fashion: "These Gargolian Kurds would have ridden you down, or starring and his scouts with drawn sabres. They'd have killed every one of the boys, including Walter Starring. But on second thought starring and his followers are strong boys very good at shooting, and slashing with the sabre, and would have succeeded in killing a lot of the wheelers." Suddenly Penrod heard a note of sudden terror break from the Rattlesnake. "What fools they should have been if they remained," he cried out. "Walter Starring and his comrades would not be alive to day. I've seen lots of men mounted rebels, but none worse than the Gargolian Kurds. It's impossible to escape them even on swift horses. If they cannot catch you they'll fire such a volley that they will mow you all down. If I had ever encountered them, I would not be here myself to day. I should never have escaped them."

But by the light of the moonbeams streaming in on the Rattlesnake's bed, Penrod observed that he looked almost ghastly.

"Those Gargolian Kurds are much dreaded, and one squadron of them could in a single conflict destroy a whole regiment of opposing Christian cavalry without a single loss to themselves," Penrod added. "They could not be stopped by a Christian cavalry force of any size, if they had a man wanted to be stopped. And who could have gotten any good out of it sending a cavalry force against them? It would only have been a massacre with all the loss on one side at the end of it. The best way to stop them is to mow them down horses and all with artillery of every every make."

"You have been in the army a shorter time a much shorter length of time than I have," the Rattlesnake pondered. "You are a forger but of a more decent kind. You entered our ranks as though you did not mind what the consequences would be under any conditions. No one has yet asked you why you did it. You looked at first to me as if you did not have nerve, nor even enough nerve to sell peanuts to a boy, and yet you are different, very different than I thought you were. I always wondered and kept on wondering what was your reason for joining, and now I know. It is not merely for sight seeing or anything like obtaining news of the war, or bet raying us like the others do, and you are always so cool and steady. I know every thing now. It is because you are like general Greatheart himself. It is he who had thought you. He is a general, but he is like the Wizard of Oz."

"General Greatheart knows things that not even Glinda with her great Magic Book does, or Ozma with her Magic picture, and knows more than many others of the Angelinian generals do," said Penrod. "He says that even some of the best Angelinians are queer and act very unnatural. There's general Constantinian Arontburg. He's a born Abbieannian, he is within also would be a pleasure. O He fears nothing, but is more feared by the enemy than any other Christian general more greatly feared than the emperor himself. I don't believe you would be scared if you had been in my place, or you in mine."

"And you're sure you are not either?" as he asked this the Rattlesnake's voice sounded almost hollow. "Will you swear that you are not afraid?" "I never was afraid of anything that I know of," said Penrod.

At this the Rattlesnake boy's excitement was increasing as he poured forth his very startling confession.

"I'm sure I was afraid ever since the battle at South Bend or Delight's Junctions. I've been afraid every day since since I came here from my home in the city of Porothy Gale, and I'm telling you straight out that I know that I'm a coward. And it seems just natural that if I acted like that Englishman you and general Greatheart wouldn't even stand for my presence, just as I did not stand for him. It also would just seem more than natural, that you general great heart, and all others would have worked together to throw me out of the army. I know how I felt at the cowardice of that Englishman, Penrod. I said that I'd tell you out fair and square. I'm sure that I'm scared and cowardly. I'm scared of the Gargolian Girl Princesses because of their beauty and ways. It makes me wilder and wilder, when I see so many risking their lives to learn the intentions of the enemy, and also others fit and ready to do any thing on the line of duty, their generals want done. I'm a know I'm not ready for my call, and I'm a fit to face perils of this war as a dry cat is to go into the water he's scared of."

"You only said that to try me," said Penrod. "You really know that you would do anything out our generals wanted done no matter how scared you are whether you are fit and ready, or not. He knows that himself."

"Does he really?" cried the Rattlesnake. "Really is it possible that he does? I wish he would try me to see if I'm brave or not. I certainly wish he would."

Penrod suddenly changed his position in his bed, then rose up on his elbow so that he faced the Rattlesnake boy on his cotton bed.

"Let us wait and see the results," he whispered. "Let us wait for the time to come."

There was a few minute's pause, and then the Rattlesnake boy also said in a whisper:

"What should we wait for?"

"To give general Greatheart the time to find out for good what he is fit to meet the trail or not," you realize my friend, what big fools we should and would be making of ourselves if we should be spending our time entering the enemy's lines and spying when we are not or may not be fit or ready, either of us. We are two boy scout officers, suppose general Greatheart

and that we were so foolish as to enter the enemy lines without being prepared or without customary advice. When you believe that you are really a coward and cowardly just go and find some of the books of heroes and heroines, and read of their deeds, and think well of them. Or when things go wrong while out on a scout tour think of what the pioneer girls did and dared. It'll make you forget your tour of duty and set your mind going properly. You have gone through many disappointments and set your mind going properly. You have gone through many stern trials already without flinching, and have tried upon others. You are not only try to stop yourself on time. Any one can be such a big fool as to believe himself a hero when he lets himself. And he can always find out different, if he only makes up his mind. I'm not scared of anything. You must forget such things. Let us such thoughts alone. You are not a coward your self. Ask that foolish thought into the river now. Run."

While he listened to this the Rattle snake caught and held his breath off on and when Penrod had finished speaking, the Rattle snake threw his arms over his eyes.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" he cried. "If I only had the experiences the others had. If I only had the companionship of the brave pioneer girls. If I only just had and learned something from them. But I'm too bashful to ask them."

"I may be nearer to them now, than we ever think," said Penrod as he leaned forward on his pillow, and here's something very important for us to think of. If the plantelins are authorities who literally rooted the Child Lavery deep into the ground have waited and planned all these years to bring on this great Revolutionary war, we can make ourselves ready to help and aid our side oppose the Insurgents, and also wait patiently so that if us two boy scouts are wanted to do something important, just us two, we can step out of the ranks, when the call comes and say 'Here!' Now let us lie down and think of it until we go to sleep."

In the meantime the honor that that was to be bestowed upon the Rattle snake boy was not being forgotten. It was found that if it had, general Greathart would have openly regarded it as a neglect of the military duty to a great boy hero, and a breach of promise also which is punishable by death.

"I have remembered my promise, and will know where to place you in command of your best newly found Regiment," he said three days after the Rattlesnake boy had been residing in general Greathart's headquarters. "And as they are well disciplined you will be obliged to keep them on the drill. Penrod told me you drilled your company of boy scouts just as a general would. Go don't let your new Regiment get slack. Their services will be badly needed soon."

"HIS REGIMENT." The Rattle snake boy felt something at this what no one could have put into a young man's mind. He knew that he had always performed his duty, and that his company of boys had sacrificed their very lives for their country's cause, and so had his sisters. At the recent Delight Junction Squabble too. He did not know of course, could not understand how his boy and girl scouts together could have perished, two whole companies of them, and which was considered by all the Christian generals and the whole nation itself as the greatest tragedy of the war so far, and a most unnecessary. They had before this been surrounded by overwhelming numbers of the most ferocious kind of plantelins known as the Scoodler Turner unions, and escaped without a single loss, had successfully found their way to the most hidden recesses of the enemy lines, secured plans, and everything, and even boy scout prisoners and even captured plantelinian officers and generals, and escaped without harm. Only once or twice it had seemed impossible for them to reach hidden places, and yet they had still existed in spite of the fury of the worst of the Insurgents, and the utmost vigilance of the plantelinian scouting and searching parties. They had been pursued hundreds of miles by many different kinds of plantelins every time they went out on scouting tours, or during signal duties, and had been chased into and surrounded in many different kind of refuges, and yet with no disaster whatever or a single loss.

No one not even any of the Angelinian generals ever expected, that the simple adventure of a battle pretty far in the rear of the firing line at that would put out of existence a troop of noble boy and girl scouts, and cause the most famous Christian general of all to be killed, and many others, and the highest commander of all general Maurice Costello to be wounded seriously with the destruction of his whole command, and the burning of one million tents and one hundred thousand wooden barracks and other places with a score of million dollar loss to the Christian army in provisions and army goods. But somehow it had happened, and now he was in command of a full Regiment, and among whom he could keep strict order and discipline. He thought of it. He suddenly felt as if he was some general being decorated for bravery. The Rattlesnake boy had sense enough to see and understand many things, and he knew that it was in this way that the great general Greathart was picking him out his important place. He knew how to command a Regiment of boy scouts, and therefore felt as if he was a general instead of a boy. When he or Penrod reached the point or place where the Regiment of boys stood at attention, the fifteen hundred boys greeted them with a loud and most tumultuous cheer of welcome which indeed expressed a great sense of relief.

Private ly these boys had been filled with fears strange to believe, and which they talked over together in deep gloom. The Rattlesnake boy's sorrow over his loss they decided was too deep seated to cause him to even think to ever take command of a full Regiment of well drilled and best picked boys in the army, after he had seen the destruction of his company of boys and girl scouts he had worked so hard for a full year to drill, and the death of his best general and the wounding of his best friend Maurice Costello, and these boys had not been picked out by general Greathart, but by the pioneer girls themselves, and out of the best boys out of their own commands. He might be even leaving the army to go for a bit, and boys like him who form their own company and so on was not going to take the command of a Regiment of strange boys or respect such as us. "He'd leave the army and go home. That's what he will do." They all had thought.

But to their joy and sudden surprise the Rattlesnake boy came limping toward them without crutches now, and looking as if he had been made the adopted brother of the brave and beautiful pioneer girls. Penrod came with him, and the Regiment was put through the finest and strictest drill, they had ever known yet.

"I wish the Emperor or his beautiful daughters, had been around to see that," said Penrod to the Rattlesnake boy scout.

After he had these remarks Penrod noticed that the Rattlesnake boys face suddenly turned red and white, and then red again, but nevertheless he did not answer. Yet the more thought that these words brought was like a flash of fire burning its way through his body. But surely no one could hope for such luck. After the drill the Regiment was given the order "Dismissed", and Penrod and the Rattlesnake boy sat down on a bench in his headquarters to read the morning Angelinia Agathia City News. The news about the war especially around pioneer Mikey was very bad indeed. General Mic-Holleston Johnston, and general Johnston Jackson Hanley had continually been receiving reinforcements, and was massing the most enormous columns ever seen in any way war yet along all points of the San Ben Creek from portress Cedernine, toward Delight's junction to Jennie's town, and was holding stronger works behind Aurandecallio and Leightburg Landing. It was also reported that enormous Christian armies were also moving up to support general Ivian at Emperor Ivians orders, and that it looked as if some titanic battle big enough to stun the world was about to begin. So fierce and dark was the situation now that all the nations of the world stood aghast. The Rattlesnake boy scout folded the paper when he had finished reading and sat for a long time biting his fingernails.

having done this for about ten minutes he began to speak in his strange dramatic and hollow "Secret Gemini" whisper.

"The hour is soon approaching," he said to Penrod. "When the important messenger must go forth to the vivian girls and to do their duty for them. As it is for the safety of the cause, they must not know the reason why they go for, they only must know that it is for them to obey. Even if they were captured by the glandelinians and the insurgents tortured them or grilled them or placed them under cross examination to make them tell things, they would not be able to betray anything to injure the christian cause because they know nothing, but that at certain secret places they must utter only one secret word, that no one but the vivian girls or the Secret Gemini Know, and they alone know. They would be instructed how not to carry any papers or messages written on paper, which if found on them would cause them to be detained as and shot as spies. All at range and secret commands given to them they must know by heart, and therefore if the signal is given, the Secret Gemini Members will know what to do, where to form for their secret meeting, and where to make their plans for the general attack upon vivian Wickeys strongest fortifications."

He then drew or sketched a map or plan of an imaginary battle on a large piece of yellow paper and then having an original printed map of vivian Wickey, and her surrounding fortifications, he rapidly sketched an imaginary route into the rebel lines which he planned the two important messengers were to follow as directed. But to his great disappointment his knowledge of the map of vivian Wickey was not as good as he wished, and therefore he immediately turned to Penrod.

"You know more about the vivian Wickey city and that Geography of her big fortifications and surrounding territory more than I do. At least you know more about the whole of Calvernia than most of us Angelinians do," he said. "I only know that the State of Angelinia is south of Calvernia, that the wicked rebellious glandelinian states is below Angelinia further south, and Abiesmian Tripolygonia, and Dombolia and Conventinian, Pandora and her other states is northwest of Calvernia, and also west, and Abyssinikills straight north, with Angeline line and Yormonia. Now would the Secret Members of the Gemini get into vivian Wickey or her famous fortifications? Can you draw any place around the vicinity of the fortresses that they could pass through with more safety?" Penrod knew any map better than any of her age schoolboy or boy and girl scout ever did yet, therefore as he knew the map of vivian Wickey by heart, and could even find every place and river and town and hill and fortress on the map with his eyes blindfolded, he carefully drew it. It took him nearly an hour and a half to finish it. He also knew all sections of the great Lucille Jackson fortifications, and also knew the safe stations, the two secret and important messengers would be destined to arrive at, and also to leave by when they entered the great city of vivian Wickey or her fortifications, all the streets and avenues they would be brave enough to walk through and the scores of million of fierce glandelinian soldiers they would see, but all of these very things Penrod refused to say a word.

Nevertheless he did certainly did wish in his heart that he could have had the freedom of speech to tell and explain everything to the Rattlesnake, which he knew. If it was not for the Secret he should keep, he and the Rattlesnake could have made and worked out so many details and plans for long distant tours and other travels of adventure that it would have been almost as if they were talking or taking possible adventures from thrilling story books. Nevertheless the imagination of the Rattlesnake boy scout was fired by the mere sketching of the safer routes of for spies, and the Members of the Secret Gemini Gemini. He forged steadily ahead with the description of all his plans, and filled his stories with such thrilling and mysterious purpose and design, that both boys themselves at times were gasping for breath. In his glowing version, the two secret persons went into the most dangerous parts of vivian Wickey only by midnight, and pretended to be glandelinian boy scouts.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

THE VIVIAN GIRLS GIVES PENROD AND HIS COMPANIES A SURPRISING VISIT.  
PENROD SAVES A LITTLE GIRL SCOUT FROM REBEL PRISONERS.

but kept themselves hidden, where near the Glandelinian Tribunals they could see the glandelinian poor generals, and other important persons, passing inward, and outward, and outward, or pause to listen to important conversations or between them, and if they observed any one they knew to be important Angolinians in disguise, to give them the signal.

"The disguised Angolinians are not all Members of the 'Secret Gemini'!" He said. "Sometimes it may be soldiers or officers, even generals or even the poor poorest people there. I've known many Angolinians and other kinds of great christian spies who usually appear as the lowest of beggars, even the Secret Gemini may be likewise disguised. Even a great general might be hidden within the enemy's lines, might be even disguised as a woman, or pretend to be a Child slave driver, or buyer or seller, and we could only be able to know them by the signs and signals we ourselves have learned by heart. And if we were to be really sent into Vivian Wickley, we should even in the night time be obliged to creep into some place very frequently, and watch out that no glandelinians would be around to see us or know what we are doing. We should also be obliged to make our way into some hidden part of Vivian Wickley or the Lucille Jackson fortifications where no glandelinians are apt to know of our presence, and where we would be in no danger from an attack by them. It is said most of the glandelinian generals are not at all clever enough to watch all the approaches to some points of the Lucille Jackson Fortifications, and they have not forces of Detective, and Secret Service men enough, or military police and Professional spotters enough to see that all the what all is going on. Therefore I firmly believe that two well experienced boy scouts could find a way into any part of the Lucille Jackson fortifications if they only thought it out."

The Rattlesnake boy then became possessed by the idea of how in the world they were going to be able to think it out without committing a blunder. Again he produced the general map of Vivian Wickley, and looked it over carefully.

"Look at this spot here!" He exclaimed or explained to Penrod who bent over it. "The immense stretch of the Lucille Jackson fortifications is here near Jennie Vivian, and the Great Cedernine is here near Norma Catherine, and here it is the formidable Guarded Lucille Jackson and Cedernine are considered the strongest fortifications defending the land side, though they are not quite so extensive as the Titanic Mic-Murthian fortifications, including the dreadful forts of St Andrew and St Phillip. As for the situation the great east danger lies for two persons to try to pass Jackson, and Maya, and also Thumbelina. There's no reason whatever why anything should really prevent anyone from getting through without detection, and entering Vivian Wickley if they know how to do it."

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

THE VIVIAN GIRLS GIVE PENROD, AND HIS COMRADE A SURPRISED VISIT. PENROD SAVES A LITTLE GIRL SCOUT FROM REBEL PERSECUTION.

HE THEN PAUSED A MOMENT, and began thinking.....

"The article in yesterday's paper as I remember said something about a very huge fortress on the Heights of Evangelinia grania. That's here (pointing). If necessary we could ascend the hill by night, hide by day and reaching it pretend we're two lost Insurgent Glandelinian boy scouts, and wander into the fortress and stay there pretending to work for the rebels until we've planned every-thing we had intended to do. We could act so careless and in such a half witted manner that none of the most watchful of the Glandelinians would ever suspect us. What we best could do is to act so that the Insurgents will believe we are nothing but half trained lads....."

Some of the boy scout officers had already come forward and were lent over the map in a close circle of heads, crowded together, leaning far over stretching necks and breathing quickly with excitement, when there came the sudden thunder of hoofs outside approaching toward the barracks, and at the sound Penrod and the Rattlesnake went outside. Some mysterious impus impulse had suddenly seized him and caused him to go to the door abruptly, and then stand at attention in spite of himself.

"There's Emperor Vivian, and the Seven Princesses with him." He said. "Attention all of you."

The pencil suddenly dropped, the map and papers were dropped, in fact every-thing was dropped, even the plan of Vivian Wicky. The Rattlesnake boy was up and standing at attention with shouldered sabre as if he had been hurried into that position by magic, and how he gave his own command if it was given at all, not even the Rattlesnake himself knew, but his whole regiment had suddenly formed inside inside the barracks and stood at attention and with shouldered flags and saluting Penrod alone was almost dumfounded. Close by him inside the barracks of which they had entered, and also close to his companion the Rattlesnake boy were eight little girls dressed in the most handsome lavender girl scout uniforms with wide scarlet h hats of which seven of them wore of the Princesses stifle and each of the little girls were still more dazzling because though they had on the hats beautiful golden brown curls hung down from under them, and about their shoulders they had been seated upon beautiful white horses when they rode up to the barracks, and now to Penrod they looked like beautiful Celestial children. He knew the Seven girls were the Vivian girl princesses, but who was the other? With them being so suddenly in his presence, and Emperor Vivian too, Penrod felt so awed and surprised, that for a few moments he felt as if he was paralysed. And they were looking at him so frankly, and in so friendly a manner that he felt rather embarrassed, but yet liked the feeling. They had all raised their right hand in return salute, and then Emperor Vivian strode forward like some great man who had really conquered the whole world.

"I was passing down the Company street with my daughters, and in passing one of the windows of this barracks building saw you and your Regiment, and your company general...." he explained. "I would like to review your men Colonel Penrod, and so would my daughters."

The Great Emperor of Abhis-annia smiled, but from the appearance of his smile it was evident that he said was not any joke, then he looked down at the map which the Rattlesnake boy had forgot to fold up and put away.

"You certainly can make excellent drawings of maps, and that proves you know all sections of Vivian Wicky very very well." He said, and at this the Vivian girls came nearer but did not say anything as yet. "Given I can see that Vivian Wicky is well placed on the map, what is the 'Secret Gemini' doing did you say?"

"We do not know what they are doing."....."Answered Penrod. "put we were planning to find some way through the enemy's line, and work our way into Vivian Wicky."

"We can get in through this section of Vivian Wicky."....."Said the Rattlesnake boy pointing with his fingers. "There's a secret entrance where we could hide our selves, and find out important things."

"You mean reconnaissance." Said the Emperor looking down. "Yes two stray disguised boy scouts could be hidden safely away. It's a good chance if you know the inn and out of the city, and can work the plans properly." Indeed to both boys it was a joyful and yet almost embarrassing moment. To think that Emperor Vivian, and his beautiful daughters, with a companion should be there. And that the Emperor in his own wonderful way should come and give them such a delightful surprise as this. That he and his eight beautiful girl companions should care enough even to look up the Company streets, and honor them like this, and surely they were nothing else but two common boy scouts, one a Abyssinikilian, and the other a Canadian, and he standing to king at them with a very fine smile.

There was indeed something about Emperor Vivian which made him appear more splendid and majestic than his high office. And his brave daughters. They were not at all restless like little girls not when in the presence of strangers, and they looked steadily at the two boys as if reading their very souls. Though he felt as if he was blushing, the Rattlesnake boys heart thumped with startled joy.

"....."rather."....."Said one of them who appeared to be the most beautiful. "Will you ask either of the boys to drill the regiment? I want to see how well they do it?"

"Will you be kind enough to do me such a honor Captain?" The great Emperor said to the Rattlesnake boy, and he said these words without jesting, and without any seriousness in his tone, and because the Emperor spoke in so right at once the Rattlesnake felt exultant, and his pulse beat quickly, as the Vivian girls looked at him so beseechingly. This great Emperor of Abhis-annia had looked at his map, had talked to his pretty daughters of the plans of his, and Penrod, and now wished to see the Regiment of boy scouts, who were his new command drill. Indeed the Rattlesnake became so exultant that he started to drill his Regiment as if he were reviewing the movements of his main army, and he was it's commander. Indeed the drill of the boy scout Regiment was very wonderful to behold and in its mechanical exactness was like the drill of regulars.

The whole regiment of boys moved like the parts of some enormous machine. The Emperor and the eight little girls with him wondered exceedingly how this Regiment of boys could do it in so small a space of a barracks room, with such great Military precision, and was to them a very extraordinary testimonial to the great military genius, efficiency, and most curious qualities of this fierce faced boy officer.

"That is certainly as magnificent as if it was my own drilling." Said Emperor Vivian, when it was over. "I could not do better myself. Allow me and my little girls to congratulate you."

He shook the Rattlesnake boy by the hand as if it had been his own brothers or son's, and after he had shaken it the little girls themselves came forward and one by one kissed him on the forehead. No I must say that when the Vivian girls did this they gasped Penrod had gasped, and seeing one of them coming toward him he turned to run, so bashful he was, when Emperor Vivian put his hand lightly on the boy's shoulder and said:

"What are you afraid of my boy. They are very good, saintly little girls, and they won't hurt you."

put Penrod had some trouble in controlling himself. It was his first time that he had met the Vivian girls, that is violet and her sisters face to face, and their dazzling beauty, friendly manners, and all he had heard about them, struck him as something very unusual, and when Angelina Aronburg approached him (for she was their pretty companion) and the Emperor halted his flight he blushed a deep

emission. But seeing his bashfulness, the little girls did not kiss him as they had his companion. They only talked to him and the Rattlesnake boy for a few minutes keeping the plans about Vivian Wickey, telling the boys of their own experience at Camp Catharine, and warning them not to attempt to carry out their desperate plot without their help, and their clear comprehension of it will added to the thrill which even the dullest boy scout in the whole Regiment was elated by.

Sometimes it would be very difficult to understand persons of the highest rank even if they were really friendly, but any one could easily understand the Abbess-Anna, Emperor, and his daughters, and they stirred up the spirits of the two boys. The other girl who was with the Vivian girls, as soon as she saw her chance, she suddenly kissed Penrod on the cheek. As he stood there blushing still more red, they slowly went out of the barracks, remounted their horses near the entrance, and with a parting farewell salute slowly rode away. When the Rattlesnake boy after dismissing the Regiment, called his officers to him, and they all sat down in a circle and began talking about Emperor Vivian and his eight beautiful companions because they were so excited, had filled with emotion that they could not think or talk of any other thing. All of the boy scout officers stared at the Rattlesnake boy in the most furtive manner, feeling as if he was the great leader's youngest son, and the little girls his sisters. They also stared at Penrod as if he were some highly excited person of the Celestial world. And the Emperor's wonderful loquacious hand had rested on his right shoulder, and prevented his flight from his daughters, when they approached him with the evident purpose to give him a friendly kiss as a also. And they did not because they saw he was so over awed. And the y had kissed the Rattlesnake boy scout while their father had said the Rattlesnake could beat him in drilling troops. And the Vivian girls and the other ones had conversed and conversed with the two boy scout leaders as if they had known them for life. And the Vivian girls were not restless as they spoke, but stood still and quit quiet as their father and appeared as attentive as the general himself. And each looked as gay, and as loveable as gentle doves.

"When you said to me that you wished the Emperor Vivian and his daughters could have seen me drill the Regiment," said the Rattlesnake boy. "You suddenly took my breath away. I'm just like you, bashful in the presence of the Vivian girls. On account of them, I've never had the nerve to think of it myself. And I have never dared to request any one to ask him, even if general Greathart wanted to do it. And yet he and the Vivian girl Princesses came themselves. They appeared to me like most beautiful Celestial children, with their guardian angel on horseback."

"It was certainly surprising that they came," said Penrod. "Maybe he and the Vivian girls with him were going to some important conference, and just by good fortune passed here, and stopped because they wanted to see it. . . . When the boys had finished talking about this, Penrod and the Rattlesnake thought it was time to go on their duty hour. General Greathart before this (give me a kiss) had requested the Rattlesnake boy to go on some important errand to general Richard Kinderknecht. He was to present himself at his headquarters at a certain hour, and receive a package which he was to guard with his life."

"But I believe it is better to let him go alone," said the general and said to the Rattlesnake boy. "It is more pleasing to him, as he desires to do it only himself. His main desire is to feel that he is trusted to go for the package alone."

So they parted at the corner of a company street, Penrod to march back to the general's headquarters, the Rattlesnake to execute his important mission. Penrod turned into one of the better and wider company streets through which he often passed on his way to his own headquarters, near Greathart's. It was indeed very fashionable quarters for officers of lower rank, for it contained a number of respectful tents, and barracks.

As Penrod marched quickly up the company street, he saw some child of startling beautiful appearance, of which he at first mistook for one of the Vivian girls. She was near the corner of another company street, and walk and plough slowly through the deep snow with a most decided limp down the middle of the pathway. It was a little girl probably his age, dressed like a girl scout, but in a gray uniform that appeared to have had a cyclone, but which had been quite elegant before, and the hat which she wore looked as if it had gone through the most violent treatment, and her hair was loose and tangled. One of her legs appeared to be bleeding, and she herself looked as if she had gone through some very unusual excitement. And also she had a foreign air, and it was this and her pitiful condition, which made Penrod look at her long enough to see that also she had graceful ways about her, and was quite lovely, and had a look of daring and defiance. As he watched her approach he began to wonder exceedingly, what nation she may have come from, for it was certain she was not of the Abbess-Anna Nationality. Even when she was at the distance of thirty yards, he could see that she had long beautiful golden hair which hung now loosely about her shoulders, and her mouth was a little curved, and she appeared to be a little heroine who never knew what it was not to smile, under any conditions. He thought to himself that she might be German, or even English.

Penrod was trying to decide to himself which of the two nationalities she belonged to, but as she drew nearer to him she quit smiling as it seemed, and she almost lost her balance, and would have fallen prone into the deep snow, if the boy had not suddenly leaped forward, and caught her. Fortunately she was slender, and not at all heavy, and Penrod being a very strong lad for his age managed to steady her. There was an expression of sharp anguish on her face as he aided her.

"I hope Miss, you are not badly hurt." He said to her in English, but it was evident she did not understand. He spoke in the Angolanian tongue, and then he observed she bit her lip, and clutched his shoulder, very hard with her hand.

"I've been shot in the leg, and twisted my other ankle in escaping through the deep snow," she answered. "I tripped on a tree branch hidden in the snow. I cannot speak English, and I'm afraid I have a very bad wound, and have twisted my foot most badly. I'm very grateful to you, for saving me, as I would have had a bad fall."

As he looked into her face he saw that her long blue eyes were very sweet and grateful. He tried to be braver and to smile, but nevertheless there was such distress under the effort, that Penrod was afraid she must have been more seriously injured than she felt, or believed.

"Can't you stand at all on your foot at all?" He asked.

"I can't stand hardly a little bit now," she said. "But I'm afraid I will not be able to stand at all in a few minutes. I must get to my own quarters, while I can bear to touch the ground with it. I feel so sorry that this had to happen. But a Scouting party of the enemy spotted me, and they were the Gargoylian Kurds. I'm sure I must have to ask you to help me to my tent. Fortunately it is only a hundred yards away."

"I believe we can make it," said Penrod finally. "I saw you approaching and from the way you walked, knew at once that something was wrong. If you are able to support yourself on my shoulder, I can help you to your tent. I am glad to do it. See the crowd of soldiers gathering, and their scowling faces. They are wondering how you got hurt, shall we try to make it now?"

This little girl was who really badly wounded in the leg, yet she had manners that was very soft and gentle, and her very appearance would have appealed to any boy, whether he liked girls or not. She had a musical bird like voice, and her enunciation was almost as exquisite as that of the Vivian girls. Whether she was of some foreign country, or not, it was very easy to imagine, that the little girl was a person held in high esteem by all soldiers for the crowds of Angolanians appeared furiously angry at her condition.

"If it pleases you," she answered. "I am very kind indeed. You are a very strong, I see. Just the same I am glad that we have only thirty yards to go, but it is cold."

She was resting gently on his shoulder, but it was evidently plain, that she suffered intense pain with every movement. As she limped and struggled on, she caught her lips, and Penrod noticed that her face turned white. Though he had not seen her until now, the boy could not help liking her. She was such a good patient little girl despite her misfortune, and so lovely, gracious, and brave. He could not stand it to see the suffering in her pretty face.

"I'm so sorry that this had to happen to you," he said as he helped her toward the tent she pointed out, and his boyish voice had something of the wonderful sympathetic tone of Emperor Jivian's. The beautiful little girl took notice of it, and thought it was very much unlike the voice of any ordinary boy she had ever known.

"I'll have to remove my stocking and shoe when we enter the tent," she said when they stood near the entrance.

Penrod helped her into the tent. With a sigh she sat down on the cot. The tent was large, white plain, and old fashioned inside but very neat.

"Shall I go outside the tent and call some soldier-physician? Physician to treat your wound," inquired Penrod.

"I'm afraid you could not find them," she answered truthfully. "Will you kindly close the tent entrance. I shall also be obliged to ask you to notify general Konstantin Aronburg where I am. I shall find all I want in the tent--if you will kindly hand me my medicine bag. Some persons may come to see me presently, perhaps one of the generals or the Jivian girls, and even if I am alone for a few hours or so, it will not disturb me as I know how to take care of myself."

"Perhaps if I go to general Greathart he will do something for you," suggested Penrod.

The beautiful child beamed sweetly at him.

"Why all that for me?" she said. "If my leg is wounded it is my own fault. I was out on a scouting tour with the Jivian girls early this morning, with their father, and we were apprehended by a party of Omarian guards and Gargolian Kurds. I arranged the scouting plan to accommodate them. We were attacked but escaped, though I was wounded. What a good kind hearted boy you are. Indeed I am sure I will be more comfortable soon. I can lie down on my cot until a doctor treats my wounded leg."

Penrod again helped her to her foot, but her sudden sharp cry of pain made him wince inwardly. From the fact that her stocking was blood soaked, and that she could not stand on her foot at all now, convinced him that it was a worse injury than she believed. The tent she occupied was of the first class order. It was large and high with something like a small dining room on the left hand, and also a sleeping quarters in the back. There was an easy chair with a small round table close to the cot, and on the table stood a candle stick holder with six candles and some other rather rare elegant trifles. Penrod slowly helped his beautiful child heroine to the main cot, and when she lay down placed an extra pillow under her wounded leg. He did it as gently as he could, and as he rose after he did it, he saw that the little girl was looking at him in a most curious way.

"I must go now and summon a doctor," he said with emotion. "But I'm almost afraid to leave you here alone. But you will have to have a doctor."

"What a dear good boy you certainly are," she exclaimed looking at him most gratefully. "But I do not believe you can not find one quick enough. Put I am very thankful to you just the same. I know what to do for a sprained ankle, and a wounded leg. And perhaps it is not so badly wounded as it looks, as the bullet did not penetrate my leg. I'm going to take off my shoe and stocking and see."

"May I help you if necessary?" Penrod asked pleadingly touched by the look of anguish on her face.

"No dear boy friend," she managed to gasp out. "I do not think the wound is very bad. And I do not fear at all." . . .

She however removed the stocking with the greatest difficulty, and the sight of the wound made Penrod feel faint indeed. He immediately secured clean water, and a rag, and cleaned away as much of the blood as he could. As she bravely helped, the wounded leg was soon redressed and rested in a better and more comfortable position on the extra pillow.

"Thank you, my dear boy, thank you," he said when he was through. "If it was not for you, I may have suffered greatly."

"Indeed I'm very happy to have been able to give you assistance."

Answered Penrod with an air of relief. "Now if you think you are all right and you are feeling easy, I believe believe I must go."

"Please don't leave me so soon yet," he said pleadingly as she held out her hand. "If I may say it, it would make me happier to know my hero better. I feel grateful I could kiss a you. I should like to have a good talk with you. And you surely have such beautiful manners for a boy of your age." She ended with a pretty smile, despite her pain. "And I'm almost certain that I know where you got them from."

"You are indeed very gracious and kind to a common boy scout Colonel Penrod answered while he wondered to himself if his face had reddened a little. "But it is time for me to go now, because general Greathart will think--"

"General Greathart will under any conditions allow you to remain, and have an interview with me," he said with a braver smile, and more kindness in her voice than before. "And I surely know that you have learned your beautiful manners from him. I know him and he is one of my best friends. I hope he knows where I am and has not forgotten me."

All the learning that Penrod had received, even all that he had trained himself to remember, quickly took possession of him at this moment. Penrod had a rapidly working brain, clear memory, and had never in his life lived like any ordinary boy. And here before him was a very beautiful little girl whom he had never seen before, of whom he knew nothing at all, but that she had been shot in the right leg by pursuing "landelinians", and had also twisted her foot badly in her desperate efforts to escape, and going to her rescue he had helped her all the way to her tent, and dressed her wounded leg. Yet he knew that silence was still the order to obey, that for the sake of the country's cause he had joined, it was not yet good for him to know certain important things, or to ask any kind of questions, or to give answer to them.

She might be as she appeared to be one of the loveliest girl children in the world next to the beautiful Jivian girls, and general Greathart and the Abbiemian princesses's dear friend but even if this was more than evident, he could best serve them all by obeying the commands of her friends with all the courtesy he could assume and not to forget any instructions he had even given.

"I do not believe that general Greathart ever forgets any of his friends," he answered.

"No I do not, believe he can ever forget me," she said in a soft tone. "Has he ever been in Jivian wickiey since the war began?"

There was a few moments pause before Penrod gave any answer.

"Perhaps I am not so well informed as you think I am," he said.

"I do not believe he has yet ever been in Jivian wickiey all his life."

"Not been in Jivian wickiey, I put you are Maroccan Penrod?"

"Yes Miss. That is my full name."

Suddenly the little girl rose halfway from the cot, and her lovely eyes appeared to be filled with fire (Maybe they were).

"Then I see you really are a good warrior, fighting on our side. And surely you know the terrible disaster that is threatening to overwhelm our nation. You have heard of, and know all the heinous cruelty and barbarous incident that has occurred in all parts of Jivian wickiey, especially Norma itself. Surely you have been with us long enough now to know all about it."

"Everybody cannot but help know about it," said Penrod. "Put to make a long story short, I was a witness to it also."

".....but Abbie-Annina is not your own Country-----not your own. Yet you take part with us. When you witnessed those terrible sights, your blood must have been burning in your veins."

Penrod at this stood still like a statue, and looked fixedly at her. She also looked at him, and she could see that his eyes gave evidence, whether or not her blood burned in his veins now even, but at this time he did not speak. There was however answer enough in the look that he gave her for just now he had no desire to say anything whatever.

"What does the great general Greathart think????? It's not an Abbie-annian myself. I was a child slave ever since I was four years old. But mine Nationality is, I do not know, but my whole heart and soul is for Abbie-annina. And I think of her holy cause, night and day. What does general Greathart think of the rumored report about the statement of the Glandelinians, that the Angelinians who are besieging Vivian wickie will never retake the city in ten years, even with the help of all the nations of the world, with all their women combined together as fighting soldiers? Does he believe all this?????"

Before he answered this serious question, Penrod began thinking very rapidly. The face of the beautiful child heroine was indeed glowing with emotion, and her beautiful voice was trembling with excitement. That she should not even know her own nationality, and love Abbie-annina and risk her very life for her cause, and pour forth her uttermost feeling to a boy she had never seen or known before, deeply moved him. But no matter how he was filled with emotion he remembered however that he must keep silent on any important thing he knew.

"It might be only false reports written in foreign newspapers." He said. "The general says one cannot always trust to such predictions. If you know him, you know he is very calm on such subjects.".....

"I observe he has taught you to keep calm also." she said in a pathetic tone that struck him strangely. "But then you are only a boy. Boys are ever calm, and I never knew women or little girls to be calm either when their tender hearts are wrung. Oh my poor Country far, far away, wherever it is. And oh how I pity the poor Abbie-annian country." And then with a sudden burst of sobbing, she hid her face in her hands. Penrod felt a great lump suddenly rise in his throat. He also felt as if he was ready to cry, but he knew it was useless, and also knew what she meant when she said her heart was broken. In a few minutes she lifted her head, and her eyes looked much softer, with the tears still in them.

"If I was a great general instead of a little girl, I would know what to do." she cried vehemently. "If there were a million generals like the Emperor, or Conscientious Aronburg, they too would know. They would force the fall of this big fortified city, and would end all this horror and war going on."

"Who would not end it now if they were able?".....cried Penrod quite fiercely. "But it is impossible. It can't be done...."

"But the highest, best trusted men in the Calverinian governments, men in the same offices, who are in secret league with the Glandelinian authorities in Glandelinia are responsible for all this." she insisted impetuously. "And great leaders like general Hanson, Vivian and others, who are real Abbie-annians surely don't think of this as I do. You see it is apparently impossible for me to help pouring out my most secret thoughts, even to a foreign boy, even if he is not an Abbie-annian. I'm afraid though that you are not interested. Only Abbie-annina's cause seems to worry nations to be very unimportant, these nations don't seem to even know at all that Abbie-annina is troubled with rank treachery within her own government. Men like general Greathart, and many others must think and plan, and feel that they must--- must find a way to recapture Vivian wickie. Even all women and children throughout the nation feel the same way about it. Even all boys do. Even you must. The great Emperor Vivian and his fair daughters cannot rest one moment knowing that millions of Abbie-annian hearts being shot through, and oceans of Abbie-annian blood pouring forth like a crimson tidal wave. They cannot do anything without upsets. One part of Calverinia's government is treacherous, and general Hanson Vivian cannot do or say anything...."

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

PENROD IS SEIZED BY TWO PROFESSIONAL GLANDELINIAN SPIES BUT REFUSES TO ANSWER THEIR QUESTIONS.....OR GIVE THEM ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING JENNIE TURNER.....WHO SHE IS.....AND WHERE SHE IS.

"In spite of the good control Penrod had of himself he started at those words. He knew this was true and felt as if the Calvinian government of its treacherous members had stuck Abbiannina in the back. How could she who had no country of her own know all this and be able to utter those words in her presence? As big as Penrod was for his age, he suddenly appeared bigger, and the beautiful little girl heroine saw that he did.

"The Abbiannian and Calvinian governments, cannot help it and will soon get a good cleanup and cast the treacherous members so secretly among them." He said slowly and indignantly. Despite being only beautiful, the young girl was very clever, and also shrewd, and though her statements had been somewhat true, she saw that she had made a great mistake in talking so to him, that it had been better for her to keep it secret.

"You must forgive me, but it is the truth just the same." She exclaimed. "I was excited and used the words a little too strong. That is always the way with me and little girls of my type. Of course I know that all the real true country loving Abbiannians are giving their heart and strength and their whole being to Abbiannina's cause, von many of those who are compelled to remain in foreign countries for serious reasons."

Penrod suddenly saw her give a joyful start and then turn her head to listen to the sound of galloping horses, and the clanking of sabre scabbards.

"It's a body of cavalry officers coming to see me," she said. "I think they are the ones I went on the mission with the vivian girls for."

"When you won't be alone when I leave," said Penrod. "I'm glad your escort has come. I will now say Good afternoon. May I tell general Greathart your name?" "Tell me you are not shy of me or angry with me for my awkward statements," she said pleadingly.

"I'm sure you're not mistaken, I know that," answered Penrod gently. "I myself know that, as an ally fell into the possession of the enemy, through the treachery of the secret force in the National governments. You couldn't be mistaken about it."

"No I'm sure I'm not," he repeated with the same emphasis on the words. She then wrote her name on a slip of paper, and folding, gave it to him.

"General Greathart will remember my name," she said. "It is Jennie Francis Turner. I hope he will let me see him as soon as my leg gets better, and I'll tell him how good you was to me."

Then she shook his hand warmly, and let him go. But just as he reached the tent opening she spoke again.

"Oh may I ask you to do one more thing before you leave me," he said suddenly. "I know you won't mind as it concerns your own safety. Will you go out the tent by the side entrance. I know enemies in disguise may have seen you do this for me, and they may see you and seize you. I shall not mind being alone, if I'm sure you are safe."

"If I'm safe. Why I defy the whole world," said Penrod. "I believe you do, but be careful nevertheless," she smiled back at him. Penrod went out by the side entrance, and soon was talking down the company side but avoiding the deeper snow.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

PENROD IS SEIZED BY PROFESSIONAL GLANDOLPHIAN SPIES BUT REFUSES TO ANSWER THEIR QUESTIONS, OR GIVE THEM ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING JENNIE TURNER.

IN THE MEANTIME SOMETHING MORE UNUSUAL WAS GOING ON. Two strange persons dressed in the Angelinian uniform were hiding between two large tents. One of the strangers appeared a somewhat slim and tall, and had all the features of Augustus Pratt in the gaily jeweled but of more heavy build, smoothly shaven, and appeared like a captain. The other was also heavy built, but was middle sized like Jaff, but wore a black beard and short moustache.

"Even if we did seize that boy scout, we would not be able to do anything with him," said the middle sized man at once in a very soft whisper, speaking in a tone as if what he said was very firm. "The squadron of Kurds manage to pursue that little female wild cat clear into the lines before one of the soldiers who was a marksmen shot her, and she managed to escape despite the wound in her leg, and despite her fall, but it was because of the aid of that buttinsky foreign boy scout. I see from the looks of his face that the lad is amiable, with manners very perfect, and it may not be very easy to surprise him by suddenly laying hold of him out here in the open where there are so many soldiers about. We would be arrested and shot as spies. And also as we are in the heart of the Christian camp we must be extremely careful. But why I want him for, is to force him to tell where he brought that wild Angelinian girl spy. After he encounters her. But I believe we cannot force him to say anything. It generally can be done with young children who are timid. But he, I'm sure will tell nothing, as he may have been trained to hold his tongue under any conditions. At first I thought he was a very stupid and conceited keed, but he is not, and is highly spirited. But if scared boys of any kind can be made to tell anything, instead of seizing him out here in the opening of the Company Street, we could trap him.

We could surprise him by one of us pretending to be injured, and making a very pathetic scene about the war, and the condition of the Vivian plucky, because I could prove that he is a boy who is easily worked up. We could also try him, with the rumor about the lost Vivian girls. Princess's but instead of truth in it, it may be a trick of the Nationals, and he may know it, and therefore not be fooled. Maybe we could try to make him lose his temper, and betray the girl's hiding place, in defending the Vivian girls, by insulting them in front of him, whom he thinks or knows are his best friends. But then it may also be a mistake to tackle him on that."

He spoke very quickly but in a whisper, and under his breath. The other man also spoke quickly in answer. "I don't know, unless he is still with that wildcat. He may come along in a few minutes, and then we can capture him. Listen. All the Angelinian Christian dogs think he is a brave innocent boy scout. He sees in that girl and also Violet and her sisters only as gentle angels. Nothing on oath will shake his faith in them so much as to hear me tell stirring falsehoods about them. It will probably be a great shock to him, such a shock that it will be possible that you can make him reveal where he placed that Jennie Turner girl. We may scare him so much also by dandy threats so harrowing that he will be frightened, and lose control of ourselves. If that does no good, we will really carry through our threats. You know he is only a young show off."

"You may be right, and you may not," said the tall man. "But maybe when he finds he is our prisoner, and that we will not allow him his freedom to go, it may alarm him so much that we may obtain from him other information that is worth while to us."

"If we could find out what she and the Vivian girls discovered before they were seen by the squadron of troopers. If we could find out what is true about that she discovered or what she believes is true we should be able to warn our general, or nab her before she reports her discovery to general Vivian. It will also be a clue to work from," he said.

"We have very little time," the tall man declared. "As soon as we finish this mission we will have to go to Norma Catherine at once. Even we must be there before midnight."

"Let's hide ourselves," said the short man. "There is a boy coming down the Company street now and he looks like the one we want."

Penrod came up to the place where the two strangers were hiding. Here was there chance. At this moment there was no one in sight at this part of the camp. Therefore when Penrod reached the opening between the two tents, a heavy black sack was instantly thrown over his head, and drawn tight.

An hour and a half passed. Penrod was standing in the center of a room of a large house near or within sight of the rebel fortifications near Vivian plucky, and in the heart of the enemy's lines. The short man looking indeed like Jeff was sitting down in a easy chair of large size, and the tall man was standing by it. The short man with the large dark beard looked fierce and very ferocious despite his funny Jaff features.

"I'm sorry we had to do this to you Master Penrod," the tall man said apologetically. "But you see we need you. I and my companion here are looking for important information."

"Well then you will have to oblige yourself by looking for it somewhere else," answered Penrod. "You two pe played a dirty trick on me."

The short man immediately rose from the chair with a scornful smile, and stood up straight and haughtily. And at his first movement Penrod saw that he was a dangerous man indeed.

"You are a kidnapper," he exclaimed. "You are a kidnapper of Angelinian boy scouts. The Gemini will scour and comb and turn the world upside down to get you for this."

"We do not believe the Christian dogs know about this. It doesn't hurt us anyway," the short man answered with his wicked and scornful smile. "What makes you think they'll get us? We'll never be captured alive. We are too desperate for that, and that is our orders, never allow ourselves to be taken alive. You know some thing very important, and we are bound to find out if possible."

At this Penrod felt his breathless for a moment.

"We made you our prisoner because we know who you are," he added with a scowl now. "I and my companion wish to find out certain important things, that we are sure you know."

"The first thing is, where did you leave that wounded girl scout," said the tall man. "She knows a lot of things about the Heights of Angelinia, and of the Lucille Jackson fortifications in general, and she has found a spot where the Vivian girls can enter the safest part of Vivian plucky and a spy on the child slave concerns which they plan to do soon, and through her and then them, all the Angelinian generals will know it, and also you know where she is hiding, as you have been with her. It is absolutely necessary for the sake of our cause, that we should obtain all the information you can give us. And another thing. Unless you answer all the questions, I shall ask you, we will not only refuse to allow you your freedom, but if possible will take you so far into Vivian plucky, that it will be impossible for you to escape."

Now the boy Penrod realized what the persons were who kidnapped him, and he understood why. He had heard general Greatheart and others speak of dangerous glandolinian spies, military, professional, and even political, and many were even men women and children, who were trained to do the work, and who were paid enormous sums to trace the persons that the glandolinian governments de sired

to have followed, and observed, or assassinated and captured: even ordinary plain clothes men, or police men, detectives, secret agents, or service men, military agents and persons who knew all portions of the country well, were even often drafted and trained for this work, and they were so determined a lot, that they never allowed themselves to be taken alive. Penrod also knew it was their work to search out and discover the utmost hidden secrets, to disguise themselves and pretend to serve with the Angolinian camps as Christian soldiers. Penrod believed that these two men were two secret service men, or great professional spies, who were paid not by generals but by the glandolinian government, to follow after some escaped Christian spy, who had succeeded in eluding the pursuers, and taken refuge within the Christian lines. Penrod realized this the case of the little girl who was wounded, because she herself was a spy, and a patriot to Abbia-nunia despite her unknown nationality. He did not know however that these two had been within the very Christian lines for two and a half months already, and had escaped detection so far, because of their great shrewdness.

They had already so to speak, accomplished many things during their pretended service to the Angolinian cause: they had fully made great discoveries of the strength of the armies under the two yivian rulers, and their generals, the formation and power of the besieging works under general Manson, the various intentions of all the high high National generals, and of the concentration of Emperor yivians main and fiercest armies upon Jonnie yivian town, and the Evangelina Heights beyond Katy Dike Creek near Sunstone run. They had also discovered general Groatheart, and had learned to know all of his outgoings, and in,comings, and also of the plans and movements and doings of the yivian girls, and the boy scout, so much dreaded by the glandolinians called "The Rattlesnake".

But they felt sure it was possible to learn other very important things: perhaps Angelina, or Angolinia Aronburg, as her right name was, knew all about the defenses of yivian wickey, and the rebel armies there, and so did Jonnie, who was the boy rescued. Therefore knowing her purpose, they went to outwit her or the other girl spies at no matter what the cost. They believed from the fact that they could see the boy was a foreigner, that he could easily be startled, and even terrified into telling all, and that it might be to their best advantage, to have received all this information, before they hastily left this section of the rebel camp, and crossed the Great yivian river leaving the "CHRISTIAN DOGS" to discover for themselves how their well laid plans had been so cleverly frustrated. And it would also be Penrod's undoing if he told. More strange things however were happening in Penrod's calm mind. He knew that these two disguised men were some of the most shrewd of glandolinian spies. But this was not all. The lovely little girl heroine was right when she gave him the warning before he left her tent. And he had unheeded it. And now he had received his first shock, his first real adventure. His young chest swelled, and he looked as defiant as a cobra about to strike. In all his young life, he had never yet come to face black treachery before. He could not comprehend it at all. The rascals had openly kidnapped him within the very Christian lines, and brought him into the enemy's lines, and relieved him of his weapons and even uniforms, and shoes and stockings.

The gentle and friendly little girl with the soft bird like grateful voice more like the voice of a swan, and grateful loving innocent eyes, had pleaded to him to do her a last favor before he left the tent-----pleaded, beseeched him to be careful, and yet he had allowed himself to be captured by two sneaking spies like this. It seemed impossible for him to believe it to be true. Yet the presence of the two glandolinian secret service men, and himself standing there with only his undergarments on told him it was a sure fact.

Then it flashed suddenly through his mind, the moment he had sprung to help the little girl, and her grateful look. And while he had been sorry for her pain, and had winced at the sound of her piteous exclamation, and had helped her treat her wound, these rascals had deliberately been laying

a trap for him, to force him to betray her-----yes betray her. For a few minutes he felt stunned-----perhaps if he had not been trained with a cool mind, he might have only been shocked. But he recovered more than a shock. There slowly began to arise within his breast a high feeling of disgust and disdain for his captors. As he gazed directly in into the pupils of the tallest man, his boyish face felt as if it had grown taller, than that of the glandolinian.

"You two rascals I think you are very clever." He said speaking slowly. Then there was a few seconds pause, and then he added. "I was too careless and too proud, when I thought glandolinians could not enter the Christian lines, and surprise unsuspecting persons. But there are more clever clever persons than you two."

The odd middle sized man gave an uneasy laugh, and then spoke to his companion. "The boy is very defiant." He said. "And as I look at him I believe it is true that he would rather suffer perdition than tell anything."

The tall man now looked angry and ferocious. Indeed he had a savage looking face, his eyes even had a savage expression, and his face turned red. Penrod believed by the way the rebel gazed and glared at him that the glandolinian glandolinian hated children no matter who they were or how good or bad they were, and that the scoundrel was made fierce and ferocious by the mere sight of Penrod, probably for some strange mysterious reason.

"Two hours before that girl escaped into the Christian lines" He said. "Three officers in the Geminis Regalia, besides the yivian girls and some others, were with her. They tried to enter Manley's lines for two purposes. First to find out a spot to enter the city so they could learn the conditions of the child slaves, and this they succeeded. The second was they tried to enter Manley's headquarters to assassinate him. This they failed. Thirty glandolinian soldiers were killed and a hundred wounded with no loss to the fugitives. The Geminis looked like black Oncoms. They were outside our whole line the whole entire day despite how cold and snowy it was, writing down and drawing every thing they saw or heard. One of the yivian girls had with her a roll of parchment which during the excitement of the clash, pursuit, and retreat, she gave to Angolinia Aronburg, who tore through the column of pursuers like a cyclone and escaped after killing all her pursuers. So Jonnie, who she next gave the parchment who being shot in the leg entered the Christian lines. And is that not true since you aided her, that you know where she is?"

"Yes I certainly know where she is!" Answered Penrod.

"Well where is she?"

"I will tell nothing, what ever." said Penrod.

"Before she and her followers escaped, she herself was in Norma Catherine for months pretending to be a child slave. The yivian girls despite their narrow escape during the slaughter went there once in November again to see her. They were there for three days, and she and they saw many spy friends, interfered with the child slavery, and planned to cause a great fire at the Bell-Mell-Tell-Mell Child Slave Prison, and the yivian girls through the general help of this Angolinia Aronburg, and Jonnie, who she escaped through the "Reign of Terror in safety. I demand you Master Penrod to tell us where she is hiding herself if you value your life."

"I shall tell nothing." Said Penrod with determination in his tone.

"Though she and the yivian girls are much dreaded now, I believe you are becoming more and more dangerous, especially in making companion ship of that 'Rattlesnake' boy scout, and you yourself being a foreigner, and an accursed renegade Canadian-----have spent your whole life-----with that general Groatheart. You know most of the European languages, as if you were a courier for the whole world, or the highest portiers in any Viennese Hotel. Taking advantage of this to use thotongues to help the Angolinian generals in their gun schemes and designs. And you know the Geogrp Geography of the Angolinian and Abbia nia at times by heart. Is it not so?"

Penrod refused to answer, but gave him a very saucy, and defiant look.

The short glandelinian soldier then arose from the chair, and said in an indignant tone to his tall companion; "I know that girl Angelina Aronburg well. She for the use of her disguise refuses to tell her own real nationality as well as Jennie Turner, and uses the name 'Gertrude Angeline' for unknown reasons. She had a sister whose name was Annie Aronburg, but who was killed for posing as a runaway child slave when spying on Federal Government property. Her uncle is that 'part y christian dog', General Concentinian Aronburg, who for the same unknown reason as his niece calls himself by the German name of Wilhelmberger Zimmermann. She started her work as a daring spy, and also as an adventuress to avenge the loss of her sister. She though is an Abissinian from the State of Dandobia, and also her sister and uncle. I found that out by going through the Aronburg Records in the city of Lucy Lane Dandobia. And we know what she is. So far she has accomplished more than any christian spy known, either more than this boy here or his companion or the 'vivan' girls. The people and police, and every one in every city, town, or village in 'landelinia, or in Abissinian, nay in the whole world, knows that she is a great sharper for her cause, and a dreadful female wild tigersess as well, and as the most dangerous spy in the world, and yet with all her shrewdness, she pretends the 'vivan' girls aid her, that all boys scouts help her when in peril, when in fact she aids them, and never was captured. All 'landelinians dread her because she can shoot with her two pistols so quickly as if and fast that she can shoot twelve men down in nearly a moments time.

And what in the world did she do with the immense reward, the Great Emperor 'vivan gave her for entering the norma Catherine section of 'vivan 'Wickey, to see and reveal everything going on there, and on reporting things she observed at the Great Lucilla Pickens and other fortifications. This Penrod, or 'vivan lad does not even know what and who she is because he probably he never saw her. It may be also true that he is more stubborn than he looks, and that nothing will make him tell where he left Angelina Aronburg's lieutenant Jennie Turner who was wounded in the leg. Or perhaps it is positively true that he has been so spoiled by her pretty face, and flattering words, that for that reason he refuses to speak. There is also a look in his eyes, that proves that when we nabbed him, we nabbed a young Rattlesnake. He's been both spoiled, and bribed by her pretty look, and childish swag.

The man spoke the truth indeed, but as he did so he did it without looking at Penrod at all, and he spoke in a fashion, and with the great ostentatiousness and abruptness as if some feeling of great anger had overcome him.

He believed that Penrod was very sensitive about the little girl spy he had aided, and the rasol felt sure that if he insulted her or even Aronburg in his presence, he would be angry, and in his anger his very face would reveal something if he did not speak out-----especially if he understood the Abissinian tongue indeed, which was useful for the 'landelinians to find out, as that alone would be a real cause to prove other things they wished to discover. But both were really disappointed, as there was no chance in his face, and neither did the blood rise to his face. He appeared to show no interest in what the shorty said, but his face appeared to be blank cold, and very polite. Let those rascals say what they pleased. He would tell them nothing. The short man twisted his mustache with a furious hand, then monkeyed with his beard, and then scowled fiercely at Penrod as he said;

"We know the easiest and shortest way into 'vivan 'Wickey. Nobody but us and the glandelinian soldiers can get in and out. The glandelinians in the city are more fierce and savage than those outside here in the garrisons or in Mac-Holleston Johnston's army. And we'll take you into norma Catherine far across the river, and you probably will never get out, or see your friends again or live another day, if you still refuse the questions my companion has asked you. You think because the christian armies besieging 'vivan 'Wickey, are so strong that nothing can happen to you, or other boys and also girls, even near the outer limits of the Abissinian camps, even where numerous and immense scouting parties ride back and forth. But you'll soon realize that you're more than mistaken. If you yelled this minute you might cause attraction, or a

scouting party to come and investigate, but we would kill you on the spot, and easily make out get away. We only brought you into this house with the purpose to question you, and so if you yelled, and we killed you, we would burn it down with you in it without mentioning the reason to any one. If we choose to even have you placed before a 'landelinian firing squad without any reason at all, we can do it. And if you enter 'vivan 'Wickey, because we brought you there, you may remain there as long as the Insurrectos are in possession. Where you to cry out nothing would help you now. Will you tell us where to find that girl spy Jennie Turner?"

"I said before that I will reveal nothing whatever," said Penrod. "You might be thrown into one of those prisons, and killed, or might be enslaved and remain a slave for a longer time than is pleasant to you, before you ever get free." The short man said more coolly. "Where is she hiding?"

"I will tell you nothing, come what may," said Penrod. "I tell you that I know a more about the 'landelinians in norma Catherine than you do Penrod. They are cruel like the heartless fiends. By the time you found yourself there only a few days, you might find it all to hapless and hopeless to even escape across a street. Did you leave her in any particular tent?"

"It is useless to ask me any more questions as I will not answer a word," said Penrod.

"You are a little fool to risk it," put in the tall man seriously. "I tell you norma Catherine just now is a world of hades, worse than Dante's Inferno. Don't take the chances by going there for refusing to tell."

"I will tell nothing at all," answered Penrod, but he gave him such a look that he winced. He made the robe, feel very uncomfortable. "I do not think you are a boy who has ever been beaten or ill treated by any one," he said. "I tell you fairly and squarely that it will be a hard experience to go into norma Catherine or any part of 'vivan 'Wickey. I advise you to act wise and don't go there, by answering our questions."

But this time Penrod did not speak at all. He looked at both of the disguised glandelinians as if he was some accusing angel. He knew however without the slightest doubt that what the short bearded glandelinian said, was more than true. If he dared to cry out, or yelled, to attract the attention of any scouting parties, they would surely kill him, and turn the house down to hide their crime. And if they brought him into norma Catherine, there was no telling what the glandelinians would do to him there, as they were more ferocious than a huge mass of mad wolves suffering from hydrophobia.

And if they really carried out their threat, and left him in that section of 'vivan 'Wickey, there was no telling how many days would begin to pass before he was missed, and all the christian generals would then suspect, that he had been kidnapped, or how long it would be before the Angolinian generals would start scouting, and scouring the whole country, and sent parties to roam the world in search for him. And it would be probable that general Greatheart or the Rattlesnake boyscout were already missing him, and though neither had the faintest idea of knowing where he was, the general would be gathering the Gemini to make a search. And by that time, he would be far away in 'vivan 'Wickey. And just because he would not betray the trust of a little girl heroine. He did not know what to do. He only knew he was making a sacrifice for her.

"It's a long, long way to 'vivan 'Wickey from here," the short man said. "You would rather be in Hades than there. Please be wise, and tell us the hiding place of that little girl spy."

"I cannot and will not tell you anything," said Penrod. "I cannot and will not tell you anything," said the tall man. "I'm going to make an example of this rascal. For a boy scout. He's more stubborn than even the Angolinian boys are." "He may tell us after he has been locked in this place, this lonely place for a full week without anything to eat or drink," said Shorty. "Come Master Penrod, with me."

The glandelinian spy then placed his powerful thamy hand on Penrod's naked shoulder, and showed him without a gentle hand forward. The rebel expected he would make a struggle, but he did not. He remembered what general Greathart had said about brave and determined boyscouts. It was his first trial now but somehow he had suddenly a feeling of strong hush haughtiness, and defiance instead of being so afraid. He then was led roughly through a long narrow hallway toward the back of a stairway, and then up a long flight of rickety steps, which Penrod believed led to some dark attic. Then after reaching the top he was then marched through a wider but ill lighted flagged passage to another flight of steps, when the attic was reached. The door in the ceiling below the attic was worked on hinges, and the lock which was a bolt was on the outside. At this moment the door was closed, but not locked. The captor made Penrod open it, and go up into it first, and then Penrod observed that the attic was utterly without windows, and was so dark inside that he could not see anything. As soon as he was in, the rebel closed and bolted the trap door. Penrod stood as still as a statue in the midst of erebus darkness. The enslave then made sure the bolt was secure.

"You added the girl spy when she was wounded. Will you tell where she is if hiding?"

"I will answer no more questions," declared Penrod. "It's no use to any me further."

"You are one of the biggest young boy fools in the world," the glandelinian spy fiercely replied. "I believe you are a spy for the christians, and know much more than we ever think you do. General Greathart and all your friends will certainly be very anxious, when they find you are not within the christian lines. We may come back in three or four hours and take you into 'jivian' wicky if possible. I will let you know however that we have recently received disturbing news and rumors that the Nationals are massing like an enormous flood upon Jennie 'jivian' own, and also Evangelina Grania, and that there will be a big battle soon. The information we have already received makes it necessary for us to leave for the glandelinian positions in a big hurry. We may not come back and you may remain here, and face starvation for we placed some little friends in there before you came that will make it sure you will never escape unless you wish to die attempting it. Better be wise and tell us what we wish to know, while there is yet time."

But Penrod did not say a word. He stood with his back against the wood wooden wall, and remained motionless and silent. For a few moments there was absolute quiet, and then he heard the footsteps of the glandelinians moving away. Soon again all was silent, the last distant echo dying away, and when he was sure no one was there, Penrod suddenly drew a long breath of evident relief.

At this moment a rush of most strange feelings swept over him. He suddenly found himself facing the awful situation, it had not been at all easy to realize what all his thoughts really were at this moment, for they were coming so thick and fast. He could not believe the evidence of his eyes and ears. A few hours ago only a few hours ago he had helped a wounded but cunning Angelinian girl spy to her tent, a little girl who was pretty and very grateful and kindly acquaintance, and now because he refused to reveal her hiding place, he was locked in an attic so dark, that he could not even now see his hand before his face.

And what did the short man and his tall companion want to do with all the information they already knew—even what a good use could they make of the things they had tried to force him to confess. Penrod stood up more straightly and braced up more stoutly. He felt sure that if he kept cool, and thought patiently he would think of some way to escape from his attic prison. He had this idea because he and general Greathart had always since the war began, talked of the most absorbing incidents, and also fascinating things, they had observed since its outbreak. Penrod always believed that God gave a person a power in his thoughts, and even strange fascinating strength in the use of them. He knew that the most clever thoughts could pass through his mind if he allowed them. Many times general Greathart told stories to Penrod of many heroes and heroines, who being captured by the enemy, cleverly escaped by using their

thoughts to the fullest extent. When general Greathart told these stories, and talked of the heroes and heroines, Penrod felt as if he were listening to some very important and marvelous story, which was more than true. Even in his own scouting tours which had been frequent, Penrod had dared to visit the most dangerous portions of the enemy's lines without encounters with the insurgents and had learned and seen many things among the foe lines, which seemed more than marvelous to the boy, and all the movements of the enemy, he had observed, had thought him deep thinking. He had also discovered through days of experience when hard pressed by pursuers that when he desired a thing to be accomplished and used clear and exalted thoughts, he never met such a thing as failure.

He had discovered this mainly when a squadron of swift Abyssinians caverly came up in time to intercede between him and his ruthless pursuers. From his recent thrilling experiences therefore he had learned to understand what way and what use he should put his thoughts when in peril, or confined in a place that is very difficult to escape from. And what Penrod had believed himself he had thought his whole regiment a few days after he had it fully mobilized.

The best thing he thought was as follows:

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Number One. "Always some one says it can't be done, there is no such thing as Can't. Here there's a will there's a way. On what will it be best to think about first? On an escaping plan." was what he said to himself, as he now stood still in the total dark darkness, which to him was like the fabled caves of erebus.

He waited for fully five minutes, expecting the right thought to come to him. He will think of the brave Jivian girls, and how they managed to escape from Jivian Wicky. He said at last, all he had heard about them was indeed a most wonderful story to him, and the most favorite. General Greathart who had been at Dorothy Gale during the time this occurred, had traveled far to see these marvelous girl heroines, and what he had heard during his interview with Emperor Jivian had made changes in his own life. The part of the story which Penrod suddenly remembered, was these very words:

"Let pass through thy mind Master Penrod, the chief and only reason why Violet and her sisters managed to escape from Jivian Wicky when it seemed utterly impossible, they first meditated upon their own situation, and upon the ardent wishes of their hearts, seeing first that it could not be a hopeless thing with their guardian with them in due disguise. Then quickly but surely they and their aide thought of one plan after another, which as to them seemed to take earthly form, and draw nearer to them. Finally a thought came to them which brought general Evans the means to help them make their escape."

"I don't see why I should be afraid of those two wicked glandelinian spies," said Penrod almost half aloud. "If I but try I'll find some way to get out of this place."

These were the thoughts which he tried to keep steadily in his young mind—that no one not even anything, could make him afraid, and that he could get out of the attic some way. He thought of this for a long time, and repeated the words over and over again for a few minutes. After he had done this, he began to feel more like himself again.

"When my eyes are used to this velvet darkness, I shall hope to see if there is any other attic besides the trap door. Or some implement I can use to break it open," he said next.

He waited a long time with patience, but he could not get his eyes used to the intense darkness, nor could he see the slightest glimmer of light, or a window covered over.

Finally with caution, he put out his hands on either side of him, and after some time realized on the side of the wall against which he had stood, there were no abrasions to show that an attic window had been there. From this Penrod believed that this attic had been used for many unknown purposes, and that if that was positive, it could be seen then why it had no window, and there even might not be any opening for the slightest ventilation. Yet it was warm there warmer than for comfort, though the air was not yet bad, but now the trap door

had been shut, and bolted on the outside.

"There is no use of me being afraid," he repeated to himself. "I shall not and will not have any fear. I shall and must get out of here somehow." Knowing that to think of general Greatheart would only arouse his greatest emotions, and cause him to lose courage, he did not therefore allow himself to stop and think of the general or of the Rattlesnake boy comrade waiting for his return. Slowly but in a cautious manner he began to feel his way along the attic walls. He found to his evident surprise that it reached further than he ever expected it would. The boy had thought that the attic was very small, but now he realized it was very large indeed. He decided to make his way round it gradually, and with the utmost care, and he started to do so, with the purpose of making his way clear around it. But a strange sound which he had often heard before even in southern Texas where he once spent a summer with his parents made him stop. Thinking it nothing and that his fears were foolish he decided to try and make his way across it, with his hands extended before him, and to set each foot down cautiously. But before he made this movement he sat down on the smooth wooden and partly sandy floor, and began thinking again, and what he thought of was the things he had heard of what the Vivian Girls did, despite all peril, and that surely there must be a way out of this dark attic for him, and that in some way, he must and should find it, and before those two glendelinians returned to bring him to Vivian's room.

While he was thinking in this manner he stretched his foot out, and the boys heard a loud scraping sound on the floor. At this moment he heard the same noise again, and it was very startling indeed. It seemed as if he had been struck dumb with uncontrollable terror.

A shrill whistling and rattling sound very much like the cry of a cricket, but a hundred times louder was coming from the center of the attic floor. The sound was sharp and distinct in that quiet attic made Penrod jump as if he had received a shock. If the sound had been light and soft it would not have startled him so much, and he was sure he had not imagined it. Good God, was he in that attic alone with a Rattlesnake? For a moment he felt a sort of panic seize him. Expecting it would strike at him in the dark, he suddenly rose and stood up, and leaned tightly against the wall. He hoped by his quick movement he would have placed himself at a position at some point of the attic, he had not reached at all, and that if the loathsome creature struck, it would miss.

Whether it really was one or not he could not make sure, for even now his eyes were not yet accustomed to the intense darkness. But as he remained perfectly still the noise also gradually stopped. Feeling somewhat relieved he turned his head to listen for the sound again, and then made a sudden discovery. A little above about two feet there appeared to be some aperture in the attic wall where the crepuscular darkness was not quite so black. He believed he found something like a hole or wide slit in the wall, but for a moment he thought the sound may have come from there. Whatever the aperture was, he knew it did not open to the outside, for no daylight entered, but nevertheless though it admitted no light of any kind, it only admitted a shade of darkness that was for some reason less dense. Penrod felt that what he discovered, was better than nothing at all, and hearing no further sound he breathed easier.

"That may have been something else for a beginning," he said to himself. "But I must find a way to get out of here. I shall I shall, I shall." He then on purpose picked up something he found on the floor beside him, and threw it toward the center of the floor. At once the noise was repeated, much more vigorously, and louder, and not only from the center of the room but from every corner and other points as well. It was now a perfect tumult. He felt terrified indeed. Within the world were those things. Then suddenly he recalled to his mind something he remembered.

He had once read the story of a man who being shut up in an empty cellar by some accident, discovered by the light of a match, that he was alone with half a dozen poisonous reptiles, of the Adder variety. It is said the serpents when not bothered never touch a human, but the man passed through such terrors before he was released from the cellar that he believed the snakes had already bitten him, and he died of convulsions caused by his fright.

"His wild thoughts did that," said Penrod. "I must remember to control myself no matter what danger I face. I will sit down again, and be very quiet, and think of everything I have seen outside of Vivian's room. It may take some time, but as long as I remain quiet, the things won't strike."

Indeed it was a very good plan, a life saving plan at that. There was a twelve foot diamond rattlesnake in the center of the room with him, and others in the corners and some by the walls, having been placed there by the rebel spies through a secret opening, in the hope that the serpents would fang the boys to death, should he make any attempts to escape before they returned to bring him to Vivian's room.

Penrod to keep his excitement down, kept his mind upon the scouting tours he had made, to while away the dull dull hours. Anyhow he could not think of anything else now, as this required the closest attention, and perhaps as the day went on his two captors would begin to think, the serpents would have already done away with him, and would not dare run the risk of doing such a desperate thing as coming to the Christian lines, as they too having disappeared from the ranks would be missed, and the reason of their sudden disappearance, and of Penrod's unusual absence known. Knowing that general Greatheart may have sent large masses of searchers for them, and Penrod, and telegraphed to every portion of the lines, they might think it might be wiser to go to Vivian's room alone without him, and not do much as to dare to show up near the House. In every case Penrod learned enough by reading stories, and the teachings he had received, that any person that lets his mind run wild, will meet harm in all its aspects. The mind of any person can be imagined as either some great engine, with a broken gear flying in all directions, or to some gigantic powerful machine under perfect control, was what he had heard and read. He had thought of some of the Lucille Pickens fortifications, and imagined he had walked through a four or five of their interior sections, and when turning mentally into a sixth, when he again was startled violently by the same sound, but uncomfortably near him. This time the sound was at the right of his right foot was one of the worst he realized it absolutely was a Rattlesnake. And it and probably many others were in the dark attic with him, and close to his right foot was one of the greatest. But how near it was to him he did not know. He did not even have a single match with him, one of the two rebels having taken everything he had. And the sudden thought of meeting in such intense darkness the cold terror that strikes certain death frightened him more than ever, but he kept perfectly quiet. He feared however that the reptiles were hearing his loudly beating heart. It was indeed a blank mystery to him how the serpents could be in the attic. It was a mystery which would have indeed taxed the best powers of Sherlock Holmes himself, should he had been in Penrod's place that moment. In fact poisonous snakes of any kind do not exist in the Angelinian countries on account of the Great Belongingness Creatures, and those known there are only kept in captivity, and there is a heavy death penalty imposed on those having them, if from carelessness or other causes, or otherwise, allow any of these reptiles to escape and some one is bitten and dies. None of the Angelinians would bear to see these venomous serpents at large. Penrod of course being new to the country did not know this. To any one of the Angelinians, an argument would make it plain, that this diamond rattlesnake and the others did not get into the attic of their own accord. And no person with an honest desire would even allow a venomous reptile to work its way into a house where it is certain people are living.

It could have been evident that this these serpents was or had been stolen from some circus that had been raided by rebels, because they had surely not escaped, and no person could be allowed to even buy one from a circus.

He then on purpose picked up something he found on the floor beside him, and threw it toward the center of the floor. At once the noise was repeated, much more vigorously, and louder, and not only from the center of the room but from every corner and other points as well. It was now a perfect tumult. He felt terrified indeed. Within the world were those things. Then suddenly he recalled to his mind something he remembered.

manager or owner. What then was the explanation of the extraordinary by reason that Penrod that he was alone with a unknown number of big rattlers. To him no plausible explanation seemed to be possible, except that the reptiles had gotten into the house sometime before winter set in through a hole that may be on one side of the house, and worked themselves somehow up the steps, and into the attic, while the trap door was open, but unknown to him it really was an attempt by the two rebel spies to place the snakes in the attic for the purpose of a most subtle murder, to cover their escape into the rebel lines. Any one probably knows that if a person is bitten by a Rattlesnake, he dies with certainty, and speed, depending on where the reptile struck him. The snake is also said to cause such small pin like pricks with its fangs that they are almost impossible to be found on the victim's body.

and it is positive, that the action of the reptiles poison is such, and the amount of the deadly venom so small, that if Penrod was bitten by this rattlesnake, and died, these two murders might easily rely upon no tell tale evidence, after he was found, and a post mortem examination of the murdered boy had been made. And death caused by the bite of a Rattlesnake, is said to be principally due to either congealing or coagulation of the blood, which then failing to circulate, quickly brings all the vital functions to a stop.

And there is no specific poison in the blood of a person bitten by a snake, which could be isolated enabling a doctor to say positively "This man died from the bite of a poison poisonous reptile." "....."

Penrod knew this, and realized his grave danger indeed. The dreadful possibilities of all kinds of poisonous reptiles, even cobras stolen from ruined Galverinian Zoos, have been used by many crafty Glandelinian spies with the purpose to secure what they were after—the idea of of any man woman or child encountering some deadly reptile unexpectedly any place is exceedingly thrilling, but think of being a boy alone in a pitch dark attic, with a number of venomous rattlesnakes. And not to know in what part of the room they were. It can be believed that the reptiles had been disturbed by Penrod's slightest slightest movements, or loud talking. Penrod knew how to manage a rattlesnake, if he only had a light, and a long cord with a loop on the other end. He also needed a sectional rod four and a half feet long rigged with a curtain cord that manipulated at one end. He was able to think out every detail carefully, but he had nothing, not even a single match. He nevertheless remained as quiet as possible hoping that the reptiles would glide to some other portion of the attic, but he heard no movement whatever. Soon he was again startled by the smallest possible noise, a ghost of a gliding sound, and movement. It came from his left side this time, but quite a distance away. He looked across in the intense darkness, and he yet could see nothing. Then he fancied he saw two round balls of phosphorescent directed toward him. He felt sure they were two eyes of some creature staring at him in the darkness. And when he purposely made another movement, he heard the shrill sound again. It was much louder this time, but sounded so strange and uncomfortable that he actually felt for a higher point of the attic. He felt as he saw the eyes rise upward, that the reptile was in a position to strike. He knew now it was absolutely a rattler, because the shrill noise was so loud and plain, and it was positive to him now, what the gliding noise had been, and it was made plainer was the evident fact that there were more than a dozen of them in the attic with him. At least it seemed to be.

"They may have been all asleep when he had been put into the attic. Or if they had been awake, they had at first been still and not excited. One thing that confronted Penrod, was the saying that a Rattlesnake never strikes unless provoked, or approached. This for a moment gave him a slight feeling of relief. But could such a feeling give evidence. Yet the feeling was so natural and comfortable, that to him it seemed to make spies unreal, and only natural things possible. Yet to him the eyes which were apparently on the level of the floor again did not shine in an unfriendly way....."

## CHAPTER NINETEEN.

ANGELINIA ARONBURN RESCUES PENROD FROM THE ATTIC.

Yet he could not understand how a reptile's eyes could shine in the dark, and began to feel for the moment that the one of them might be either a nice big cat, that was playing with something that made the peculiar sound, or a young Belingdomemere creature. Yet he heard no purring, and as he could now hear exactly like a cat. He decided to try and see if it would answer. He hoped it would be one of it was a curious delight to him to stroke it to stroke the soft fur, and talk to the cat. He made the sound expecting if it was only a cat it would answer with purring or a cry, and with one, even a dark attic, would not be so black. But Penrod was disappointed. The only answer was the shrill sound again, and the very next motion of the eyes to a height of nearly three feet.

"It's queer that it has such gleaming eyes," He said. "I'd give anything if I could only find a window."

The mere presence of what he felt to be Rattlesnakes was awe inspiring indeed. He sat down close to where he felt sure the trap door was, and listened carefully to the shrill noise, and noted the direction it came from.

The phosphorescent light in the two eyes he had seen was a terror in itself now.

"I must and shall get out of this attic at any cost." He said to himself.  
"I'm bound to make up my mind that I shall not be in here very long."

Just now he was not troubled by the fear of being hungry for a long time. All his life he was so used to eating very little from causes only known among the poor, and to passing long weary hours without food that during his long tour journeys, and that he had often proved to himself that fasting is not after all such a desperate ordeal as most people imagine.

and if he began by attempting to feel frightened and foolish, he might as well have been counting the hairs between meals he surely would begin to feel terribly - reverently. But he knew how to control himself; the time was indeed passing quickly, and he had known it would pass slowly, and therefore he had made up his mind not to watch it, or ask any questions about it, but do his best to avoid his very loathsome companions. Despite any dangers he may face he was never a restless boy, but like general Greathart could stand or sit still, or lie quietly, despite any dangerous creatures, that may be in the place. Now and then since all was quiet in the attic again, he could hear the distant rumbling of many cannons, and the thundering roar of exploding shells far away. To him these to a certain extent were some sort of companion companionship. He kept his place near the trap door, and his hand where he could occasionally touch it.

Every now and then he lifted his eyes to the place where the dim glimmers of something like a cat's eyes had showed itself. But now he saw nothing whatever. Perhaps the intense stillness in the attic, perhaps the crepuscular darkness, and perhaps the thundering noise outside - probably all three caused his thoughts to travel through his mind more slowly. He felt awfully sleepy, but because of his peril he did not dare to fall asleep.

Penrod had now remained perfectly quiet for several hours. There was nothing else yet gubing on to arouse him or his drowded companions during that short time, but after a few minutes passed he heard a more definite sound. It appeared that some one was ascending the stairs below toward the attic. At the same moment the shrill sound or noise was repeated from four different directions and simultaneously a brief metallic ringing sound on the steps below the attic door aroused him, and his loathsome companions outright.

At this moment he was fully conscious that some one was below, and the suddenly he heard the voice of a little girl give an exclamation because she had dropped something.....he was speaking very rapidly as if excited and as if she was in the greatest haste had haste.He could hear her speaking below the trap door.....!!!<sup>AA</sup> <sup>2-4-8m</sup>

ANGELINA ARONBURG RESCUES PHIBRO FROM THE ATTIC.

"I guess I'll have to search for it now," was what he heard her say. "I have not a moment to lose."

When all was silent but soon again he heard her feet hurrying up the steps, and again he heard the child say, "the poor boy is too good for that dark attic. I like him too well."

He immediately laid down near the trap door, and tried it but it was still fastened, oh on the other side. The little girl who ever she may be, was coming up the last flight of steps, and then he knocked on the trap door with vigorous his joy the two professional landlady spies had not returned as they had threatened, but some friendly girl instead. He evidently heard the knocking for her speedy flight up the stairs had halted, and there was silence for a moment. He feared his pounding had frightened her, and that she hesitated in coming up, but the next moment there was a retracing of the flight on the steps, and a noise of footsteps going up other steps, and then there was a noise at the lock outside. The reason of stopping when she heard the knock was because she had at that moment been going up the wrong flight of steps, she had not been frightened.

"I'll soon have you out," she said. "I saw those two take you in this house, and follow Jennie. Jennie told me and I followed them all the way here."

Jennie immediately rose, and then stood with his back against the wall, near the trap door. His strong companions had been aroused more than he expected, and one of them apparently in the corner was gazing toward him and apparently with uplifted eyes, and the shrill noise appeared to him to be like steam escaping from a small safety valve, and a million crickets joining in chorus at the same time. This helped Jennie to think him very quickly. He had been thinking with all his might, and trying to think of how to keep the reptiles quiet. Then he said loudly through the trap door:

"If you can avoid it, don't make much noise. I'm keeping company with probably a dozen rattlesnakes, and against my will too."

At this there was a startled exclamation from the little girl, and then silence. When he heard her working frantically at the bolt, with the desperate purpose to open it as fast as she could, then he began to wonder, how, and why she came to liberate him. She came for something probably, because she felt sorry for him, and was his friend, what did she say? He had heard her coming as if she was coming, and in a hurry. And what was that she had dropped on the steps, and then said, "I will have to search for it, I have not a single moment to lose," and then as she came hurriedly up the last flight of steps he had heard her say again, "The little boy is too good for the dark old attic. I like him too well."

He said these work words to himself over and over again, and tried to recall how she said them, and why he concerned her, and also to recall the voice, which seemed to him to be part of a dream, but just the same was a real thing, who was she? Then he started on his favorite guessing experiment. He had always succeeded frequently experimenting on so commanding his mind to work for him, to help him remember faces, voices, and to understand, and to argue about the things, clearly and properly.

"I hope I can reason this out," he said to himself as he heard a vigorous knocking at the padlock. "I wonder who she is. It cannot be Jennie, for as she is too greatly disabled to climb a flight of stairs so soon. And why did she come, and when she knows the danger she is placing herself in? Supposing the spies should return at this moment. If they returned alone, it would be all right, she could cope with them both successfully, but the rebels may return with a whole squadron of rebel cavalry."

It was certain that she was in a hurry, the way she pounded at the lock, and there was a good reason too. What was the reason? Maybe she had no time to spare, and she said she liked him too well to allow him to remain in the dark attic, the dark old attic, when it was probable that she came because she knew and like

liked him. If she liked him she came to free him at no matter what the consequences might be. And the only good thing that this unknown little girl could do for him now was to help him escape from the attic, and his wretched companions. She had said he was too good for the attic. If he had been asleep he would not have heard her approach, or all she said, or understood what she would advise him to do, or what she meant to do for him, however he did not even dare to stop to even think of this at all. The main thing he must do and continue doing is to keep his distance from the beautiful rattlesnake friends. But then he could not keep from wondering what she had dropped.

He had heard the metallic ring, and then heard her exclaim loudly: "I will have to search for it now (Get your cow)." "Search for what?" He thought and thought, what must she search for, and did she find it? And if not would she fail to liberate him? He slowly drew himself down until he was sitting down again, on the attic floor, and then he held his head in his hands, pressing so hard on his eyes, that strange curious lights floated before him, then lying down near the trap door again he said: "Tell me little girl, tell me, what is it you must search for?" "It is something that I must not lose," she answered. "Did you hear the ringing sound?"

He sprang upon his feet with a little gasping shout, forgetting for the moment the presence of the rattlesnakes. The strange shrill noise sounded again, but this time he paid no attention whatever. He realized the ringing sound, had been the ring of metal, striking the steps as it suddenly fell, and he knew that anything any thing made of metal surely may have made such a sound. As she was hurrying up the first flight of steps, she had accidentally dropped something made of metal down the steps. When she had dropped it, it must have bounded all the way down the steps. The little girl liked him, and had said he was too good for his "old attic prison", and yet it was probable that she had dropped and lost the only thing, that would help her set him free, much quicker than breaking the padlock, he had dropped a key belonging to the front door of the house, and which she had in her possession, and which also opened the lock of the trap door.

For a few minutes the feelings which she he suddenly felt, were so full of strong excitement that for a moment his brain was in a perfect whirl. He knew indeed, what General Greathart would have said, and that which he would have done also, and if he was to save himself from the rattlesnakes, he must hold himself still, and not let any excitement over come him. He knew that the little girl finding that she could not break the lock, must find the key at any cost. He knew of course that it would be another delay before she could give him a chance of freedom. And if she failed to find the key, and could find no other means to break open the lock, she could not open the trap door to let him out. The loss of the key must cause a delay. He would be glad to help her look for the key if he was able too, as far as doing it, would take a very long time indeed, and there was danger that other landlady spies would make their appearance, and interrupt the little girl before she could succeed in helping him to get out.

"I will kneel down and say some prayers for better success," he said to himself. "I'll bet she is crawling back and forth and going over every inch of the floor beneath the steps, with the very best determination to find it. And I'll bet if she goes over every inch, she will find it, for there is a will there in a way."

So he knelt down and began to pray, while the rattlesnakes kept their beady eyes on him, and their shrill rattles going like mad.

"I must and shall get out," he said to himself. "I know there is a way if I only try."

He was still kneeling kneeling down, when he heard one of the creatures rattles sounding much nearer to him. Therefore he stood up against the wall, and watched the creatures. Then he wondered whether the key was a small or large one, and whether it was necessary that the little girl should pass her hands over every inch, as he believed she would. And he was sure that despite the difficulty of the search, she would not miss a single inch. Yet he was not so sure what she would do,

and that she would go over every space of floor again, and again. He felt sure she was crawling backwards, and forwards, and forward, and backwards, or crosswise, and lengthwise, or diagonally, and around and round. Yet he felt sure from the length of time he felt sure that she had failed to find the key. Probably she was in the same darkness he was. And Penrod wished only wished in his heart that he only had a little light, to see who his hidden enemies really were, but he did not have any.

In the meantime the little girl was totally absorbed in her search for her key, and after she had been engaged in the hunt for three hours, she did not find it yet, and for a moment felt disgusted.

Yet she realized that to stop for sleep, or rest would probably be fatal to Penrod, she did not quit even, though her knees were starting to be bruised, and the skin of her hands was sore as a result of rubbing them on the old flooring. She just now feared the Rattlesnakes going at Penrod and killing him.

"But surely it feel down here somewhere," he said obstinately. "It is somewhere around the lower step as I heard it fall while I was running up the steps. I should have been more careful than I was."

For a moment now she stood up, and felt very tired indeed, her body aching all over. She stretched herself, and exercised her arms and legs.

"I wonder how long it has been since I startled started crawling about the floor," she thought to herself and with impatience. "But that old key must be lying on the floor here somewhere. It must be by the foot of the steps surely."

She decided to rest herself for a few minutes, and she therefore sat down on the lower step, and laid her head on the step above her, while the purpose to rest herself more comfortably. She herself began to think of some kind of experiment also.

"My gosh, but all this work searching for that darn key, had made me so tired. Yet I dare not go to sleep now. I must find that key. I'll trust God to show me where it lies."

When for a few moments she began quoting some prayers, she had learned at home.

"Dear Lord who can do all things. Show me where the key is lying. Lead me to it before it is too late."

And again she began to search for it, and more carefully this time. She did not know that she had been searching for it half the night. But she did. When she did not stop to rest again, it was starting to be daylight outside, and by the noise she heard far off in the distance, it was evident that some small engagement was raging. Maybe Penrod may have heard the sound also, but the fact was that she too was too hungry, but she was determined to locate that key and liberate Penrod first.

Just as she fell down on her hands and knees once more, she heard a strange sound which made her suddenly lift her head, and then heard something arrive.

Some one was entering the house by the front door, he expected this every minute, and thanked her lucky stars that she was armed. She hid in the darkest corner, and as she did so heard the door slam shut. Yet she was disturbed, because no one came near the steps.

She knew Penrod was in the attic above, and felt sure she may have someone who even if he is a landlubber, she could compel him to assist her, and she prayed appealingly.

As no one came, she thought of the key again.

"I will not give up until I have found it," she said to herself. "It is by the stairs somewhere."

She heard the sound of footsteps at the instant, and became very anxious indeed.

"Dear God lead me to the key," prayed the little girl as if pleading in a way as if her soul's welfare depended upon it. And then she got up. As she arose she happened to put her hand out toward the corner of the third step, and suddenly touched something lying there. It must have been lying there all the time, and she had failed to find it in the darkness until now.....

## CHAPTER TWENTY.

HOW THEY ESCAPED OUT OF THE BUILDING.

WHO WAS THE LOUD BINKER?

It indeed was the key. When she had dropped it, it had bounded down the steps, until until it reached the fourth and then third step, and then laid in the corner. With a smothered cry of joy, she picked it up, and then hearing the sound of more than one person walking, stood still for a moment. Then she made the sign of the Cross, then mounting the steps carefully, and noiselessly, she found her way to the trap door and fumbled until she found the key hole, and got the key into it. Then she turned it, and Penrod who had forced himself to remain awake all the time, on account of the Rattlesnakes, managed to lift up the door thought it took all his strength.

As he did so he made considerable noise, and caused the shrill noise or sound to recommence with redoubled violence. The little girl mounted to the top step, to direct him down, and as she did so she struck a match she carried, to see into the attic, then she gave a startled cry, and looked at Penrod in amazement.

"Didn't any of them touch you?" she demanded, a look of horror on her pretty face.

"No, indeed. I kept perfectly still." He answered. "They were Rattlesnakes alright and the worse kind. I'm surprised, I'm alive yet."

After closing the trap door so the Rattlesnakes could not follow them too quickly, they descended the steps carefully to the ground floor, and out into the narrow hallway before them.

Penrod and his little girl heroine who was none other than Angelina Aronburg, made their way through the dark passage of a hallway, and into a part of the building, that used to be a dining room. Penrod tried the doors, but found them locked. They were too solid to be broken open. He therefore made his way up another flight of steps, followed by the little girl. But the door at the top was also shut, and bolted, and was a more solid door than the others.

It was evident that these glandelinian spies had plainly made sure that he would not make his escape at all, or if so he did, it would take time enough for him to make his way out of the building, even after he got out of the attic. He wondered how the little girl had succeeded in obtaining entrance, but being too excited over this narrow escape just now, he did not care to ask her questions as yet.

But nevertheless the little girl explained. She had entered the same time the two glandelinians had brought him in, but had not expected that they would lock up things in this fashion. Penrod and the little girl were by this time gnawingly hungry, and very thirsty, and almost faint and dizzy from lack of food and sleep. It was impossible to get into the kitchen, but probably if they did it, it may be of no use, for the building had been abandoned long ago. Anyhow there was no use trying, for there was no moving the locked door.

Penrod tried to force the outlet into the rear of the building, but that was a solid steel door, and immovable. At the same time the little girl observed near it, a much smaller door.

CHAPTER TWENTY.  
HOW THEY ESCAPED OUT OF THE BUILDING.  
WHO WAS THE LOUD SINGER?

SHE BELIEVED THAT IT MUST: evidently be some entrance to a cellar under the structure. This door alone seemed to be open, and near the door stood two large tin cans, filled with wood and ashes, which attracted Penrod to this, and he decided that one of the cans would be the very thing, which might help them both.

He pulled the door open. All was just as dark inside, but on the ceiling above there was a small window, through which a small amount of light was streaming.

As he looked up he realized he could not very well reach up to it, even when standing on the can, and even if he could reach it by climbing up the steep ladder, he would not be able to open it, and if he did he would only be on the roof, and how would he get down from the roof? He believed however that if he threw a large piece of wood at the glass of the sky light, and break it he could then lift the girl up to it, and then crawl out himself. He had thought first of shouting for help when some one passed by, but fearing they may be glandelinians he did not wish to attract their attention.

They too might notice or understand where the shouts came from, and instead of helping them, may murder them, instead of giving aid. They must break the sash out if possible and then get out without attracting any one at all. Penrod therefore drew from the can a large sized solid piece of wood, and threw it with all his might against the glass pane.

It went clear through with a crash of breaking glass, and left a big hole where the first pane had been.

He then threw another, but it only struck the sash in the middle, and in rebounding back struck him on the head with force enough to make him think he saw a million stars, and a dozen comets, and then rebound from him almost simultaneously and hit the little girl in the neck.

After rubbing his head for a few moments, and seeing to it she was not hurt, and only finding her lag laughing quietly to herself, he picked up the same stick and threw it straight to the mark, and the entire pane was shattered, and Penrod and the little girl dashed aside to escape the shower of glass that fell. As the glass fell out he saw it was broad daylight, and that made him realize that he and the little girl, had been probably shut up for nearly half a day, and a whole night long.

There was plenty of wood in the can by the door, and the boy had a perfect strong arm for his age, and also steady aim.

Therefore by throwing more large pieces of wood, he shattered one pane after another, until only the framework remained. He then asked the little girl if she thought it would be safe for him to do any shouting, as now there was nothing between his voice, and the outside, but she said,

"NO don't shout. It will bring the glandelinians upon us. We don't want no one to see us, when we make our escape, and if we call out that we are here on the top floor near the sky light, we'll be worse off than before."

So he decided to try and smash the sash also, and escape that way by the roof if possible. But as they were both about to throw they heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and hesitated.

"HALLO. THERE." some one shouted in a stentorian tone. "HALLO. HALLO. HALLO, WHO'S THERE?"

Penrod and the little girl looked at each other, but were silent. Yet they feared that if the person heard the smashing of glass, he would come to make an investigation.

"HALLO. HALLO. WHO'S THERE?" some one shouted in a stentorian tone. "HALLO. HALLO. HALLO, WHO'S THERE?"

After a moment's thinking the little girl handed a small revolver to Penrod. "Let him shout if he is a glandelinian," she said determinedly. "He will only be wasting his breath and strength."

"Maybe it is only the owner of the house shouting," he said, "but whatever he is or who he is, he does not yet know where we are. If he is only one glandelinian investigating the noise made by the loud breaking of glass, and he will be trying to find us, we'll just surprise him, and make him guide us out of here. If only several greatheart knew where we were, it would be alright. No doubt he is trying to find me—where are the others, and so is the boy-scout known as the Rattlesnake, anyhow one of their searchers might be passing through this house this very minute. It may be him."

"Then what shall we do?" she asked. He thought for a moment, and a sudden idea came upon him. "We must cautiously follow the sound the voice made," he said, "and we must stop frequently to listen for the sound to come again, and find out where it comes from. And if we hear anything unusual, we must stop at once, and be on our guard. We will shoot to him to show himself, and explain who he is."

However the little girl was somewhat nervous about the situation, he advised him to be very careful indeed, or otherwise both of them were liable to go on a sudden spiritual journey. Penrod also was greatly excited, and in turn also begged her to be very careful. It was a stirring moment for them indeed, and not knowing who it may be, they did not move for a moment or two.

Then just as he started forward a step or two some one began to sing throwing his voice so loudly that it seemed to shake the air.

However who ever it was who was singing he certainly had a most splendid and vibrant voice, though the way he was singing just now, it was apparent that he was ignorant of its fine quality indeed, and wished to be heard a mile for some reason it seemed that he wanted to make it as loud as possible. This made both the girl and boy very apprehensive, and she had jumped with alarm, and annoyance when the loud voice, suddenly had bawled forth like a megaphone trumpet.

"Who ever he is, he's crazy to yell a song forth in that manner. It may art attract a scouting force of the nearest glandelinians, and caused the house to be filled with them in a moment, and place him and us two in greater danger."

"Said the girl. The two heroes a children felt that they would give anything to get away from the sound when they heard heavy footsteps approaching, and they glanced in the direction to see who was coming, for it was not too dark here to discern, whether the singer was a friend or a foe.

"He put he did not come their way, and soon retreated his steps. He has a fine loud voice, loud enough to draw the whole glandelinian army to the house to investigate," said Penrod.

"What's he singing anyway?" said his girl companion. "It sounds to me as if it is foreign, not Angelinian."

"I do not know," was Penrod's reply. "It may be Polish. Let's take the chances and investigate."

Indeed the song was loud and spirited, and very spirited at this moment. It was a wonder the loud singing did not blast itself its way through the walls. Neither of the two children could understand where the loud voice came from, as it would change direction, pause for a moment, and then burst forth once more.

The two children still hesitated about going forward, and therefore stopped in the middle of the hallway.

"I wonder who it is that is singing so loudly," asked Penrod. "And where in the world is he? Is he just doing it to trap us into coming out of our hiding place and be captured, or because he is bighouse?"

"I simply cannot make it out," said the little girl, "and now it sounds as if the loud singing is right from under our room." It seemed indeed very queer now that the foreign songthe unknown person was yelling at the top of his lungs should apparently come under or from under the floor of the room in which they were in, but still it went on, and still the boy and girl did not dare move for fear of someone springing upon them unexpectedly in the dark.

Now unknown to them there was a little negro group of soldiers seeking admittance into the building, when a strange personage came toward the place. It was as the reader will probably know a splendidly uniformed boy scout who limped badly, as he was coming as swiftly as his disabled leg would let him, and he indeed had a frantic look on his bulldog like face. And despite the muffled singing Penrod heard the approach of his friend as he drew near the group of soldiers.

"I hope it is him," he thought to himself. "And yet it might be at that."

At this moment the unknown person inside the house as fairly trumpeting the very chorus of the song as if he meant the sound of the singing to reach the highest limits of heaven, and he was singing it again and again, until one of the soldiers outside yelled:

"For the love of pete shut up!"

At this the man shouted again:

"HALLO, HALLO, WHO'S THERE? I'M LOOKED IN THE HOUSE. J. HALLO, HALLO, HALLO." "Some of the soldiers on the outside gave a start of surprise, when they heard this and the rattlesnake boy scout swung himself into the group of uniformed men in purple, and to them looked like some crippled boy scout, who had suddenly gone crazy. He even hurled himself against the Angellinian soldiers.

"Where is he please? Where have they put him?" He cried out, and then he poured out some words in a breathless manner, almost sobbing them out.

"General Greatheart, and I and all others, have been looking for him ever since he was missing," he shouted. "Where are you Penrod? Penrod, Penrod."

And suddenly from above on the last floor (the house being a four story affair) and seemingly from the roof, came the answering shout, and called out like voice:

"Rattlesnake, oh Rattlesnake, I'm up here in the skylight on the roof of this house house--looked in! A little girl friend is with me. We are here," and a big piece of wool three inches wide, and a foot long came hurtling through the broken window, and fell down crashing among the soldiers. The Rattlesnake then ran back a ways as if he had not been crippled, and some of the soldiers banged on the door, as the rattlesnake Rattlesnake shouted back:

"Penrod, Penrod, where I am, he looked you in! where 's the door, and how can we get it open? It's impossible to come down from the roof roof without a long ladder as there is no drain pipe with which you can slide down."

"All of the doors inside this house is locked, so I can't get out no other way," shouted Penrod. "he, glendelinian spies had me and locked me in the att is of purpose, and took away all the keys except one."

The group of soldiers, had become very excited by this time, and some of them started to bang on the front door with their musket butts, but the door was too strong and would not give way. The soldiers could not make out at all what had really occurred in the building to cause the crippled boy scout to look and act as if he were crazy with terror, and probable relief at the same time.

One of the other soldiers had seen the approach of a squadron of Win the Abyssinians soldiers on horseback, and with excited gestures rode forward to notify them, that Penrod was found.

It was with some difficulty that he made the Captain of the squadron, believe his excited statement that the missing boy scout Penrod, was locked in a vacant house two miles southwest of the limits of the Christian lines, and near the first lines of rebel intrenchments. The officer in command of the squadron was not so much excited, as out of temper. He was enraged to think of a glendelinian boy scout, to be outraged in this way by two glendelinian glendelinian spies. He had no idea at all what Penrod knew, or what the boy

the rattlesnake knew about the affair. He knew however that general Greatheart boy scout whom he adopted son Marcuslin Penrod had been missing for over twenty hours, and now had been found locked up in a house with a little girl by a group of searching soldiers. He knew that the glendelinians who had run off with him had some great reason for kidnapping the boy.

He was kidnapped by some strange and mysterious persons, who had pretended to be Angellinian officers for several months, and it will be some time before the soldiers will be able to get the lad out, even by smashing in the doors. He growled as he rode up to the house, followed by his squadron.

He dismounted, strode toward the door, and grabbing the door knob shook it vigorously, and then seeing a boy and girl on the roof, shouted up at them:

"How in the world did you two get in here?"

"Two glendelinians looked us in," shouted Buck Penrod back in answer.

"How did you two get up to the roof my lad?"

Indeed it was not at all an easy matter for Penrod to explain from so high above the ground, that recently he had helped a wounded little lady, by the name of Jennie Francis Turner to her tent, and how afterwards two men within the Christian lines, had jumped at him from between two tents, seized him, and carrying him to the house, had tried to make him tell where the injured heroine was hiding herself. The Captain thought this so rare boys talk compared to other things he knew about the two men. As to the rest of the story, Penrod knew that it could not be related at all properly, without saying many things, which he was not allowed to explain to any one but now but general Greatheart.

Therefore he made up his mind very quickly that he would not mention the questions, the two rebel agents had asked him. The Captain ordered the soldiers to break the front door down with a battering ram. The soldiers took some time in making one from a fallen tree, which they saw lying in the deep snow, but within twenty minutes it was completed. It may have been supposed that the two professional glendelinian spies had not remembered in their haste, that the boy would be missed early, and hasty searching parties, sent out to look for him.

In a few minutes the battering ram was ready, and it was dashed against the door with great force. When the foremost of the soldiers entered the house, and went through a part of it, they were much disturbed after they had liberated the two boys, and also bewildered at what they saw, after they had once got inside.

"Those runaway spies, so staidly bolted every door in the building," he said. "Such things happen every now and then in the army, but what one of us or all of us discovered in the att is in the building makes it appear might y queer indeed. Why did they lock every building or door in the building, as well as those in the basement, and above every stair case? What did those men say to you lad, and why is the attic infested with twenty six Rattlesnakes?" Another of the soldiers asked Penrod when he had been brought outside.

"They demanded me to tell them where Jennie Turner was hiding."

"And they were in a most big hurry to leave?"

"Yes."

"What did they put you in the att is with those Rattlesnakes for?"

"Because I would not tell them what they wanted to know. They took me up there, and looked in at there."

"And left you in there with the Rattlesnakes and bolted. They must have been in a mighty big hurry. How did you get out of the attic, seeing it was bolted beneath you?"

"This little girl helped me. She opened the padlock of the trapdoor."

"As I did," she answered. "Those glendelinians however mistook the girl with the wounded leg and sprained ankle for me at first. She was chased and shot by the enemy in short order. My name is Angellina Aronburg, but I go by the name of Gertrude Angeline."

Penrod looked at her in blank amazement. Then he recognized her as being the beautiful girl with the vivid girl princess's that day Emperor Adrian review reviewed the drill of the boy scout Regiment. After bowing low to her, and controlling his embarrassment, Penrod told her the whole story, from beginning to end.

"And the little girl Jennie Turner told me not to lose a moment after I left her tent. And to keep my eyes open in every direction. As I did not do this probably from overconfidence, it was my fault that this happened."

Those glandelinian spies must have captured you in short order, and when no one was around to see their act," said Angelina Aronburg. "Jennie Turner who you aided, happened to see them seize you, and just after I and the vivian girls who came to see her and aid her, we being on horseback entered her tent. So I and the vivian girls trailed you here after notifying the generals and the signal stations. Violet and her sisters will be here in any minute as they have gone to notify the main lines that you have been found at last. Emperor vivian has sent his entire force of the Gemini after them, and every place inside and outside of vivian is being watched for them. They have been within the christian lines posing as Angelinian officers for over three months and have secured so much information, and stolen so many plans and maps and even the very photographs of violet and her sisters, that emperor vivian is alarmed. I believed myself that these two men, who had kidnapped you in this fashion, are some of glandelinian's most daring spies lurking within the christian lines, that is what they were. Not spies hired by rebel generals, but by the glandelinian governments themselves."

The vivian girls when they observed at a distance the crowd of soldiers around a four-story wooden house, did not wait until their own column of searchers arrived. They urged their horses toward the building, at the swiftest possible pace they could go through the deep snow. Most of the soldiers, when they heard the wild galloping of horses, turned and stared at their wild pace, as they almost shot past the house before they stopped. Thinking they were either pursued, or their horses were running away with them. Yet when they stopped the boy killed the rattlesnake hardly could catch his breath, as he leaped up to the fore most of the beautiful vivian girls and gasped.

"He is found. Thank God he is all right. Those two glandelinian spies had locked him in this house, and left him alone in an attic with rattlesnakes. The Captain has sent some men in to shoot or kill the rattlesnakes. I'm going in. Please notify general Greathart that he is safe."

Violet and her sisters quickly exchanged startled glances. Every one of the little girls were as pale as the rattlesnake boy. Then they almost looked reproachfully at Penrod, and he blushed scarlet. Then violet said pointing to the rattlesnake boy scout:

"Two of you men help him on to my horse. He must come with us and rest. We will go to general Greathart's headquarters, and Penrod will accompany us." The rattlesnake knew it was her desire and he obeyed instantly because he delighted to do so:

"This is a bad sign for our Holy Gause sister," said Joice to Angeline, as a soldier lifted the rattlesnake boy scout upon violet's horse, and placed him in the back.

"It's a very bad one indeed," answered Angeline. "Our papa has been outwitted by two professional spies."

"God who defends a right cause will take care of us," declared Catherine.

In the meantime Penrod had not found it at all easy to leave the place, because he was being questioned, by nearly every soldier there. Neither the Abyssinkilian Captain, nor his officers and soldiers were willing to give up the idea, that he could give him and the little girl with him, some important information about the rebel spies. However the vivian girls moved up closer and this movement proved and produced its usual effect.

All of the soldiers, either lifted their hats, or saluted, even the Captain and his Abyssinkilian squadron, sat up straight on their horses and made their respective salutes.

All of them realized that the seven beautiful vivian girls were before them. They felt that more than the personage of seven Abyssinkilian Princesses were before them, and that it was not possible, to question their nature, goodness, gracefulness, and air of absolute and serene authority.

Penrod found himself a second time facing these little girls heroines of preternatural beauty and grave grace, and was so overawed and embarrassed, that again he almost felt like running away. This was the second second time he had met them, and this time they had come to his rescue.

This time only, one of them came toward him, and it was Joice. She laid her hand on Penrod's shoulder, and held it there as she spoke in her bird or swan like voice. And when Penrod looked up at her pretty serious or grave face, and felt the closeness of her friendly touch, it seemed as if she gave him an embrace, and as if he had caught her to his own breast and hugged her in return. He loved her at once, even though he was awed.

"This good little boy knows nothing of those two spies," she said.

"That I or my dear sisters can guarantee at any cost. And he had seen or never seen either of them before. No my assistant Jennie Turner, who was shot in the leg yesterday by glandelinians saw the kidnappers seize him just as we entered her tent, and while she sent her guard to notify Emperor Hanson, vivian our King, Angeline Aronburg and we ourselves with parties of soldiers went on his trail. And we found him here. His being forced into their house, was the result of some devilish trick on their part. He has been shut up in this house for over twenty four hours, and has not eaten any food. I and my sisters must take him to general Greathart's headquarters. I want you Captain and your squadron, to accompany us there as we are far from the national line lines." ("AA")

All the soldiers who had been dismounted, jumped on their horses, and the whole party started off together, toward the christian lines, Angeline Aronburg and the two boy scouts riding with the vivian girls. All of the soldiers about ten thousand five hundred winking Abyssinkilians in number followed closely behind the vivian girls as if they could not endure to let them go out of their sight. But on the way they said very little. But when they first got away from the house Penrod looked back and saw from a rolling cloud of smoke that the building had been set on fire by those who had been last to go. So Penrod said to the Abyssinkilian captain:

"I don't feel like speaking very much just now, but I am for one thing very glad to be with friends again. It seemed to me it might turn out very badly with those rattlesnakes as company."

"Beloved friend," said violet herself for a moment in french. "You need not speak until you have been rested and have had something to eat."

Nevertheless it was Gertrude Angeline who told the vivian girls the strange story. As violet herself said. General Greathart, and many of his staff had had at once great suspicions, when Penrod had failed to return.

They knew that nothing out of the ordinary could or would have kept him. They suspected at once, that he had been detained much against his will, and they also felt it certain, that if any one had detained him, it could only have been for serious reasons, they could understand and not guess at.

"They said they had been chasing a Jennie Turner and wounded her, and demanded me to reveal you her hiding place," Penrod said to Angeline Aronburg. "This was a small picture of the girl they mentioned, and which one of them lost in the rock room and which I picked up without their noticing it." at all.

And he handed it to Angeline Aronburg. "The tall man said he would remember her in a thousand years."

Angeline Aronburg took it and looked at it with an ironic half smile.

"It's not her picture, nor either is it mine," she replied. "They must have obtained the wrong picture fortunately. But it was Jennie Turner they were after and who they failed to secure on account of her quick speed. Probably she was too near the christian lines, when pursued, and escaping them, the rebel soldiers must have went back to their lines, and notified their general, who at once sent word to the work secret agents in our lines to be on the lookout for her." put I suspect the work these two did. They were Professional spies, not

not of the rebel armies, but of the government in Andolinia. They suspected the work of her, she, and Violet and her sisters do, and suspected you know something about her hiding place, and tried to make you tell so they could find her and assassinate her. They also believed they had the power to terrify you into saying things which would be a clue to her hiding place, and cause her death or capture. Spies like them, are also women, as well as men, and elderly gents, and governmental secret service men, who will use the most desperate means to gain their ends."

"And they put you in the attic with the Rattlesnakes because you would not tell?" asked Joyce.

"Yes," answered Penrod. "But did they really intend to leave me there with the poisonous reptiles on purpose, or take me to Norma Catherine as they had threatened?" Penrod asked her.

"They scarcely would have dared to take you there I think she answered. "Too quick a hike and cry had been raised when Jennie Urner and we reported what we had seen, so many of the Gemini had been set at work at once to trace you, and then them. It horrifies me to say that they knew the Rattlesnakes were there, or at least had them put there, or had literally put them there themselves by some means, to destroy you so you could not bring any evidence against them. Or they did it to make it evidently appear, that you may have entered the vacant house, and attic through curiosity, and encountered the Rattlesnakes unawares. It surprises me that you were not bitten by one of them. It was not by remaining quiet that saved you as you made noise enough to arouse them. Angelina Aronburg told me. The soldier who was the one who shot them said that it was the darkness, and the roughness of the decellar floor, that prevented them from reaching you quick enough to do harm."

And the look in the little girl's eyes as she spoke, and the way her sisters and Angelina Aronburg glanced at him gave him an astonishing thrill. He had absolutely won the love and admiration, of these little heroine beauties, and a so their utmost trust in him. While he rode on with the whole column, Penrod and the little heroines were closer to each other's soul, than they ever had been before. They were riding more swiftly now, while the column of soldiers following them hung closely in the rear, thinking about Abbie Anna, and its most tremendous and heartrending struggles, and of the siege of Ivian Wickey and how it might end.

"Do you think that the time will soon come when the children in the hands of the enemy may not be slaves and exiles any longer?" The boy asked of Angelina Aronburg wistfully. "Do you think any of us might live long enough, to see it, you beautiful Princesses, and I and you miss Aronburg?" ".....", there was a few moments silence. Then it was Violet who answered to his evident surprise.

"For all the years that child slavery has existed, I feel /like I'd give my freedom, nay my very life for them," she said slowly. "It will and must be done when I or my sisters think of the miserable child slavery going on. It makes us feel as if we were child slaves ourselves. But Abbie Anna is fighting a good holy cause, and cannot be licked. We must win."

## CHAPTER TWENTY ONE.

## THE CAVALRY DUEL.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE.  
THE CAVALRY DUE L.

"I CAN RELATE, to you something intensely interesting, and thrilling that occurred only yesterday afternoon," said the captain as the enormous column now joined by more dangerous glandelinian spies are when rendered desperate. Our great general Conventinian Aronburg had sent one of his orderlies to summon general Francis Hedda to his tent on the most important matters. General Hedda a Galverinian, had been in the service of the Angollian armies all his life, or even since he was seventeen years old, and though right to his ways was a man with a very bad temper. The slightest thing going wrong would make him fly off like an explosion. Two hours before the orderly arrived, general aide general Hedda, aide-de-camp, had come to the general's room and surprised him and his staff by falling suddenly dead right at the door. His face had been actually blanched with the utmost terror, his hands groping for help, and his whole body fell and stayed to it and fro before he dropped.

The general and his staff, were dumbfounded. The whole building was searched for the mysterious assassin, but no sign of him was found. And there was no marks on the dead man that they could determine what the assassin had killed him with. Nevertheless the general recalled that in the early morning the aide-de-camp had spoken of a strange sound, between a loud shrill hissing noise and the noise of a very loud cricket. Then several of the staff had told the great general that they too had heard the same strange hissing sound like that of the tail of a rattlesnake, and they all had the premonition that the same sort of horrid death awaited them, and that they had notified the soldiers to make a strict search of all the rooms in the entire building. The soldiers came, two score of them, and started to make a most careful and diligent examination of every one of the rooms, but at first could find nothing whatever.

put one of them discovered a transom above the door of the general's room, and a long stout rope was hanging down from the transom, toward the floor. They therefore believed it probable that some desperate glandelinian spy had without the knowledge of the general or of his staff secreted himself in this room, and when it became time for the general to put away his most important things must have started developments. The spy may have entered and worked at night with only the aid of a small flashlight. It was evident that the dangerous spy may have been hiding all that time, and so the foremost of the searchers said to his companions:

"Do not lose caution as we enter the room, as your very lives may depend upon it. Have your muskets in readiness in case we should need them. I will take the chances and enter the room first."

Suddenly there was the momentary gleam of light shining against the ceiling of the room, but it vanished immediately. Some one in the room had lit a flashlight and then put it out again. Then hesitating to enter for a moment, they heard a strange sound, and then all was still, though a most strange smell began to pervade the atmosphere.

For a moment they waited with straining ears. Then all of a sudden they burst down the door which they found locked, but as they entered found no one was in the room.

But just as they entered, another strange sound was heard, apparently coming from the piles of paper on the top of a large round table. At first it was like every gentle soothing sound like that of a strong yet jet of steam, escaping from a small steam pipe.

With a grave face the leader cautiously approached the table. It was indeed a very singular sight that met the eyes of the soldiers. On the table were piles of different pieces of paper never used by the general or any one else, the drawers were ransacked, and the room had every appearance of having been raided by an army of bandits.

array of bandits. As the sound from the top of the table grew very shrill, one of the soldiers disturbed the papers with the muzzle of his musket. The officer then took a step forward. In an instant something coiled up among the papers began to move and writhe, and in a moment more there reared itself from among the pile of papers the horrid squat diamond shaped head of a very lionlike some serpent.

"It's an enormous Rattlesnake," cried one of the officers. "It's one of the deadliest or most dangerous snakes in the world. It's a poisonous Rattler."

As he spoke he drew his revolver and fired at the snake but missed in his excitement. One of the soldiers however struck it with the butt of his musket before it sprang, and hurled it from the table and against the wall with great and terrific force. It fell on the floor but coiled itself, and made a fearful noise with its rattle, and was about to strike at the nearest man when one of the soldiers shot its head off. It was fully eight feet long. The general was then summoned and they examined everything in the room.

The condition of the room, and the presence of the reptile, and the piles of strange papers on the table, no doubt explained the appearance of some most dangerous and murderous spy, whose rattle snake trap somewhere else no doubt had caused the death of the aide-de-camp. It therefore became evidently clear to the general that whatever danger threatened the Christian cause could not come from a traitor, so much as from a glandelinian spy. His attention was speedily drawn to the loss of all his most important things, and to the dead Rattlesnake lying on the floor. The discovery that this was for the purpose of assassinating the general when he discovered his loss instantly gave rise to the suspicion that this spy never failed in obtaining anything what he was after. The idea that it may be the same ones who seized you, I felt sure that the soldiers who were sent in Peru permit were on the right track. The idea of the two spies using a form of pisco poison which could not be possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a most clever and ruthless glandelinian spy, who had had the knowledge of it. And the rapidity of which a snake poison would take effect would also for his desire be an advantage to cover his foul deed proving the snake gets away in time. And it would indeed be the most sharp eyed coroner in the world who would be able to distinguish the two small fang punctures, and tell where they had injected the deadly poison. Then the general thought of the piles of paper on the table, the ransacked drawers, and the condition of the whole room.

Of course the murderous rebel spy had placed the snake on the top of the table by letting it out of some sort of a box, and had covered it with papers so that it would not be revealing itself too soon, to its victim.

It may have been also probable that he had trained it so it may not bite him, and he had placed it on the top of the table at the hour he believed best with the certainty that it would strike the first one, who fumbled among the papers. It might or might not bite the first person - perhaps he may escape, but sooner or later some one would be a victim. General Hedda Zimmermann jumped to these conclusions before he had ever entered the room. The sight of the dead Rattlesnake, the disturbed condition of the room, the dead aide-de-camp, and the ransacked drawers, were enough to finally dispel any doubts which may have remained. Having once made up his mind the general at once issued orders that a search should be made.

The captain had just closed his story when suddenly there broke from the silence of a still and early and cold noon day the most horrid series of outcries to which any of them in the whole squadron had ever heard or listened to.

It swelled up louder and louder, and still louder, and nearer too, a series of hoarse fiendish yells of derision and anger and frenzy all mingled in one storm of dreadful shrieks.

After a few moments it was said that even within the main Christian lines for a mile distant that horrible chorus and uproar of cries roused the immediate attention of the whole camp and put them on preparedness. It struck cold to the

to the hearts of every man in the column, and even the Angevinian girls gazed at Angelina's Aronburg, and she at them until the echoes of it had died away to the silence from which it rose.

"What was it?" cried Penrod and as he spoke there came a roar as of thunder rolling along the surface of the roadway.

"It means that something is wrong," the colonel answered, and hearing the thundering noise glanced behind the column.

"Goodness Gracious do you see it?" He yelled. "You see it?" But for a moment they saw nothing but a long cloud of flying snow and dust. They could not find it possible to tell what the colonel saw through the cloud of dust and snow but they could see however that his face was deadly pale, and filled with horror and loathing.

Finally the snow clouds cleared away a trifle, and the party saw a column of soldiers of Scodler and Whinsie glandelinians on horseback, a sudden was their appearance, and so close were they that the party of soldiers who had gone to the aid of Penrod, had no chance to make a retreat, and a foremost of the savage glandelinians so, collided with the big column of Abyssinkilians in the rear before even they knew of the presence of the Christians.

The Abyssinkilians at once opened fire, and succeeded in killing fifty five, and seriously wounded sixty seven at once discharge, among the latter a rebel colonel, and causing some confusion among the rest, by their unerring aim.

But the surviving glandelinians were very sullen, desperate, and full of fight and recovering from the surprise they charged down upon the Abyssinkilian Abyssinkilian horde, but the majority of the Angelinians not relieving the brunt of the fierce attack, left their comrades by a turn to the left, just as the left wing of the attackers swept past them like a roaring tornado, and made directly for the large platoon of Angelinians among whom were Penrod, the Rattlesnake boy, and the girl heroines.

This gave the disengaged body of Winkie Abyssin Abyssinkilians the proper chance and their flanking fire was so well directed, that one third the number of the eleven thousand insurgents were mowed down, and it broke the force of their infuriated charge upon the Angelinians.

The column however did not quickly rallied, and leaving the Angelinians to themselves charged the Abyssinkilians, and with much sudden impetuosity as to give them only sufficient time to reload their empty rifles and fire. This volley did not take as much effect as at first, but most fortunately however the other column of Abyssinkilians, had worsted and partially dispersed the assailants, and they went to the rescue of their comrades, the Angelinians also joining in, and the smoke from the discharge of so many rifles and carbines on both sides at once hung so heavy about the contestants that both sides could not hardly see to aim for another charge or discharge.

The glandelinians however despite their overwhelming numbers were worsted, and bolted off toward the direction of their own lines, to the intense delight of the victors.

One of the glandelinians during the fight was shot twice by the same Angelinian at a distance not exceeding one hundred yards.

The glandelinians however meeting with another party of troopers returned to the charge, and as the Christian column raced away opened a heavy fire, but to no effect for none of the fugitives received any perceptible injury. The Abyssinkilians broke away from the Angelinians seemingly to divert the course of the pursuers, but while a quarter of a mile continued after the Angelinians, the rest broke off like the dividing of a wave, and raced after the Abyssinkilians.

They discharged a thundering musket volley, but the Abyssinkilians kept on, and took toward the southern direction of the Christian lines, crossing over a spur, and entering a large thicket.

The glandelinians kept on but as they came to the edge of the thicket, they were greatly astonished to find that the Abyssinkilians had reformed to make a stand and after firing a volley counter charged toward them.

fortunately for the foremost of the Landelinians the main column had almost dispersed the Aysenkinians, and were at their rear, and the Aysenkinians met a fire from two sides. Nearly a hundred and two of the Aysenkinians were killed, and one thousand one hundred and fourteen injured, the Aysenintians, lieutenant dropping dead, but the surviving soldiers wheeled and crashed through their perimeter, and escaped going on down the glens. One of the horses ridden by a lieutenant had his leg broken in the melee, but he beofre it fell the officer was lifted onto the back of another. So savage was the struggle, and the counter charges of the Aysenkinians that the Landelinians found it exceedingly dangerous too approach too near them, and it was Penrod they waited most this time and not the villain. These Glendelins had been sent for him by the spy, and seeing the house burned down and knowing the cause had set off in pursuit.

The Abyssinians and the Angelins retreated with their charges until they reached a morass, where the shouting and perspiring Angelins followed like roaring and howling mad dogs. Two of the Angelin officers fell, and about forty of the Angelins were hurged by horses into the morass, the animals of both parties wading knee deep through half frozen water mud, high dead grass and thick snow, shouting and most heavy firing was exchanged between them like mad for about twenty six minutes, and as the fugitives pressed on, the colonel could see a crowd of the regathered Angelins on a small rise of ground one hundred yards distant from which point they began shooting at the Angelins soldiers with scathing effect.

A terrible yell from the glandelinians then followed and the Angolians were seen to descend from their secure position and desperate their desperate adversary though a hundred fell on both sides in a minutes time. One of the Angolians sergeants had been mangled by the enraged glandelinians within sight of their comrades, who were unable to render him any assistance on time.

The poor soldier was indeed horribly mangled by the sabres of the enemy, and as usual with the savage glandulinians of all types, the furious rebels were not content until they had trampled the body so fiercely under their horses' hoofs that the dead man was found embedded and trampled so lightly in the mud hidden that only a portion of his head appeared above the marsh.

It was probable that the sergeant had been in the front ranks, when the wicked landelinians charged, and they had attacked so fierce y that none of the Angeliinians were able to go to his aid on time.

The Angelinians were able to go to his aid on time. The Angelinians and the Abyssinkillians resumed their made retreat the infur-  
iased Angelinians after them full speed, the terrific pace of the pursuers  
However was for the moment checked by their main leaders horse stepping into  
a deep hole, and falling hard on his leg the throwing its rider headlong  
into the branches of a big popular tree. The horse however extricated extri-  
cated himself without any difficulty, but being too lame to run run

the landaisian officer who was not hurt for his funny throwclimbed down the tree and mounted another, and the whole column again rode at full speed toward the fugitives, the Angalaisans and Abyssinkillians with their young charges having gained considerable distance, and disappearing into a large woods.

After a quarter of an hour of hard riding, the enemy saw the fugitives plowing through the brush like some immense engine tearing down everything in their way.

At this point the country was veyvery unfavorable for both persued and persuers, on account of deep forrows in the ground, and though the glandsilnians approued to within one hundred and twenty paces, they were unavle to get a fair volley.

Anybody both parties fairly flew, over rats and gulls, until the ponderous christian column was shasseto nother open plain when the enemy then started fir firing, and a ball struck the Abyssinkilium sho colonel in the shoulder. Although badly wounded, the officer did not fall, or slacken the speed of his horse, until another shot hit him close to the first one, and the others broth brought down his horse.seeing him wounded, and in danger of being captured

265 the rest of the Abyssinkillians now slackened the speed of their own steeds, then whooped about, and made strait for their pursuers, every soldier screaming "yo yo" yelling like infuriated fiends. The Glandelinians were bewildered by this sudden turn of events, and whooped getting sparse. Their horses, and as they were pursued for only a hundred yards made their escape, rallied and met the Abyssinkillians with a most gallant fire and then tripping many of those coming on behind and causing confusion. The horses put down the whole front rank of the column and half the number of the pursuers. A thousand had fallen at that one volley. At this the Abyssinkillians broke off into another direction. Among the foremost of the fugitives to escape from their strong escort, and while firing a and by firing a most tremendous volley with perfect aim, and following it up rapidly with a withering pistol fire mowed half half of their number down, and by an irretrievable chance succeeded in scattering the others, and then rode for the eight belated full girls, and the two boys, but mind you these very children seeing themselves alone, and pursued by twenty of the nearest of the rebels, turned to their horses, and counter charged so determinedly upon their assailants and fired their pistols so rapidly that for a time it appeared as if the Glandelinians would meet annihilation, but fortunately running out of ammunition the children stopped almost at the moment they might have annihilated the foremost of the pursuers, and retreating rapidly entered a thicket, where it was difficult for the Glandelinian horsemen to follow.

The main body of the pursuers pressed on without stopping to pick up their wounded comrades, and soon came upon the heroic children still far behind their escort. Their horses were standing in a painful attitude, as if upon the very point of dissolution, but this was the moment they saw the wicked Landelinians approaching; they reared away, the maddened Landelinians charging after them faster than they had ever urged their horses before. One fired a shot bringing the horse ridden by Jennie to its knees, but she rallied quickly and continued on. Screaming with rage the Landelinians rushed after the children whose horses were now badly jaded.

The race was now more exciting, for instead of stopping for a moment, the energy and the pursued children kept their horses at their swiftest pace the wicked Ol melnikians following hard for more than a mile, all the while the latter gaining rapidly but gradually, until the distance between pursued and pursuers was not less than ten yards, while the horses ridden by the brave children, were nearly ready to fall from complete exhaustion.

were nearly ready to fall from complete exhaustion. The Abyssinians who had been besetted from the children by mere force of collision with the overwhelming numbers, were so mindful of the latter's safety, that they made every effort to divert the attention of the Janglelinians to themselves, and then raised toward the party of children as fast as possible, to beat the Janglelinians to it. The Janglelin girls and the others, now without ammunition were almost on the verge of despair, they realized that the climax must soon be reached, and which would be hastened should their horses fall them. In a moment of desperation they turned their horses aside like hares doubling on the dogs, just in time to feel the swish of their long sabres as they grazed them, but the momentum of the speed carried the fierce Janglelinians past like a galloping tornado, seeing the children on horseback galloping in a new direction, the Janglelinians were about to wheel their horses to resume the pursuit, when the intervening column of Abyssinians Janglelinians were upon them like the noise and irresistible fury of a cyclone. It was an unequal contest as the Janglelinians were larger in number, but the Abyssinians rode through and scattered the whole swarm of rebel horsemen in many directions, giving the fugitive children time to rejoin the main escort, without hindrance from the enemy.

Then the whole body of fugitives resumed their retreat, while the foe was still in confusion. During this melee a most extraordinary contest raged: six of the glandelinians had been in close quarters with a single Abyssinkilian soldier, who tried to run the sabre through the body of one of them, but the savage Osarian Scoodler seized it in his hands, wrenching the weapon from him, and in an instant with savage blasphemy horrible to hear, got hold of the Abyssinkilian

soldiers aim which in the fashion of a furious ape he seized with his teeth making them sink deeply into the flesh just directly above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in the most frightful manner. Had not the other Abyssinkilians been close about him, the soldier would have been more seriously hurt if not slain, as in the grasp of this strong Omerian Scodder he was utterly powerless.

After this the Abyssinkilian soldier remained ill for a long time, and never recovered the use of his left arm. Two others of the Landolinians had viciously attacked the wounded colonel. It had been a moment of extreme peril for him but the quick action of his aide-de-camp, and his steady aim saved the colonel's life. He fired at the vicious Landolinian and killed him at almost the muzzle of his gun.

After some more fierce riding the fugitives reached a high hill surrounded by tall trees, banked up with snow drifts, ledges of rocks, and almost impenetrable brush. Here they determined to make a bold and last desperate stand. No attack then at this post the Landolinians would have to dismount from their horses or otherwise they would be dreadfully exposed to the fire from above.

This was indeed the beginning of the climax. The defenders immediately perceived that the rebels were maneuvering to surround this rise of ground with the purpose of attacking the fugitives on all sides.

The main section of the defended knoll, was crowded with the Abyssinkilian soldiers, but their apparent shelter was the thick brush, and the scattered boulders and other rocks. Expecting an easy victory the fierce Omerian Scodders and Whiskies dashed forward yelling, and cursing in indescribable fury.

The Angelinians themselves who as yet were in no favorable position to fire upon the enemy were set to work to reload muskets and pistols as fast as the Abyssinkilians fired them. At the moment before the first volley was fired, the Landolinians had come quite close.

At the first volley the foremost of the Landolinians recoiled behind what shelter they could find, while one of them hurled with direct aim a grenade, and the crash and the shower of splintered rock and clouds of smoke in and snow betokened the direction of eight Abyssinkilian soldiers, and the wounding of thirty four of them fatally.

In another instant these Landolinians rushed forward from their cover in a perfect perfect storm. At this critical moment most of the Abyssinkilians had no reloaded rifles, and already half of their ammunition was exhausted.

All of these Abyssinkilians however were very good shots, and they brought down every one of the Landolinians as fast as they appeared from cover, but the rebels attacked without ceasing with a blind fury, that even the Omerian girls had never witnessed in any regular animal, not even in the most ferocious bulldog.

But by the time the Landolinians had come within good range, the Angelinians also had secured a position to their utmost advantage, and having their own rifles loaded and ready for action, they awaited their own chances.

The movements of the Landolinian soldiers were so rapid as they charged, and darted from one shelter to another in a cloud of musketry smoke from their own rifle discharge, that it was almost impossible to aim more correctly at them.

The sun added with a cloudless sky was extremely light or bright, and as the foremost wave of Angelinian insurgents charged straight for the clearing the Abyssinkilians and Angelinians tore it to pieces with a scathing fire, nay did not rally tear it to pieces as to say but mowed the whole wave down in dead and wounded. The other Landolinians beginning to issue from their shelter recoiled, but recovered from the confusion they recovered at sight of this massacre of their comrades, and the whole force again commenced the attack.

The whole force of defenders fired volley after volley at them, but this without apparent effect, though a number were shot down. At length the rebels badly or apparently badly fatigued retired to their most secure shelter, there they remained at bay, cursing and swearing and blaspheming.

At that distance they could not hardly distinguish each other, as thick smoke and shrubbery concealed them. Some of the boldest of the Angelinians during the lull crawled forward and secured the ammunition and even rifles and pistols from the dead and fatally injured rebels, and returned safely to their refuge taking some of the wounded rebels with them, as a covering from the fire of the enemy below. During the lull the defenders took the precaution to strengthen their positions, and a half an hour elapsed, then the tremendous spitting roar of the Landolinian musketry gave warning that the Landolinians were again rushing indiscriminately to the assault. This time the rebels came charging toward the position, as if though on a avalanche could not stop them. In an instant those in front were close to the refuge, but the whole Christian force met the with deadly fire at close range mowing them all down.

As they dropped a most curious sight prevailed itself or presented itself. The Landolinians either slide down the hill head first, or on their front or back or feet first, or rolling down like as many barrels. Two Landolinians who were shot through the head fell backwards over a long heavy log, which sent it rolling over and over carrying all before it rush crushing brushwood, and scattering the Landolinians or catching those in its way, and rolling over them. In this manner the log rolled for over one hundred and fifty yards down the hill, cutting wide swath among the surprised Landolinians.

Below that point the defeated Landolinians remained, blaspheming and shouting, some laughing, and filling the air with loud and fierce exclamations.

To the amazement of the defenders, the rebel recovered and began to move slowly up the hill again, but carefully darting from one shelter to another, and moving toward the higher brush and dead grass, that covered part of the slopes. As they were far or too far distant for the shots of the defenders to be effective, the Angelinians waited a considerable time, before they opened fire.

In a short time the force within easy range rushed forward with louder yells. They were eight yards distant during slowly toward the position, and reserving their own fire this time. The nearest of the foe being a being a fair mark this time all of the defenders fired right and left with the most rapid and fierce precision, and absolutely saw a great number of Landolinians fall for every shot. Some of the Landolinians nevertheless nevertheless reached the position, and attempted to force their way in and over, but these only gave the Abyssinkilians a good chance, as these rebels were entirely exposed. These Landolinians fairly staggered forward the moment the shots were fired, and all fell dead among the defenses. The Omerian girls who had similar encounters with the Landolinians never witnessed such a determined and desperate frenzy and fury as was exhibited by these rebels. They appeared to be raving maniacs or like mad dogs in human form. Most of the Landolinians who had fallen near the position, were covered with frightful bullet wounds, the result of feeding facing the fire of the defenders while exposed so closely.

It can be supposed that the attack upon the escort was indeed induced by the presence of the eight girl heroines, and the two boys, which at the moment the foe saw them, were leaving the grounds of the house. Fenrod had been looked in vainly however, it was apparent they had been sent after him by the two Professional spies who had made him prisoner before in the house. During the last attack of the one of the Landolinians a most powerful man had succeeded in crossing the works, and with a fury that knew no bounds, he leaped upon the shoulders of the nearest Abyssinkilian soldier, and with the utmost ferocity began choking him as hard as he could.

The attack was so sudden that he was not able to use his bayonet. And he would undoubtedly have been choked to death in a minute if eight of his companions had not come to his assistance, who seeing his plight rushed to his aid and after a terrible battle in which all eight of them were wounded succeeded in despatching the brutal brute Landolinian with their bayonets. And the man who had slain this rebel had suddenly become heroes in the eyes of their countrymen.

Twice during these repeated attacks the ten heroic children had miraculous escapes from the bullets or bayonets of the foe, and one bullet barely grazed Fenrod, and another struck the ground near Violet, almost throwing stone dust and snow in her eyes. Fortunately along this point, the Glandelinians did not make any further attack. But the adventure had dragged them each further from the christ jan lines, and the fugitives found themselves at this point on account of the swift current of the water here close to the shore were a large number of rowboats.

Not retreating cautiously from their stronghold they took possession of the boats, and shot out into the water, and just in time, for a great number of the pursuing Glandelinians rushed down the slopes, having spotted their escape, and uttering fierce and savage adjulations. As the last boat containing soldiers left the river bank, then of the Glandelinians boldly rushed into the water, and grabbed hold of the boat, but were bayoneted or shot down upon the shore. There ensued an indescribable scene, a thousand ferocious Glandelinians, swarmed the shore banks, firing tremendous volleys and yelling and blaspheming like demons. However no one in the boats were hit, and the fugitives had a very good opportunity to effect their escape, the wounded colonel ordering the men by signal to row the boats through the water, with all possible speed.

This scene succeeded so well, that the boats were far out on the water, before the rebels could reach them. Another gird fight now took place, which was a lively one for several minutes. All of the soldiers in the boats, fired one tremendous broadside after another with great precision, and every shot told, scores of thereabouts on the shore, going down dead or wounded together.

Pistols were also brought to bear on them next, by which as many more were slain or wounded. This served to stop their attempts to reach the boats by swimming or wading, but others quickly manned half a dozen gasoline launches and shot out from the shore to continue the pursuit and battle. Two of these launches were sunk with a volley of musket balls, and two others had their engines disabled, and one backfired, set the gasoline tank on fire, and the explosion blew the boat to pieces and killed every one of its occupants. The result of the galling fire of the pursuers or fugitives I mean seemed to produce a panic among the surviving Glandelinians. Glandelinians for they showed signs of abating the attack, and some of the boats were put back to shore, with great speed and energy.

Owing to the fact that some of the fugitive boats were in a sinking condition and sank, and eighteen soldiers came near being drowned, the trip was somewhat delayed, until these comrades could be assisted into the other boats. During this moment the enemy on shore now three thousand were in number opened a heavier fire, but all those in the boats replied returning a brisk fire of their own that fairly mowed the fierce Glandelinians with swaths of flame, and put the survivors to rout so completely that these same Glandelinians gave the fugitives no further trouble.

The fugitive fleet bearing the Vivian girls, Angelinian Aronburg, and the two boys moved down the water again, hardly a single Glandelinian being seen now. As the fugitives approached the opposite shore thinking to land safely there as it appeared to be the Christian side, a hundred and ninety two big Glandelinian motor boats teeming with Glandelinian soldiers shot out from a bend in the river and made a sudden impetuous dash upon the fugitive boats, and amid a terrific exchange of musketry in which forty were killed and eighty wounded on the Christian side, and two hundred killed and four hundred on the enemy side, and thirty boats sunk, and nine disabled the superior force of surviving boats were driven to the shore, the retreat of the rebels being covered by a large body of soldiers on shore with muskets, and even cannons. The Glandelinian cannon on the shore were used with such extraordinary effect, that ten of the fugitive boats were struck, and shattered or sunk, with every one killed or wounded in them. This caused great confusion among the fugitives, but instead of following up this advantage by charging after the panic stricken Christians, the Glandelinians who were in the motor boats returned to the shore.

The Glandelinian officers were dreadfully affected by this defeat by a mere handful of fugitives, and calling their men about them they berated them soundly for their cowardice, reminding them that everything they had was due to their generosity, and swearing that if any more of them retreated again before the few fugitive boats, they would all be discharged from the army in disgrace. Suddenly the fugitives perceived moving toward them what appeared to be a floating stockade, one hundred and seventy feet long, and eighty seven feet wide, and apparently so strong that nothing could penetrate it. This novel craft floated with much grace and was manned by six hundred and eighteen rebels, and moved down the river like a tank of life.

As this terrible no man's land on the river approached the fugitive boats one inside of it caused a proclamation to be made to the Christians in deep and awful tones, that if they did not surrender themselves at once, all of their boats would be blown out of the water, and by the guns on shore.

It was only a sort of stratagem however, and realizing it no one in the boats gave any answer. They kept on going swiftly until they reached the opposite shore where all seemed clear of the fierce Glandelinian soldiery. After all of them had landed, the colonel sent his most faithful lieutenant to scout ahead of the main party, and see if the way was clear. But the officer did not return and a large part of the force went forward to investigate, and found the result was most deplorable, for the lieutenant had been treacherously murdered, and also were two soldiers who had been sent to accompany him.

This was a warning that a big force of Glandelinians were lying in ambush. At some other point Glandelinian sharpshooters, had been stationed behind trees and rocks to shoot down the two boys and eight girls, but though they fired at them a dozen times before they could reach the shelter of friendly trees, none of the shots at a mark them. However though two of their body guards were killed and eight wounded. Suspecting an ambush the Abyssinkillian and Angelinian soldiers formed in line, and slowly recoiled toward the boats, some of the soldiers setting fire to the dry pine leaves of the forest to turn them into smoke if possible, and soon all the pine trees for the distance of five hundred yards was enveloped in flames but only the tops and parts where the spinnels were. The Glandelinians then appeared, but on account of the smoke and heat of the fire their aim was without effect, while the slowly retreating Christians moved down the treacherous rebels by scores for every volley fired. This fierce contest with these Glandelinians continued until nearly night fall, when the fugitives retreated to the boats leaving those woods or the masses of trees above the snow a sheet of flame and smoke. The fugitive column had again made good their escape, and reached their boats in safety.

The colonel however saw that if he and his column remained at this location, they must certainly face starvation or be destroyed by the enemy, for although they could resist all the rebel scouting parties along the river bank as long as their ammunition held out, should they even attack them on all sides, yet provisions in this situation was exhausted, and no amount of provisions could be obtained by foraging, which would be without doubt exceedingly perilous if not impossible by reason of the overpowering numbers of the Glandelinian scout or searching parties.

Therefore to secure relief the colonel resolved to keep on going down the stream until General Harmon's lines was reached, and to do this it would be necessary to run the boats down the stream as far as it was not frozen over, and pass lines of hostile rebel encampments filled with hostile rebels who would contest every foot of the stream. It was now beginning to snow and soon had become a perfect blizzard, and in some parts were small swamps were formed swamp grass was nearly eight feet high in places affording excellent means for ambushes in the dark, and diminishing very much the superiority of pistols over rifles, and hidden cannons.

To cover their nightly retreat down the river many more big fires were started on the pine tree tops by the fugitives, until there seemed to be fires, fires, everywhere.

Every man had received his instructions how to act in case they were attacked by the glandelinians and was impressed with the necessity of maintaining their boats in a solid line which must not be broken by the enemy under no circumstances whatever. There were one hundred boats in all, containing ten men apiece, of which had been left out of the eleven thousand, and except one boat, that held the children, not a large force indeed compared to their foes, but their armament was splendid, all having repeating and Spencer rifles, including revolvers, and plenty of ammunition recently secured from the dead and wounded foes on the hills position.

Their movement was retarded however by the fact that they had to row very quietly and avoid the ice floes which were very frequent at some parts of the river. At the beginning of this silent retreat little trouble was experienced, only a few shots being fired from the shore, and some inconveniences produced by a gale rising and a great increase of the blizzard. As the retreat had been started so unexpectedly that the glandelinians had scarce scarcely knew it until the sentries spotted the dark moving objects on the water, and fire the alarm shots. Then however as the colonel had expected, hundreds of rebel boats were on his trail, and with the purpose to surround his rowboat fleet, and capture or destroy his whole troop. The grass and snow drifts along the shore and in the morasses had hidden many of these boats from view, and showers of bullets began flying as if discharged from the water. Two men in the first boat dropped, a bullet going through the fleshy portion of the arm of one of them, and passed through his body.

One man fell to the bottom of the boat and the other plunged headlong into the water. One of the glandelinians in the nearest boat leaped out into the water and swam toward his victim, but one of the fugitives in the same boat, drew a revolver and killed the rebel. The enemy boats were finally dispersed by a raking withering fire of an hours duration, but less than a mile further down when landing on and ascending a small hill in the face of the raging blizzard and screaming gale of wind in short order, a sudden uproar broke out as if all the demons of hell were resolved to capture and destroy the fugitives.

Terrific yells, fierce shouts of defiance, rolling of drums, shouts of blasphemies, the screams of whistles, the crash of musketry from many hundreds of the concealed glandelinians, for an instant startled the fugitives. There was a tremendous rushing sound coming up the hill which gave notice of a general attack from an immensely large and powerful ambuscade in the dark, and blizzard pall.

The officers did their duty. In a moments time alternate files were behind trees and rocks and snow banks facing to the left and right either standing or kneeling, just as the enemy's musketry fire drew nearer, and bullets began to fly dangerously near. The officers then gave the order to fire, and the fight commenced on the side of the Angelinians. The colonel who was nearest he them, heard several bullets scream past within an inch or two of Violet Violet's head. Luckily they were kneeling behind stout trees.

The file firing was extremely good and very incessant, despite the intense darkness, fierce wind and blinding snow, and the musketry of both sides rattled without intermission. The darkness was so dense however and the snow pall so thick and the wind so strong and boisterous that simple pistol shots, would have been ineffective, although excellent at close quarters. And the defenders only fired and aimed in the direction they saw the flash of the enemy's rifles. The Angelinians even handled elephant breach rifles or loaders, and a volley of double shots to the right and left was followed by the loud explosions of piorate or potash shells, against some unseen object, either men or trees.

And a quick repetition of hundreds of piorate shells seemed to affect the spirit of the attack. It was entirely probable that the salvoes of extremely loud explosions of the shells in the midst and perhaps also in the rear of the rebels led them to believe that they were attacked from behind.

It may be difficult to tell the reader how long this night attack of the enemy continued, but a vast amount of ammunition was used before the roar of the glandelinian rifles ceased, and the drums and outcries were at length heard at a greatest greater distance in the rear. The officers gave the orders to advance, and the men with the children in their midst cautiously marched forward recrossing the stream at the bottom of the hill, and at break of day gained the open where they suddenly found themselves in a sort of swampy region of one hundred acres or more covered deep with slushy snow. The blizzard was still raging.

"Ha!" exclaimed one of the Abyssinkilian soldiers. "If we only could have enticed the glandelinians into a clear space like this."

However as the fugitives continued on, the rear guard was hard pressed, and the van of the glandelinian persecutors or attackers, rushed upon the path close to the little girls, who brought many down themselves. The vivian girls depended upon the muskets of the soldiers, instead of their own pistols, they would have been quiet quickly destroyed, but the sharp fire of their pistols at such close quarters caused immense loss to the enemy, at the first onslaught. The rear guard of the enemy was dispersed, and by the vivian girls, but it was necessary to sacrifice nearly all the luggage to allow the men more free movement, accordingly everything except ammunition, was piled together and burned or thrown into the stream.

Again the troop of fugitives moved forward, but at every hill glen or field they were met by an ambuscade that had to be cleared by fierce and dreadful fighting, so that progress was wretchedly slow. At a bend of the stream which was reached shortly before noon, the troop of soldiers were suddenly and most fiercely attacked by a very strong force of Zimmerman Angelinians. Glandelinians in ambush. Many of the enemy exposed themselves in the boldest manner, and rushed upon the Abyssinkilian soldiers, just in front of those escorting the vivian girls, Gertrude Angelina, and the two boy scouts. Twenty three of these bold rebels were promptly shot down, but one big glandelinian soldier with unusual pluck bayoneted a soldier whose musket missed fire through the chest. This poor fellow thus mortally wounded grappled with his assailant, and drove his own bayonet through the rebels heart. Again after desperate fighting the glandelinians were dispersed and for half an hour there was no further trouble, but just as the party gained a broad road covered a foot deep with fresh snow, and within plain sight of the christianian lines, a thousand glandelinians fell upon them again. An escort of Angelina Aronburg was wounded by a bayonet which passed through his leg behind the knee, and out the sinew, thus rendering him helpless, and he was captured and foully murdered.

Another soldier close to her now uttered a wild shriek of pain as a bullet passed completely through his body. The poor soldier crept to his commander through the deep snow on his hands and knees and asked:

"Where shall I go? I'm done for."

He did not have another minute to live. A bullet struck another of her escort on the hip, and lieutenant Frank Vero was also wounded. A bullet had struck him behind the shoulder point, and had passed through the blade bone and the spine, before making its exit by the right arm. It was a very bad wound and bled profusely.

But the gallant lieutenant marched on, after having it dressed and bandaged despite the worst he could expect. One of the escorts of the vivian girls Vivian girls carrying a heavy load received a bullet just behind the left arm, which penetrated a double blanket and passed entirely through the poor mans body. Still he was able to carry his load for more than a mile before he collapsed. The entire march was a continued flight so that it would be tedious to describe each special special assault, but when the christianian positions were within sight two miles away, the whole column reached alongs Run, a small stream running into the Sunbeam Creek with a loss of thirty killed and forty more wounded. Here they were joyful at the sight of the christianian lines, which they reached within half an hour more and where every want was provided for. This was general Conscientian Aronburgs camp, whose officers received the soldiers, and the children with all the honor due them.

"I'll remain upstairs 'n Penrod's bed room." He had said to the general  
side-de-de-ump. "If the general wishes to see me just give a whistle and I'll  
be coming."

He writhed on his couch as if in mortal agony, he wrought himself into a frenzy of misery and terror, by recalling one by one all the most heinous crimes upon children by the "landladies," and bit his finger nails in a way as if he desired to rid his hands of them. He knew that he had not yet been called upon to do anything, and yet he dared not leave his post. It was his duty to remain at his post at all costs until summoned. Yet the Rattlesnake felt it was his duty to do something.

to do something. It was a ward ten o'clock at night when General Greathart opened the door of his council room because he knew he must at least go to his own bed room and throw himself upon his bed even if his heart ached him too much to allow him to sleep. But as he opened his door he observed something that gave him a good start. The Rattlesnake boy about was sitting by the left side of the door or was huddled on the floor near it with his back resting against the wall. And the boy had a large piece of yellow paper in his hand and a pencil in the other hand, and his twisted bull dog like face was indeed a weird thing for the unhappy general general to see.

'My boy what ix is it that you are sitting so quietly here!' General Greathheart asked.

"I have been sitting here for four hours and a half your Excellency. I knew you would be coming out of the council room sometime, and I hope you will let me speak to you. will you sir))) will you sir-----Will you!"

"Come my boy into my council room." Said General Greathheart. "I will be glad to listen to anything you wish to say. And what is it you have been drawing on that large slip of yellow paper." As the Rattlesnake boy rose in the wonderful manner he had succeeded in learning by his own effort.

wonderful manner he had succeeded in learning by his own efforts. "I did not dare to leave or go out of the house as I believed you might want to send me somewhere. While Penrod is missing so mysteriously, I dare not sit around the place doing nothing. And despite my own anxiety I began to remember and think things out. I saw him help the little girl whose leg is wounded to her tent, and though I have not seen him leave, I remember where her tent is, and with your permission I will visit her. I have sketched and named all the company streets and squares in your camp through which he might have walked on his way home after leaving her tent. I'm sure I have not missed a single one. And if you will permit me I will start out, and walk carefully through every one of them. After seeing, he talk to every officer of the squad or guards I see, and look into all the vacant tents, and think out many important things and also work carefully at them-- nay I'll not miss a single inch, I'll not miss a tent, or any space between them--I'll all at once his voice had a very hard sound, but it took convulsively and the poor boy himself shook. The general gently touched him on the shoulder. "You are one of my best and bravest comrades indeed," he said slowly. "And it is well for even our cause that you are here. You have indeed thought of the very best thing to do yet."

HOW PERIOD WAS RESCUED.

THE BOYS INVENT MORE SCENES TO CAPTURE VIVIAN DICKEY.

and I thank you for the  
virgin my brother took from me  
and what he gave to me. I will  
be forgiven for the sins I have  
committed and I will be able to  
attend to my duties as a  
man and as a citizen.

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO.  
HOW PENROD WAS RESCUED.  
THE BOYS INVENT MORE SCENES TO CANTHRE VIVIAN WICKSY.

".....WELL, YOU ALLOW ME THE permission to go and see her now?" Asked the Rattlesnake boy scout.

".....umay but an escort must accompany you," was the general's answer. "I'll order them to be ready at once."

The Rattlesnake boy scout then went to the front door, buckling on his cartridge belt, and revolver. Before he left, general Great heart said something to the boy which to him and the general too, was like the sudden glare of some beautiful colored light in the very center of their beings.

"You are one of the best boy scouts that the army has. And now that you are doing this, I'm sure I'll be able to rest easier, and get some sleep. You may one day be the chosen comrade of the Vivian girls themselves."

After wandering about the encampment for fifteen minutes in the dark and encountering nothing more than a few sentries, and a few winter night owls and other winter birds which flew out of their respective places at his approach, he came within view of the tent he had seen Penrod bring the little wounded girl. As he approached the tent, he could hear away in the distance the occasional drum like booming of signal guns, and the echoing voices of sentinels calling out their stations and the periodical crash of exploding shells, otherwise all was more remarkable still than usual for such a seige.

There were three powerful guards standing by the tent, and finding that the little girl had not slept on account of worrying over Penrod, the boy showed his permit, and therefore was admitted....As he entered he saw the little girl lying on her couch or cu couch but standing beside her was another little girl about his size but slender and a just a little older than the wounded heroine.

Just now she wore no uniform, but had on a white dress, with a heavy scarlet cloak of quaint quaint old fashioned shape over her shoulders. Her head was not covered, and her fair curly hair fell in a mass of golden waves and long curls over her neck and shoulders. There being a lantern light in the tent, Penrod could see her face very distinctly, and gave vent to a low exclamation of admiration. Her face was almost as attractive as the Vivian girls, the features being delicately moulded, and in the most perfect proportion, and the eyes long and blue. Yet the Rattlesnake felt that something was indeed wrong. Her cheeks were a trifle too white, tears were in her eyes, and also there was a half frightened half resolute look in them, and lines of pain, sorrow and anxiety about her dainty mouth, that struck the Rattlesnake as out of place. And it seemed as if they did not and ought not to belong to such a sweet childish countenance. The Rattlesnake took off his hat for she was infernally pretty, despite the dreadful expression on her face that seemed so utterly out of keeping with one so childish and enchanting. If ever any features betrayed that within the war wearers breasts there dwelt a hell of heart breaking sorrow and anxiety those features, and that being were then present to him. One of her hands was on the port of the couch as he entered he noticed it part icularly and was greatly struck with its beauty. Never had he ever seen such long white tapering fingers or sh such beautifully shaped glistening filbertnails and marvellously beautiful form, but it was her expression that had arrested him most. He still stood at the opening of the tent wondering whom she was, when she said a few words to Jennie Turner, and then approached the opening. The boy stepped aside to let her pass, but instead of going out she placed her hand gently on his shoulder, and with a pleading look that thrilled him said:

"My beloved friend Penrod has been kidnapped. Jennie is sure she knows where they have taken him, and Gertrude Angeline and others are on their trail.

Won't you please please help me and my sisters find him. You are so good at finding lost people. You rescued Jennie too you know."

Of course that was his mission. He had come out for the purpose of locating him, but her sorrowful pleading expression, that irresistible pleading look touched

to the melting point, and his breast swelled as he said;

"By jove he is my dear friend too. I'll help you find him little girl if I die for it."

At this answer to his sudden embarrassment as well as delight, she threw her arms lovingly and tightly around him, and planted a kiss to his cheek. He knew now that it was Joyce, Vivian, the eldest of the brave Vivian, the Girl, and as it had always been proved that she and her sisters were so friendly and as good and loving and more in disposition and character than they were in beauty, and appearance, he became so hopelessly infatuated, that before he realized what he was doing, he had her in his own arms in a tight embrace.

"By Jove," Jennie surmised from the bed as soon as he had released the surprised Vivian girl. "It's a quu Queer hour for a boy and a girl to be hugging each other."

"I forgot myself," the Rattlesnake replied seeing that Joice was smiling at him joyously and gratefully. "Anyway she did it m to me and it was my duty to return it."

'Don't you know there is a penat penalty for it.' Said the girl.

"Penalty. Fiddlesticks," said the Rattlesnake, laughing. "who ever heard of a penalty for loving a person. I know the, 'lavin' girls from the time they were born, and we were the best of friends. If any one attempted to injure them in any way, the there would be a penalty. Why and her sisters are so prett y and so good and kind in every way that I only wish I was their youngest brother."

From this meeting it was apparent, that the Rattlesnakes and Penrds good luck sprang. The Rattlesnake along with the seven vivian girls kept on the search all night with twenty two thousand soldiers scattered over a wide territory as they escorted, and by morning seeing a house in the distance, surrounded by soldiers rode on ahead. As the boy approached nearer to the house he heard a faint sound of singing apparently from under the house, and this arresting his attention, he bade the vivian girls to listen.

As they approached nearer, the sound grew loud louder, and presently resolved itself into a man singing at the top of his voice, singing very loudly some very wistful and plaintive old tune or old time air of some war song of a foreign nation. Through this the reader may know the rest, how after Penrod was rescued from the house, how the column was pursued for twenty four hours, with out a bite to eat, or a moment to sleep and suffering dreadful losses.

And mainly it was because the y followed the Rattlesnake plan, that they reached the christian lines safely, with great loss however but slight compared to that of their relentless pursuers.

After all relieved a hearty meal in the generals house, they had gone to their respective places to obtain a well needed rest and sleep. After sunrise both boys were eagerly questioned by soldiers and officers, and Penrod explained the adventure as much as he could. It was known that many crimes too heinous for words had been attributed to these spies, and that they had been brutally strangled too little girls and one boy on general Anders premises with their own hands, and gashing open their bodies, disembowled them, and brought them in and left them in that state in the mess hall. A nation and world wide search was being made for the assassins. Wherever these spies appeared it invariably portended a disaster to either a division of troops or a whole army and for some important general. Never for once yet had a rebel spy failed to cause a disaster.

"Yes he is one of the best, noblest, and bravest of all boy scouts I have ever known in all my life." General Greateheart had said, when he told his own part of the story to Penrod, Angelina Aronburg, and the vivian Girls as they sat round his big table.

"I had never been sure about him before." Said Angelina Aronburg looking at him proudly. "As I wanted to be sure I put him secretly to t he test, when we were perused after rescuing Penrod. During that perusit I saw into the depths of him and knew. He is well worth his peculiar nickname. He may be trusted as the leader of the boy scout squad against mine or the beautiful friends of mine the Vivian Girls. The enemy sought to avoid him only no matter how they perused thru our column but never escaped his dreadful fire. He even once permed a squadron single

handed and scattered them like the leaves before a cyclom cyclone."

from that day indeed, both he and Perrod held a new place everywhere in general Headquarters army. None of the boysouts of the lowest or highest rank resented their holding it. Neither were the y jealous. But they were proud. But such or the boys were allowed to be near general Graebrecht or in the friendship of the nine they heroines as they had never dared to hope to be near. Also it was not only that they were allowed to serve the general or his staff in many important ways, but as if a he was their father, and the two boys his loving sons.

General Greathearth talked to the two boys as he talked to the virgin girls, or at least superior generals, drawing them within the circle which held so much for them, comprehended without speech. And the Rattlesnake boy knew that general Greathearth did it right in his mind, and observing all his plans with exultation, and as he realized it, it filled him with joy. And the general had told the virgin girls that he was one of the best boyscouts in all, and now the general was watching and putting him to a kind of problems and tests, so that he might find out what kind of a boy scout he was going to be, and also he was doing it for some very grave reason of his own.

and whatever was happening possessed the Rattlesnake boys mind and wondered if he would be trusted more than he was before. That he even should think that the Vivian girls even had so much confidence in him, was enough to give him the strongest in inspiration at that.

"Your Excellency," Herald the morning after he and Penrod had been fully rested, and because the general had seen that the Rattlesnake boy was making sketches of Sunbeam Creek, and the one way's positions. His voice on this occasion was very low indeed--"do you think if the time came--if it ever does, you could trust me on most important errands as you could trust Penrod. Could it ever be true that w you would?"

"It is positively true that the tithings already come," and the general spoke as low as the boy had done, though with a strong and deep feeling. "The time has already come, when I or any of the highest generals, can trust you with even the livian girls, that soon Penrod will be sent on some important mission, and that you will be his companion, to care for him, to stand by his side at any moment of peril."

This indeed seemed to be enough to lift the Rattlesnake boy to the very sky with exaltation. But the general had more to say.

"And from the very everything appears within the extensive lines of the foe, it may not be very long before it may be his part to do some most important kind of work, in which he will need a most reliable and trustworthy comrade, who can be depended on to accomplish anything, and as to stand as firm as a rock when he or his comrade faces the dangerous foe."

The great general had said to the Rattlesnake boy, the very words he had suspected he would say. As firm as a rock barrier. A rock Barrier.

"As firm as a rock barrier," the boy scout broke out. "Let me show you what I can do sir. Send me with him as his assistant. The dangers I may face are nothing. You have seen from actual proofs, that I ever even brought the dear civilian girls safely through the ambushes, when we were persecuted. I've been trained to do things that makes the rebels fear to have an encounter with me."

"I know that is all more than true my dear lad. Penrod, and the vivian girl, and even Angelina Aronburg, and even Jennie Urner had told me all of it in deat detail."

The general gave the boy a most grac gracious smile indeed, which seemed as if it held the finest secret in the world. "I will send you as his aide-de-camp. It shall be as great for you as if it was only a game." The great general had always been

General had always accomplish a accomplished all his in his power to encourage the boy and during the last week before the frightful battle of Sumner Creek, near Evangelina Granja, had even found time to help both boys in their planning for mysterious scouting journeys, of the Secret Gemini, and the general had been so intensely interested that frequently he had called on his highest generals to give their opinion of certain old and fortified positions of the rebels, and of their strength and formation, and how certain strong attacking forces can approach them without suffering too severe losses in the

the efforts. Also of the small towns and villages they had in their possession. And also to other points, where spies could be sent and where they could learn all that was most important, and how they could easily find their way among the wicker bolder of the child slaves. It would be possible however, that if not discovered, they would meet with the greatest hospitality even among the worse of the wicked Glandelinians. And if the boys were sent within the enemy's lines they would have to be very cautious as the glandelinians hold with the most unfriendly suspicion all strangers who enter their lines.

And the glandelinians to be mostly and more greatly feared, are the Omerian Snoddlers. Through talks and stories the Rattlesnake began to know all parts of the foe's lines, as if he had forced themselves, and would be able to find the most important places as well as Angelina Aronburg or violet and her sisters could. That was a part of his duty too, because they trusted all to his care. And another part of it was the training of the Rattlesnake boys memory, and bringing home his full proofs of his successful work at night when he returned either from drilling his Regiment or from a thrilling scouting tour, and could describe, roughly sketch all he had seen or done in his tours, from from place of the camp to another.

What Penrod generally did, was to recall and sketch maps or pictures of any sections of the enemy's lines, or fortifications, and the faces of all he saw the rebel generals, and other officers. General Greathart gave to Penrod one day a number of photographs of glandelinians generals, and pictures of various varieties of glandelinian soldiery, to commit to his memory, under each face or picture was written the name of the general, or of the sects of the glandelinians.

"Learn as all these things for the sake of your own safety," said the general. "Until you would know each one of them at once, where ever you would happen to meet them. Fix all of them upon your mind, so you will not be able to forget anything of these pictures, or photographs. You also for your own safety, must be able to sketch any one of them by heart, and recall what part of the rebels lines, fortifications, or parts of the ivian, they are in."

Given this was the best kind of duty that Penrod or the Rattlesnake boy could perform, but Penrod began to know in his secret heart that it was so important that he became so overcome with excitement, that his whole form trembled, as he drew his sketches over and over again. And he knew that the best way to remember them was to sketch them all many times, and to sketch them in his memory.

And the Rattlesnake boy scout also knew though he had no reason for knowing, that all was perfect. For night after night, he used to lie away awake and think it over and remember what general Greathart had told him of the time coming when Penrod or the ivian girls might need him as a well trusted comrade, in any work they might perform.

And what was the work to be that Penrod was to perform? Was it to be something thrilling indeed? And the general was preparing him and the Rattlesnake for it. And also though Penrod himself often lay awake on his bed, when the Rattlesnake boy lay awake on his army cot, neither took the time to speak a moment to the other of the very things his mind was dwelling upon steadily.

And never did Penrod work so much in his life as he did now. Everything the boy thought of or did, was very exciting, and he felt sure of his own prowess. Many of the best boy scouts of the most highest rank, were obliged to be with them, because they were needed as witness judges. General Greathart would mention the name of a certain fortification, perhaps of Lucille, Joken, or of his Whirther proper, and Penrod would at once make a rapid sketch of either of them or any place under whose photograph the name of the place, and its locality had been written.

And indeed it was not long before the boy who was a good artist, could begin to make his sketches without a moment's hesitation. And yet when this had been accomplished, they still worked on it as if they had just begun.

There was a great section of the Codornian and at peninean fortifications about half a mile northwest of the south end of the Norma river near Delight Junction of which Penrod felt he should never hear the name or know its very formation, without these starting up before his mental vision of a very tall glandelinian general with fierce black eyes, and heavy beard, yet a delicate high bridged nose across which the strong heavy there was a number of great. This was general Purragatorian. In ivian history there was a number of great Tribunals which would always bring back the sad memory when the ivian girls were brought before its cruel judges, to be sentenced during the "Reign of ERROR".

In her a Catherine.

And a certain street in Norma Catherine sent the spot where the disguised christian officer by his clever ruse saved them from a most horrible death. He knew all of every section of ivian history as he knew his own face, and his own lodin lodging place. But night after night they sat it up. One night nearly a week before the battle Penrod was awakened out of a deep sleep by the general's aide-de-camp touching him, and shaking him. He had always been secretly ready for a long time to answer any call, and at the first shake, he sat up straight in bed.

"You are asked to dress yourself very quickly, and come down stairs," said the aide-de-camp. "There are a number of great generals here, and one of them wishes to speak with you."

Penrod did not answer but immediately got out of bed, and began to slip on his clothes as fast as he could. The aide-de-camp then touched the Rattlesnake boy who appeared to be as ready as Penrod, and sat upright as he had done.

"Come down to general Greathart's room with Master Penrod," he said with a tone of command. "It is necessary that the generals should see you too and speak to you."

And having given this order he went away. No one else heard the two boys as they stole down the stairs in only the their stockings and long coats. As they entered the room they saw seven elderly looking men attired in the garb of the Gemini, standing quietly by the general's round table, one of them talking to general Greathart, who with a gesture called both of the boys forward.

"General Antonio Sengue has been very much interested in what I have been telling him and his staff officers of your plans and schemes," he said lowering his voice very carefully. "He and his generals would like to see you make your sketches Penrod."

Penrod stared at general Sengue as if surprised, and then looked the other generals straight in the eyes, and their own eyes were fixed intently on him, as both boys made their bow and salute.

"The excellencies do us the highest honor," said Penrod in the same easy manner as general Greathart speaks to his superior officers. Penrod then went to his own little round table at once and took from an oval shaped shaped drawer his papers and colored crayon.

"I should know he is from a foreign country, and probably a Gand Can dian too," remarked general Sengue. "But that does not matter."

Then the general looked at the Rattlesnake with his keen and deep set eyes, and pointed with his finger but said nothing.

"This boy," said general Greathart. "Is the one who terrorizes the enemy so much that he is known as the Rattlesnake by the glandelinian soldiers. He is one of the best boy scouts in our army, and a great favorite of the ivian girls."

The boy then spoke of gave a salute.

"Please tell the general your Excellency," he whispered. "That what I did does not matter now."

"This boy," said general Greathart, had been of his literally been able to train himself to the most extraordinary activity, ever seen among boy scouts. He can and had been doing everything that has well brought him the nickname he has."

"Both of these boys are a great advantage to the nation, and a great benefit to the cause," said one of the other generals whose keen eyes were still taking the Rattlesnake in.

And I thank you for...  
vian...  
and what...  
be...  
of the child slaves...

The aide-de-camp had before this made a perfectly good drawing board for Penrod who used it in making his sketches, of plans, maps and fortifications, when he had nothing else to do. The aide-de-camp was during the conversation standing at attention at the doorway, but at general Greathart's orders he immediately entered the room, brought the drawing board from its place of concealment, and at Penrod's direction brought and arranged the necessary drawing material. Penrod stood quietly near the table, and waited the pleasure of general Greathart, and his visiting generals. They were at this very moment speaking to each other in the lowest tones possible, and therefore the boy waited until they were finished. At this time the Rattlesnake boy took notice of what he had always noticed before that Penrod was able to be in perfect ease, and also silence, while he could stand as still as a statue.

He did not say a single word, or ask any questions, or look at the generals as if he was becoming restless, because they did not speak to him or notice that he was waiting. Penrod did not act as if he wanted them to notice him, and the Rattlesnake boy had a vague feeling, that young as he was for his years, this freedom very freedom Penrod had from any anxiety to be looked at or to be spoken to by any of the generals made him somehow appear like Emperor Livian.

In a moment general Greathart, and the others approached to Penrod's round table at which he stood with the drawing board, papers and colored crayons laid neatly upon it.

"Draw the outlines of Fort Ross Lucille Rickson rapidly," general Greathart said.

At the word Penrod began to make sketches of the fortress named with a rapidity that amazed Benguine and his staff. He even then on a separate piece of paper began without copying from anything else the exact picture or portraiture of the stern faced general Rickson Furgatorian with the delicate high bridged nose and the black eye brows and heavy beard. As Penrod did it so rapidly the generals came close surrounding the little table, and carefully watching the boy work over his shoulder. It only took a little over two minutes to sketch the two, and when the boy finished it, the aide-de-camp who was acting as inspector turned and after giving general Greathart a strange and steady look nodded twice and saluted.

"These two sketches are remarkable for a boy of his age," he said earnestly.

"In both of these sketches neither the outlines of these fortifications nor the portraits of general Rickson Furgatorian can be mistaken by anyone," general Greathart bent his head in a noble manner, then mentioned the name of another fortification in another section — and again Penrod started his rapid sketch. This time there was a much larger picture than before. All of the generals bowed, and looked looked looked Flahbergsted. Then general Greathart gave Penrod signs to sketch rapidly the Glandelinians of the different varieties, and after that the various formations of the positions of the in insurgents half a mile west of gunbeam Creek, and Penrod did the work well to a finish, and the aide-de-camp stood near with a big handful of sketches which he had silently removed from the table to take charge of, and each was rapidly trust as he made.

"You would know by heart the faces of these generals, and the various seats of rebels and the outlines of all the fortifications surrounding Livian Wickey wherever you happen to observe them," asked general Benguine. "If one of these rebel generals was within our lines and you saw him pass you in this Company St rest, or was in this room among us, and you did not know it, and we not you would recognise him at once!"

"As I know of you sir or my own face or sir," answered Penrod without sound of pride in his tone.

Then he followed immediately by a number of serious and important questions. General Greathart asked Penrod these questions, as he had often asked them before. They were very important questions indeed, as to the height, and build of the originals of his sketches, of the color of the fortifications, the hues of the hair and eyes of the Glandelinian officers, and the order of their complexions.

## CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

THE BOYS HAVE ANOTHER VERY  
THRILLING ADVENTURE.

To all the questions Penrod gave steady and correct answers. He knew everything by heart the general asked, even the names and their situations. It however was not necessary that Penrod should have known them, but it was his desire. After the general finished with his questioning, general Sengulne pointed to the Rattlesnake boy who had stood with his back to the wall, his eyes as fiercely eager as a ferret.

"And what about him?" The general demanded. "What can he do?"  
 "Let me make a try at it," said the Rattlesnake boy eagerly. "Penrod knows what I can do!"

Penrod looked at general Greathart for a moment and then said:

"May I be allowed to show the general your Excellency?"  
 "Yes you may," general Greathart answered, and then as he turned to general Sengulne he said in his own usual low voice:  
 "He is one of our well experienced boy scouts."

Then Penrod began at once a new form of the examination. He held up one of the sketches of the fortifications, and a picture of general Po Purgatorians face before the Rattlesnake, and the latter once named the fortifications. Fortifications and the connecting approaches to it, he detailed the colors of the eye and hair of the glandelinian general, the height and built, all the personal details as the boy Penrod himself had done or described them. To these he added the description of all sections of Vivian Wickey, and the points with the connecting fortifications, and also the various sections of the glandelinian armies, and their various sects, such as the Growleywogs, Phantoms, Whimsies, Scoddlers, Zimmermannians, Omarians, Mis-Mollatinians, Gargoylians, Amarcinians, and the fierce Gargoylian Kurds, and Condorcetians. His face seemed to be twisting it into strange lines, his eyes glared like coals of fire, and there was a slight tremor in his voice, but he ceased the general with his readiness to answer every question asked, and his great and unusual exactness of memory for a boy of his age.

"I can also draw very well," he said at the end. "And I can remember mostly anything I did not like to have any one be thinking that I was still trying to learn the same things. So both I and Penrod know."

As he spoke there was a sound as of an appeal in his voice.  
 "It was the Rattlesnake boy who invented all these plans," said general Greathart. "I showed to you all his strange maps and plans as you asked."

"It is as good as a winning game," general Sengulne answered in the manner of a man whose interest was more than unusually impressed. "They know everything well. They can some day be trusted to be the appointed guardians of the Vivian girls too. I'll say."

"No such thing can be done without permit or without their permit," general Greathart said. "But they are worth it." "Their plans are daring and very simple."

"Therein lies the safety of the Vivian girls," answered general Sengulne. "Perhaps their plans will also cause the recapture of Vivian Wickey." "said general Greathart. "And perhaps no other boys could have ever imagined it."

"The generals are very thankful to you," he said after a few more words were spoken aside to the officers. "We all thank you very much. Now you may go back to your sleeping quarters." "The boys obeyed willingly."

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE.  
THE BOYS HAVE ANOTHER VERY THRILLING ADVENTURE.

ONLY A DAY HAD PASSED when Colonel Penrod brought to his companion the Rattle-snake boy scout in their bedroom a large yellow envelope, which on opening they observed contained a number of pin pink slips of paper with yellow borders on each of which there was something very important written.

"This is something that general Greatheart received for me, from the Emperor," Penrod said in a very grave tone. "Let us two sit down together by my table, and look it over." "It is something we are asked to do."

The Rattlesnake boy thinking it unusual, sat down by the table opposite Penrod, and they began to examine the contents of the slips. At the head of each was the name of several places around Jivian wickey with which Penrod had not connected the pictures of the various sects of the glandelinians they were to avoid. Below written by Emperor Jivian himself were clear and concise directions, as how those very places were to be reached, and the strange counter signs to be used when a glandelinian sentinel was to be encountered.

"This section of the enemy's lines is to be located in the vicinity of Jennie Jivian," was the writing. "You first must be careful beyond the enemy's scouting parties at Kahl No. One; they are Gargoylian Kurds. In that location hidden near the insurgent lines is a Gemini Secret Service Agent. You must attract his attention by getting as near as possible, and using your Secret signals. When he approaches you touch your forehead slightly, with the fore by the forehead, with your right hand, and then make the signal when he comes up to you, utter in low but very distinct tones: 'Heaven Leave enemy's territory as soon as possible, before you are discovered. Big attacks to be made upon the foe lines at Jennie Jivian. That is all you are to do.'"

Most of the other directions were not quite so simple, but every one were strict instructions of the very same kind. All the originals of the sketches of the foe lines in that very quarter were to be carefully caught out, but with the utmost precaution which should conceal all suspicions that they were being spied upon and always in such a manner as would cause a disastrous or tragic encounter to appear to be out of the question.

Then if they spotted the Gemini Agent, the boys were to utter certain words to him without attracting the attention of glandelinian sentries, or scouting parties. The two boys carefully worked at their new tasks throughout the day, which was stormy and boisterous a fierce blizzard raging. Despite the exciting uproar they concentrated all the power in their minds upon it. They wrote down what they read, and reread it over and over again like two school boys being made to study after school for bad behavior.

They even repeated to each other what they committed to their memories, like children do who expect a punishment if they do not learn their lessons. However Penrod was working with greater rapidity and more ease than did the Rattlesnake boy, because this kind of work had been his frequent practice and entertaining exercise, from the day he came to Abhis-unia, and entered her Federal armies. The Rattlesnake boy however did his best to keep pace with him, for all Abyssinilian lads of like age had been born with a strange phenomenal memory, and therefore his eagerness, and desire were furious.

But throughout the whole day however, neither one of the boys had time to even refer to what they were doing, as anything else else but the Gemini. At the approach of night however, it is truthfully said, that each of them were lying awake, and while looking out of the window, and hearing the noise of the raging blizzard, they were thinking.

"It is what the daring and clever commanders of the Great Gemini, and their Secret Society would be so doing if so ordered, when they are sent within the foe lines, to learn the intentions of the rebel generals," said the Rattlesnake boy suddenly breaking in the silence. "And I made up some of these

plans the first day I recruited my company of boy scouts did I not?" "Yes it is true," answered Penrod.

After another two days of studious concentration, they had learned by heart every thing that Emperor Jivian had sent them to learn. Early that night before the two boys retired, general Greatheart put them through a cross examination.

"Can you write all those things without looking at the copy?" He asked after each had repeated them, and pulled through the cross questioning without a miss. Each of the boys quickly and neatly wrote and drew them as Emperor Jivian had sent them. Then general Greatheart said to Penrod:

"Write your in English, French, German, and also Spanish."

Penrod did and then said:

"I have finished all that you have told me to do. I have learned every part as you see general, as if it were a part of myself, or of my heart."

"I believe you are speaking the truth," general Greatheart answered.

For some reason that either boys could not make out, the general's face was pale that evening, and there was also a strange shadowy look on the face of his aide-de-camp. General Greatheart's eyes that evening as he had been speaking to Penrod had a serious longing, as they gazed on the boy. It was just as the boy suspected, a strange yearning that had a great dread of something horrible approaching, some dread event, probably. When the general's aide-de-camp, did not act or seem as he usually did, and neither general Greatheart. They were red faced instead of appearing white or pale, and they moved about the rooms with much an uncertainty, that Penrod or the Rattlesnake felt sure they were terribly excited or restless. The aide-de-camp who seemed worse of all cleared his throat as if he was more than nervous, and more than twelve times as left his couch as if to go out of the door to look for something else.

It was nearly nine o'clock at night, past Penrod's bedroom time, when general Greatheart arose from his chair, and standing near Penrod for several minutes in silence, suddenly placed his arms around his shoulders.

"He told you to make," he began in a hollow voice, and then for a full minute was silent again, while Penrod felt the general suddenly tightening his hold. At this moment both Penrod and the Rattlesnake boy felt their hearts throbbing faster than usual in their breasts, for they suspected something thrilling indeed. Probably because he felt excited, and because the pause was so long, Penrod broke the silence by speaking.

"The tour I am to make—yes your Excellency," he said.

"The tour will have for you some thrilling work to be done for both of you too," said Greatheart. "And Penrod noticed that his voice shook and seemed hoarse. The aide-de-camp cleared his throat again, as if he was trying to draw up a frog or fish, and then he walked over to the corner of the room where the drawing board stood.

But he only looked at one of the engravings on a piece of paper, and then returned to the table with it still in his hand.

"In another six hours you will be sent to the location named in the copy you learned by heart, and locate that Gemini Agent—as you" to the Rattlesnake boy—"planned it all."

"I planned it all!" the Rattlesnake boy barely breathed the words.

"Yes indeed you did," answered general Greatheart. "You will be needed to carry out all you have already learned these three days. There is probably no more to be done than to manage to approach certain Gemini Agents, closely enough to be able to signal to them, without being detected by the rebel guards or scouting parties."

"And only two young boy scouts in perfect disguise, whom no disguise renders among the rebels can suspect," he put in the aide-de-camp in a rough and shaky voice, that astonished the two boys. "They could pass near Emperor Jivian himself without their true features being known despite their disguises. Now Penrod—" his voice became so hoarse that he was on obliged to suddenly clear it loudly. "Penrod to avoid being detected by the disguise renders must stop carrying on in so fine and dignified a manner of appearance. Every appearance, Penrod's manner of walking, standing, and air is well known to the enemy, so to

to avoid being discovered, he must walk with a little shuffling gate gait, carry himself less finely, and slouch, as if he was a lad of the land of the shuns.

"Yes indeed," said the Rattlesnake boy determinedly. "It is necessary for the sake of his life that he must do it. I know how it is done and will teach or teach him. He holds his head and shoulders like some emperor's son. He must look like a shun kid."

"I will make myself look like one never fear," said Penrod, and there was determination in his voice.

"It will be my duty to tell you that I still trust you can do continually remind him of it," the general said to the Rattlesnake boy in a grave voice.

"That will be your duty."

As he lay on his hard cot that night, and which was very cold, about twenty eight below zero, listening to the roar of the wind, and the snore like him of the snow against the window pane, it seemed as if a load had been lifted from Penrod's heart. It was the load of longing, embarrassment, and of uncertainty and fear. Ever since through the pull of general Greathart, he had entered the Angolians as a member of the boyscouts corps, he had had for the long time the painful feeling that he could not be allowed to see in any way because he was too young, and because he was of foreign birth, and from Canada.

During his sleep he had never suffered from the effects of wild dreams, in fact he never had any dreams that were not pleasing, boyish, modest, and romantic. Now he had something more wonderful, than the most romantic dream-- he felt that his thoughts have passed through his mind, which have been as great as this-----that now the very hour of his time had come---- and that he himself Penrod, a Canadian, was to be an important messenger for Emperor Avian. However he knew that his work was to be done without any dramatics, and was not to be accompanied by any flourish of heralds. No one not even among the Angolians Angolians, would know what he was about to do. And if he was to accomplish his achievement without perils, impossible to escape from, his effort could only be successful, by remaining completely and darkly obscure, and unknown, and seem to any one he met, to be an ordinary shun boy, who knew nothing whatever of things he observed, to know nothing of the war going on, to speak very poorly in his language, and pretend to be scared to death of soap and water. Indeed Emperor Avian, had given him an order, so surprise and surprise, that Penrod felt himself the shun boy with awe and joy as he kept thinking of it. His hopes were now fully realized.

He and the Rattlesnake boy were to disguise themselves, conceal their weapons, and carry with them a most important message to a secret service Agent of the Gemini, and Penrod felt that it would be like carrying a tiny torch to set aflame a small fire, which would soon be blazing from one hill top to another, until the whole world seemed to be on fire. As he always awakened out of his deep sleep, when the side-de-camp touched him, so he suddenly awakened near three o'clock in the morning by some conscious feeling of some one being in his room, and by his bed. He had not however been aroused by any one touching him when he awakened and opened his eyes, he knew for some reason or other that the it was the look, a searching worried look which had penetrated the boys' deep sleep-----a look in the eyes of some beautiful person, who was standing by the right side of the bed if you please to mention it, her was general Greathart, and this side-de-camp. Outside there was the utter silence, the boy remembered of the night he had met the emperor for the first time, there being no light to night either, though the stars had somewhat faded, but nevertheless there was a small light burning in the room, and he it Penrod was able to see general Greathart's face clearly enough, and also that of the little girl to know that the mere intensity of their gaze had awakened him. The little girl stood supported by crutches, and he knew she was the little girl he had rescued....

The Rattlesnake boy was still sleeping soundly, and as general Greathart bent over the bed he spoke to a Penrod in French and under his breath.

"You are like to me a beloved son," he said. "It seems to me that you are too young to be sent on this dangerous journey or fool hardy adventure. Because you see me to me like a son and I your father---- just at this hour it seems as if I am sending you to your execution. I know I have trained you for an adventure of this kind as well as I could and through all the years I have been your guardian. I and the whole nation is proud of you and of your maturity, your strength and your very-- but my beloved one---you are a child, a forlorn one, your strength and your shrewdness of the wicked Glandairians, and I more than fear the rebels, who are said to be mean mind readers, and able to detect anyone even by their manner of walk, disguise, speech and face and by the very appearance of their eyes. Can I do such a rash and wicked thing as send you and your companion dangerously close to the enemy's line?"

For a moment Penrod noticed that the general's face was sorrowfully like his own, and neither his voice either. And the little girl's face looked very sober. Indeed, the general suddenly dropped down in a kneeling posture by the bedside the little girl sitting down at the foot, and as he knelt down Penrod half sitting up caught his general's hand, and held it hard against his breast.

"Your Excellency I know it all," he cried under his breath also. "It is true about the danger. I am a very young boy indeed, but in deed, and your courage as I feel a man also. You remember that you told me that yourself. And I always knew that you were teaching me to be like a general yourself--for perhaps only known to you and me. And it was a secret of mine that I had knowledge of it. I learned everything well and knowing that it was for my safety during my adventure to come, I tried never to forget anything, and I succeeded in remembering every thing. And everything I learned in school when I was there in Canada I learned well. I did not forget your Excellency."

And as he said this Penrod was so eager that he looked more like a warrior boy than he really was. But nevertheless his courage, youth, and strength were indeed splendid to see, and filled the general with respect and admiration. While Jennie, who felt thrilled as she gazed at him, as if he were her hero. General Greathart knew the boy a through and through and was a man who always could read every boyish feeling, and every thought of him.

"Yes that's true," he slowly said. "You did your part well, when the two spies had you in their power---and now if I, your general---drew back--- you would surely feel that I had--- the backbone of a jellyfish, and---that I--- that you trusted me had failed you---disgracefully failed you."

"You," Penrod breathed the word proudly. "I don't believe you could or would fail any one in the world yet. You have never failed the most weakest thing in the world."

For a few minutes there was absolute silence, in which the two gazed on each other steadily, with the deepest meaning, and then general Greathart slowly rose to his feet.

"At the end of the night will soon be here," said the general. "To-morrow you may begin your first real adventure. You may go to the rebel outposts near Jennie Avian. But my heart's most present wish is that you come back safely to us under any conditions."

When the escort column was to meet the leading ship of the fleet that crossed from a pavilion to Jennie, the first Avian rode out of the Christian lines they had with them two of the most dirty and shabby dressed children that any one has ever looked upon. One of them certainly would have been a very handsome lad if he did not have a slovenly appearance of a real shun gutter-snipe, with a careless and shuffling gait. The other appeared to be his crippled sister for fastened to the saddle in front of her was a pair of crutches. And there was no remarkably or anything picturesque about them to attract attention from any one. They sat on two splendid horses and they did not speak to each other all

just now, and did not seem to be at all interested in each other, or the journey they were to perform when they were on board the great dragoons they were soon lost among the merriment and merriment, and to fast found for the merriment, a most secluded place, which was not wanted by any one else.

"What can those two boys be going to the rebel outposts for?" a gun officer asked his companion. "Don't they know it's exceedingly dangerous?"

"Maybe they do, but it is probable they are tired of life." Was the answer.

In order to reach this section it was apparent that the small fleet would have to run a gauntlet of Gibraltar batteries on both sides of the Huron gun river near Band No. Two and therefore as soon as the fleet started, all on board the ships began to make rapid preparations to run by these batteries. The shells crashed the decks, to cause shots to glance off, while to protect the decks from rebel bullets, heavy timbers and bales of hay had been placed. Therefore when everything had been made ready for the hour looked for signal to start forward was made. The numerous vessels, two of them in a number took their stations, the ship the crippled boy and girl and others were on, being in advance.

As soon as they started all hands were called to quarters, all the ports were then closed and everything made ready. Fear and his disguised companion stood beside some of the men who stood by one of the guns motionless as if they were statues, and in the silence awaited the issue of events with feelings that only those can describe. The moment most of the men had been dreading was soon approaching and as fast as a storm could any of those on the ships survive the experiment. The ten big warships were fairly under way, the engines being stopped and the vessels allowed to drift along with the swift current of the Huron gun river. Outside the noise of distant siren whistles no other sound was heard. The two boys were becoming more and more excited, with the passing of every moment until the suspense finally seemed greater than they could bear.

That awful silence was worse to them than the noise of the most severe battle. They began to feel very much out of patience, and paced up and down the deck anxiously waiting for the first crashing thunder of a number of guns that should announce that the slowly approaching fleet had been discovered. And both of the boys turned to look out and see what progress the fleet was making, but the ports had been closed with orders very imperative that they should not be opened without the orders of the commander of the fleet, and therefore the boys were obliged to remain in ignorance of what was going on outside.

At length after all was quiet for nearly an hour after starting, though it seemed to the boys an age, there came from the distant shore a loud noise like the booming of wild thunder at the approach of a severe storm.

The noise came upon their ears with almost stunning effect. The pilot of the leading ship at once rang the bell to go ahead full speed, and as a loud puffing of the engines told the boys that the fleet was moving the rebel batteries. Soon from another direction came a second sound like the rolling of ty thunder, close slower than the other, accompanied by a horrid shrieking tumult passing overhead. Overhead when in the water behind the ship there was twelve gigantic water spouts, followed by dull reports, and the ship reeled a torrent of water, and some big blocks of floating ice landed on deck.

This was followed by a single cannon crash, and a tremendous report overhead. Then this was followed by a most crashing roar as if all the artillery of the heavens and the din of all the most terrific volcanic eruptions in the world crashed into one and had been suddenly let loose at once, and the shells exploded in the air, and about the ships with a noise that was fairly ear-splitting.

There were hundreds of big eruptions in the river, which produced great waves and it did not seem at all possible to the two boys that the fleet could succeed in running the batteries, besides the two boys did not like being shut up in this manner without seeing the fleet return broadside for broadside.

The fleet following the whole fleet, to be made a target of by rebel gunners, when so many thousands of brave hearts were waiting so patiently to give as good as they were receiving did not at all suit the boys. Until they reached the batteries the leading ship did not receive any injury, and Farad began to believe that the fleet was not in so great a danger as they had first supposed, when just as the ship in advance arrived near the bend and opposite the foremost battery when a shell came crashing through the side of the vessel. The entire deck was lighted up for an instant as if by a blinding flash of lightning, there was a black cloud of smoke, and a deafening thunderous report.

This was followed by an extra noise, as of some heavy weight falling down, mingled with groans and wild shrieks, which showed that the shell had been directed too well. The gunners were confined in total darkness, and therefore it was almost impossible for any one to be able to see those who happened to stand next to them or him, and so when such explosions occur it is well calculated, to throw them all into the most terrific confusion. It was probably that every once the battle ship was frightened, but nevertheless there came the signalled order:

"Everyone stand to your guns." And this order was also delivered in a firm voice by every executive officer on the fleet, and this immediately put an end to the confusion. Then came thundering through the loud trumpet the order:

"Open ports, and return their fire in perfect broadsides." And then

Now Farad's heart bounded with joy when he heard that order cannot be described, and all the gunners also were very anxious to be on more equal terms with the enemy, and they sprang at the words, the port shutters of the gun turrets flew open with a crash, the bigger guns were also lowered into position and the massive rebel positions burst upon the astonished view of the two boys themselves if you please to mention it.

It was no doubt certain that the rebels had profited by recent experiences for instead of seeing a region as clear as an ocean war as they had expected, there was mounting skyward huge rolling clouds of various colors as if some gigantic volcano in violent eruption, and it being still dark there was seen beyond the horizon a mass of intense glare equal to a strong noonday sun which lighted up both the wide Huron gun river and the opposite shore beyond the latter seeming to be one terrible blaze of fire as if the world itself was burning up or changing into a molten planet. Along the shore on both sides of the river there was a thick shroud of white smoke pierced by countless lightning like flashes while the cannon just rolled in great crashes like the loud booming roar of a splitting earth.

The other ships were rapidly answering the tremendous fire of the batteries, and the waters of the Huron gun river usually quiet and very smooth in calm weather were ploughed in huge splashes, water spouts or kayser geyers in every direction by great shell explosions under water.

For Farad and his companion it was indeed a most magnificent and thrilling sight, once which they gazed in rapture and excitement.

"Fire away with those guns as lively as you can!" Shouted the captain "Give the Basally Insurgents as good as they send."

For more than an hour the awful ear-splitting uproar continued, the rebel gunners sending forth their tremendous volleys of an immense shell thick and fast about every one of the devoted vessels, and the ships with all their guns directed their fire against the river batteries which lined the shores on both sides as far as eyes could reach, when all of a sudden and all the dreadful din there was a loud screaming of whistles which was followed by a command shouted down through a horn to "back the ship quick!" We are looking for a mine."

The two boys scarcely noticed the circumstances, and one of the men exclaimed suddenly:

"We are drifting down into a malar mine right under the rebel batteries."

Indeed a fact was evident. The moment was appalling. It was evident the leading ship was fast approaching a mine, whose explosion could blow the whole ship out of the water and hurl all on board into the next world, and the engine appeared to be working in a vain effort to back the ship from it.

And I thank you for the...  
divided my brother...  
and wanted to be...  
be forgiven by the...  
exchange...  
of the child...  
of the child...  
of the child...

A cry of horror burst from the lips of the men who in their panic deserted the guns and made a general rush for the after part of the vessel. Penrod and the Rattlesnake were astonished, and also appalled. He also could observe that the ship in the center of the fleet had been totally wrecked, and was fast approaching the shore. Penrod was not allowed much time to be asking any questions. The conduct of his men on his own ship recalled both boys to their senses. And after considerable difficulty, Penrod succeeded in exploding the mine by a shot at one of its electric bulbs before it got to within two hundred yards of the ships. The blast it made, caused a column of water three hundred feet high into the air, and caused such big waves that the whole fleet rocked as if in a tempest at sea.

Hearing the great explosion and seeing the mighty eruption of water the sailors and gunners came running forward one of them demanding in a hoarse voice; "Has the ship struck the mine?"

"Just at this moment the captain in command of the war ship yelled; "Back to the guns you men! have not received any orders to cease firing. Stand to your guns and let them have it. Bring grape and canister to bear on the shore. If it be possible get to work most lively now. Hammer away for all your worth."

A in the meantime the other warship had still continued to draw nearer the river bank, and therefore one of the nearest rebel batteries directed its main fire upon her, while the plantations believing she was about to go aground; came running down the banks in an immense swarm calling out;

"No use striking your flag you christian bulldozers. We'll give you no quarter for running past our batteries."

"No we are not going to." came back the answer in a clear clarinet voice coming from that ship's captain. "If you want to know, this flag will be still floating as long as this ship exists."

A volley of shells followed this answer from the ships broadside guns which burst with loud explosions in the very midst of the crowd of rebels that was pushing toward the ships in boats with the purpose to board the vessel the moment it touched the hidden bank but this time the ship fortunately had been placed in full control of her engines and commenced moving away from the bank. The rebel who were fully astonished from the shells they received retreated hastily to the cover of their breastworks, and one of the smaller batteries of the ship succeeded in pouring a volley of grape and canister upon them.

After some effort the war ship was seen at evening down the river again full headway with the purpose to get out of reach of the thundering batteries. They soon succeeded in getting past the first range the passage being accomplished without material damage or destruction to the fleet, and it indeed was with a light heart that the officers of each ship repeated the order;

"Secure your guns lads."

The first portion of the battle was over, and therefore the decks were cleared and a thousand and thousand wounded were taken care of, the dead dead being laid out in the engine rooms of each ship, and covered with the flag in defense of which they had given up their very lives. The small squadron was still under way steaming down the river at full speed until the leading ship came to and within range of the Heights of Konr Gormanns Bend. Any onshore looking at those high bluffs would not have suspected in the least that those bluffs which arose so majestically on both sides of the river were like grim sentinels, watching over all approaches of the river, and the smaller hills below them were bristling with dangerous plantations batteries ready to dispute the further advance of the Angelinian fleet.

Indeed so carefully were these batteries concealed that nothing that could draw any one's suspicion could be seen. But those in the fleet were not still deceived. The captain of every ship knew that the leafless maze of trees which covered the very bluffs and whose branches were so gently waving back and forth absolutely concealed rebel fortifications of the most formidable kind and that the blood of many on board ship must be shed again before the fleet could even pass those bluffs held by the traitorous rebels who held them.

during the hour of inactivity that followed the impatient gunners directed their eyes toward those heights which now so quiet were soon to be disturbed by the noise and confusion of battle (rattle).... At length the flagship was seen approaching and every one became alert. All at once almost without warning the two bluffs became like thundering volcanoes in eruption. The ship the two boys were on, led the advance. For two hours and three quarters the battle raged with great fury on both sides the rebels holding their positions with the greatest stubbornness in spite of the storm of shells and high explosives that thinned their ranks, and made scores of maimed eruptions, about them and their positions.

During this time the ship in the advance had become very unmanageable on account of the fierce eddies in the river, ice floes, and the current had driven it into a position scarcely two hundred yards from Battery Battery F. from which all the efforts of the on engines could not extricate her. And it was utterly impossible to either advance or retreat without running into the bank, and if the pilot attempted to round the warship, her destruction would be absolutely certain. Of those the gunners in the turrets or manning the guns below were too busy manning the guns to know anything of the danger, while the admiral although a brave man was very much disturbed, when he found his ship in this perilous position. And he had no hopes whatever of bringing his dreadnought safely past those thundering rebel batteries, but nevertheless he stood in the pilot house issuing his orders with as much coolness, as if nothing serious was occurring, and yet his ship was under the hottest fire, the enemy could rain upon his vessel.

During this time both boys were behind the gun crew of one of the ships batteries watching the men sending the shells as rapidly as possible toward one of the plantations batteries and among its men whom the boys could see moving about. Up to this time the commander of the gun crew, had not lost a single man killed or injured if you please to mention, but just as the boys saw his crew in the act of loading the gun, there was a most frightful stunning crash, a vivid flash like lightning shone upon for an instant in their eyes, accompanied by an ear-splitting explosion. The two boys saw the air filled with a dense cloud of smoke, and a shower of splinters, heard appalling cries of terror and anguish, and then all was blank.

A grape shot shell had entered the casement above the port, killing and wounding the entire crew of three guns, and mangling their officers, and a heavy piece of three by six timber which had been detached from the bulkhead by the explosion struck the captain on the head, and laying him out lifeless on the floor of the turret. The boys themselves had been knocked senseless by the detonation, but otherwise were not injured in the least. When they were restored to consciousness, they found themselves lying on the hammocks in their own room, and anxious faces bending over them. Finally the remembrance of the scene through which they had passed, came back to them like a dream.

They began to wonder how the battle ended, and who had come out the victor. As they were wondering a sailor who had been appointed to take care of the boys, entered their quarters on tiptoe. From him the boys learned that the flagship had been under the heaviest fire for seven hours and forty nine minutes, that the fleet had not succeeded in passing the batteries, that the fleet excepting three vessels had come out unscathed, that the flagship had been struck a hundred and forty five times, by heavy shot, and by one shell, but although quite badly cut up was not permanently injured, but it was aground near the bank.

The other ships were close by sending in shells into the batteries, to prevent the rebels from concentrating all their fire upon that one ship. The terrible fight had convinced the admiral that in broad daylight the batteries had been manned well that they could not be reduced without the co-operation of immense land forces. Therefore the other ships having a plan past the batteries, found it necessary to tug the ship off the bar at all costs. Therefore the ships drew near again and under cover of a fierce fire approached the stranded vessel as close as possible.

Alone was thrown out, and fastened around the bulkhead, and then the tug and pul started.....

In this attempt the rescuing ship was struck four times, but no one was injured though all four masts were down like a deluge and the cabin was damaged and one of the turrets blew up into the air. But no effort could dislodge the straggled ship. Feeling better now the two boys, hastily started up, found the engineers at their stations, and knew by the man speed of the engines, and by the excited trampling of feet on the immense deck above them, and the wilder uproar of guns, and the salvoe thunder thunders of exploding shells, that the ship must be stranded.

The boys had such a strong desire to go on deck that they quite forgot how dangerous it was, prying up they put on their clothes, and then peering up the stairs that led to the main deck, and ran forward passing the door of the ships dispensatory, where they were suddenly confronted by an officer, who held up his hands in dismay and said:

"Boys, boys, for God's sake don't you know what you are doing! Are you crazy in your heads? And where in the world do you think you are going?"

"Going to see if we passed the batteries sir."

"Get below you boys instantly," was the captain's answer as that one came up all of a sudden. "Get below and don't you two let me catch you on this deck again until you are given permission. Get below I tell you boys." He continued in a much louder tone seeing that they had hesitated. "Have you not got sense enough to know that we are under fire, and that you are placing yourselves in the greatest danger. I am the captain of this ship, and have the authority to enforce all my commands."

Of this the two boys were well aware, and they were obliged to retrace their steps to their own quarters, where they lay down upon their beds. Then the captain himself entered the room and after regarding the two boys for a moment with an expression that they could not understand said:

"You are two nice little reckless boys, aren't you. Are you

tired of life?"

"Why Captain, what's the matter now?" Penrod asked.

"You don't wish to live any longer I guess."

"Oh yes we do, but we did not know that we were still under fire, as there was no more noise outside. But there was nothing to hinder us from doing our duty."

"You two boys will have to allow me to be the judge of that if you wish to continue your journey with us." Returned the captain. "But I must tell you that if you do not believe in suicide, you'll do as I say. You know very well those Glanuelinian wild cats have no regard for the prettiest children. So why do you not take care?"

"Certainly," said Penrod. "I'm willing to do the right thing, but I received command from Emperor Ivian and have his written words here with me that I'm not to be une under any one else's authority."

## CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR.

## A GAME WITH GLANUELINIAN SHIPERS.

and I thank you  
vian my brother takes  
and what he says is  
be forgotten never  
acknowledged that  
of the child slavery

THAT DOES NOT MATTER to me at all." said the Baptist sternly. "I'll say that you  
 will not be on dock as long as we're around. The enemy will put a big hole into  
 your ~~his~~ heads, just be good wise boys, and take my advice now, or you'll be  
 injured and on the sick list for a long, long, long, time, and then you won't be  
 able to accomplish your mission either."

"Well please don't keep us off the deck longer than is necessary," answered the Rattlesnake boy knowing surely he and his companion would be compelled to submit to the commands of the captain whether they wanted to do so or not. "We are not used to a life of inactivity and we detest it. We want to be always doing something."

The two boys were given two single beds in the wardroom for their own quarter deck room for their own cabin had been almost demolished during the two recent fights with the batteries, and during the hours that followed they felt miserable enough.

At half past seven the next evening while Penrod was still asleep he and his companion were awakened by a loud noise as if something was being splintered. At once both boys jumped from their cots and went investigating the cause. They discovered that his looking glass was in countless fragments, and the shattered glass all scattered all over the floor. He wondered exceedingly what had happened to the looking glass, and what had caused the accident. He happened to find out that something had splintered the hulkhead behind where the looking glass had been. It looked as if some rifle ball had done it, and, beginning to think that some one was doing target practice and was a poor shot, Penrod was about to go back to his bunk when there came a loud whistling scream with which Penrod was very familiar. Penrod had just yelled in Angolani;

"Hey you mutt look where you are shooting at," then there was a rustling in the bunk above him, and one of the men roaning with him, sprang suddenly down upon the floor exclaiming in a most excited tone,;

"My goodness gracious boy, that's no man at target practice. It's the wicked Glandelinian snipers shooting at us." "....."

"I really believe they are," answered Fenrod in a cool tone as he again rose from his berth slowly, and commenced dressing himself. "Just look at my looking glass, and what is all that awful noise in the distance? It sounds like an approaching typhoon coming this way---say where in the world are you going?" He finally asked, finding that the sailor was hastily gathering up his clothing.

"I'm going below as quickly as possible las lad," as the answer. "on't you know those rebels use bullets that penetrate sheet iron, and this room i is only protected by thin wooden walls instead of iron ones."

"Yes I know it, but why are you in such a hurry? The other world is better than this one!"

But the sailor did not stop an instant to reply, but collecting his clothing, immediately opened the door and sprang out on deck. One bound would have carried him to the gang-gang way that led to the main deck, but your man was in a moment more he had been prostrated on the deck with a musket ball in his head. His clothing flying in every direction by a gust of wind. Penrod was shocked at this sight, and turned his face away, when suddenly another shot struck and tore its way through the bulkhead, and lodged in his own mattress, so showing how narrow had been his escape.

[illegible]



About fifty of the most remarkable glandelinian marksmen had taken up a position in a hidden works on the river bank, where they could see into all portions of the cabin, and by their incessant fusillade of shots had compelled the admiral to leave his writing desk where he had been at work, and take refuge behind the bulk head. However when the two boys entered his cabin, they found him apparently taking matters very coolly, for he was stretched out on a hammock covered over with heavy wadded blankets, engaged in reading a News paper called "THE DOROTHY GALE TIMES".

"Boys, boys," said the admiral with a laugh, "so many have already entered here to see me that they have caused me much trouble already. If any more enter this cabin I'll be a ruined man. Now, one of the shots fired by the wicked glandelinian snipers go slap bang into my pantry, and I don't believe a whole piece of crockery has been left. What did you boys wish?"

"We came in sir, to ask your permission to take some small long range repeating rifles," answered Penrod. "I and my companion believes that we can drive those fellows away from the shore." He added glancing through one of the ports.

"Very well, boys try your luck at it, but as for me I'll not bother my head about them glandelinian rascals. They are not able to shoot through this bulk head to my own reckoning. However I am very uncomfortable in realising that I cannot leave the cabin without running the risk of going to what I may say Heaven."

And the admiral again stretched himself in the hammock and resumed his reading as if nothing unusual was happening. It took considerable and lively dodging and crawling on hands and knees during which thirty or more bullets were either lodged in the admiral's pantry or the bulkhead to the great disgust of that officer, for Penrod and the Rattlesnake boy to succeed in securing two repeating rifles, and a cartridge box from one of the racks in the cabin, and concealing themselves behind the bulkhead thrust the guns carefully out of the nearest portholes, and wait patiently for some shots.

The ship being stranded near the middle of the stream was but scarcely two hundred feet distant, but no rebel was just now showing himself, and the two boys began to believe that the glandelinians had either retired into a more secure position, or had discontinued the fight, when far to his right he observed a large glen about five hundred feet wide that fairly ran down clear to the waters edge, and near the bank on the edge of the gully near the glen, he saw against the whiteness of the snow the head of some man covered by a coronet shaped hat, and looking more closely observed a pair of eyes that were looking straight into the porthole. It was indeed a very small target to shoot at but Penrod and the Rattlesnake had killed rebel scouting spies at a greater distance away a time, so both boys decided to shoot at the same time, raising their rifles carefully, took quick aim and fired simultaneously, being almost overconfident that their shots would speed directly to the mark. The ball however only landed near the bank raising a cloud of snow and dirt that for a moment concealed the effect of the two shots, but as it had scarcely cleared away, when from the gully near the glen, a small puff of smoke arose, and another ball whizzed past the Rattlesnake and landed among the crockery showing the rebel was still in his same old position. Penrod looked on as cautiously as possible that observed that the rebel was hastily reloading his gun, but before either of the boys could give him another shot or two, the deadly rifle of the glandelinian marksman was thrust over the bank in readiness for another shot.

"Oh ye little English Jackass, I'm still here in the Gully yet once heem," shout shouted the glandelinian soldier in as much English as he could assume thinking the lad only understood that and nothing else, for he only saw Penrod regarding him as if he could not believe his eyes sight. "I'm still here once again yet. And youse want to keem heem closely hidden, you and your companion there in heem in the cabin, or you'll go to the new world, where heem the angels did it their singing songs mighty queer once yet, is he not so. There here rifles smart to it the shooter."

As the sniper finished speaking both the boys fired again at him, but still without success, for the rebel always answered the shots, and dodged back into the glen to reload his rifle. For an hour and a half this singular contest

was maintained by the two boys and the hidden Angollian rebel, and both the boys were now wholly and terribly exhausted, and not a little provoked at their apparent poor marksmanship. They were just about to fire two more shots, when the rebel suddenly announced again in English:

"Heem must be about time to end our grab my two leedle christian keed puppies is he not so? So let heem try it the target practice again sometime this afternoon is he not so? I'm hungry as a bear. Heem is one grand shoot, between me and little boy is he not so?"

The impudence of the glandelinian sharpshooter was indeed a good cause of merriment on the part of the admiral who laughed heartily at his remark, and forgot the loss he had suffered in all his crockery.

"Admiral!" said Penrod as soon as he was sure that the glandelinian sharpshooter was gone. "I believe it would be a good time now to have those portholes closed."

"Don't dare go near them you boys," answered the Admiral. "I won't trust the Angollian traitors. Have word send to the officers that they and all the men are at liberty to return the fire with rifles, but the y must not waste too much of their precious ammunition."

The two boys immediately went into the officers quarters, and after delivering the admiral's order placed their guns over their shoulders, and marched out. While they were eating a hearty dinner, on scullied prok, and hard tack, the boys related the incident of their fight, with the glandelinian sharpshooter. They all listened with the greatest interest. The two boys had some difficult time finishing their (excellent) meal but it being done Penrod took the chance of going on deck to get a little letter he had received from Joice Givian intending as soon as the rebels re-commenced firing, to remove his own side of the battle.

For since the rebel sniper had left the gully near the glen, not a single shot had been fired, and when Penrod walked across the deck and entered his own room, not a single glandelinian soldier was in sight, and all was still.

He removed the letter from his suit case, and was deciding to go below to read it, when a bullet crashed through the bulkhead, and striking a large washbowl on the stand, shattered it into countless fragments. This gave Penrod the idea that it was the signal for the renewal of the ambush fight, for in a moment more the bullets whistled over the ship in a perfect shower concert. Penrod at once sprang to his feet and with impatience waited for an opportunity opportunity to make his way below, but received no such good luck.

As he cautiously opened the door to his own room he heard a number of sharp reports that he could easily make out from the rest, accompanied by a familiar whistle, and several bullets which seemed to come from the stern of the vessel itself, sped past him, striking the pilot house, and glancing upward with a wild shriek. At the same instant many more from the battery whistled close to him too close to him for any comfort. It was evident that some of the Angollian rebels had seen him enter his room, and knowing his own chance to escape was across the deck had made up their minds in the most determined manner to keep him a close prisoner regardless of the fact, that he was only a young lad.

Yet the boy wondered why they did not fire through the bulkhead. It was indeed probable that the glandelinians believed it was iron clad like the rest of the ship and that they would rather he would come out than to waste their lead for nothing. But Penrod was too wise for them. He knew also that the walls of his room were only of thin boards and plastering, and these gave him no protection whatever from the bullets of his hidden enemies, and this did not give him very comfortable thoughts. If he went out he would certainly go to his death, for although he might escape the bullets of the rebels in the distant batteries there was his rival of the morning in the gully by the edge of the glen, who was able to handle his rifle with the most remarkable skill.

And it was needless more dangerous to remain, for a storm of bullets might at any moment enter his room and that one or two of them might put an end to his life.

And I thank you for  
vivid my brother takes  
and what may be the  
to forgive me for the  
and even the rebellion  
of the child slavery no matter what will happen and how to get out

"Well I am certainly in a nice situation," he colloquized. "I've often read in books of hunters' treed animals, such as Racoons, or bears,, or of hunters and fugitives being treed by wolves and other wild beasts, but I never heard or read of a commissioned boy scout being treed by rebels in his own little room, and on board a real stranded warship, just because he wanted to read a little princess's letter. And I wonder what that strange noise is I have heard so long now. The officer's I've questioned declared that some fierce battle is raging along the sunbeam creek near Jennie Vivian. If so how in the world am I going to perform my mission. And just now I really don't like the chances of going out on deck, and having all these bullets whizzing about my head, and telling me to let them send me to heaven, and the like, besides I certainly will be shot, for there's that english speaking rebel in the glen gully, and I've found out that his being an excellent marksman is more than I thought. It's evident alright that I will have to stay here for a while. And if I ever get out, I'll make some of those glendelinians sweat for shooting a hole through my letter. My gun would do me no good here, therefore I must find some kind of a good protection better than this matchbox."

So saying he pulled his heavy mattress from his bed, and also the Rattlesnakes and lying on the floor managed with the most greatest difficulty to place one on each side of him, as a sort of barricade. He remained in this position until two o'clock two o'clock the bullets shrieking over the deck all the while, and making music entire ly too unpleasant to his ears. All the while he lay there he heard the strange distant sound. At some point the firing of the snipers began to slacken, and this made Penrod determined to make another effort to get below below if possible.

Besides he knew it was not a long distance to the gangway that led to the main deck, but nevertheless there was that impudent fellow in the gully near the glen who still was maintaining the fight, as an occasional crash in his own pentry proved, and Penrod could not help having a wholesome fear of him. He resolved however to make the attempt at any cost, and therefore waiting until the rebel had fired his rifle, he suddenly threw open the door, and after making a few hasty steps got below.

As he ran he heard a loud shouted blasphemy and knew that the rebel had seen him. After he was gone the firing was renewed with redoubled vigor by

the glendelinian sharpshooters in the batteries and elsewhere, and it was at once answered by every officer, sailor and marine of the ship, who cracked away whether a rebel was in sight or not. All this while Penrod had not been able to remove the two thought of that dangerous sharpshooter out of his mind. And the audacity he had dared to display in taking up a position so close to the stranded ship, and the skill in which he handled his weapon, excited the boy's admiration, and he was determined that should the same sharpshooter again take up the same position, he would renew his attempt to put him out of business. He however decided to take no part in the fight until he had the opportunity to do so. He then provided himself with a better rifle, and after considerable trouble, succeeded in getting behind the same bulkhead he had been before, and here he settled down, determined to fight his enemy as long as he had any charge of powder left, or as long as it remained daylight. He saw that anew rebel was in the old position however, concealed as usual but a still better marksman, and as the ports of the admirals cabin had been closed he was directing his fire to the pilot house. He of course was not aware that a young boy scout had placed his own base of operations, but he did not remain ignorant of the fact very long, for Penrod commenced firing his piece without ceremony.

As nearly everyone on board was engaged in answering the fire of the rebels the new one in the gully could not make out which whence the shots came. For a full minute he drew back and then thrust out his head carefully with the purpose to reconnoiter.

Penrod who was able to fire thirteen shots without stopping to reload was ready for him, and another bullet instantly sped to the mark, but as usual with no more effect than throwing up a cloud of snow and dust.

## CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE.....

PENROD AND HIS COMPANIONS FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE REBEL  
LINES, NEAR JENNIE VIVIAN TOWN.

And I thank you for  
vividly remembered  
and what a day of  
to forget the day  
of the child, slave  
of the child, slave

mission to go on or all the entire shore in this region a large number of lights, as numerous as those seen along the broad Avenue des Champs Elysees in Paris were visible, glimmering in thousands of various bright colors. The lights were on the enemy side of the shore, and were either moving back and forth in every direction, believable. The sharp eyes of the battleships boy took it all in, he mainly noticed the red and blue light among the distant trees, the many many yellow lights on the shore. He believed he could hear the strange sounds of the bandolin officers, military music, and other strange sounds and voices.

"It seems to be brighter and clearer than any other portion of vivian wickes," he said to Penrod. "Or From so many colored lights flashing to and fro it seems that the only in to something. The lights look as if they were mysterious signals."....

The fleet was within sight of a section of the Puget Sound fortifications known as the De La Concordia, while beyond it there appeared an apparently perfect world of illumination and majestic beauty, in various colored flashing lights and fireworks display, and all this fascinated the Rattlesnake boy, and held him spell bound. He stood perfect ly still and kept staring at it, first from one point of view to another.

It was indeed a more wonderful sight and a bigger scenery than he could have ever picture, and Penrod described it to him, and told him there was some kind of celebration or amusement going on. Or it may be some kind of mysterious signalling, when for a while they remained standing watching the scene without speaking.

"I can see and imagine everything that may be happening," said the Rattlesnake boy at last as he pulled Penrod away.

The next day they left the ship after bidding all good bye, and started in full disguise toward their destination near Jennie Vivian. For all boy scouts who join the Angelinan armies, their lives of adventure is most fascinating, and also the most dangerous ever known.

serious responsibility of it also. Any one who ever goes on scouting tours, knew that mostly in all cases the safety and well being of the entire army depended upon all reports. And all scouts who go roaming about the fire lines, and their camp must not allow themselves to be deceived in regard to the size and strength of a foe army, or their position. If it would happen that an Angelinos soldier just happened by the reports the scouts would think himself able to surprise and defeat the foe, and upon finding that he had blundered from being misled, the scouts are held responsible.

And any scout who is so inexperienced as to misrepresent cases, and were the cause of the rebels making their escape, when they might easily have been beaten knowing that their commander would order an attack, no matter how small t he chances for success might be, knows the penalty. Penrod and the Hattiesburg boy knew this and so were very careful in approaching the southwestern portion of the rebel lines. It was just after the approach of darkness, when the two boys set out in their customary disguises to watch for the German soldier they were sent to

spoke. Violet and her husband  
wondered and waited impatiently.

'Good to hear it.' Said the vi- visitors. 'You are  
then we thought. Who is the main speaker?'

Well said Benson drawing a large main  
I thank you for your past advice and for

and I thank you for your  
various my brother taken  
filled and for the

and what he says or does...  
be forgiven by me as the government union... and even

changed to a more open and less formal atmosphere and

70 you it was certain that the "Glendelinian sharpshooter" was where the shots came from, and a moment afterwards a ball was again buried in the thick timbers of the hullwalk scarcely one inch from the place where Penrod was cautiously looking out, watching the motions of his rival, and Penrod observed that the rebel was obliged to turn over to reload after he had fired his gun, and therefore the boy was determined if he could not dialogue him, he would at least try to make it beyond his power to do any further damage, so just at the moment the Glendelinian sharpshooters exposed his right arm, as he was in the act of placing the last cartridge, and running down the charge, as he fired at him again.

The glandelinian sharpshooter was ignorant of the fact that his boy opponent had such a dangerous kind of a repeating rifle, and therefore redoubled his efforts, and made all haste to reload his gun, but once again a bullet struck in the snow close beside him, and covered him with a shower of snow. The glandelinian sharpshooter was completely puzzled by this, for Penrod saw him raise his head and gaze most intently toward the bulkhead, where his mysterious enemy was concealed. That was indeed a fatal move for himself, exposed fully five inches of his head, Penrod immediately fired, the bullet sped to the mark, the rebel rolled down the bank into the icy water, and the deadly rifle flew from his hands. The glandelinian sharpshooter was dead, and his death completely ceased, and after

At the approach of darkness the firing completely ceased, and after supper was eaten, the only cooked meal they had had since the days fight, the officers and men assembled on deck to enjoy the crisp winter air, for at times below the heat from the engine rooms was almost intolerable. It was a little later that the stevedore ship was pulled from the sand bar, and floated six-fifty beyond the reach of the rebels.

[illegible]

The two boys had proceeded for about a mile in this manner, not even speaking to each other when suddenly found around a bend in the Jenson Turner road which lead to Delight's plantation they suddenly came without warning upon a strong sheltered Glandelinian pocket station. Over a fierce hundred fierce Omani gouldier soldiers were either lying around a large camp fire in spite of the storm eating an evening meal or standing around in groups talking or smoking cigarettes.

His reasons why the Wu boys had not discovered the rebels sooner, was for two reasons. Because of the heavy pall of falling snow, and on account of a small mound, with covered thickly with trees and bushes that obscured them and their station, and which also concealed the glare of the camp fire, so that any one coming down the road, would not know of it being there. They wondered exceedingly how they had not without their knowledge actually succeeded in passing the glacial line sentries, which they knew must have been been or even were posted some distance from the station.

It indeed was a deep snowdrift to the two boys, they however believed they had been traveling down the road, and quietly that those of the Oamaru Scouder pickets, had not heard their approach in the deep snow or else the rebel sentries were asleep. Then, however, the two boys had made their way into the enemy's lines and they realized it, and were in something of a trap. If the two boys made an attempt to retreat, they would risk certain death, for a volley from all of those po picket men would riddle them. Yet if they escaped the men at the campfire, they would be obliged to pass the sentries, and they might fall here for the clatter of feet from the persons running through the deep snow would alarm them.

Therefore the two boys found it was safer to walk up to the fire and to put a bold face on the whole matter which they did. The rebel boy and crippled girl had successfully passed the sentries, and seeing the pances they had, believed they were one of their own boy scouts, with his crippled sister. One of them who appeared to be a picket officer inquired;

"Well sorry seeing you made the trip in all this cold weather and storm, how are the little christian doggies getting along."

"They are said to be very close just now," replied Penrod, "for my part I've heard there has been some fierce fighting round here some time yesterday, and you'll be much wiser to haul in these pickets before long or I'm mistaken."

"Now is sentry No. One out there down the direction from which you came with your sister!" asked the captain, who was in command of the entire picket force."

"Oh he's all right" answered the Rattlesnake boy imitating the voice of a girl very loud. Then he carefully seated himself at the camp fire, and being invited to eat pitched in. He had also invited followed the Rattlesnake example, and both of the boys enjoyed a very good meal, while most of the Glendolians were smoking their cigarettes, it being a very rare case to see a Glendolian soldier or officer smoking a pipe of cigar or pipe or cigar. As they smoked and stirred the fire to make it hotter they talked of the probability of soon thrashing the "The Christian down" soundly, and recapturing the town of Jomoia Vivian, and wishing they were in general Pickett Purgatory army instead of Manley's, and that they might have the honor of carrying the Glendolian flag into gloriously quiet, Angelina Agatha, and all the other important cities of Abbia- run Abbia- run. This was a very valuable information in regard to Manley's generals and their intended movements upon the Christian lines along

the banks of the gunboat creek, and finally making it as a conclusion, that their general was looking for them, the boys rode the pickets good boy, and Penrod picking up the spectacles for the Rattle-snake boy, both boys walked slowly down toward the rebel camp. As soon as the boys believed they had gone far enough to deceive the pickets, they turned off the road, and started through the woods, intending to make a very wide circuit with the purpose to pass the pickets unseen and start for their own destination. They almost lost their way in the woods on account of the density of the falling snow flake flakes, and therefore they stumbled about the woods for nearly two hours before they got out, and finally came upon a wide road that appeared to run at left angles with the one they had just left.

They followed this road for about a mile when Penrod pointed out a strange light that appeared to be shining from an open doorway of a house a few hundred feet ahead of them and which they could not see on account of the snow but just the light a burning from the open doorway. They at once decided to reconnoitre before going any further and therefore walked slowly forward for that purpose, walking in the deep soft snow at the left side of the road, so that their approach would be noiseless.

They had gone but a very short distance, when there suddenly came the sharp challenge, from a sentry who shouted: "Halt, who approaches there?"

"Boyscouts," shouted the Rattle-snake boy and then landing his crutches to Penrod he said: "Wait a few moments. I'll manage that rebel guard."

Penrod could say a word, he had slipped away into the intense darkness. Several minutes passed, when Penrod again heard his voice and going forward cautiously and wondering how he a boy had managed the guard, was surprised to see him with a rifle in his hand pacing back and forth along the broad road. Penrod instantly realized what had occurred, and went cautiously into the bushes, at the side of the road near the Rattle-snake.

"I could not help doing what I did Penrod," he whispered. "I went to capture the guard with the purpose to compel him to give us some information, but seeing I was a boy he threatened and fought so so desperately that I had to kill him to save myself." "How as it too dark here for the foe to see your natural size, you can pretend to be the sentry here, until some one passes up, and then we can find out what their counter sign is. When I'll go up to that house and see if there is possible."

Penrod then stood behind a tree growing behind some bushes by the side of the road, and in a few minutes the Rattle-snake boy said to Penrod:

"I wonder what the number of this post is? I don't believe it is right our hash is so bad for sure."

"It's sure I don't know," answered Penrod.

"Well how in the world will I be able to find it out?" He demanded fiercely.

"If some one should come happen to come along, and tried to come me without giving the counter sign, and it should be necessary for me to call the corporal of my bat and could not do it, I certainly would be in a nice fix."

And the Rattle-snake boy said those words in so perfectly a cool answer that Penrod could not help admiring him. Just then both of the boys heard a faint shout.

"Ten o'clock," said Number One, "it's well."

"Where they start now," whispered Penrod. "The line of sentries are passing the call. Now look sharp for your's."

Penrod called passed along the line of the sentries until Number Twenty was called but a short distance from the two boys. Then there was a pause.

"You are Number Twenty-one," Penrod said, "whispered to the Rattle-snake."

"Number Twenty-one," said all a well," shouted the Rattle-snake boy at the top of his lungs, and then he broke the side of a man, "so far so good." He continued in a very low voice "Now I guess we are all right. Halt there." He shouted loudly, the sound of approaching horses rapidly advancing through the barbed wire on the road. The whole column at once drew rein and one of them at the Rattle-snake boys challenge answered:

"Major General Stanton returning, with a large scouting party."

"Dismount on left side of your horse Major General Stanton, and give the counter sign."

"Just allow me the permission to pass Mr. Sentry will you," said he in a major general. "I'm in a great hurry, being on important business, and do not want to be detained by the storm in your growing too fierce."

"If any halt," shouted the Rattle-snake boy again. "Dismount on the left side of your horse."

"But I tell you I am Major General Stanton returning from a scouting tour and the Blizzard!"

"I don't care what you were returning from, or who you are, or what's it doing. Just climb down off that horse instantly, or I'll shoot you on the spot. I would not let you go by me without giving me the counter sign, if you were the ruler of Glendelina himself, or if it was blowing a cyclone."

The major general saw that it was in vain to argue, and therefore reluctantly dismounted as he was ordered, and gave the counter sign:

"Norman Catherine."

"The counter sign is correct, you may pass Major General Stanton," said the Rattle-snake boy as he brought his rifle to his shoulder with a prompt motion. After the rebel had dismounted and disappeared with his column, Penrod sat in a whisper to the Rattle-snake:

"Now be careful and look about you sharply. I'm going up to that house to see who is in it. Keep a sharp look out."

Penrod then shook the Rattle-snake boy by the hand warmly and then started toward one of the lighted windows of the house. He walked up to a large group of glendelina soldiers with a careless exit. Most of the soldiers despite the storm were standing near the open doorway talking and smoking cigarettes. They even paid no attention to Penrod as he glanced in at the window, excepting remarking to one another that the boy never had a bath, or was afraid of soap and water, or something dirty as long as he lived.

Penrod saw twenty Union officers seated at a round table being engaged in some very important conversation. Penrod listened for a few minutes at their debate and found that he was within three miles inside of the enemy's lines under general John Hanley. If Penrod had been alone at this time, this discovery would have made him very uneasy, for he was fully acquainted with the nature of Hanley's soldiers, but knowing that he had a friend on whom he could rely, looked upon the fact as merely a very small difficulty.

He therefore remained near the house picking up a good deal of information, until he heard the relief guard called. Penrod knew therefore that he and his companion must make a hasty retreat, or they would be discovered, and therefore hurried back to the place where he had left the Rattle-snake boy, and found him pacing his beat in an industrious manner. They had just left the place, and were strutting down the road, when they heard the clatter of hoofs from a single horse coming up the road and heading toward the house (mouse) and the boys at once concealed themselves.

The answer to the challenge was from a child's voice, between a boy and a girl. He boys did not say pass. "Pass" thinking it may be a glendelina boy scout and therefore the Rattle-snake boy sprang out from his place of concealment and seized the horse's rein, while Penrod who instantly comprehended the situation placed his bayonet dangerously close to the riders' heads.

"What does this mean you boys?" demanded the lad on the horse.

"It's no time to talk much now," replied the Rattle-snake boy. "Even if you was a dumb beast you could realize you are our prisoner. Go hand over your weapons, and don't make any fuss or start a commotion."

As he spoke he proceeded to search the boy and put the two small revolvers in his belt, and the cartridge belt in his overcoat pocket, then ordering the prisoner

spoke. Violet and her sister

wondered and waited impatiently

"Good to hear it," said the visitor

than we thought. Now is the time

"I'll give Hanley a good lesson

and I thank you for your advice

and I thank you for your advice

and I thank you for your advice

and I thank you for your advice

and I thank you for your advice

and I thank you for your advice

and I thank you for your advice

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and I thank you for your advice

and I thank you for your advice

to change clothes with the prisoner and then let him go. The prisoner at once protested claiming to be a girl, and yet Penrod would not have believed it, if he had not seen her hair come down in long

"Why it's Angelina Aronburg," He exclaimed in alarm. "Is this the way we reward her for saving me from the Rattlennakes den. I thought we were arrested a gludge glandelinan spy or boy scout."

The boys then asked her to please accompany them on their first mission, and after telling her what it was they were to do, she readily agreed to their wish. As soon as they were sure they were not being pursued, they headed for the town of Jaramila.

Here they bought some good food at a very cheap price. After they ate their fill they went to a rooming house and here they obtained a room and bed for each night. They could share for the rest of the night.

Before they thought of looking for breakfast they left the rooming house after paying the room rent and made their way through the deep snow (the storm still continuing) toward a large house which they knew stood on center street.

lighted, even though it was so early in the morning that the two boys with  
go that they would not attract suspicion or attention, and went around it  
Angelina Aronburg strode past it if you please for the second time, and then

"Perrod you remember the man we are looking for? He is six foot seven inches tall, has dark brown hair, a somewhat pugnose, his eyes brows are the same color and he has a dark tan face, and holds up his

head in a proud manner."

Before this despite the cold and storm the three had passed the house three times  
once at the hour when officers of high rank came in, or went out, once when

"The one you two boys are looking for is now coming toward us," he said Angelina Arntburg.

or the tenth of December 1944. Penrod slipped from one of his inside pockets of his heavy overcoat a perfectly made photograph of the great Gemini Agent. He first let Angelina Aronburg take a glance at it, and then he and the

The officer who was on his horse near the haughty general had dismounted and stood at attention, at the head of the horse. Penrod and his boy companion stood next to the general with curious haste and the rest at the photograph.

Then he rode out taking his place in front of them but on the right. He was quite near where the three child scouts stood being within their full view, and he rode out through the gate, but paused a single moment as he looked very sharply

"It was General John Jackson Hanley. Did you see how he looked at me? I wonder if he recognized me?"

"Are you sure?" she demanded.

The three started homeward, and when they locked themselves in their room, they began to converse among themselves of how they were going to approach the Gemini

may have recognized their girl companion. There was a back entrance but it was allowed for cooks only, and non-commissioned officers, and was strictly guarded. And yet they had not been able to approach the man they wished to see because too

he was always accompanied by a great number of officers or a large bodyguard.

wondered and waited impatiently if they would get the  
"Good to hear it," said the visitors. You are

and I thank you for your good advice. I will not take any decisions from my brother.

to forgive me or the government and I have  
exchanged National myself on very small and even the refusal  
of the child slaving matter - I will however and her total

15



Those four six disasters occurring within the space of sixteen years are the greatest ever written in this long manuscript. The disasters caused by the landelinian hordes in Calverinia and of the gloo glorinia calamity are the most horrible of all the combined together and the fiercest. It effected the entire province of Calverinia as we will see in volume three. Jeopardizing and crippling her so badly that the Angelinian and Abbiennian governments had been forced to use all extreme measures to crush the frightful landelinian hordes and drive them back to where they came from. The real loss in killed and injured on account of these ravages and carnage of children exceed all the children killed in the typhoons listed. In the entire path of this storm of war devastations and horror it was estimated that thirty six thousand cities and towns were almost totally wrecked hundred of which were totally wiped out by fire with the annihilation of the inhabitants at the hands of these gray coated savages. Angelina crushed to atoms by heavy seas during a storm had its ruins invaded by the sea. The landelinians and three quarters of the surviving inhabitants mostly the children were killed or flung into the still raging seas. In Calverinia it was reported that within the three years of the war five hundred cities many magnificent ones at that were wiped out by fire and after being wrecked. Three quarters of the city of Lorinia was wiped out about ten million men and women and children reported killed. Glorinia was the center of all the wars horrors. The fury of the battle of Lorinia will be told, the velocity of the air waves and earthquake waves caused

by the concussion have known but it was estimated that its velocity was about a mile and a fraction a second or five thousand two hundred eighty million hour. As the battle had animated progress the greatest strength and fury was in the center. The battle storm area in reality extended one hundred miles in length, the full duration of the main action being eighteen hours and fourteen minutes. At one section of the line a Aronburg sun horror occurred where at the Mc-Hollister woods fourteen big divisions each ten million strong were torn to fragments by the landelinian fire storm. All the cities and towns in the immediate vicinity of this frightful battle were practically or entirely wiped out. The total of towns and cities wiped out exceed five thousand. Five nations were affected heavily enough to damage cities or towns. This is stated in full detail in the glorinia series. See battle of Henrietta, Aronburgs and of Lorinia.

"On account of the cruelty to children during the child slave trades the landelinia government had to pay the heaviest fine of any nation before and if they would not within those two weeks the countries of northern Calverinia would belong to Abbiennia. It was the purpose of the landelinian government at first to request the loan of money from her friendly allies as she could not pay it in Abbiennian money at all but Abbiennia herself warned that such money would not be accepted and that if these nations loaned landelinia money or help of any kind they would be charged with harboring the child slave trade and would themselves risk war with the three Abbiennian countries. Blomlinia and Condennencia were Angelinian allies but nevertheless they protested to what they called landelinian savagery stating that Angelina was a fool to make landelinia pay a fine when it was her duty to go in and crush her wicked for without even fair motives, but Angelina replied that though landelinia had caused the devastation during the rebellion and ruthlessly massacred child children and that though landelinia was guilty of savagery it did not seem christia like to go at landelinia without sufficient reasons, that the Angelinian governments did not want bloody war if they possibly could keep out of it.

And further more it was not just to go to extreme measures unless the two civilian governments permitted it and that also the actions of Angelina and Abbiennia were not to be as barbarians, and that if landelinia knows what is good for her own safety she will mind her own business concerning the affairs of the two civilian governments. However Blomlinia and Condennencia were never enemies of Abbiennia or her christian allies, never intended to be and also favored the Abbiennian cause during the war of eighteen and forty one. If other allies of landelinia did loan landelinia money she could be no better off as she would have to pay the sum back and within a very short time at that. And so landelinia knowing this borrowed nothing but stated that her allies were ungrateful to her, were afraid of Abbiennia and Angelina, and their allies, but the governments of those landelinian friends answered back, that they feared no nation whatever that if landelinia would pay the loan back within ten years they would give her the money to her in defiance of the whole world under any conditions whatever in facing the wrath of the other nations, but in case serious trouble brewed over the giving of the loan landelinia would have to fight on their side or be destroyed with them.

Condennencia stated to the Abbiennian government this defiance of the allies of landelinia and the defiant nations notified Abbiennia that to them it matters nothing whether their money be accepted or not and that in fact landelinia deserved to be treated more civilly and that if landelinia ain't able to pay the fine it ought to be paid with an iron ball of cannon at Abbiennian doors. Blomlinia and Condennencia stated that landelinia was able to pay in Abbiennian money as far as it was seen and that it was true and their help of rebuilding the ruins ought not to be the only punishment and that landelinia was or ought to be made to pay at the quickest opportunity.

The Angelinian governments decided to consult this matter before the two governor generals Hanson and Vivian. And if this was true to the seizure of northern Calverinia would follow. So two weeks after Hanson and the others returned from their second trip on the seas violet and her sisters came to them in the garden, telling them that there were two men in the reception room who said they were the president of Blomlinia and Condennencia who wished to see him and Hanson.

"I'll be there," said Governor Vivian "And you and your sisters with Jack join us."

"I will pay," (She answered, and the two governors arose going into the house. Seeing the little girls the two presidents were filled with admiration and though generally wishing to be alone when in important conferences they had no objections of the presence of the little girls and sternly objected when Hanson requested the little girls to leave the room until the conference was over.

"I have important subjects on the landelinian suit situation," said the president of Condennencia. "Are you sure that the landelinians are going to pay the fine without our suspicious of treachery on their part and that her government is not hiding anything. We came to warn you governors on this matter as our governments requested us to see you on this matter."

Hanson and his brother were silent for some minutes with astonish and then the main governor Hanson himself said:

"I'm sure they can and we have already received two hundred thousand counterfite from landelinia. We are suspicious children by has caused more slavery of a children known, massacred children by thousands committed thousands and millions of atrocities and causing untold misery to Violet and her sisters. Landelinia has two choices. Either pay the fine within two weeks or lose the northern part of Calverinia. I'll accept no help from no landelinian allies unless unfounded proofs are known that landelinia is unable to pay. And she is because she has billions of dollars made on her child slave trades."

The president of Blomlinia looks surprised and asphat. The Condennencia was filled with consternation. For some minutes no one spoke. Violet and her sisters were throughoutly interested and they wondered and waited impatiently to hear governor Vivian's decision. "Good to hear it," said the visitors. "You are wisest officers than we thought. Who is the main governor?"

"Well," said Hanson, drawing I'm the main head of this nation. I thank you for your good advice. I'll follow the governor's advice. My brother takes decisions from me. I'll follow his advice. And what he says or what I says to the governments is the same. I'll be very obedient myself as very obedient as even the landelinians. I'll be obedient to the child slavery matter there will be no war and her sister will

she pays the fine or not. I have spoken. You have proven yourselves our friends for giving us this warning of Glandelinian treachery and if possible I will return this kindness."

"And it's not merely my opinion that she is able to pay but she can and won't." Said the Blominian president. "Up to two presidents rule two very powerful nations which with your help could crush Glandelinia to atoms if she refuses to pay the money she even owes us for the slaves she has made of our own children and does not free those still in her possession. As long as she has given you thothopia money it's a sign she will not pay you the fine but added the refusal by an insult and she as I heard has drained the Galverinian banks and ties to make the nation face a famine. That's what we protest against. It's not the money matters but the famine that is threatening Galverinia. And many of the Galverinian homes in ruins."

"I don't see where drains her banks, when she has so much money wrested from the child slaves." Said Hanson sarcastically. "They gotten money some where as fast as they lose it, and besides a little touch of famine ought to strike them instead of the poor Galverinians and it will teach them what famine among the helpless among the helpless want in Galverinia. All the firm farms in the west have been devastated and we had to drain the Alleghenia wheat mills till they almost shut down to feed the starving millions during the Galverinian horror just past."

"Then I suppose you won't relent." Said the Condensationian president. "No." Answered Hanson. "The Glandelinian government pays the five hundred million of or the northern Galverinian country will be seized and taken possession of by the Angelinians and war will be declared."

"Ain't there any terms that could be given?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'll not submit to no terms." Answered Hanson. "What I saw during the rebellion gives me pain still. I'll never allow no nation to pay the bill for Glandelinia under any conditions just now and the nations that does so will regret it."

"What do you say about this?" Asked the Condensationian president of the Blominian ruler.

"The two Angelinian governors are wiser than we thought." He answered.

"What do you say, Governor Vivian?"

"Something about my little girl here." Answered governor Vivian. "They were persecuted by the Glandelinian authorities all since they were three years old, kidnapped twice, and my government officials scoured the whole world for them before they were recovered. One of them little Angeline was left on a desolate island by Glandelinians to our parish miserably and was found half starved. They were cruelly persecuted during the child later rebellion scourged, a, almost massacred, with thousands of other children at Adrian three years ago when so many children were literally strangled, smothered, tortured and cut to death and their very entrails torn out, this also happening at Galverine, and then left to perish when the Galverinian revolution set fire to the city of Pullaway. They were unjustly accused of the Bell-Mell-Ten-Mell disaster, left to perish miserably when a storm of fire burned Adrian when the volcano there threw clouds of destruction upon the city and what else need only know. They suffered horrors and frightful tortures after that, and during the Glandelinian horrors which is too shocking for every angle to hear Violet stricken with severe illness after the Chamberlains tormented a year ago suffered the separation from her sisters who were used by their captors most harshly, while a rascally Glandelinian disguising himself as Luckwick Walden almost killed Violet herself from harsh treatment while she was sick. Other horrors which they went through I cannot dare relate. But after all that they suffered, after the reign of terror in Norma Catherine, Pullaway, Jamarin and elsewhere where the child slavery in those cities were at its height, and the very Galverinians were filled with the tortures tortured and murdered children and the most frightful manacles of children found incapable of working ever witness, why so should I relent and allow Glandelinia off so easily when she deserves severe punishment. No. Glandelinia shall pay us that five hundred million within two weeks from the start of next month or lose the whole Galverinian country entirely. Nations like that nation shall pay dearly. I'll never relent."

"We can let them be done then." Said the Blominian president looking at the little girl. "Blominia will give you all the coin she can if you get into war with Glandelinia. And we ourselves I will see to it that she will pay you as you wish."

"The two then ardes to go the Condensationian president saying to governor Vivian."

SPECIAL

SPECIAL

SEE PAGE THREE HUNDRED TWENTY EIGHT  
CONTINUED ON  
PAGE.

## CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

SCENES OF FIERCE, AND STURDOW, AND DOURD EVENTS  
AFTER THE BATTLE OF DELIGHTS JUNCTION, OR EVANGELINIA  
CRAMIA.

SHOWING THE FURIOUS DESPERATION OF THE ENEMY.....  
A DESPERATE ATTEMPT UNDER FIRE TO LOCATE THE SECRET TUNNELS  
AND BLOW THEM UP.

are your main products

"The sorrowful history of the Abbeian girlware unknown to my nation. But they shall know it as soon as I informed them they do know I assure the people I will feel as little as you I depend they will in case of your waring with Landelinia contribute as any as possible to your cause and help

you crush Landelinia."

The governor, canon and Abbeian followed the two uniformed presidents to the door, and watched them silently leave the yard and mountain their carriage. Violet and her sisters had heard every bit of the conference between the four, and had been very interested, and also realized that nothing now could turn back on their father from the purpose of punishing Landelinia to the extreme after what they heard from these two royal visitors. They went out into the flower garden where Evans who was greatly impressed with the interest shown by the president to speak of the subject turned their thoughts to another channel. That day also Evans interested Violet and her sisters on the situation that he presented in Abyssinkile and Abbeian before the great Abbeian war of eight, in four, one broke out with Landelinia...

Even in the meantime, Abbeian and Angelinian ships were being sunk by Landelinian submarines. Even during the rebellion ships had been continually sunk by these Landelinian submarines disguised as Abyssinkilian U-boats and nothing withstanding all this Abyssinkile and Abbeian protested against this slanderous work which even sided with Abbeian and Abyssinkile, despite the dangers they faced as alien enemies. Children of Abbeian relationship or descendants residing in Abyssinkilian cities and even Abbeian were ruthlessly massacred occasionally in their homes by secret Landelinian agents, mysteriously Catholic ngu chi churches were ruthlessly ravaged, children of both sides were seized and either slain or secretly sold into slavery and all this though done by men in Abyssinkilian and Angelinian clothing caused the three christian states to be very suspicious.

Finally through the villagings of Angelinian and Mormanian spies the treachery was discovered, Abbeian started to hurl her armies into Abyssinkile and Angelinia and proceedings were at once started to seize the whole calverinian provinces and to reject the Landelinian tribunals. The fine was even increased to one trillion dollars and war seemed inevitable.

Governor Abbeian and his brother held a council over this with King Cannon of Abbeian, Abyssinkile, Gondobin, Tripolygonia and Concentinia, all agreeing that if it was discovered that Landelinia was showing her treacherous character and refused to pay the full fine which was now ordered to be paid at once, Landelinia could be considered as an enemy treacherous in the extreme and relationships would be at once severed.

Abbeian and Abyssinkile were mad through as to call it and now Landelinia would be shown no mercy if the fine was not paid at once.

Violet and her sisters who were also before the king believed that wicked Landelinia was hiding something from the Abbeian government and that it would be best to watch the Landelinian aliens in Abbeian and Angelinia more closely. The little girls had already believed to be escaping suspects many of whom were believed suspected of the murder of the Landelinian christian of alien enemies suspected of the murder of the children in Abbeian but none of them were familiar to them. One suspect arrested, was a Landelinian who had tried to seek refuge in what appeared to be a cave inhabited by Plengiglonenian carpenter many of which fairly swarmed Abbeian thicker than flies swarm all over the United States.

He was seized and dragged out, Violet and her sisters being sure they saw him somewhere before but could not think who he was. After he was led away, they with Evans, and several policemen made an investigation of the huge tunnel way and cave but could not find no evidence, and only came upon three huge Plengiglonenian serpents with young who only looked curiously at them but never moved. Violet and her sisters played with the little ones for a while and stroke the heads of the big ones tenderly and when leaving Evans said with a laugh:

"I don't believe this would have been much of a refuge for the suspect if he had wet in as far as we did. These creatures especially the Crimedian and Tuskorherian hate the sight of the wicked Landelinians and would have made him hurry out faster than he went in, and surrender to his pursuers. I've heard of these and wrecking Landelinian submarines before succeeding in wrecking ships loaded with the heptages, plunging into waterspouts, spinning with the wind directing them against a Landelinian battle ship with fatal effect. I tell you Violet and you sisters they are your main protectors if you let them be."

of many great glandolinian fortifications. So in his efvo efforts to still weaken the glandelinians, general Hanson had resolved to free the child gloves by main force.

The freeing of the child slaves was hoped to be a most severe blow to the Mandolinians and a corresponding benei benefit to the christian side.

EVENTS ARE AFTER THE BATTLE OF EVANGELINIA CRANIA.  
SHOWING THE FURIOUS DESPERATION OF THE ENEMY.....

[illegible]

The people who had not entered the war at first had known nothing of its great violence or of the horrors of the child slavery, the massacre of poor little children, the despoiling of all Catholic Churches, the grant acreage and other things committed by the foe. I imagine how surprised they were to find out that always famous white men wish in olden times since Eighteen fourteen one had been able to go on land upon battle to withstand the commanding of its own battleships or friendly christian fleets should be in the hands of the wicked and enslaved by its own nation Angolina.

enemies of god, and besieged by its own nation Angolinians.

All kinds of soft fine silk, and other rich clothing to wear, spices which made their food taste better, rugs to make softer the floor, and many other comforts of life had already been lost by many countries on account of the rebellion and so many nations wished to be shed blood to join with Angolinia and help to crush the wicked rebellion. From all sections of Iyian, Jockey since the battle of Julio Gallio to Angelinians Granda great fleets of ships had sailed frequently down the river, and a ll kinds of goods secured from trains passing underground to Iyian Jockey from Galverine had to be brought into the city under fire, on the backs, of camels, horses, and mules, from the ports and trains, where ships were waiting them to convey them to all parts of the monstrous city. Picture to yourselves long lines of those poor beasts of burden guarded by soldiers as under fire from christian besieging guns they wound their way down every strait of the city. On account of this underground tunnel from Galverine the Angelinians realised they could not stop the enemy from obtaining provisions, and many who had seen the horrors of the siege almost blamed general Janson for losing the battle of Galverine. From Julio Gallio to Iyian Jockey however there were three main routes by which the continual caravan reached the main city called Wad-Wad here. All on account of heavy shelling, christian snipers and calvadoses who as ambushes were costly and full of extreme danger, for it was even the custom of raiding christian troops to plunder and capture the caravans, or force them to give up their goods, before they would let them go on. The Angelinians were bound to do anything to bring the siege to a quick termination. The most northern rout led through the g-a black sand by way of which was known as the Julio Gallio and Jorman Catharine Route. At a little later a force of christian troops and gunboats had managed to cut off this rout. This was a hard blow to the Angelinians for the Angelinians to obtain provisions from Galverine had always used that rout to the secret tunnels. But it was a blow felt by all of Angolinia to for it only made the enemy resistance more fierce and dogged.

For a long time since the beginning of the siege men and spies, and officers, secret service agents, and army engineers had been trying to find a way to discover these secret tunnels, so as to destroy them and cut off all supplies from Galvestone so that they could reduce the war resistance to the siege by famine. Now as it was past December and as civilian wisdom in particular had made millions upon millions of christians feel the sorrows of an unhappy christmas day and newyears the Anglinian generals becoming desperate felt that such a discovery must be made at any cost of lives and money or provisions. So the siege the food supplies must be cut off.

supply must be cut off.

General Portugal during the same day the battle of Evangelina Granda managed set out to find one of the secret tunnels by sailing down the west coast of Yuma Run under fire from enemy batteries on shore. It was slow difficult and dangerous work but at last a brave admiral whose name was Vasco da Gama, reached the most northern end of the nearest war of Julio Gallo and succeeded in landing a large force. Such fierce and sanguinary fighting followed for a day before he was repulsed that he afterwards called it "the Port of Hell. You can guess why," but General Hansen said "It shall be called the River Port of Demaration!"

Can the readers think why he gave it that name?

Can the readers think why he gave it that name when the general Portugal had found this rout by straining north and losing so many men and priv prov a provisions, general gain who had accompanied him did not dare proceed onward for fear of risking annihilation for not far away he could see a small small section of fortress Angeline.

So they had to find another way to discover the outlet of the tunnels. The first great Angelinian soldier who made the most daring attempt was general Columbus. He was not an Angelinian naturally by birth but a Moromonian but he being of Spanish nationality had joined the Christian cause and had proved himself to be a regular general. Christian spies had seen hundreds of Angelinian vessels coming and going even under fire, and the spies had spent many hours under risk watching these ships and wondering how they secured the supplies as they could not dare attempt blockade running. This general had when a little boy lived in Ivian wickiey with his father who was a very poor man, who had learned to earn his living by working in a wool factory. The boy had learned his father's trade, and also had went willingly to school, where he was a good studious boy learning reading, and all the things schools teach, and was so excellent at that learning that he gained the admiration of all the boys and girls in school. Early in his life he had heard older people talking frequently about the horrors of the whole world's trade after the Angelinians in an effort to crush the wicked Angelinian rebellion had slung up all Angelinian and Angelinian ports combined, and had closed all ports of Ivian wickiey and other seaports of Calvernia and Abyssinikile. He also realized the desperate need of finding those damned secret tunnels which gave the enemy so many provisions.

Many days before Evangelina Granda raged he had consulted with many wise men and generals, studied all maps of Ivian wickiey and her surrounding vicinity toward Calvernia, and here during this time he heard much talk, about finding those secret tunnels and he decided to make an attempt himself if he died for it. General Gloom Columbus listened earnestly to all of the generals and other wise men's stories about the secret tunnels, he studied many maps and charts, he thought a great deal. It seemed to him that the tunnels coming down from the northeast from Calvernia were five in number and two hundred and fifty miles long, and entered into northeastern Ivian wickiey and not direct east as many Angelinians supposed. He tried to get all the proofs that he could find this out. He also had made at great risk a visit with three ships disguised as Angelinian merchants also had made a voyage up the river himself but for a time discovered nothing and could not dare get information. After many long days of study sometimes even at night, he felt sure he could get to one of those secret tunnels by going with ships straight through Ivian wickiey to the northeast on the Nooman run river. He would go right in the opposite direction from that in which the mighty fortresses of Angelina lay so as not to be in range of her terrific guns.

"The way by the tunnels is by the northeast," he would say.

If he should be able to reach northeastern Ivian wickiey in this way without loss, he would be able to prove where the mouths of the tunnels come into the city streets, and he could thus find some means of stopping the provisions of the enemy and have them starved into submission. The more he thought about this great and desperate plan, the more he longed to carry it out. In fact he thought of it continually by day and fairly dreamed of it by night.

But it was a dangerous undertaking and he feared he could not get any one to make the expedition with him, and how could he get provisions and men to help make this great dream come true. At last on the second of December he laid his plans before general Hanson Ivian. General Hanson having everything in his own hands just now could not promise to help him. The general then took his little daughter by the hand, and started across the hilly section of the Christian positions to general Spainer. We may picture father and little daughter hurrying along the rough hilly roads from camp to camp and position to position. The general could hardly stop to see whether his poor little daughter was tired, so eager was he to find someone to give him permission to make the expedition. When he came to a place within the Christian lines near general Underlines headquarters, he left his little daughter with a guardian, and set out alone in search of general Great Heart. At this time a severe artillery duel and series of cavalry conflicts were going on in the southern portion of Great Heart's position, so general Columbus had a hard time getting general Great Heart's attention to him. At last the great general gave him a hearing. He asked a number of advisers to be present. Some of them laughed at the poor general saying that he was attempting to commit suicide. Others said "We believe he is right but it is an exceedingly dangerous undertaking and he would have to pass the Angeline fortifications."

General Great Heart thinking it foolish to make such an undertaking would not help him or give the permission. Sick at heart therefore, he planned to leave this portion of the Christian lines and to go general Spainer and ask for aid. Up to this time he had failed. When he walked through the Christian lines with sad face and threadbare uniform, boy scouts and girl scouts thought he was crazy to ask to attempt such an undertaking, some saw things of pity for him and others asked that he be executed and others laughed.

But general Columbus did not give hope but prayed. He had faith in his desperate plans, in the help of God, and believed that sometime he would succeed. He started bravely therefore for general Spainer's army and headquarters taking his pretty daughter with him.

At that time as he passed on many who saw the general realized he was a fine looking man indeed. He was tall and strong, and had a noble face with keen blue eyes, and there was something in his manner that made people and all Christian officers like him and thus the reason they did not want him to risk the undertaking and lose his life. They felt they could not spare him. After father and his little daughter walked about a mile and a half through the Christian lines, they stopped at the Encampment of St Mary's. Just then general Jackson Evans the friend of Ivian wickiey and her sisters was riding by and the two generals stopping began to talk together. General Columbus reasoned well about his great plans. General Jack Evans listened closely and saying that his friends Ivian wickiey and her sisters were in Andean doing some desperate work of their own which he believed it decided to help him and having a good pull with general Hanson because he and Hanson were like father and son he at once wired to Hanson, who really woulding something must be done felt the general a wise and good man. Thus the aid of general Jackson Evans proved a help to general Columbus for general Hanson summoning him to his headquarters told him he would furnish him a small strong fleet with men and transport for the voyage up the river. But even with the general's help he still had many trails before him. The upper part of the river having not been navigated on account of being in full possession of the foe navy was not known in the situation. All soldiers were afraid exceedingly afraid to go farther from the Christian lines. The lines upon those deep dark waters and run past the dreaded fortress Angelina, and also Silverbell, Red Riding Hood, and the Three Bears. On the course of several days however three large battleships with one hundred and fifty small guns and eighty twenty inch guns, and ten thousand one hundred and fifty men were ready to start, and Admiral Thomas himself had volunteered to lead the expedition. The three dreadnoughts were the height and width of the American battleships but some what longer and had more guns, and was accompanied by a number of gunboats and transports. The leading ship was called by the Angelinians the Santa Maria, and was commanded by Admiral Thomas and the general was on board. It was about nearly a thousand and ninety feet long, and was the only dreadnought of the bunch which had the most monstrous guns. A half hour before sunrise on Friday morning the little expedition started and the fleet steamed out of the port of Jennie Ivian. It was a sorrowful time for the poor sailors, marines and their friends. All believed that the warships would be lost, and that the soldiers marines and sailors would never again see home and family. The guns of the enemy fortresses it was feared could annihilate them easily.

When about an hour later, they left St Anne Island and the furthest portion of the Christian shores faded from sight, the marines and sailors and others on board prepared for any emergency and from excitement and emotion almost cried like children. Fresh worries lay before them. Could the expedition succeed.

They all determined to accomplish it or die. The end of a day run they came in sight of the fortress of Angelina. Simultaneously the fleet entered a vast stretch of submarine sea and indistinctly in the dark, and the sailors were much troubled fearing that the expedition was now a failure but their ships were so well disguised that neither the fortress or the submarine attacked.

They had even feared that the dreadnoughts would strike the dangerous mines stuck fast on chains in the river or run upon some of the Angelinian mermines in the dark and receive a volley of cannon shot, or struck by the rams in the dark and with ships sinking be either killed or taken prisoners. But when the wind blew a little stronger, it was seen all foe vessels gave way for them with salutes, and the disguised ships were able to pass on their way. Later on as they entered the Port of Damnation where not far away could be seen a long line of batteries placed for close range the men and marines thought to themselves:

"If we are discovered we are lost and will never see our friends again."

Though they managed to pass safely and began to see the first section of the city not eight miles away a Angelinian ship appeared to follow them and the officer on board signalled and begged to know who the strange fleet was. As Admiral Thomas refused to answer, the crew and officer on board the rebel ship became angry and suspicious and one of the men said within hearing:

"Let's fire upon the strange ships and sink them for they may be Christian warships in disguise."

General Columbus knew his life and the lives of all in the little fleet was in danger but no one would give up and Admiral Thomas said:

"You won't dare to fire. You are one ship and we are ten. If one is shot if is fired at us we will sink you with our broadside so beware."

The enemy ship then in alarm fell away and the fleet on its expedition was allowed to pass without being molested. The greater the danger the more firmly the general set himself to meet it with an iron will and a high purpose. He still had faith and hope and already they had safely passed three of the fortresses without being discovered. At last at the approach of ten o'clock signs of another approaching river port, and broken bits of trees appeared. That night no one slept at all. Every one on board every ship was straining his eyes, to catch the first glimpse of the distant shore to watch out for actions of troops on command of foe shore batteries and other cannon. About eleven o'clock general Columbus himself saw a moving stream of colored lights in the distance, looking like waving fire.

sparkler flares in the hands of many men running along the shore a back and forth and it looked mighty suspicious. Early in the morning a number of little boats were lowered and everybody went ashore disguised as Glandelinian bandages. General Columbus dressed in a rich silken uniform of grayish green, carried in his hands for disguise of his purpose the flag of Glandelinia. As soon as he reached the opposite shore and found no Glandelinian soldiers to question him he fell on his knees, and with tears in his eyes he kissed the Cross he wore and let thanked God for making the expedition safe so far. He encountered however many child slaves and their masters, and the children at first ran into the woods because they were afraid, but they were forced to come back by their masters, and though the children were soon curious about these strange visitors the masters were not and being suspicious of them compelled them to go back to their ships. The whole band could have easily gotten away with all the children but then their expedition and its cause would have been discovered and no one could have escaped the foe. Steaming on for another day they soon reached the first outer section of Vivian Wickey. On the next morning however he had a serious mishap. While it was still dark, one of his little transports struck a mine, and was blown to pieces and many on board killed or drowned. Neither of his vessels had been set on fire through some mysterious reason, and he had only nine ships left. But he doggedly continued onward for the coast Vivian Wickey. After a very stormy voyage, he entered the first Vivian Wickey Harbor called Palooes. It at first appeared to be a joyful day for many child slaves for they believed it was a Christian fleet come to deliver them from slavery, and a perfect parade of children swarmed toward his ships unrestrained by their masters.

Having made the trip as far as he did with so small a fleet he returned to the Christian port of the harbor as soon as possible where he was now honored by a great parade. General Hanson Vivian and even Goncentinian Aronburg sent for him, and when he came into their presence they honored him by rising. As he stood to salute them, they commanded him to rise and sit with them as an equal. At last General Columbus had become a great man. Everyone in the army was eager beyond measure to share his honor and his fame as a great soldier. It was now very easy to get the most powerful number of men in the Angolinian army to join him on a second expedition. Early in January he went down the half choked river with a fleet of battleships. This time he had with him over a eleven thousand one hundred men, and many of them were from the best regiments in the Christian army. They were decided to camp in the city of Vivian Wickey.

Long enough to find the secret tunnels, and then go back again to General Hanson's lines and report the fact to the general. They also expected to use gangs of child slaves to betray the tunnels by revealing their true identification to them alone. On reaching the nearest portion of the city, the fleet did not dare proceed any further but landed them on who were in a disguise, and he leading these men set out to find the tunnels if possible. But trouble and suspicion met him on every hand. The Glandelinians were not friendly as they suspected him and his followers as suspicious characters and from fear of being suspected and detained some of his own men were unwilling to even obey him and left the expedition and went back to the ships. They declared they had not come to commit suicide but to find the tunnels at once by easier means. At the end of three days he reached a section of Vivian Wickey called Gundi Street. Truly during the long and trying time of keeping in hiding by day and moving by night all their provisions and food had been used up so that his men were almost facing starvation. But at last he reached the northeast portion of Vivian Wickey. Here more troubles were waiting for him.

Here he found all things were going badly. All the child slaves not trusting him or his men because they looked like Glandelinians were very unfriendly, and serious rotings had occurred and children threw stones at him and his men. For two days the poor general tried to make things right but could not. At last a Glandelinian officer suspecting him as something unusual for entering Vivian Wickey sternly ordered him and his men to leave immediately or be taken prisoners and sent to Julio Gallo in chains. Seeing that nothing could be done as none of the child slaves trusted him or his men he abandoned his attempt and at heart heart, and went back to the Christian lines after having on the return trip met with trouble after trouble and disaster after disaster. First one of his ships struck another mine and was wrecked, and he received a painful wound when a grenade exploded on deck near him killing and wounding a number of men.

When he returned to the Christian lines General Goncentinian Aronburg and Hanson Vivian sent for him to come to their presence, and when they learned of the failure of the expedition, the generals wept, and he also broke down and wept. The poor general however had received a mortal wound, gangrene set in and he only lived eighteen hours after this, for he was also broken in health, and felt that such his expedition was a failure he had little to live for. He finally died of a broken heart.....

SEE PAGE THREE HUNDRED THIRTY TWO.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.

NOW CHILD SLAVES WERE SEEN, IN WAYS INSIDE OF VIVIAN WICKET BY THOSE MAKING THE SEARCH AND DARING EXPEDITIONS.....

burns in the city, or abandoned shacks and long houses not occupied by Glandelinian soldiers and guards or citizens.

sparkler flares in the hands of many men running along the shore, a boat and boat.

At the time when general Columbus went on his first expedition another Angolinian officer who was a captain was planning to steam up the Sunbeam River in search of the very same tunnels. This was Captain John Slater. He had before the war traveled much if you please to known, and had spent some time of his life in western Yivian Wickey. After the battle of Evangelina Gran, Grandia he asked general Hanson himself if he might go on an expedition and try and discover the tunnels and the general after some debate finally gave the consent. But it was not until December 30th that this captain put out to the water route with only one small disguised vessel in the form of a strange raft and only eighteen men. He sailed straight northward and landed on one of the best river coasts of Yivian Wickey heavily guarded by: crossed shore batteries and sailents and other positions. He was the first captain of any portion of the army or any man who was able to reach this portion of the river a shore without being discovered by the enemy, for general Columbus did not do this. On his return to the Christian lines and when he told that he did discover a way to one of the tunnels from information received from several child slaves whom he took with him by slick work he was called 'The Great Angolinian Admiral. For his success he was treated with much honor. The simple captain of a regiment was given a higher commission.

The following week, with six small vessels he made another expedition where he went, what he found, whether he ever came back no one knew. For he never returned and it was feared he had been captured by the enemy. From what we have already learned you will dear readers probably think that the river of the Yivian Wickey should have been named the River of the Post. The reason why it was not can be told in a few words. After general Columbus at the risk of his life and great troubles and losses led the way, many others simultaneously attempted similar expeditions elsewhere by other routes, among them was Admiral Vete. How many expedition he made, and just when he made them not one of the main Christian generals would reveal. But it was thought that he sailed along the river coast coast for more than fifty miles, or perhaps along a portion of Battery Line River shore, lying close to the enemy's lines so as to make an impression on them that he was only a transport. He wrote letters also in which he told of all the dangers he had seen in his expeditions, and what he said in these letters general Hanson on account of so many spies around a did not reveal under any conditions. The many good accounts that the admiral wrote, of what he had seen were read also by Angolinian and Abyssinikilian geographers. They liked the accounts because they were so interesting. So the river was called the 'River of Expeditions'.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.

##### HOW CHILD SLAVES WERE SEEN IN WAYS INSIDE OF YIVIAN WICKEY BY THOSE MAKING THE SECRET AND DARING EXPEDITIONS.

As we have learned general Columbus and others had during their efforts inside of Yivian Wickey tried to get the confidence of many children to help them in their plans and the way the child slaves lived inside the city was more peculiar than the way the American Indians ever lived. They did not even be confined close together, but were scattered all over the city itself so that relations and brothers and sisters were separated far. All who were related had been torn apart and those among boys and girls were formed into groups of five or six, and each group had two slave masters or overseers watching over them and guarded by one soldier. Those which we must know about were those confined east of the Yivian Wickey (maybe she did run). This was the southern section of the child slave territory, and these were confined in a district lying between the river, and extending toward Lake An Angeline and Wickey Bay. These child slave districts were divided into many sections, and although all the child slaves did not look alike and appeared to be of many different nationalities we may say as a rule the girls all wore short bobbed hair and the boys hair was clipped short. Not one little girl was seen to wear her hair long, in braids, pig tails or curls. And the majority of the children were compelled to go half naked and those that were dressed were made to wear rags, and were always compelled to go barefooted summer or winter as they were never allowed to wear shoes.

None of the child slaves were allowed to live in the houses during the siege itself. In most districts the homes of child slaves were something like big wigwags in the streets, more like large Indian tents, and the cold stone bricks of the street was used as a floor. Or a door a bear hide or a good sheet was used. Here in the centre of the tent wigwag, a small fire was built by the child slaves themselves, and the smoke was let out through a hole at the top. There was no warm carpet for the floor, but the children were allowed to wrap their feet in blankets and quilts to shield them from the frozen ground in winter time. One of the districts where masters were a little more better in conduct allowed their slaves to have other kinds of dwellings than common tents. They were outhouses and barns in the city, or abandoned shacks and long houses not occupied by Angolinian soldiers and guards or citizens.



about two hundred and fifty due disguised Abissinians, and several hundred Angelinians. This was in January 1913. On his way across one of the straits of the city on that early morning he climbed a big snow drift hardened by thickness of packed snow. At the top he stopped and gazed, for stretching far away before him stood a vast beautiful building from whose entrance and stairway came and went many generals and other rebel officers. He had made as he believed a great discovery for he was the first Angelinian officer who had ever been able to behold general Mic-Allister Stanok's headquarters, but the rebel troops around were so thick in numbers, and the journey was so dangerous that he had great difficulty in getting a chance to enter the building without being discovered, then with his sword drawn ready for action, and his pistol ready in the holster he managed to secure some important dispatches, the generals full dress uniforms, his hat and sword and other valuable things and two geographies and big map and plane, and a map of Vivian Wickey and the fortresses and then slipped away without being discovered and finally rejoined his comrades. This daring Angelinian general almost risking the fury of hell as to say secured important things indeed, and when he reached the Christian armies safely without pursued and presented his prizes and one was surprised and afterwards he was known as the man who kidnapped the Angelinian generals full dress uniforms.

But no one knew as yet if any one could reach the secret tunnels or their mouths by going north on the rivers. The honor of making sure of this belonged to general Hanson Vivian and Jacksonia Evans. Hanson sent captain Magellina a word to make an expedition into Vivian Wickey from the northeast with a strong fleet and even fight his way through if necessary.

Here's a proof of the dangers of fortress Gertrude Angelina. This Angelinian officer did not like the idea of going out on a such a dangerous expedition and he went to general Hanson as begged to be excused. General Hanson refused to allow the order to be suspended declaring that the tunnels at any cost must be discovered, but nevertheless he did declare that if general Jacksonia Evans really would suspend it he could be allowed to let the matter drop. But general Jacksonia had heard much talk about the other expeditions being almost successful with the rescue of many child slaves, and that one of the most successful expeditions had been made by captain Jacksonia de Gaudin, who managed to sail up and down the Norma river through Vivian Wickey to the north and all its length to the south and succeeded in obtaining many slaves to free though he lost a number of ships and nearly two thousand men for the daring attempt.

For several years before the war Jacksonia Evans himself had been all through Vivian Wickey by river routes and which had taken long trips. He had studied maps and charts, and he was sure that if some one could find a passage through Vivian Wickey and discover the tunnels on the northeast section, the siege would be much shorter and be brought to a speedy end at that. Of course general Jacksonia himself had no proper map of Vivian Wickey or all her hundreds of surrounding Calverinian and Abissinian fortresses in the hands of the enemy, for to him it was almost like an unknown land. But he himself had been once during the siege with a little fleet sail into every bay or river till he found one which went clear through and in his experience with violet and her sisters in Norma river he had discovered that many large streams were close by.

So general Jacksonia Evans knowing all this refused to grant his request but even notified general Hanson that when a man has been sent on an expedition he must go and to back out would mean treason and cowardice.

The captain then turned to general Spain and Mansion but these would not listen to him. He therefore had to go and general Jacksonia gave him a command of a fleet of five hundred strong dreadnaughts and two hundred gunboats, and two hundred and eighty mercenaries. The strength of the crew was about seventy thousand men. With these Magellina put out down the river from the north in January 1913.

Many dangers awaited him. He had to face sixteen heavy conflicts with enemy fleets, the fear that food and water would not hold out, and angry fortresses on both sides of the river who were only too ready to blow his ships to smithereens if they dared to pass them and make the expedition fail in order to prevent any Christian fleet from steaming down the river.

Not until after six days after leaving the Christian side did he find a well sheltered harbor not far from Vivian Wickey. There he cast anchor, and there for the first time since the beginning of the expedition did his wounded men get proper treatment, and enjoy a great meal for once, but many of them were still unfit for further service, and they many of them begging the officer in command to turn back and abandon the expedition but as much as he had been afraid to go on it, he was that much more afraid now to abandon it and he refused. Once unknown to him three sneaking Angelinian spies discovering his intentions had secured a footing on his ship and plotted to kill him but were captured and shot just in time. He was more than a match for them all, and the ships though nearing the forbidding fortress of Gertrude Angelina steamed onward ready for any fray that was expected.

As a most anxious general, the governor general Evans refused to give the order, the poor general would have to stay out of the battle and still if the Christian ships could not stop the enemy's advance, he would be forced to wait all the while.

Soon the storm came. In passing the six mile fortress teeming with great centimeter center and krupp and motor guns, the fortress suddenly so shook and roared like a volcano erupting and was clouded in smoke and flame. The thunder was a million times louder than all the racket in the most violent thunderstorm, and though the whole fleet added to the din by responding, one ship after another was torn to pieces until only five hundred were left and terrible were the number of killed and wounded. The commander knew that to escape annihilation he must pass the fortress and by desperate efforts he managed to do so, and soon as his fleet or what remained after picking up many of the survivors entered a new passage of the river and came high into the city, they were fired upon by shore batteries and also found to be pursued by many Angelinian warships and forces of troops on shore.

Torpedo boats and submarine came also after them shooting off their deadly missiles and the storm was a roaring inferno as another ship was blown up with all on board killed.

Now near the city on every side was great seemingly mountainous fortresses. They were as he soon learned before his death the great fortresses of Vivian. Again and again the many guns of these fortresses thundered in an ear-splitting roar, and many soldiers and sailors made effort to reply but the ships were already badly wrecked and many guns disabled and strewn with thousands of dead and dying and many begged the admiral to allow them to raise the white flag rather than face annihilation.

"I will go on," said Magellina. "I was so minded to make the expedition at any risk and I'm going to do it if not for an act of bravery but to show the Christian generals what results when such an expedition is made."

"I will go on if we have to eat the leather of the ships yards in order to keep at it..."

When a little later he passed through the gauntlet of fortresses and came to the outskirts of the city where there were no fortresses, he was wapt for joy. He had only sixty ships left many of his men having been killed or wounded or taken prisoners, but still he headed through the city. When began a most terrible voyage. The admirals troubles were thick about him. He was yet to come.

Destruction of more ships from mines, shore batteries, terrible hunger wounds and death. Those who did not die of wounds or shot and shell, grew sick of the expedition and begged once more to be allowed to give it up. The wounded only managed to keep alive by hiding down in the holds of the ships and eating the skins and leather wound about the great ropes. At last they reached the Andean section of Vivian Wickey, but here death was awaiting for the great Angelinian captain who had been reckless just to spite general Hanson Vivian and Jacksonia Evans because they forced him to make the expedition. In a desperate fight with another Angelinian fleet, the brave Magellina was slain, his flagship sunk with all on board and a number of other ships set on fire, torn up and disabled and one captured. Those of his men now who remained escaped the foe fleet and continued onward for now to turn back meant complete destruction. His voyage through the hostile city was a long one. Not until February nearly a month after setting out did they finally arrive at a Christian port far from Vivian Wickey as to get back to Hanson's lines they found it impossible. Only one vessel, with only eighteen men starving and wounded sail sailors got back to the Christian side safe. Such was the end of the most wonderful, and daring expedition, that probably had ever been made through Vivian Wickey. The glory of it though unsuccessful never failed. It meant a great deal to general Hanson Vivian and his generals for there was no longer any doubt that the rivers through the city were almost impassable. All the generals knew that the fortresses were worse than talked about. So you know how they soon came to call all the fortresses "The Fortresses of Damnation."

Twelve days after Admiral or general Columbus made his first expedition up and down a portion of the Norma river another Angelinian captain by the name of Cortez Hermades went on one of the other fleets of an expedition bound for Julio Calio. After a stormy voyage on the river with the enemy fortresses firing at him, he landed a troop not far from the city section of Vivian Wickey where he planned to secure a number of child slaves by force and make an attempt to discover the tunnels. Here was something about this Angelinian officer that made many generals admire him and look to him as one of their best generals. So when a strong commander was needed to head an expedition through Julio Calio, he was chosen.

He soon made his way to the eastern war of the river section of the city reaching it early in January. One of his first acts showed that he was bound to have his own way. Soon after landing he gave the order to:

"Sink all the Angelinian boats you see." This he did to prevent any bodies of Angelinian soldiers from making a surprise attack upon his troops. He felt he could not afford to lose a single man, for he only had 10,450. Yet with this small army, sixteen cannon, and many horses, he dared to face any danger he might meet in his effort to free children right inside of Julio Calio.

And he had not far to go before danger came. He met strong opposition, and the glandolinians who showed such hatred for the Nationals withdrew the child slaves to such quarters that it was for a time impossible for him to rescue them. Even the glandolinian citizens of Ivian wickay showed hatred for the Angolians, and fear of their rifles and bayonets. Later he found that all the citizens who favored the glandolinian cause, even the ruling people of Julio Gallo, and their leader general Montesuma felt the same way, and he soon learned why his expedition was so well known. It seemed that during the other expeditions many child slaves had been kidnapped from this section and one force following an expedition had been driven back to the river with great loss, and when he left the christian leader had said: "Some day I shall return, and take all the child slaves from you and set the f them free."

The glandolinian citizens and others believed that general Cortez was this same christian officer, and the glandolinian leader jealously thought; "Now I shall have to give up my power over the child slaves in this community unless aid comes to me from the soldiers."

So you see why even all the citizens who favored the glandolinian cause hated the Angolians warriors with their purple and red uniforms, and their shining swords and bayonets. But even the citizens were not people who gave up easily. So the first bunch of people he met gathered into a crowd which soon became a mob and they offered fight and started robbing. Their way of formation and their t their strange dress excited the wonder of the Angolians commander, and his men.

They wore clothing mostly like Sepiards, and having secured long sticks, bricks, stones, lances, slings, and heavy wooden boards and swords and rifles and daggers butcher knives and even pistols they fought desperately against the soldiers who were compelled to use their bayonets. Cortez won the victory however as they could not fight like real soldiers, and the mobs seeing that they could not fight Angolians soldiers fled but reviled them. A great surprise awaited the Angolians when they first looked upon the houses of the monstrous and beautiful but besieged city. They were astonished at its beauty.

One section of the a part they were on known as Julio Gallo was so divided by the gorm river that it seemed to be standing on large islands in the middle of a lake. From the shores across the river three great fortresses of solid mason work, from twenty to thirty feet high and from four to five miles long, led to the outskirts of the city terminating into the great series of the fortresses of Lucille Jackson Janette. Where these fortresses met stood a more huge fortress with a large number of battlements on it, and in the centre of this fortress stood a building armed with guns that shaped much like a gigantic temple.

Around it seemed to be formations of fortified steps, one hundred and fourt een in number in all, leading to a strong temple battery on top. They appeared to be a long flight of steps but were nothing but fortified bulwarks and it took ladders to climb each one which were six feet high. As the Angolians arched on toward the great fortresses, they were surprised to pass beautiful floating islands with fortresses on top, and within the city they found canals which were teeming with glandolinian gunboats and cruisers. Here many gunboats gliding to and fro, remindd reminded them of a fortified Venice, and even on all the house tops along the river front were found batteries of small cannons, and now it did seem to this party of Angolians that Ivian wickay appeared to be impossible to be captured at all. As soon as they reached the destination, Cortez and his men took quarters in a large building within sight of the great fortresses. To weaken the power of any attacks upon his little band Cortez had seized many of the non-combatants and held them as prisoners especially those who dared to claim they favored the cause of the glandolinians. They were though prisoners treated as guests but not allowed to leave the building. The glandolinians in this portion of the city realizing the mission of this bold party and their intentions were jealous and very angry for they knew they had been outwitted, and they were eager for revenge, yet they feared to make an attack because the Angolians held the citizens prisoners even women and children, and the enemy leader in this section did not dare give a command to make an attack for fear that the Angolians would expose the non-combatants to their fire. But when at last during a glandolinian Religious festival, the glandolinians by promises by other leaders attacked them, and killed many if of their leading men the Angolians could hold themselves out no longer and opened a destructive fire upon the rebels filling the streets with many dead and wounded. The glandolinians however ever gathering in great numbers and attacked the Angolians with the greatest fury, crowding the streets, and swarming over the roofs as they tried to get at their hated christian foes. General his house and order the glandolinians to stop fighting. But as the foe officers and with a shower of bullets that filled the air, they struck him down. A few days later he died of a broken heart. After a whole week of hard fighting from house to house, general Cortez saw that he must leave the city or face annihilation.

most serious mistake. If the general had refused to give the permit, the poor general would have stayed out of the city and the christian would not stop the... all the...

He tried with his survivors to steal away from the city at night, but the few who were on the watch, and attacked him furiously by land and by water. The fighting in the dark was most frightful and though attacking only a handful of christians the losses of the glandolinians was astonishing. Cortez barely got away and wounded fatally the main glandolinian general, after half of his small army had been either killed captured or wounded. The next morning after he was abandoning the fatal expedition he was so overcome with grief for the loss and suffering of his men that he sat down upon a chair on deck of his ship and wept bitterly. At he did not give up the idea of showing the enemy that he would take revenge. With another fleet a little afterwards he returned and made another fierce attack upon the river section of Julio Gallo. After five hours, a section surrendered to him nearly 10,000 child slaves but he nevertheless had to make his get away and succeeded in doing so and half of the buildings in that section was now in flaming ruins. General Cortez had succeeded in conquering a part of the city but what he captured he could not hold though he did succeed in taking away with his ten thousand child slaves.

Not many days after general Cortez conquered and captured a number of child slaves another Angolians general whose name was Francisco Pizarro Spaward, equally daring went to capture fortress Peru where he learned important dispatches could be secured which would reveal the positions of the many secret tunnels. He had served in other battles. Under general phoson Ivian, and had been with him when the bloody battle of gorma osamin occurred.

Having heard many stories of other expeditions up and down the great river even at the beginning of the siege he was eager to attempt a daring feat of his own and accomplish wonders if possible.

So as soon as he was permitted to make it he went on the expedition with three battalions and six thousand three hundred and fifty men, and many provisions. A few days later his troops landed on the river coast near fortress Peru south of Lucille Jackson, and began to march toward general Cortez glandolinian encampment where the glandolinian leader was not suspecting any attacks or expeditions and raids. This general was called Inca Cortez. In the region of the Peru fortress, general Spaward came upon many strange sights. They saw fields of artillery guarded by deep steep walled canals teeming with mines, with great points upward long sharp objects like knives or bayonets but longer, and scores of thousands of men were digging rifle pits and making secret pitfalls. Though enemies as they were of the glandolinians the Angolians wondered at the fine walled and long fortresses of Peru. The fortress was about two hundred and twenty feet wide, and the tops almost as level as a roadway except having bulwarks above and teeming with cannon and battlements. So you could see that the christian general saw it was not so easy as he thought to capture this strong fortress with his small small troop of men, which many hills near by the fortress, high mountains, and deep broad valleys were guarded by smaller fortresses and many batteries and encampments.

An general Spaward and his men climbed higher and higher on their way toward the distant fortress they saw here and there many encampments on the hillsides. Although the marching was slow and hard the little christian army kept going forward. At last when the enemy generals in the fortress learned that a small christian force was on its way from the river to try and assault the fortress, inasmuch he sent messengers to general Spaward with derisive taunts and words of defiance. On meeting general Spaward the messengers were however held as prisoners and only one of them was allowed to go back, and from his ways the messenger almost thought this christian general had more power than those of human beings.

After the messengers were seized and taken prisoners general Spaward marched to a small recently abandoned fortress called Caxamaran and entered it with a small army. He at once sent colonel De Soto London with thirty five cavalry men with a flag of truce demanding the glandolinians to surrender the fortress. This colonel found many glandolinians both soldiers and citizens surrounded by many toiling child slaves, and by many children who were girls wearing quilted cotton clothing, and all the citizens themselves for fear of being attacked by raiding christian soldiers carried lances, clubs, slings and muskets. The child slaves of course treated the Angolians very politely, and many of the Angolians promised to rescue them the next day.

But when general Spaward learned after some investigation the size and strength of the foe garrisons and the strength of the fortress, he felt that his expedition was not only useless but that his little body of men was in great danger foregoing too near the foe lines. Brave as he was do you think he slept all that night? It was more than likely that all the Angolians expected the next day would be the last.

But the Angelinian gave no sign of fear. He hid his men in the outposts of Casuarona and sent a messenger with another flag of truce to demand of the foe leader to surrender to him the child slaves, promising if this was done he would leave the region and go back to the christian lines. When the two foe leaders met however, the christian general began a long speech, and handed a peculiar book to the rebel chief. In proud a rebel threw it upon the ground and refused to surrender the child slaves. No sooner had he done this, than at a given signal, the Angelinians rushed from the outposts, where they were hidden, seized the landolinian officer, in and in a fierce conflict of two hours mercilessly cut down his followers rushed the child slave places killing and wounding many more and carrying off all the slaves. The landolinian officer was shut up in a room of one of the forts about thirty two feet long and ten wide. Reaching as high as he could, he made a long wir written line on the wall and a numeration. He told general spaniard that he would give many more slaves up to him and his christians if they would let him go. The crafty Angelinian leader agreed to do so. At once messengers were sent to many parts of the region round about, and many of the promised child slaves began to come in. In or six days the landolinians thus held so mercilessly were tolling away bring hour by hour great numbers of slaves boys and girls of all ages and many bags of gold and silver. They had to do this or their leader would be put to death. At last they got together about what would be worth ten million dollars, and twenty thousand child slaves. The Angelinians were greatly pleased over their astonishing victory, and though held prisoners they treated the landolinians kindly.

One of the landolinian leaders however broke his promise and ate attempted to get away with some of the slaves. He was recaptured brought to trial, and shot. In this way general spaniard felt sure of showing the enemy that they could not monkey with him. Finally as the christians began to go back to their ships the foe leader was released but general spaniard was not to enjoy what he had won so desperately. A tremendous encounter on the river soon brought him and many of his followers to a bitter end. One day at noon outside of Julio Gallo and not far from the christian lines, nineteen heavily armed gunboats and two warships of the enemy had entered the river from the southwest, and took his little fleet by surprise. He and his followers in order to retain the child slaves fought like demons on ships. With their three ships they disabled a number of the foe ships firing broadsides and making desperate rushes past the fleet of rebel Angelinians. He three christian ships cut down one after another of the foe fleet untill only eight were left, but finally during the height of the combat a shell struck the mast of the leading ship and it fell striking the poor christian leader and felling him to the deck. He lay a cross on the floor of the deck, he kissed it and breathed his last. With great joy the rebels shouted "The Angelinian tyrant is dead and now we have his fleet at our mercy." But the survivors of the foe did not get his fleet for a christian fleet suddenly appeared and the enemy had to flee. The foe losses in killed and wounded was two thousand. Twenty of the wounded were drowned. The christian loss in killed and wounded was only three hundred and fifty. Such was the end of brave general spaniard, the fearless leader of the Angelinians who had at the risk of his life compelled twenty thousand landolinians near fortress Peru to give up a whole army of child slaves.

Among the many Angelinian officers who were seeking to discover the secret tunnels communicating with Vivian Wickey and Galverine was another christian officer whose name was Juann Ponthin Dalacien. He had been governor general of the Galverinian State. Urner about the time that the siege of Vivian Wickey had started and he had immediately took up an army and came to Vivian Wickey to help in the great siege.

His health was very poor however from his efforts to help general Manston in the siege, and he was no longer young. Having heard of the wonderful way of which the besieged rebels obtained provisions despite the tightness of the siege, he longed to try and find one of the secret tunnels, for he believed if he could do so and locate its mouth he could under cover of some dark and stormy night place explosives in it and blow it up so as to block up its entrance. So after much effort he got the consent of general Jacksona Evans to explore and conquer the rebels guarding the tunnel. Sailing north from the direction of the Porto Rico section of the Lu i Lucilla picket fortifications under cover of a dark and stormy night with a strong fleet of Angelinian merrimacks and gunboats, he fought his way through two gauntlets of guns and gained some considerable victories but rebel generals knowing through the means of spies his intentions opposed his advance by help of shore batteries, fleets and by the aid of fortresses and infantry that he could not sail up the river far, and after sailing up the coast for many miles setting great fires with his artillery store storm he returned after passing Fort Porto Rico. He however showed the enemy that christian generals would dare attempt anything.

SPECIAL

SPECIAL

## CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT.

A FATAL EXPEDITION. A GREAT EVENT EARLY DURING THE SIEGE. DURING MONTHS OF DECEMBER AND JANUARY.

and a grave within the mighty besieging christian lines a sho-coming

But the Angelinian gave no sign of fear. He hid his men in the outskirts of Sammaroa

## A FATAL EXPEDITION.

Most of the explorers had sought however not a way to the secret tunnels, but to find the main straits elsewhere so as to cause them destruction. So many of the survivors who had succeeded in getting back to the christianlines with wonder full stories of what they had seen and heard that men and officers were now more eager than ever to try attempts almost as similar but of a different nature. They knew if the tunnels could be destroyed the rebels would be starved into a surrender.

Among these was captain Soto Hernandez. You remember he was with general Hanson at Evangelina Grania. From there he went back to general Hanson's command with great hope and honor. Hoping to find a means to locate the tunnels where the others had failed but by a route different than on the river he asked general Hanson to allow him to do so. He easily found numbers of men to join his company for this daring expedition through the enemy's territory.

There were sixty thousand men in all, among them many gay officers, a band of general Gomez's men, and all other daring soldiers. After reaching the region near Jennie's river general Soto planted a small plant late battery there and pressed on for Florida gun. Two days later he came near the coast of Sunbeam Creek. Very soon their troubles began. The journey was full of extreme danger. As the enemy had destroyed all traces of roads there were none, and the Angelinians had to make their way through thick woods and tangled underbrush in danger of being fired upon by many glandelinian snipers, and they had to press on by following trails. Even these trails often failed, and then they had to cross small rivers or creeks, and wade through swamps full of hostile foes who fired occasionally upon them, and they did not know where they would come out.

The poor soldiers also suffered from severe hunger for they had little meat and salt for their provisions were becoming exhausted and they had lost a number of men already. Then too they had to fight an unknown number of glandelinian snipers much most of the time, for from the start many rebels had appeared to oppose them for they hated christian soldiers bitterly.

After a while some of the Angelinians lost heart, and go begged him to please turn back, but he said desperately:

"We must go forward!"

In the course of his march he reached the region of a small glandelinian encampment belonging no doubt to a small force of rebels which had been out on a long scouting tour. Here the Angelinians and the rebels encountered each other suddenly had a bloody battle. It was one of the hardest infantry actions ever fought during an expedition of this kind. The Angelinians however were victorious and driving the foe away in confusion they set fire to all their tents, and by nightfall of the next following evening had killed all the fleeing glandelinians but three.

Two of these fell while fighting, and the last one unable to escape hanged himself with a long piece of a rope. The battle was a serious one for the Angelinians too. Many of them had been killed or wounded about three thousand and most of their clothing, supplies and even arms were burned. In fact they had to do all they possibly could to obtain means to continue the expedition. They were now in a pitiful condition, and the survivors longed to return to the main christian lines and friends. Again they begged their general to go back but he would not do so under any conditions. At last the Angelinians after pushing through in spite of a proposition from snipers and other rebel soldiers reached through a narrow river, and after crossing it under cover of darkness, and avoiding the glaring enemy searchlights, marched daringly along northward on its western bank, still searching for their goal.

The winter proving to be a severe one from the start was making the suffering of the soldiers greater than they could bear, and even their main leader now began to give up all hope. He decided to go to the main coast retreat to the opposite side and signal for aid. When he reached the mouth of the Sunbeam Creek, he went with a rebel chieftain he had captured, and here sick at heart, and weakened in body and ill with a cold, he was shot dead by a glandelinian sniper in the top of a willow tree. At first his followers buried his body in the forest and prepared to start for home but they feared that the fierce glandelinians might attack them if their leader's death became known. So they dug up the body, wrapped it in blankets and in the dark darkness of midnight stole cautiously down the sunbeam Creek and after three days toilsome traveling reached their comrades near Jennie's river half frozen and starved. The poor christian officer came to Jennie's river in his endeavor to find the secret tunnel. But he found was hunger, extreme hardship, disease and a grave within the mighty besieging christian lines a sad ending indeed.

Thus far nothing had been said about the work of brave Calverinian explorers. But the Calverinians were not going to be left out of the struggle for her freedom from glandelinian either. He too wanted to have the secret tunnels captured and destroyed so that Calverine would be cut off with communication with Vivian Wickey. Yet it was not until January 15th that a Calverinian general sent an explorer to find the northeastern tunnel. He named this bold and skilful seaportian was Antonio Cartierston. He sailed along the christian side of the river coast, passed into the gulf of Wickey Bay, and carried back to the Calverinian encampment an enormous number of child slaves he had secured and whose freedom he had gained at enormous cost of men and provisions. The following week he made another voyage this time up the Sunbeam River. He believed this river to pass through Andean which would lead him to the northeast of Vivian Wickey and turn the secret tunnels which he was seeking. He landed a troop at a small child slave plantation and seizing them fought off their masters and got away on board the ships with them safely. The children did not want the glandelinians up the river to know of the intentions so they told absurd stories of awful tempests of shot and shell hurled upon ships passing the fortresses, and islands of floating fortresses and merrimacs and other foe ships, but after land landing them safely he pushed on. On his way upstream he came to another but strongly guarded child slave plantation with a very steep hill fortified back of it. Here despite the efforts of their masters the child slaves flocked down to the shore screaming for assistance and begging to be taken away, all eager to escape the bondage and get back to their fathers and mothers if they were yet alive.

After they were set free by force they danced and sang, and brought gifts of fish and corn. After a strong force of Angelinians landed and drove the masters away from the scene the children all ragged and forlorn crowded about them, feeling in wonder of the soldiers purple uniforms, and touching their arms and sabres. After a brief stay they started back toward the christian lines with their third catch. On their way down the river they fell in with a foe fleet and in the engagement lost twenty five of their ships, but fortunately not one of the child slaves were on board of those, though the numbers of men killed or wounded was terrific. At one time during the conflict some of the elder children tried to care for the wounded. Five days later after this expedition he again tried desperately to either secure more child slaves and free them or find the secret tunnels but in both he failed.

After these gallant expeditions of so many brave christians had been so disgracefully and disasterously repulsed, the leaders of the expeditions especially those who had survived got from many places they had raided, a very great quantity of provisions, gold, silver, ammunition and many prisoners and rescued child slaves. General Hanson, Vivian himself had a very strong desire to crush the enemy at Andean, and bring that section of Vivian Wickey under his power if possible. When so many Angelinian and seamen were captured by the rebel gunboats and infantry, some were thrown into dark prisoners, some hanged as spies whether they were spies or not, and others burned to death at the stake.

You will not need to be told them that general Hanson, Vivian had come to have bitter hatred for all the glandelinians at Vivian Wickey, and no one hated the glandelinians more than general Jack Evans himself.

He was both a great christian general though he went under the title of "Colonel" and also was a great spy, and seaman, and could manage any ship, cannon and any seavary division necessary. Indeed since escaping from the foe when a child slave himself he had spent most of his life in the christian army, and for many days during the siege of Vivian Wickey had fought desperately against the besieged glandelinians, doing all he could to weaken the power of the many defenses of the fortresses of all sections of Vivian Wickey.

Seeing that his friends had failed in their expeditions, daring general as he was he did decide to make one himself, and find out the secret section of

He made his first voyage to the outer section of Andean where Vivian and her sisters were having their experiences in one day. While he was thus going forward to make an attempt to enter Andean by water, a large number of glandelinian dreadnaughts and gunboats suddenly swooped down upon them, took many prisoners in the conflict many amounts of ammunition, and destroyed all but two out of his hundred ships. Of course to meet such a disaster Jackson Evans was very angry. He became more bitter than ever against the glandelinians and began to lay plans to attack their settlements and other fortifications, and capture prisoners in return. On one of his other daring voyages he steamed to the Panama junction, and while there adding with a force of infantry he pushed across. On that day a number of child slaves he had rescued

took him to the top of a very tall hill outside of Andean and from under the branches of a large and tall tree where he concealed himself from spotting eyes of thieves, he gazed upon the vast expanse of fortifications known as Fortresses Gertrude Angeline and "Phillip" on the opposite side of the river making a junction with "Andrew". He was the first Angelinian army officer or even private to look upon that great northwestern section of the "Vivian Wickey" fortress.

Two and wonder he fell upon his knees after climbing down from the tree and prayed that God would allow the christians to capture and capture Vivian Wickey as soon as possible for he knew that these fortresses and all the others in the hands of the rebels had been made by "billionaires" and was impossible to capture by assault.

It was several days before he could make another voyage to Andean. Then by the help of his generals, he got together a fleet of five wooden ships and disguised them as glandelinian merchant ships. To fool the enemy as to the real intention they were richly fitted out, and his table itself was set with dishes of gold and silver if you like, and he himself dressed in the richest glandelinian uniform that could be secured from rebel prisoners. . . . .

The first sail: "If you please to know, in the day of January Thirtieth, after being nearly two days out of sight of the dearly beloved christian lines, Jack Evans and his men reached the coast of Gloriaia.

Sailing along however on toward Andean, they met with so much severe resistance, and suffered such severe losses, that they were often forced to turn back, and nearly eighty of their vessels were lost. On the first of Feb. Feb. the number of ships that were left continued on into the river and began to move through Andean. Here for two long weeks they were tossed about at the very mercy of bombardments, and driven in many routes by the enemy fleet. They feared their ships being wooden might go to pieces, but as Evans was brave and skillful, they passed of what remained safely on. It was a time of trial and had heavy loss. One of the ships of men through cowardice deserted, and after a while six more were lost under a storm of cannon fire from Fortresses Silverbell which they encountered. Soon Evans had only one ship left out of his five hundred, the flagship which he called the "Jennie" runner, but he would not turn back now any how. After sailing through and almost out of Andean there was no more to be feared from the foe here, and going northward passing along the western coast, things began to look brighter now, for he began to find symptoms of what he was seeking.

In one river harbor of Andean he captured a foe ship loaded with wine, gold and provisions for the besieged, and in the main harbor called Elm a Harbor, he came upon a hundred transports lying at anchor, and took from them under cover of darkness everything of valuable means and set the ships on fire. But he did not stop long because he heard that a fleet of glandelinian gunboats was in pursuit. Eagerly he started swiftly on his retreat, promising a golden chain to the first man who would sight the first rebel gunboat and have her blown out of the water. The last one of his men saw her, and Evans realizing that no matter how hard he was trying it was impossible to escape the encounter he let go with broadsides and the gunboat fell back. He now began to think of making his way back to the christian lines by land. It did not seem possible to return the same way he had come because many rebel ships were laying in wait for him. For this reason he landed the men he had left and taking the provisions with him he set fire to the ship after removing the cannons and started his homeward march by land in deep snow. On his homeward journey he stopped at Jennie Vivian, and after several narrow escapes with the foe he reached his own army in the middle of Feb. Evans for this daring feat was treated with great honor. His expedition was completely successfully, made for he had discovered the tunnels but in his reports he declared that they were impossible to reach without hard fighting as immense forces guarded them at the mouths.

#### A GREAT EVENT EARLY DURING THE SIEGE. DURING THE MONTHS OF DECEMBER AND JANUARY.

One of the foremost Angelinians that was at the early part of the siege of Vivian Wickey was General Walter John Harrison. He was commissioned in the town of Sacramento Abbeonanda, in the southeastern part of Abbeonanda, near the border of the state of Goncentinia. He was a fine looking man and soldier, full of life and though being a real soldier and a general full of life and outdoor sports of any kind.

In his command lived many thousands of old soldiers, who could tell the bright wide awake general stirring tales of battles at sea near the Blengiglospan and Boy ding islands, and of hard fighting with the rebels near Jennie Irian. At the outbreak of the war when he was still a youth of twenty years, he immediately went to Sacramento Abissamin and became a soldier, and later when he joined the army of the gonsentinkians he went to the Abyssinkilian border to repel advances of the foe there and then was transferred into general Unions lines and received his commission.

A few days after he was sent to Vivian Wickey after his return from the Abyssinkilian border, he attracted the notice of Angelina Aronburg the little girl heroine of Angelina, by a simple act of courtesy. One day as the little girl heroine with her squad of boy and girl scouts was passing along on horseback, the general Walter Harrison happened to be on his horse who was standing by. On seeing her stop when she reached a small bridge, he quickly urged his horse forward and led her timid horse across the narrow bridge.

As a girl officer of the boy scouts and a good one this won her heart and made her a staunch friend of general Walter John Harrison, who soon during later parts of the war became one of the first best christian generals known.

He was, then a tall handsome man, with dark brown hair, a high color and dark blue eyes. He was dressed in a uniform of striking manner. On his big round hat he wore a pearl pearl covered band, and a large black plume docket with all pretty spots. His shoes also which were tied with white ribbons, were striking in appearance. In those days Angelinian generals dressed more brilliantly than even kings of our days. Although all the kings of this world were dressed most splendidly, yet the lowest christian officer which was a corporal outshone even them.

While general Walter John Harrison had an immense force, and much money and provisions he did not waste either. In fact he always knew how to manage any thing and how to spend money wisely for the christian cause. As the story goes on you will see that the Angelinians owed him much for what he did in preventing the enemy from ever succeeding in making a break in any of the besieging sections of the christian lines anywhere. Early in December he joined general Gilbert and John Johnny Anderson in an expedition to assault one of the foe forces fortresses made of wood called Fort Warfounder, and with the purpose of burning the fort down and break the rebel line in that section. But this plan failed.

Six hours later Harrison fitted out two disguised vessels which he sent down the Sunbeam Creek to find out something about the strength of some of the Vivian Wickey's Fortresses. On their return the men in charge of these vessels said they found the fortresses extending for miles, but that the child slaves were friendly and would be willing to give the christians any amount of information needed. General Harrison was so pleased with this report that he declared a new expedition must surely meet success.

The next few days general Harrison sent out a division of one thousand one hundred and eight men, with a fleet of ships. Admiral Granviller was commander of this small fleet, and general Ralph Laner was to command the army. The troops landed near Roanoke junction. From the first they were most unwise, because in their wild attempts to gain their goal they treated the glandelinians captured prisoners so hard harshly that even though prisoners they became dangerous in the extreme.

As the danger from hostile prisoners was not the only trouble the christian troops on this expedition had. Food became scarce and general Granviller had to send to the main christian lines for more. And he had to go in person to get it. While he was away general Laner started out to explore the region of Roanoke junction of which he had wonderful tales from the rescued child slaves.

This stream floweth through land where stands an old abandoned glandelinian fortress made of wood. They said. It stands on the edge of the stream and not far from it is a small plantation surrounded by a palisade. Here many child slaves are confined.

But Laner and the men who went with him found the way unapproachable on account of the hostility of foe snipers and cowardly resistance. That they did find, was fierce resistance, great hardships, and suffering from cold. Their food became so scarce that they had to eat squirrels and rabbits and dog flesh to keep themselves alive. When Laner returned all were sick at heart, the future looked so dark.

By this time Colonel Hanson broke, with twenty three gunboats, cast anchor near the junction. He had come from a small expedition up the sunbeam river where he had been plundering glandelinian encampments in the dark, and was on his way to the main christian lines. He agreed to leave plenty of food and a part of his fleet with the Angelinian regiment. But when a heavy overwhelming attack made by Glandelinians came upon them with severe fury, the survivors in their fear retreated, and began to return to the main christian lines, and so to save them from annihilation he sent his men to repel the attack, and took the survivors and their wounded on board.

They had found no way to accomplish their plan, but they took back to the main christian lines things of far more value. These were a hundred rescued child slaves, a good quantity of provisions, and ammunition and a number of rebel prisoners. Long before this little regiment had arrived back to the christian lines Granviller had returned to Roanoke junction with food and provisions. Finding no one there he retreated back down the river. Most men by this time would have been completely discouraged, but general Walter John Harrison was too strong and brave to give up so easily. Two days later, he made another attempt more desperate and more energetic. This time he sent general White Head with one hundred and fifty thousand men, seventeen generals, and eleven other high officers. This immense brigade landed at Roanoke but could not find anything there but smoking ruins. Like the first regiment of men in a short time this immense division had trouble with glandelinians and in one night fought nearly fifty severe engagements. Very soon also food became scarce, the their losses in killed and wounded in that one night was simply dreadful, and the survivors begged general Whitehead to go back to the main lines or sent men to take the main lines for more food provisions, and men. He did not wish to leave the brigade a landless. Neither did he like to say good bye to his best friend Gertrude Angelina who had accompanied him on this expedition. But he knew they must have food and so he was compelled to start and took some men and officers with him. Then later he found he must abandon this expedition also and ordered the full column to retreat.

Whitehead and his column reached the christian lines just as Admiral Thomas was preparing to meet the attack of an immense glandelinian fleet. To defend himself this Admiral needed every ship he could get together, so every vessel not acting in the siege or blockade was held for this great river fight. Almost three days went by before general Whitehead could return on another expedition to Roanoke junction, when he at last arrived, to try and rescue the colony of child slaves. Not a single person was left behind the enemy had withdrawn all to so the christians could not get them. He found only some chests of books, some maps, firearms and clothing belonging to the child slaves and nothing else in the abandoned plantation.

You may be sure he lost no time in investigation. He found some messages written on traces by child slaves but he could not understand the words. Whitehead therefore begged his officers to lead an assault against the foe position near by and rescue the children by force, but though the attacks were extremely stormy in wilderness they were useless and useless. That been so of the lost colony of child slaves no one had ever learned. Five times general Walter Harrison sent out great troops of men to look for it, but he never heard from it again. Not long afterwards it was found out that all the boys and girls had been transferred into general Gathorne beyond reach of the christian besiegers, and that very likely a number of them trying to escape were killed by the glandelinians.

For a time general Walter Harrison's work in Roanoke junction was completely over. Although he had failed to rescue the colony of child slaves he had accomplished something anyhow. He had thought the glandelinians that the Angelinians would attempt anything at any risk.

Several more days passed by after general Walter Harrison's attempt but came to such a end before any one tried again.

Then a group of officers, nobles, and son captives and spies, made another attempt to rescue child slaves but this attempt was planned to be made elsewhere. It was known that the more children freed the worse it would be for the enemy. They hoped that the lessening of the number of child slaves might make the enemy be reduced to desperation and finally abandon or surrender Vivian Wickey. As a beginning the general sent out a force of one hundred and five thousand men. Half of these went down by river on boats, and the others marched through the deep snow by land. But they were not the right kind of men to attempt this dangerous expedition. About half of these were men who had never seen through a rough life and when now were set to work to cut down trees and chop a way to make trails they fell it overwhelming. Their advance was slow and timid. The first action not a shot was fired. What laner and his men saw and hardships was the journey, and at the end went down the river and it took them four days to land near Roanoke junction, their food was almost gone. Laner had intended to land near Roanoke junction, where Harrison had attempted his expedition, but pursuing rebel fleets drove them out of their course, and they were compelled to enter another way into the river. From here they sailed up the beautiful Sunbeam Creek, five miles from the mouth of the river under cover of the dark and in full range of rebel guns on shore they landed and after looking cautiously about, picked out a place of shelter. They hid under the very eaves of the enemy there in a great deal to do. He first thing was to reach some sort of shelter before day light or before the searchlights of the enemy should reach them. So some of them quickly put up rude huts made of ravines covered with bark or dried turf, some made tents of old sails, and some merely dug deep holes in the ground.



This was one of the objects of the expedition to secure as many child slaves as possible. A far as attacks had been made upon these defenses, for five years or months I mean during the siege the rebels had not been attacked here but with this expedition reaching the scene a change was about to take place. Bertrude Angelline suggested the place be surrounded, and the men began at once to work for the conquest of the defenses. The plan was to surround the plantation in the woods and that all the settlements were to be attacked at the same hour. The plan was to disguise all the men as glanolinians and to pretend to be "landolinians" and first make a free pretended friendly visit to the rebel garrison there. At the time when all the soldiers were to pretend only to be friendly. At the morning before the outbreak came the soldiers to make it seem even less suspicious carried provisions to the fortress, and sat down as friends at the tables of the rebels. At which the hour came the Angellians set upon them, and shooting down or striking dead every glanolinian that resists resisted took many prisoners in field, shop, or even at the breakfast tables where they had been eating as guests before the day had closed they had slain over four hundred rebels, and captured 20,000 glanolinians as prisoners, and left some seventy glanolinian plantations without a living soul upon them rescuing and taking possession of all the surprised but now happy children, here cannot hardly a plantation where all had not been rescued, and other glanolinian troops in the vicinity feeling angry at such daring success in their night and for a time tried to break up the expedition to rescue their comrades, rebuke the children and driving the christians out of the woods, but in being victorious the Angellians hunted down the fleeing glanolinians like wild beasts, killing and wounding them by hundreds.

The children were taken to the river and transferred on the fleet for safety. During the continuation of the expedition it began to prove to be a most terrible journey. After day heavy attacks were made upon the Angellians by rebarbative swarms at them through the woods to dispute their advance, and for every battle the christians were badly torn, and at times it seemed as if the christians would be annihilated in the great Red Riding Hood Woods. Every day of the Angellian officers must have been humbled for the safe though simple life that had left a behind before entering the army to help suppress the bloody rebellions.

In spite of many desperate attacks from the enemy however, they managed to defeat the desperate desperados of the rebels every time. What thoughts must have come to these many scores of thousands of brave men as they continued to plough on through the woods. Now tired and lonely they must have felt, yet a house or a friendly human being in sight but in the far distance many hostile encampments and growling batteries on distant hills. And only said hi, hi, and green and dreary stretches of deep snow. And sometimes during the advance and even fired at by snipers the men had to wade half frozen streams and swamps, and the weather was so bitter cold that their wet clothing soon stiffened with ice.

During the expedition one of the christian officers during another skirmish with the enemy had a very queer accident. As he was picking his way through the underbrush in pursuit of the rebels he was suddenly jerked upward and held dangling by one leg in midair. His foot had been caught in one of a series of traps set by rebels to catch occupying child slaves, and of course he was quickly set free, very likely when he was safe on his feet again, all joined in a very good he laughs.

The next day indeed was bitterly cold and a snowstorm was raging. While they were marching close to the banks of the mighty Noron river the spray of the ice and waves blown by the gale of wind from ice upon the snow clothing or uniforms. As they bravely went forward. Then it grew dark they secured an abandoned enemy's encampment of small size, and to protect themselves against the enemy and to keep from freezing they built in one single night a huge pile of logs, sticks and boughs five or six feet high and half a mile long, and inside kept a very huge fire burning with their army cloaks wrapped about them and their feet turned toward the fire, all but the watchful sentries lay down to sleep. The great trees of the forest were their only shelter through winter nights. On the second morning before daylight all were again alert, some preparing breakfast for the great number of men, and others putting the supplies in the wagon train. Suddenly a strange cry made every one stop to listen. It was the "Devil Yell" of the glanolinians.

Then a shower of bullets flew past the heads of Angellians and a number of them fell, or a time if you please the fighting went on briskly. Then when Captain Hannish wounded the leader of the beautiful rebels they quickly fled. This was the height of a day full of dangers. Late in the afternoon amid the furious storm of snow another attack by force was made. They were in great peril and found it hard to proceed forward. Just before dark a big wave of glanolinians away almost around the first column of christians defeating themselves as boldly but through a portion of their number were sent away they finally defeated the foe and a grenade thrown by an Angellian struck a tree as it exploded snapping it in two and the tree fell. Upon a number of the glanolinians killing and wounding them. During the last night when they were forced to halt again on account of the storm itself any one could have seen nearly 10,000 busy boys and men, many chopping or blasting down trees, others sawing trunks into logs of proper length

the poor general would have to stay at the bottom of the hill. If the christians could not stop the running of the... the poor general would have to stay at the bottom of the hill. If the christians could not stop the running of the...

and still others dragging the long pointed at the ends where they were to be used. They were building an abatis. All this was done by hand, for we must remember this too troops on the expedition had brought no horses except those drawing the wagons and these were not enough. While the men and boy soldiers were getting up a big appetite the rescued child slaves thus retained with the soldiers willingly were busy kindling small bonfires, cooking supper and doing the many things that need to be done to help the soldiers who had saved them from bondage among the enemy. It took many hours for the soldiers to form the abatis and two rows were made but the night was quiet and no foes attacked.

During most of the expedition their food was very plain, and there was none too much of it. Bread, made of wheat, rye or barley was about all they had. Once in a while when some one killed a deer or two or a number of wild fowl did they have any meat to eat and some times they captured chickens and cows from the enemy. Cold water too and a little brandy was all they had to drink. If you please to mention, they must have thought how good the milk which they used to have in the morning. Men in christians lines would taste it all year long but besides having too little food, and that not very good, the brave Angellians and even the child slaves who had been set free suffered much from the cold, scant food and a lack of clothing with many other hardships caused more suffering than was deserved for such a brave brigade of christian soldiers. One time only Colonel Brown, Captain Starnard and some of their other officers and even generals were well enough to take care of those taken sick with severe colds or half frozen. The generals and officers who were very kind and gentle in sickness and hardships such as this, made excellent nurses. Even the officers and generals cheerfully helped with the cooking, washing and other duties and saw to it the children were clothed as much as possible.

At times there was a death among the poor children every day but yet in spite of all this suffering not one would give up the expedition until told to do so. Although they were in constant dread of further attacks from roving bands of glanolinians it was nearly three more days before even a single glanolinian showed himself in the woods.

Then one day while hunting in the woods a dusky uniformed stranger was seen approaching the snow encamped christian troops.

His first words were "Welcome Angellians" "Reinforcements are coming to you. General Hanson wants you to succeed in this expedition and rescue as many child slaves as possible."

A few hours later he returned with another column of troops under general Squanto Herman. This new officer was glad to see his many friends once more. He liked the Angellians so well that he was willing to go through any peril with them. General Willan had sent out to meet the new officers and escorts and the troops to the new encampment. This was an important meeting. The Angellians spread upon the floor of the largest tent a great green mat, and covered it with cushions for the general and other officers to sit at upon. And the beating of drum, the screen of bugles and the firing of muskets and the blowing of trumpets the new general was brought into the room where he met the general of the expedition. The two generals agreed to stay together until the end of the expedition. With the army of the reinforcements now came much easier times for a short while at least. The army had brought much barley, plenty of wild duck, geese, wild turkey, and deer, which they had brought down with their guns.

On the same day that this meeting occurred an Angellian spy ran through the camp and brought to the general a note he had captured from the enemy. "What does this note mean?" The general asked general Squanto who could understand any mysterious code.

"It means that the enemy are going to resist our expedition as desperately as possible."

As they now had decided to remain here for a few days the Angellians had taken possession of a long line of palisade posts twenty feet high which had been set deep in the ground and pointed sharp at the top. Also not far from them was an old abandoned blockhouse of houses also, and a thick walled building a mile long with holes out of which to fire guns and cannon.

And in spite of all this they soon found hardship and the other miseries returning. The coarse food did not agree with them. Corn bread, bad and too cold drinking water, and poor shelter had made many ill before the twenty of December two hundred had died of hardships alone and yet nobody thought of giving up the expedition. Many of the soldiers to keep from freezing carried axes to chop wood and make fires. Many times during the advance when there was not enough tents the shelter many soldiers only had was a hollow tree, or perhaps a covering of brush and heat of bonfires.

Indeed the many child slaves who had been with the Angellians so long now as there had been no return of the ships, must have been very tired sometimes, but they must have had their frolics too. We must imagine them gathering and making snowballs to throw at each other or the soldiers, and listening to the sparrows, and all eating their meals as if on a picnic, under leafless branches of spreading trees.

The men carried their packs on their backs and guns in their hands. There were no roads just now nor even trails or of foot or wild beasts to follow through this foe infested wild region near Vivian Wickey. For many of the soldiers a compass was their only guides on their long perilous journey of which they had already covered more than fifty miles southward.

Finally as the expedition was about to continue a small band of rebels who had been out scouting stole some provisions from the Christians and a company of soldiers was sent forward to punish the encampment to which the rebel raiders belonged. It was a time of much terror and bloodshed and when it came to an end toward nightfall sixteen hundred Glandelinians, and seventeen hundred Angelinians had been killed and twice that many wounded. In this fight the Angelinians captured another small river fortress and then demanded the surrender of the encampment on the following morning.

This was a complete surprise to the Glandelinians but although the expedition force of Christians was much larger than the foe in this little encampment the Glandelinian general brave old soldier that he was begged his soldiers to fight again desperately for the encampment.

"I would even go down to my grave," he cried out in a rage as he stamped the floor of his tent with his left leg. "Rather than give up to the Christian dogs." "Read the notice the Christian general has sent you and find out our own want he demands," said one of his officers. This only made him more angry, and he tore it into bits and threw it into the camp fire. But after more desperate fighting he absolutely had to give up. The Glandelinian flag was pulled down, and the Angelinian flag waved in its place.

The story of this grandest of expeditions toward any point of beleaguered Vivian Wickey made a stir among the many Angelinian divisions. Already on account of general Hanson's arrival, and the arrival of General Antonburg's armies the Angelinians had full control of the full stretch of Gunbeam Creek. If they now could get control of Battery Line River as also they might build up a new line of besieging fortifications, and would be able to pour vast columns of troops upon the enemy works. So do this the they hoped the expedition then being made would bring great success, and so their third leader being wounded General Lasalle was placed in command and more troops were sent to reinforce them by river and land. The new leader was only thirty three years old when he took command. He too had had hopes of accomplishing wonders to the very finish of the expeditions, but meanwhile there were two great plans which he wished to have carried out.

One was to see to it that a chain of fortresses would be built along the Gunbeam Creek, and down a portion of the Norma Gun River, and the other was to concentrate an immense Christian force supported by fortified works and batteries and a number of new fortresses at the mouth of the Gunbeam Creek. After long and careful planning, the expedition was resumed, while he ordered the fleet which was accompanying the army to carry the rest of the army through the river on their way to the mouth of the Gunbeam Creek their goal. They resumed the advance on December 29th. The advance and voyage together was a stormy one not with elements but with the enemy resisting them, but they reached Green Bay Junction on the morning. Here General Lasalle secured a large quantity of furs which had been seized from a captured enemy's wagon train. At waiting for the advance of the first fleet, General Lasalle with fourteen thousand men, went ahead on his journey with the other portion of the army on the ships following. They advanced southwestward as far as St. Joseph's River which ran into the Gunbeam River. Stopping here for a brief period they secured an old abandoned wooden fortress, and then setting it on fire so it could be of no further use to the enemy they went on to the Sun Supreme Junction where they came upon another abandoned wooden fortress and set it also on fire after finding nothing of value in it of any value. All this time General Lasalle was expecting good news of his fleets which were following. As day after day passed he grew anxious, and finally gave up hope. Indeed he never heard from the fleets again. They had encountered the full fire of portage Gertrude Angeline and all the ships were either battered or sunk and captured. He must have ships so he planned to continue his journey and if possible raid and secure a number of enemy ships. It was however being a terrible journey, sometimes the deepest part of all the streams were frozen, and they had to plough through snow two feet deep. At other times during a general warm wave the ice was so melted that it was not thick enough to bear their weight, but too thick for them to break a passage for their boats and canoes which then had to be carried on the men's shoulders through the gloomy Red Riding Hood Woods.

When they finally reached the main stretch of St. Anne Creek they struck out across the country. The woods were thick and full of danger and many times rebel snipers fired upon them causing great loss in men and officers. Thorne underbrush tore their clothing into shreds, and cut their faces and hands. For three days they endured great suffering. The rapid journey of two more days brought them to a marshy country.

It was most anxious moment. If the poor general would have stayed out of the battle, and still if the Christian fleets could not stop the running of the blood, he would have been allowed to seize all the treasure and other things.

354  
SEE PAGE THUNDRED AND FIFTY FIVE.

SPECIAL

SPECIAL

#### CHAPTER TWENTY NINE.....

THE FATAL ENDING OF THE EXPEDITION. WHY IT IS SO HARD TO CAPTURE VIVIAN WICKET, OR ENEMY POSITIONS NEAR VIVIAN WICKET.

THE DESPERATE FIGHTS, AND BATTLES BETWEEN OCTOBER AND JANUARY. THE BATTLE OF DUCANNAL. IN FEAR OF CHILD SLAVES BEING RESCUED BY THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS, THE GANDERLINIAN AUTHORITIES ACT.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBROKER.  
JANUARY 15 TH 1913..... ANOTHER DEED FOR THE SURRENDER OF VIVIAN WICKET.

THE VIVIAN WICKET TEA PARTY..... ANOTHER TREMENDOUS BATTLE OF LONG DURATION, BEGINS NEAR NORMA'S BRIDGE..... LET'S FIGHT IN IT AND SEE HOW IT GOES... SIX DESPERATE ASSAULTS UPON THE ENEMY'S POSITIONS.....

It was a most anxious month. If the governor general would have stayed out of the battle, the poor general would have been able to stop the running of the black fleets could not stop the running of the black fleets. He allowed to seize all the forts and fortresses.

One night they took off their drenching clothing, and wrapping themselves in blankets in ten below zero weather slept on a dry hill in a strong encampment made by themselves. But in the morning they had to build a hot fire or many of them so all the soldiers could thaw their frozen clothes, before they could put them on. For over a month this painful journey had already lasted. Yet the ending of the December month did not bring the end of their journey and they had not reached their goal yet, and neither did their troubles end. When he got to Illinois Junction with fresh supplies which he had secured from a raid on the enemy, he could find neither the fortresses nor any men he had expected to find there. So again he had to make a halt, then in spite of all discouragements he started out once more saying:

"We will go on even if we have to go on through swamps and through hell!" His remaining little fleet of only wooden ships armed with guns made a picture far different from the main Christian warships which were of iron and steel and looked like American warships only larger and longer and more heavily armed. He had wished to secure big gunboats and dreadnaughts but could not obtain them. After some days he reached Green Bay Junction, and here in the Name of Heaven and The Sacred Heart he planted a column and a cross, and declared that he would push on even at the cost of his own life. General Lasalle had carried out the first part of his plan, the capture of enemy fortresses and trading posts along his line of march. Now it remained to push on to his goal at the mouth of Sunbeam Creek. To get help for this, he had to send to the main Christian lines. His plan met with favor there, and with men and supplies another force of troops came to his aid. But despite all this new trouble awaited him....

#### CHAPTER TWENTY NINE.

#### THE FATAL ENDING OF THE EXPEDITION.

His troops missed the mouth of the Sunbeam River and a force of his troops from the boats which landed some four hundred miles to the west of it met annihilation as they encountered a foe shore battery. Here he secured a small palisade fort. When trials came thick and fast. For lack of food and provisions, many of his men became sick, and a large number died of wounds. He was the only one who did not lose heart. Day after day he had kept on looking for main help from the Christian army but on account of the watchfulness of the rebel generals it did not come. For nearly two weeks he had fought like a hero with dangers and great hardships. Most of the men on account of the frequency of the enemy's attack were becoming discouraged and afraid. Many were deserting, and to the rest the forest meant disease, famine, foe snipers, wild beasts such as wolves and cold weather too intense to bear. And gladiolins snipers were doing their utmost to murder the heroic Christian leader, and one morning as the advance was about to resume a sniper finally shot him dead. Such was the end of one of the bravest and boldest of Christian generals.

While this force of Angelinians were exploring the foe country, the enemy generals were planting great forces of troops in the woods along the Atlantic run from Sunbeam Creek to Green Bay, and these had been mustered in such strength as to carry the war so far as to break up this expedition. The Christians were finally halted before they ever got to the mouth of the Sunbeam River and there now began such disastrous fighting between the two Angelinian forces, one wearing red purple and the other gray. General Hooker Thompson and there was a fierce battle with the gladiolins under general Pequot. At the beginning of the contest a withering fire along the Christian line killed two rebel generals and this aroused the enemy to greater fury. At night the enemy carried a work on the right capturing many child prisoners, and murder all the children they had laid began to torture all the men prisoners, and the main rebel force realized their hands on. They killed over thirty children, and the main rebel force realized that they must either break up the expedition at any cost or leave the woods. So general Pequot prepared at once to send a body of men against one of the fortresses a certain section of the Christian troops held. A portion of the foe troop went down by ships on the river along the east coast and landed near the mouth of the Extreme River. The others pushed on through the woods in great numbers. There they pitched their tents for the night. Before daybreak the next morning they advanced slowly and silently upon the Angelinians at that portion where all were awake in their stronghold and prepared. This was a village of small forts of wood surrounded by a palisade ten or twelve feet high, having only one door just wide enough for three men to pass through.

The first alarm was the bugles the shots of the sentries the barking of dogs, and the cries of children. Quickly many landolinians with loud yells hurried to the openings to prevent the Angolinians inside from escaping. Many climbed or rushed into the fort and others threw fire brands among the small house forts from the outside and soon set them on fire. The Angolinians fought bravely and desperately but in vain. Many were burned alive in that mile wide inferno and thousands of others were killed as they rushed to the gate or jumped over the palisades. Out of five thousand christians here only fourteen survived, a of whom one was captured. The others with the children miraculously escaped.

The remaining body of Angolinians however were apprised to this disaster but fell back to better shelter and for a time did not have any further serious trouble from the rebels. Then the very able glandolinian general made a last and most mighty and desperate effort to free the Red Riding Hood of these troops which had made the expedition. His same general who afterwards fought the battle of Sunbeam Junction opened the general attack upon the expedition early in January on the little fort of Swansear a group of fourty small blockhouses surrounded by palisades not far from his positions. At the beginning of the attack a band of rebel raiders stole into one of the forts and set fire to two buildings. Then they killed, women and children, and drove a off cattle and captured provisions and a wagon train. During the following night another place was set upon by the rebels and many buildings and forts were burned. This thoroughly aroused the Angolinians. Very one of the Angolinians realizing their danger fought fiercely but were getting the worse of it. Some wooden forts were laid waste, and without food many of the Angolinians literally lost courage and either left the ranks or gave up.

In an effort to bring the terrific strife to an end general Clurecher of the rebels was put at the head of an immense force of wig-pollstinians. From that time general Thompsonas separate bands of christian soldiers was hunted from one hiding place to another, until at last he made his way with his biggest force to Mount Zion, in the sunbeam creek swamp. Here general Clurecher in a desperate fight raging all day in which three thousand were slain on both sides defeated the christians but lost his own life, and the glandolinians taking many prisoners realized the situation. General Thompsonas came near losing his own life.

"My heart breaks for the expedition has met with terrible disaster," He cried in bitterness. Now I am ready to die. "He escaped with the remainder of his big force however and found shelter in one of the abandoned camps he had occupied once before. But the Angolinians followed close upon him, and with the forces surrounded the camp. The Angolinians for one hour again fought desperately, and while retreating general Thompsonas tried to get away but was shot dead. This put an end to another brave christian officer, and already twelve or thirteen of the small wooden fortresses had been destroyed, and in this fight in the encampment one thousand Angolinians had been slain.

On the following night a force of glandolinians appeared to be stealing through the forest of Red Riding Hood, and waiting for the orders of their leaders attacked other villages of small forts held by the remaining christians, and so furious was the enemy now that they either killed the Angolinians outright or tortured them to death, and took many prisoners. One of the fiercest of these attacks was made upon colonel Schenectady's army and picture to yourself the scene. A tall thirty foot palisade surrounded the small town of fortresses in the woods, but as most of the Angolinians had not expected the attack, as none of the sentries were able to give the alarm from being killed or captured, most of them were asleep. The enemy had quietly disposed of the sentinels at the gate, which in fact were not even closed. It was a little before midnight, when a party of Omarians and wig-pollstinians were stealing a quietly upon the fortification, stopping every now and then to listen. One of the rebels entered one of the gates and silently filed about the little village of fortifications until they entirely surrounded it. Then suddenly their "Devil Yell" rang out, and the glandolinians began their deadly work. In a few minutes the small village of forts were on fire. Out of the soldiers who resisted desperately killing many foes were either slaughtered or made prisoners. The rest of the soldiers with as many children as could get away with but little clothing fled through the raging snowstorm to the main portion of the christian encampment in the woods seventeen miles away, twenty five hundred died on the way from cold and hardship or being shot down by rebel snipers. What a night of terror in those Red Riding Hood woods. Other fierce attacks followed. Seven minutes later a force of glandolinians attacked general Haverhill's troops, and four thousand and two hundred and forty of the Angolinians were killed and thirty others captured, and nearly nine hundred were burned to death including a number of unfortunate child slaves. Then the glandolinians began the attack by advancing and firing general gunstun was riding on horseback from Haverhill's division to his own command outside the lines. On seeing the advance of the Angolinian rebels and hearing the heavy firing, he hurried back to his command to repel the attack, and save his rescued child slaves even at the cost of his life.

It was a most famous battle. The poor general would have to pay out of the battle, and still if the christian fleets could not stop the running of the blood, he would be obliged to seize all the land and other property of the rebels.

"Boys he "He cried to his troops on reaching them. "Run the children for their lives to the fortress. The rest of us will hold back the rebels." They obeyed the order and he and the other troops kept themselves between them and the advancing glandolinians until they were safely within. His own wife and little girl however could not escape. They and even the red cross nurses were taken prisoners and put in charge of a number of child slaves, two boys, and seven girls. The glandolinians killed the baby girl, and then forced the rest to march with them with the rest of the foe division. After twenty four hours of marching the party came to a halt not far from colonel Alwynskilian boy was also a captive. He had been held with the glandolinians long enough to know their manner and ways, and heard them say that on the morrow they would torture the two women. But while the glandolinians attacked the other section of the christian force the two women and the boy and child slaves made up their minds to make an escape at what ever risk. So while the main force of glandolinians rushed against the christian line, the two women and the boys and even little girls seizing the bayonets from the halters of the rebels killed them all and escaped by paddling their way down the sunbeam Creek in a canoe they secured, and got back to the christian lines not far from it and told of the horror going on in the woods.

In the morning the glandolinians came upon the christian soldiers under Colonel Pearfielder. In the attacking force were twenty thousand and two hundred and fifty glandolinians. As it is being such a cold and snowy night, the attack was a unalied success but most of these christians in retreating steadily had got to the palisades and as they had made during the advance of their expedition, and great snow drifts had been turned into snowforts too high to climb over easily. Though ten thousand of the glandolinians scaled the long snowforts and got into a portion of the christian encampment and burned many tents and houses and killed and wounded many Angolinians their losses were becoming exceedingly dreadful, and when the assault was repulsed with still further loss the Angolinians had captured one thousand one hundred and twelve glandolinians and one general as prisoners and seized the dead rebels to use as parapets on top of the snowforts. General Johnston William pearfield and his orderly were the prisoners. The glandolinian general orderly was not strong, and by the second day he was unable to keep up with the hardships of being made a prisoner by the victorious christians at this point. Finally to end his sorrow the fool committed suicide. About twenty glandolinians had also attempted to make an escape but were shot down. General williams was sent to general Montra montreal's command where he remained a captive for the full duration of the war as he could not get an exchange.

Many other attempts during that night had been made by the enemy to carry the snow fort and abatis but met a murderous fire every time and during the first three assaults of the enemy the fighting was terrible and the front of the works was thickly strewn with fallen rebels. There was still another and more greater assault in which the works were almost carried. No need need be told of the great results of the fighting but it ended in favor of the christians and so what remained of the christian force finally burned down everything they had builded and abandoning the expedition fled from the woods and made a long tiresome harassed retreat to the main christian lines, where a concentration of more troops drove the enemy to a stand still. At long after this came the battle of sunbeam Junction and the whole Red Riding Hood Woods was soon cleared of the rebels.

#### WHY IS IT SO HARD TO CAPTURE ENEMY POSITIONS NEAR VIVIAN WILKIN?

WE have seen already however during the siege so far as it goes how the Angolinian in their efforts to not only extend the siege but increase its pressure had planted many fortresses of their own along every river and branch in their own possession, many strong fortified encampments, batteries and thousands of strongly fortified breastworks armed with batteries, and also bul build great fortresses along the portion of the norma river in their possession, and all around Lake Angeline's southwestern and eastern shore also in their possession and had great great floating fortresses on the lake as well as on Lake A Mic-Holster and Wickey Bay. They had other forts along the Angoline and great fortified positions and fortified encampments. Everything they had even encampments was hastily being guarded by fourty foot palisades hastily constructed or under construction.

So they had control of all the river valleys near Vivian Wickey and of three most important lakes and other rivers. The Angolinians had also secured a portion of the norma Junction river but the enemy still held it, and the portion of sunbeam Creek valued latterly line river by the rebels.

In order now to make good their positions the Angolinians under General Hanson Vivian was forming companies of great batteries of largest cannon, and began to concentrate new forces to occupy all the land thus seized from the enemy during the recent conflicts.

General Hanson's army making preparations to storm fortress Auradocallio had hastened to put up more palisaded forts in the region of Red Riding Hood woods which one quarter of general Hanson's army was now beginning to take possession of. One of their great forts was quite near the place where Jennie Ivian stands. Two others were further a long along near the distant foe fortress called the "T" Maine Fortifications.

In order to make a good route toward fortress Auradocallio general Hanson Ivian sent a messenger to find out what the main rebel armies were doing, to see what any of their movements might mean, but he also warned the messenger not to go into foe line and spy but only to scout outside the lines. The person chosen to do this was an orderly of general Jackson Evans. Finally general Jack Evans decided to accompany the orderly and help him through the difficulties and despite all protests from his men and best friends he went off on the mission with the orderly.

These written accounts also occurred before the battle of Norma Fossinia and even before Highburg Landing. General Jackson Evans who was known by Violet and her sisters as captain Jack or colonel Jack Evans was born in Abbeonnia in the city of Pandor on the month of December a day before Christmas and was the son of a rich Abbeonnian planter whose lands lay along the Kruidin river. At an early age he had been kidnapped by the glandelinians, and was sent to a landelinian child slave mill in Calverine, where besides working hard he managed on the sly to learn a little writing, and arithmetic and ciphering. That does not of course seem a great deal to us but it was a good beginning as he had no chance to go to school whatever. Despite being a child slave he was different from other slaves. He was rebellious most of the time, and when he despite all the hardships he endured grew to be a man of ten years old he made even then many a landelinian overseer and even his owners so afraid of him that he was sold frequently. In many cases despite his toilsome life he grew strong and hearty, had great fun at all kinds of boyish sports, such as running, leaping, jumping and wrestling, and he easily led in them, for despite his hard life he grew strong and rugged, and always played fair. He led the boy slaves not only in sports but also in thousands of other ways, and he was often called upon to settle disputes, nobody ever doubted his word not even his masters, for he was always truthful either on promises or even threats. What he said he would do he simply did and no mistake at that. He told his last master one day that he would soon be free. His master laughed at him and said:

"Yes when you go to the grave."

He was a very careful boy despite his bravery and neat about all of his work. He had the same motto as Washington, and he did all well even for his masters. When he grew up and fought his way to freedom during a child slave rebellion among the slaves themselves he was still fond of outdoor sports. He loved the woods and the fields, and a good gallop on horseback. He finally took up a position in a hospital in Abbeonnia and before the war became known to Violet and her sisters. He later entered a military academy and later when war broke out got the commission of a general and took command of a vast christian army and proved at the state to be a terror to the rebels. At the time of the siege of Ivian's key he had his headquarters at Mt. Vermoria, and near by was Hanson Ivian's headquarters. This tall stout handsome kindly and uniformed general had taken a great liking to the strong young Abbeonnian general who even then was only sixteen years old, and during the siege the two great generals had never been separated once.

They often spent the mornings and other times of the day in any kind of rough weather scouting and reconnoitering, and the evenings watching the concentrations of artillery and troops to various portions of the battlefields of sieges. He more general Hanson Ivian learned to know young general Jackson Evans the more he trusted him. He was the youngest general ever receiving a commission and proved later on to be one of the ablest christian generals despite his young age next to general Hanson Ivian himself.

General Jackson Evans was at this time of the siege barely sixteen years of age. Yet when he volunteered to go on the scout with his younger companion, both started out on horseback just before the outbreak of the battle of Highburg Landing. They carried rifles and two pistols, the pistols to use against the foe in case of pursuit, and the rifles to kill game for while they were away from the christian lines on this long journey they would have to depend mainly that terrible winter upon hunting for their supply of food. General Jackson Evans found his journey gives many pictures. Now we could see him and his companions riding along through the unbroken Red Riding Hood Forest with no path, not even a trail as the enemy prevented trails being made. When we could see them spending the night in a cave for shelter or a abandoned shanty or house, with nothing but a mat of straw for a bed and a single blanket for covering. Again they are compelled to make a large fire and each had to be his own cook. Their spits were forked sticks or branches of wood, and their plates had to be large chips.

There were many dangers and hardships enough to make a less stronger person abandon the expedition but in meeting them general Evans was becoming more and more manly and learning things which as a leader of men he had to know.

It was a most anxious moment. If the governor general Evans had not been so sure of the result, the poor general would have stayed out of the battle. If the christian fleets could not stop the running of the blockade, if the christian army be allowed to seize all the sea and shore, then the rebellion would be a success.

He was coming close to the distant hostile landelinian encampments, and learning to understand them more and more. He was also now becoming better known to the men of his own army, who were going to meet him in the future. One of those who were always watching him was governor general Robert Ivian the brother of Hanson Ivian. Now can the dear readers guess why some weeks after he returned from his trip general Evans was the one picked out to bear the brunt of some of the fiercest and most terrible battles of the rebellion.

It was already late Autumn snow was on the ground and Evans was already on a work on that dangerous journey to the gunboat valley. With only seven teen companions he had set out through the thick woods, and did all possible to avoid being seen by rebel scouting parties. They even had to push through the deepest snows in the midst of heavy storms and winds. Many times there were not even the slightest trail or roadway seen, nor the paths of wild beasts to guide them, in fact so many terrific battles had cleared a way out of the forests. It was late October when they came within sight of one of the foe fortresses about fifteen miles south of Lake Angelina. General Evans arranged to capture a rebel scout and forced him at the threat of being shot to tell something about the foe positions and then with the companions and the prisoner started back home toward the main christian lines. On the way they passed through still more dangers. Twenty times a sneaking landelinian sniper shot at Evans, and always came near killing him. At other times he or his companions had narrow escapes from drowning, for the gunboat river, which is or his companions had broken up into great blocks of ice. There was but one thing to do. Taking turns with the only hatchets they had and spent a day in making a strong raft. During this work two of them were shot and wounded by rebel snipers. Soon they launched it. The swirling blocks of ice lunged at their craft, and every time it seemed as if it must go under. Once Evans fell slipped and he went into the river but managed to swim to the raft and get aboard without help but his clothing froze to his body. It was one of the most desperate moments when a rebel gunboat pursued and fired upon the raft, and when a shore battery shot at them but they escaped without disaster. At last after being pursued for fifty miles they at last touched the shore on the christian section. The night was bitter cold, but they did not dare to build a fire for fear of being seen. Landelinians, when no morning came the hands and feet of all of Evans men were frozen and the prisoner had escaped. Now they must have suffered. Evans felt miserable with his frozen clothing to his body and he afterwards had a severe chill and cold. Finally after an absence of nearly two and one third of a month they reached the christian lines, but the answer which general Jack Evans brought made it plain that it would take desperate fighting to take the Norma river from the possession of the foe.

#### THE DESPERATE FIGHTS AND BATTLES BETWEEN OCTOBER AND JANUARY.

AT ONCE THE SECTION CALLED THE ANGELINIAN COMPANIES sent out a large force of men to build another fortress at a place called Highburg Junction where two great rivers united to form the Norma river. Shortly after general Jackson Evans was sent with a body of soldiers just a little before his expedition to defend it. But before it could be built, landelinian troops came down from Norma in gunboats and later heavy shelling drove away the few workmen and soldiers. The landelinians calmly finished the fortress itself and called it Dacanna. Then a large body of landelinian soldiers advanced to meet general Jackson Evans, defeated him in a battle at Greenburg Meadows in two days conflict and forced him to march back to the main christian line in two lines. The christian loss in this two days contest was sixteen thousand five hundred and sixty four in killed and wounded, and 10,000 in eighteen thousand in killed and thirty five thousand in wounded and 10,000 in prisoners. Evans lost no one in prisoners. A dearly bought victory for the enemy.

This was on the fourth of October if you please. He struggle to decide who should retain possession of Norma, and soon grew into a war within a war near Ivian's key itself, which would decide who should capture or retain Ivian's key. As you remember the Angelinians had made many concentrations along the river fronts, while most of the rebels still held all their inner positions. Here were fifteen times as many christian earthworks and fortified positions as there were rebel positions, but the Angelinian besiegers were working only in loose groups, while the landelinians were altogether some sort of unit very much needed among the vast christian armies.

Knowing the character of the most tremendous siege the world ever saw general Hanson worked out a plan to unite all the christian armies into one. He saw clearly that the Angelinian besieging armies would be much stronger if they would work together, and so proposed in October a little before Halloween a plan of uniting

This was a step toward the union which the Christian armies made later in the final struggle against the besieged. But early in the siege the many generals had not been far seeing enough to go get together and ward off the enemy troops. So the early part of the siege was pressed and fought out by the different armies, in five different parts of the siege.

#### THE BATTLE OF DUGANNIA.

On the day of Seventh of October general Hanson Vivian decided to make a movement against the foe as soon as his forces were established in the siege. General Hanson with a large number of Angolinian regiments and brigades came up to Norma gun and made plans to march against a portion of fortress Marcoussin. He invited general Jackson Evans to be one of his aiding generals. Hanson's task was indeed a hard one, he had to cut a road through a section of Red Riding Hood Forest much of the way, and at the same time fight scattered bodies of the rebels. He was used to making war in open fields, but of this woodland fighting he had at first knew nothing. General Evans warned him to be on the lookout of the way of the fighting the Glandelinians did in wooded country, but at this time poor unfortunate Hanson Vivian thought he knew more about the business of war than young Evans, and he paid no attention to this fair warning. After many tedious days of marching and fighting in the skinnish day and night by fifties, at last when within eight miles of fortress Gertrude Angeline itself, they came upon Dugannia Creek and here had a tremendous battle on the evening and night of Halloween itself.

First they suddenly saw a scene as of Halloween pranks among strange men. Some dressed like ghosts, hobgoblins and so on. A striking sight of the Christian armies one of the men turned and yelling waved his hat. At once a strong body of Glandelinian and Omerian soldiers dashed out from underbrush and retreated to a long line of snailents and fortified works defended by a strong battery and abatis, and a hellish devil yell went up. Then as suddenly as they had come the enemy vanished behind their works. They had run back and other rebel troops hiding behind shrubbery, rocks, and trees and bushes, and now forts repelled one Christian charge and shot down the Angolinians by the hundred thousand in three hours. Twenty charges were made that night but general Hanson's best men could only rush blindly into the forests and charge the snow forts and other works in vain. They could not secure a single position. After two more days and nights of sanguinary fighting the Angolinian troops became so stricken as to force once upon their flank, and in the retreat the Angolinians threw their guns away and fled for their lives. General Hanson received four wounds but fought desperately and bravely. He received two wounds and lost ten horses which were shot under him and forty bullets tore through his clothing, and he was wounded in the hand and shoulder. In the whole battle seven hundred thousand men on the Christian side were either killed or wounded, among general Hanson Vivian receiving a sixth wound and was borne from the scene of carnage by general Evans himself. The enemy loss was nearly a million in killed and wounded. The defeat was a terrible one to the Christians, but a dearly bought victory for the enemy. If Evans who had been compelled to assume command in Hanson's place had not managed under great difficulties to get the army back safely it would have been even worse. Such was the results of the first real battle in an effort to march against fortress Marcoussin. They had fought the troops belonging to fortress Gertrude Angeline and were disastrously beaten.

#### IN FEAR OF CHILD SLAVES BEING RESCUED BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS THE GLANDELINIAN AUTHORITIES ACT...

During the sametime in which general Hanson Vivian was defeated in the battle of Dugannia the war around Vivian Wickey was going on with redoubled violence far to the north near Andrea and one of the saddest things of the war happened.

This was the removal of all the Christian non-combatants from their home land. They were mostly Calverlinians and they or their forefathers had lived there since the earliest centuries. They were Glandelinian descendants but did not favor the rebellion. They did not like the ways of the Glandelinians, and though on account of general Purgatorian and Stanek capturing Vivian Wickey, the city and the region all around it had come under the control of the rebels, they themselves remained Angolinians and Christians at heart, and loyal to the Abbeinnans and God. They would not promise to be faithful to Glandelinia, and when Glandelinian authorities had tried to make many of their men folk join the army by conscription they fought.

It was a most anxious moment. The governor general refused to give the permit, the poor general would have to stay out of the battle, and still if the Christian fleets could not stop the running up of the blockade until the rebel revenue officers be allowed to seize all the tea and other goods, the rebels in Vivian Wickey and sent it through the blockade.

They would not even promise to join the rebels and their armies against the besiegers. It was quite plain to the Glandelinian Congress in Vivian Wickey that if the Angolinians should attack all parts of Vivian Wickey in general the surviving people there loyal to Angolinia would rise and one man to help them against the rebellion. Then surely Vivian Wickey would fall, or this reason, and to guard against such a disaster, they decided to move all the Calverlinians who favored Angolinia away, and scatter them among all the prisoners still confined in prisons in Vivian Wickey and public Gallie, and then if they yielded not to commit another wholesale slaughter as had been made in July in 'orn'. However in doing this they tried their level best to keep the people of each district together on the many transports that carried them away. But in the griefs of partings and in the confusion of getting off and in the danger of husbands being separated from wives, and mothers from their children forever there was some delay and a Christian fortress on the river mistaking the scene for a foe rammer opened a dreadful cannon fire which tore all the ships to pieces and killed non-combatants and men and soldiers alike in dreadful numbers before the mistake was discovered. Of course then the firing ceased and as many as were possible were rescued but by this disastrous mistake brought on by the enemy's cruel act more than six thousand Calverlinian women and children alone and nearly 10,000 men and twenty thousand rebel soldiers were killed, and many of who survived and were rescued by the Christian gunboats never saw fathers, or mothers and brothers, or husbands again. It was one of the saddest occurrences during the siege. This also happened on Halawoon.

By this effects many foe works were burned, and any one who may have read the beautiful stories of the Acadians in the beautiful Poop Evangeline by Longfellow can realize the sorrow of this disaster at Vivian Wickey which was more greater than the Acadians ever been and by mistake caused by the Christians themselves.

This disaster angered many of the Angolinian generals, and many of those in command of the fort had been brought to trial but as no evidence of guilt was on them the full occurrence was blamed on the enemy and revenge was desired. For the first a day part of October and partway into November the wicked Glandelinians really got the best of the desperate fighting, but for a time now the Angolinian Angolinians fighting too desperately to be really believed began to win. They drove the Glandelinians in another attack in November from the works at Dugannia run, and moved this time drive the Glandelinians from some At northern sections of the siege they also drove the Glandelinians from some of their outer strongholds on Lake Gero Georgianum, and Lake Jamming. They next set out to conquer the Glandelinians in a certain section of Gunbeam Valley. So do this they had to capture fortress Quebec, the most important Glandelinian stronghold on the Norma Run River. For this great task general Hanson Vivian who retained command despite his wounds picked out general John Evans Jack brother, who was one of the best of his officers. He succeeded in all his great work of the world.

#### THE BATTLE OF QUEBECKER.

At this time he was only twenty years old. To look at him any one would have never imagined he was a Christian soldier. Of course he was tall and stout, his hair was dark brown and his face plain, but his beautiful eyes were full of thought, and showed as much fearless spirit as his brothers. His health never robust when a man had and often having been sick was now strong and healthy and though nearly one third of his men were suffering from sickness colds and diseases which must soon have ended their lives they still went with him to make this expedition. Their general had an iron will like his brother and a strong wish to serve his country and God in some way. Though general John Evans had a very hot temper, he had a most tender and frank nature, which helped him to make many friends and keep them. He did not as yet of course know the Vivian Wickey. All his soldiers and generals and officers loved him and were willing to follow him through any dangers, even to death. He was known as the Fighting Hooker of Angolinia. It was in November not far from Thanksgiving day that John Evans with an army of nearly nine million men concentrated before the fortress of Quebec. His fortress though made of wooden construction was nevertheless very strong and stood on a high rocky precipice cliff three hundred feet above the highest ground. General John Evans saw from the first that it would indeed be no easy task whatever to capture this rebel fortress so hard to reach, and the expedition must be made in secret or it would mean the annihilation of his army.

And there were many hardships to endure. His soldiers suffered from intense cold and blinding snowstorms. Many were sick, and Evans himself became ill with a severe cold, but he would not give up even for the devil himself.

Though an Abbeismman he had the pugnacious character of a bold Irishman, during his fortifying by this great fortress and although in great pain from his cold most of the time he went from tent to tent among his men, trying to give them courage.

"He said to one of his generals:

"I know nothing can daunt me, but I have always prayed to God asking him to keep me up in my courage and endeavor endeavor so that I would never shrink from my duty, what is all I wanted." Sometimes he feared that so many of his men being sick and weak in body that they would not keep alive long enough for them to finish the task. At last after much waiting and searching, the scouts discovered secret pathways up the steep cliff leading up to the fortress. Then he knew the best way to defeat general Whilliam Schleoder the rebel commander here was to get the Angelinian army to the top on the plains above by these secret pathways.

So general John Evans took a number of men in boats up the Norma river to a point twelve miles above the place he intended to make the attack. Two hours after evening passed, on Halloween the signal was giving for the advance. It was a clear starlit night but as there was no moon the forces of Angelinians crossing the stream by pontoon bridges and not reached by foe searchlights were hidden in intense darkness, while they moved slowly across the river and began to climb the cliff. Let us imagine ourselves standing by Evans while as the forces crossing the pontoons march on. He is speaking some commands in low tones, we listen closer. He hears a man repeating a poem he loves. A line seems to make him very sad. He has come to the end of the advance. He pauses and says gently: "Boys I would have rather written the verse that boy recited than take this fortress."

After all were across toward midnight the Angelinians by many parts struggled desperately up the cliff. Each man with musket over his shoulder, pulled himself up by clinging to the roots and bushes, or to boulders and tree trunks. At four o'clock in the morning, general John Evans had his army drawn up in line ready for battle. He had left his artillery below to guard his retreat and so had to artillery with which to repel the foe up above. It had been an anxious night for the sick young christian general. At it was no loss so for the rebel commander. He was also ill with a cold, but he was also sick at heart. He felt sure he was really fighting for a losing cause, and fearing this he felt miserable. He felt sure some years later child slavery would be no more and glandelinia would be brought back to the Union of Abbeismman by force. He even did not have men enough to defend this city of fortresses, he was short of supplies, and most of the garrison of the city were not in condition to fight as they should.

He declared once to his officers that he had not removed his clothes to take a rest since the time Vivian Wickey was captured. About seven o'clock that morning he heard heavy firing of rifles and cannons, and mounting his black horse he rode at once toward his firing lines. When he saw in the distance the long red and purple lines of christians moving forward to the attack, and the long line of smoke along his own line he said to his generals:

"This is serious business and we must repulse their attack if we can.

At ten o'clock after severe fighting the christian attack was torn in pieces and the remainder of the force driven back with great gaps in their lines. At ten thirty after a lull the glandelinians under cover of their artillery fire advanced upon the christians hoping to whip them as they realized they had no cannon.

The attack over a line of six miles was desperate, the struggle was a bitter one, and seventeen thousand men were killed in the onslaught but the rebels were repulsed. Every hour a new attack was made but the glandelinians lost the battle and were driven from their encampments. General John Evans was struck by four bullets, the last of which wounded him so badly that he had to be borne tenderly and lovingly to the rear. A moment later some one cried:

"The enemy are running. The enemy are running. See how they run the traitors." The wounded general opened his eyes as if waking from a most deep sleep and said:

"Are they really running at last?"

"Yes the enemy are, they are giving way everywhere. We are advancing on them and we have already captured their positions."

"Now said Evans, God be praised. I have accomplished what I thought impossible." The rebel general received a mortal wound however, yet supported by his soldiers he kept his saddle as he rode through his scattered troops trying to rally them. When told that he could not live many hours he said it was the best, for he had no desire to live and see the capture of the position and fortresses. Five days later after five days of fighting, the fortified heights passed out of the hands of the rebels into the possession of the christian troops. Not even then however did the did the main glandelinian force give way, and for a while it seemed almost as if the rebels might get back at least some of their own positions.

There was a most anxious moment. The governor general, who had just received the permit, the poor general would have to stay out of the battle, and still if the christian fleets could not stop the running of the blockade until the rebel vessels officers be allowed to seize all the tea and other goods and then allow it to proceed on to the rebels in Vivian Wickey, and sent it through the city of Abbeismman.

One desperate attack was made upon the enemy on the right, and simultaneously a force of glandelinians assaulted Evans batteries down below but could not capture it and suffered a disgraceful loss. It was too late to try and win back what they had lost and finally the enemy abandoned everything and fled panic stricken toward Fortrose Gertrude Angeline...

#### JANUARY 15TH 1913. ANOTHER DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF VIVIAN WICKET.

The seige had already cost the Angelinian authorities over twenty millions of dollars and it was not even a year old yet. As the seige was now being pressed with unmounted energy, and as Hanson Vivian himself had already brought up to Vivian Wickey the most famous army the world ever seen to press the seige, general Hanson Mansion reasoned:

"It is only fair that the glandelinian army at Vivian Wickey should be demanded once more to surrender. The Angelinian generals being largely make up a Mansion assist a assistant was quite ready to carry out his wishes, and so after some time general Hanson Vivian passed the surrender claim. This first law was called the 'surrender Demand'. It provided that unconditionally the enemy at Vivian Wickey should surrender their armies and everything, and that when they had surrendered the authorities of Angelinia should do with the prisoners as they saw fit. When news of this demand of surrender had reached Mic-Allister Stanek and his rebel generals all of the foe generals were very angry.

"It is unjust to demand of us a second surrender when they know we so stoutly refused the first demand." They said. "The Angelinian dogs are trying to make fools out of us Confederates of glandelinia by trying to force us to surrender a city we have so gallantly held. And the charters which our king granted to us make us men free to do as we like in any war. In glandelinia it is the law that no free glandelinian or soldier of officer shall dare surrender unless they are ordered to do so by the authorities of glandelinia herself. We have no one to speak for us in the glandelinian Parliament and so we will not surrender any portion of Vivian Wickey unless general Mic-Hollister Johnston receives the order from Vandy Fair our capital. The only way we answer to demands of surrender if to show the christian dogs how to keep their distance."

The glandelinians were all the more ready to take this stand because for many days they had bitterly disliked all christian ways which they claimed were unfair to them.

One of the hardest trials that the besieged glandelinians in Vivian Wickey suffered was on account of the blockade, and of the frequent failures of blockade runners. They could not get any products in Vivian Wickey to be sent to glandelinia, and of course not only that but when they could not get it to go to the glandelinian country it generally fell into the hands of the christians. So in merchant and other products the enemy were at the mercy of the besieged. Besieged and angry christians who made it certain that no goods of any kind should slip out of their reach. And all this was making the glandelinians declare that the besieging christian generals was taking an unfair advantage of them. You need not be told that the demand of surrender was strongly opposed.

In fact the glandelinians thinking it unjust did not hesitate to send back a number of refusal. Some even in spite fired upon those who bore white flags of truce, and the glandelinians in Vivian Wickey tried blockade runners themselves, and even others did dare to take the chance of running, through the very christian lines to secure provisions of any kind they felt they needed.

"We will not be used as tools for the besieging christian dogs to make out of us all the fools they can." The glandelinian generals declared. "We are not slaves but free born glandelinians, and we refuse to comply with any demands which would make us give up the city of Vivian Wickey. We will hold it till doomsday if necessary."

Indeed when the second demand of surrender came great indignation was aroused. As Hanson Mansion and Johnston went to see general Mic-Allister to receive Johnston. When Mic-Hollister Johnston went to see general Mic-Allister to receive orders he found the greatest excitement not only in the many fortified rebel encampments but in the city itself. Soldiers and men gathered in large crowds on the streets and in the camps, talking in anxious tones. Serious questions were being discussed.

"What shall we do about the demand to surrender Vivian Wickey?" They said. "Shall we submit and say nothing. Or shall we send a petition to Mic-Allister Stanek asking him for justice. Shall we beg general Purgatorian to oppose the surrender demand and shall we take a most bold stand and declare that we will not surrender under any condition!"

Not only in all the intricate elements and encampments and in the streets of Vivian Wickley but also in the main general headquarters there was the great excitement. Out of the glandelinian generals had been very wealthy planters and factory owners, who lived on great estates and mansions while others were poor. They had much weight and dignity had they chosen a wiser course to keep them rich. The affairs of the armies of Vivian Wickley were largely under their control. All of them were loyal to the glandelinian country and her cause and they wished to obey the glandelinian rules as long as possible. So they had counselled; to obey the glandelinian rules as long as possible.

"Let us move slowly," he said. "Let nothing be done in a severe passion."

"Let us petition the glandelinian king on this condition and then, if he thinks it right it will be time for us to consider our own actions." He must not be rash.

General Mic-Holleston, Johnston the main glandelinian commander of all rebel armies in the war listened earnestly. But he could not see things as these older generals saw them. To him delay seemed dangerous to the situation of Vivian Wickley.

He was eager for prompt decisive action and nothing else. Tom Taking a sheet of paper he hastily wrote some resolutions, and rising to his feet he read them to the assembly of glandelinian generals. We can easily picture the scene.

At first they all gave listless attention as general Mic-Holleston Johnston began in quiet tones to read his resolutions.

Many of his generals and even Mic-Alister Stanek gas in scornful wrath and at first they wondered "how comes he what he thinks. He is he anyway to give us much hard harsh advice. We never heard of this before."

It was but natural that these generals whose judgments had been looked up to for years should regard as an insolent commander Mic-Holleston Johnston who presumed to think his opinion worth listening to in a time of great crisis like this in the rebellion.

But while they sit in scornful wrath his eyes began to glow fiercely. His figure became more erect and his fierce voice rang with fiery eloquence. The assembly of glandelinian generals in Mic-Holleston Johnston's headquarters were all alert.

"No one no matter who the christian dog is," he said "has any right to demand a surrender of any one but me, and I have full authority to accept the surrender and I have full authority to refuse to accept the surrender. And no one has the power to make me do either and I will never surrender the city and neither will I allow any other general here, or Mic-Alister Stanek to surrender under any conditions whatever. Only by the king's command will a surrender be accepted."

These were stirring words and they fell amid a hushed silence. Then the debate grew hot and furious, as many members arose to speak in opposition to his burning eloquence. But the glandelinian general was more than a match for all the dissenting voices. He disapproved with him. Like a terrific torrent his arguments poured out and swept all before them. He held resolute resolutions he presented were passed by the Assembly of generals. It was agreed thus;

"Surrender we will not. If General Mansion wants Vivian Wickley let him come and take it if he can. We will hold on until we are commanded by the King to withdraw. But surrender never."

It was a great triumph for the general and orator. On that that go day general Mic-Holleston Johnston made his name indeed.

"Stick to us old fellow or we are gone," said one of the very generals who had opposed his speeches an hour before giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder as he passed out at the close of the stormy session. General Mic-Holleston Johnston had suddenly made his decision and he meant to keep it.

Not only in Vivian Wickley but also in many of the glandelinian encampments, his fiery words acted like magic in stirring up the glandelinians all over against the demand of the christians to surrender. He had proved himself not only a bold and able glandelinian general willing to risk any danger for the rebel cause but proved also that he would and could have his own way in anything he wished. Of course you would expect that only in the glandelinian armies at Vivian Wickley there would be strong and deep-seated feeling again to the demand for surrender. But perhaps you will be surprised to learn that even in some parts of the christian lines a leading officer felt sure Vivian Wickley would never fall by the christian lines. And it never did. They even thought that general Mansion was making a great mistake in trying to force general Mic-Alister Stanek to surrender Vivian Wickley when the enemy fully well supplied from Calverline were bound to hold out to the end.

General Pitter wh Williamson a leader in the glandelinian Conf Congress made a great speech in which he said;

"I rejoice that the Glandelinians have resisted. He went on to say that if the glandelinians had meekly submitted, they would have acted like the child slaves themselves."

It was a most curious scene. The poor general would have to stay out of the battle and still, if the christian fleets could not stop the running of the blockade, the rebel revenue officers would be allowed to seize all the tea and other goods provisions and allow it to proceed on to the rebels in Vivian Wickley and sent it through the blockade.

General Burkin and Johnston Fox other great glandelinian generals also befriended the speech of Mic-Holleston Johnston. All through the forenoon the officers and men were greatly aroused. General Mansion having received an answer which proved to him the enemy would never surrender had sent a large force of soldiers to try and capture Horna Bridge. Many glandelinian brigades hastened to the spot to reinforce the glandelinian forces entrenched there, and with a grim determination to defend the spot the foe elected some of their leaders to act for them at this trying time. During the concentration of armies near Horna Bridge a great number of generals. Great is the excitement over the approach of a more fighting in this region, and though thoughtful officers and generals were very serious, for the shadows of the clouds of battle grew blacker hour by hour.

The glandelinians concentrating in great numbers had already begun to get ready to fight if they must. But many of the glandelinians hoped the Nationals would not attack and therefore acted with caution. General Mic-Holleston Johnston was not one of these. He believed that the time had come when everything should give place to prompt decisive action. He threatening battle he felt sure was at hand. It could not be avoided. The glandelinians must fight desperately here for if once the Angelinians could across this bridge they would be able to bring their main army across the river and the city of Vivian Wickley would fall for sure. So intense was his belief of the danger that he offered in this second meeting a resolution that all the glandelinians should at once prepare themselves and concentrate heavily against the christians. Many of the generals and officers stoutly opposed this resolution as rash and unwise as it seemed impossible to hold Horna Bridge now. At length general Mic-Holleston Johnston rose angrily to his feet, his face pale, his eyes flashing, and his voice trembling with an anger and emotion. Again he straightened to full height, and his eyes flashed. His voice rang out like a base horn. As he went on with increasing power, men and generals leaned forward in breathless interest. Listen to his ringing words which called the resumption of hostilities at Horna Bridge!!!!

"We must fight the christian dogs and not let them cross this bridge under any conditions or they will win the seige. I repeat it sire we must fight, and fight, and fight, and fight, and fight. An appeal to a 11 arms and the God of hosts in all that is left to us. They all tell us sire that we are strong but weaker than the christian forces besieging us, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. Well we have not held out so long already, and how far have the christian dogs advanced. They only captured a line of woods in the gambusia river valley and the ore itself and that's all. But when shall we be stronger? We have even Manley to help us and Shoemannia and other armies helping us elsewhere outside of the seige. When shall we prove to the christians that they will not take this bridge and cross it? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a christian dog of a guard shall be stationed at every door of every house in Vivian Wickley. Halls gather strength by irresolution and inaction! Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantoms of hope, until our christian enemies have bound us hand and foot and freed all the darn child slaves. Sire we are not weak if we make a proper use of the means which the natural effects had placed in our hands. There is no need of retreat but fight. We have enough child slaves to compel to build works if necessary anywhere needed. Their chains are forged. Their clanking can be heard on then now. The big battle is inevitable-----and let it come--I repeat it, and repeat it. Let it come. We will show the christian dogs we can fight like hell!" onwards and others may cry peace, peace, peace, but there is no peace. "The war has actually begun and we shall win it or die. The next gale that sweeps from the southwest will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms which will mean the battle is beginning. Our millions of brethren are already in the field concentrated before Horna Bridge. Why stand we here so idle? What is it that all gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be protracted at the price of surrender and abandoning a stronghold which our king means for us to hold till he is able to go, forget it all you fools. I know not what course others may take but as for me I'm to bring on all the brigades needed to reveal the foe at Horna Bridge."

What wonder that the audience swayed in his belief. He was a true prophet of the glandelinians for in less than a week the first gun of this coming battle was fired on the very bridge itself. Undoubtedly general Mic-Holleston Johnston's fiery spirit had done much to kindle the flame which then burst forth.

Not long after this he was made commander in chief of all the Mic-Holleston forces, and the next year was elected governor of Vivian Wickley. Without doubt the glandelinians had among themselves the most eloquent orators the world ever produced, there being thousands of men like Patrick Henry himself but more forceful in speeches.

While general Mic-hollister Johnston was leading the glandelinian generals and their thousands of commands in their defiance of the demand of surrender, exciting events were taking place in Julio Gallo under another glandelinian general. This was general Purgatorian. Purgatorian. Even before the rebels of Julio Gallo took any general action, he had introduced into the Assembly of Julio Gallo resolutions opposing all demands for surrender, and they were passed.

Small in size as he was no man could be more desperate. Many Angellian officers fearing his influence, had tried at many different times to bribe him with office under the Abbeismian king, and to buy him with gold. But he scorned any such attempts to turn his noble from his wicked duty to the cause of the Child Slave Rebellion. The great purpose of his life was to ensure the besieged glandelinians in any way, to stand up for their supposed rights to hold children as slaves, and to defeat all the plans of every christian general in trying to force the surrender of Vivian Wickay. In this he was busy night and day. In all the glandelinian assemblies, and in all the town meetings all looked to him as an able leader and general, and in the child slave workshops where he went on many inspections, on the streets, or in the glandelinian fortified ships shipyards, men and soldiers and officers listened eagerly while he made clear the aims of the many National generals, and urged them to defend the city of Vivian Wickay to the last man and never surrender. Even at the close of many a busy day this earnest child slave loving man gave himself little rest. He did anything even made sacrifices to uphold the wicked cause of child slavery. Often he was writing thousands of articles for the glandelinian newspapers, and often urgent letters to all the glandelinian generals in Julio Gallo, and in the other sections of Vivian Wickay.

Long after midnight those among glandelinian soldiers, officers and sentries who passed his dimly lighted windows could see general Purgatorian hard at work writing many articles against the so called "Christian dogs". Had any one who did not know him seen him at this time they would have never thought him to be a man remarkable among the glandelinians. He was of medium size with keen gray eyes black hair and his face had an expression as if he would tear the devil himself to pieces. He was a great power among the glandelinians, and not only did he rouse the armies against the christians demand for the surrender of Vivian Wickay, but he helped to organize in opposition to it societies of glandelinians usually known as some strange kind of Secret Orders, who refused to accept any letters received from christian generals, and often destroyed anything from the christians sent within their lines. In Julio Gallo as in Mic-Whither and Norma Catherine and elsewhere throughout Vivian Wickay, the glandelinians refused to do anything to reveal any of their intentions regarding their new movements in the vicinity of Norma's Bridge.

At the close of several days before it had really been put into operation some acts were not done in secret but this did not happen until many resolutions had been passed and after much excitement, when there was great rejoicing.

In every town of glandelinia and for proper property throughout California great bonfires were lighted, and every glandelinian general sent thanks to general Purgatorian. At the obstinate general Mansion was not happy about the refusal to his demand for surrender. In fact he had received such answer such against his will. He wanted to press the end of the siege in his own way and shorten the civil war and how could he do so if he allowed the stubborn rebels in Vivian Wickay thus get the better of him. So he made up his mind to force a passage way across the mighty Norma river by attacking the foe at Norma's Bridge once more.

In the first day of October general Mansion asked any of his generals to pass a message to form a greater and stronger blockade of Vivian Wickay as he had heard that blockade runners were import importing, tea, glass, paper, and a few other articles into the besieged city. This new law was passed and many more blockade runners were captured. The prisoners only said as they were examined: "We had no part in leaving it, and if we pay for our actions we will give up our rights as freemen, at how can we help ourselves. We got to have trade." "Well said general Evans himself. 'I such actions is harboring the enemy. We will resist any such attempts on the part of you blockade runners, by refusing to allow any good whatever to reach Vivian Wickay. You merchants are not any glandelinians, but there are among you Bohemians, Italians, and even Americans and have no right to do any such thing. So shame with you the Americans to have supply the enemies of God. If believe if the governments of your country the United States heard of this you would be exiled as traitors. If this happens again I will have you reported. You will be realize this time but you will have to promise not to make any attempts at blockade running again. As long as you were foreigners we excuse it this time. you may go."

So realizing their foolish mistake at last they finally promised to import no goods to the rebels, and the merchants promised not to ask or take any goods from any one taking part in the Insurrection.

It was a most anxious moment. The governor general, Vivian Wickay, refused to give the permit, the poor general could have to stay out of the battle. He said: "If the christian fleets could not stop the running of the blockade shall the rebel revenue officers be allowed to seize all the tea and other provisions and allow it to proceed on to the rebels in Vivian Wickay and sent it throughout the country to support the rebels?"

Realizing some coming trouble with even the Angellian country in general if they persisted in this the many nationlities stopped running the blockade, and many wealthy people of many countries agreed to wear anything not made in glandelinia and to stop eating any thing rich and special in order to have more provisions of their own, thus showing willingness to give up for the cause some of the luxuries which they had learned to enjoy. Of course the desperate stand taken by the besieged glandelinians at Vivian Wickay lasting so long had angered general Mansion, who was half plaid out already in his efforts to press the siege and felt tired, overworked, and ill. He called all the glandelinians rebels and traitors, and hearing that general Mansion was making another effort to concentrate an attack upon the army at Norma's Bridge sent troops to help him press it through. From the first the glandelinians at this point felt insulted at seeing such a strong concentration of christian troops and it was not long before the first trouble broke out. In a fierce skirmish on the bridge at night, the Angellians fired upon a crowd of glandelinians, killing and wounding a heavy number of men in gray. This caused the greatest excitement. The next day under the leadership of general Purgatorian, the very citizens of Julio Gallo in favor of glandelinia's cause demanded that all the christian soldiers should be removed from the vicinity of Norma's Bridge, despite fearing more serious trouble if the demand was disregarded. The officers refused to withdraw their armies, and by dint of sword and bayonet drove the angry citizens from the bridge and to the defense of the foe soldiers.

Still the feeling did not die down. The new concentration still increasing was a constant irritation. Only slaves would submit to such a delay in being permitted in attacking the christian dogs. "Said general Purgatorian, and his listeners agreed. In Julio Gallo and in other sections of Vivian Wickay, the glandelinians themselves were now trying desperately to escape blockade runners. Few days were growing stronger, and matters grew worse until at length after so thing like three days general Mansion to declare the enemy decided to take off half of the forces concentrated at Norma's Bridge, except the division under general Galdwell who had captured the Woods later. W."

"We must keep one division there to prevent the army from crossing over to our side." Said general Mansion. It was as if the christian generals staff had winked slowly at one another and said:

"We shall see indeed. We shall see indeed. Those glandelinians must have their say and a little flint like this one they will overlook. It would have been much better for poor general Mansion if he had not taken off any section of the armies concentrated near Norma's Bridge and then the coming disaster which I'll write later on would not have occurred. Many leaders among the christian armies thought it dangerous to make such a flint, but the stubborn general was bent upon having his own way saying: "I'm full commander of the siege. All orders I issue shall be obeyed."

Thus he and his generals worked up what seemed to them a clever scheme for hoodwinking the most desperate glandelinian generals. We will take half of the concentrated force away, you can the simple rebel troops think we are fooling them. They will not dare cross the bridge then for fear of an ambush."

Great faith was put in this foolish plan, but general Mansion and his generals were to soon find out that those seemingly simple glandelinian generals, were only Rebel Angellians across the River, that they too had strong wills and clever brains and that they did not care half so much about strong concentration of troops as they did about giving up a principal and moving forces forward against any obstacle they feared they could not carry. General Mansion was bent straight ahead to carry out his plan. It was arranged that a but general Galdwell's army should be withdrawn back for a mile from the region of Norma's Bridge. In due time this movement was made.

#### THE VIVIAN WICKAY CAUSE.

In the months before the outbreak of the war battle at Norma's Bridge it was arranged that the glandelinian Cause that many shiploads of tea and other provisions should be force of arms run the blockade of Mic-Whither Janet the northeast section of Vivian Wickay where Wickay pay forms the border of the California coast. It was arranged that the East glandelinian Tea and Food Provision companies should ship cargoes of tea, food, provisions, ammunition, and other articles at any risk to Vivian Wickay for the rebel soldiers there, to send sent ships to Aronburg and to send sent ships to restore a means to rebel rebuild the burned sections of Julio Gallo and Norma. In due time the tea approached the waters near Vivian Wickay. The rebel merchants saw what time what a time it was to run a blockade like this. Their eyes were opened. What did they find out by the spirits of the men and officers in command of the many blockading squadrons of all ships the world knows of, wooden and steel, what they simply would not let any ships strange or not pass then under any conditions that their guns could blow their transports

armed as they were out of the water. The blo clading ships of gja-whirther J anet and Federal refused to let any ships by no matter who they were, and in Anna Aronburg many ships which run passed the bi blockade were perused. fired upon and captured, the tea and provisions stored in the christian i lines instead and the blo lade runners held as prisoners of war. put the most exciting time was in the region of Andrian a where the great Hio-whirtheria fortifications stretched part way here the glandelinian general Fran is Purragatorian was deter ined to have the blockade running carried out despite all opposition. Hence secured something that related something like the "Faulois posten Ten Party" - but a more stranger tea party, not only where no cups were used, no guests were invited, and to tea drink but during fierce fighting on the water and a sublime artillery storm of both sides. did you ever hear of such a party. Let us see what really happened, and which showed the danger of attempting to run the A gelinian blockade.

It happened on Halloween night itself when ten great gla dillinian transports guarded by six submarines, seven Herrmanns, a thousand fast long and eighty feet high, and a fleet of battleships and gunboats bound for Andrian Harbor, steamed toward the waters of Lake Angeline. The Angelinian sailors and marines of the besieging and blockading fleets were attending to their naval duties in the various cabins and on the decks when the cry "They are attempting to run the blockade with foe warships to help them." spread like wildfire. soon the decks of the warships were alive with marines and artillery. Just then a bloody Halloween night in Vivian wickey indeed. the officers quickly notified admiral notch Benjamin Herrmann the owner or admiral of the flagship fleet, and asked him advice of what should be done on the latter. Then while some others were getting a short ones meeting, preparations were made to prevent the ships were getting through. A sea fight of tremendous results was coming. the crowd of enemy ships was even so great, that their squadrons adjoined to the vivian wickey Bay also, and there they seemed to overflow the waters itself. here were five thousand rebel ships guarding the attempted blockade runners alone, besides the monitors, morriacs and other ships, some of them being true tremendous dreadnaughts but never in size to the ships of the christian blockading fleet. In addressing the sailors and the marines the christian admiral asked;

"Is it the most firm resolution of this body not only that the tea and other provisions shall be taken possession of by force or sent back, and that no ship of the foe shall be permitted to run this blockade."

"Yes" came the prompt and untied answer from those scores of thousands of bravest men of the christian fleet. go the marines and the sailors and soldiers on board of all the christian ships with admiral Adamson gamgal at their head were determined that no matter how numerous the enemy fleet of warships and other vessels shall not pass the blockade under any conditions whatever. The glandelinian admiral o in command of the monstrous fleet that was attempting to run the blockade was equally determined that it should be accomplished. A most stubborn fight t herefore on the waters of Lake Angeline was at hand. The christian commanders of the main ships appointed other craft such as their Herrmanns and onitors and gunboats, and floating batteries, and small bodies of infantry armed with muskets and bayonets to watch the direction of the approaching fleet of blockade runners, some by day others by night.

ix thousand post riders were appointed also who should keep their horses saddled and bridled, ready to speed into the main christian lines to give the alarm should a landing of the blockade runners be attempted near the shore. Hundreds of sentine sentinals were own stationed in many of the christian signal stations to signal the generals, and thousands of beacon fires were made ready for lighting on the surrounding hill tops. November sixteenth dawned. It was a critical day. If the enemy tea ships and other provision and t transport ships should still continue to persist in making the attempt at blockade running the rebel revenue officers would be empowered by law to land it forcibly and run the blo lade a even at the cost of a tremendous conflict. Men talking angrily, and asking their flats with excitement were throgr thronging the christian side of the shores from the surrounding encampments. By ten thirty o'clock over seven hundred thousand soldiers had assembled in the company strais itself nearest Lake Angeline and on the shores of the lake itself. they were waiting for the coming of general otcher who had gone to see if general Mansion would give him permission to join the christian fleets in the approaching conflict and hel repel the advance of the desperate blockade runners. General Rotcher soon came and told the angry crowds of soldiers that Mansion had refused to give the permission for fearing he would be killed in the fight and that he could not be spared. he soldiers told him that he must try and get a permit from the governor general himself. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day a gre ater throng of g owner soldiers and even wild slave refugees again crowded the company streets to wait for the return of general rotcher.

the poor general would have to stay out of the battle. ad still: if the christian fleets could not stop the running of the blockade shall the rebel revenue officers be allowed to seize all the tea and other provisions and allow it to proceed on to the rebels in Vivian wickey and sent it throughout the city to morrow morning. Many anxious faces showed that many men and even children were asking themselves this momentous question. but while in deep suspense the meeting waited for general rotcher to come they discussed the situation, and suddenly general rows Johnston asked:

"Who knows how the rebel provisions will mingle with the waters of Lake Angeline?"

At once a tremendous whirlwind of applause swept through the assemblies, and the masses of soldiers outside. A plan was soon formed. the afternoon light of the short winter day faded, and darkness deepened, the lights of myriads of candles sprang up here and there in the windows of the barr acks within the christian lines and in fortresses there was the flashing of roman candles and the roaring of thousands of skyrocket. It was past seven o'clock when general otcher entered the church of the christian encampment and with pale face said:

"The governor general refuses to permit me to undertake the dangerous risk. We must only be said try to secure the provisions but not join the sea fight if it breaks out."

An excited and angry murmur arose but the crowd soon became silent as general now stood up. He said quietly:

"This meeting can do nothing more to save the region from bloody struggle."

These words were plainly a signal. At this moment in an instant there came a tremendous rolling roar of thousands of guns on Lake Angeline, which announced the battle had broken out, and simultaneously a warwhoop sounded outside among the encampment and four hundred thousand Angelinians swung forward to their river fortified works and waited for troops of the foe were attempting to land the provisions on the river shore. the Angelinians in that bright winter moonlight made a fierce assault upon the enemy, driving them from all their provisions and capturing every thing. the city would not a second of being in the hands of the rebels. there was however great panic on the water and provisions were sent to the water of the lake. there was however great confusion everywhere. Rebel ships opened a stream of shot and shell fire and deadly missiles but nevertheless all was done in order. put what a strange ten party it was extending for nearly ten miles. certainly no other ever used so much tea, and so much water, or caused such losses in lives, and such loss in ships. the battle on the lake raged nearly three days and nights, the foe fleet being unable to break through the blockade, the transport ships being set on fire or captured, nearly three quarters of the rebel fleet was sunk with all on board and soon the remaining fleet beat it in hasty flight. the blockade running failed. Again the christians were victorious.

Soon thousands of waiting messengers were speeding to outlying set sections of the christian lines with the news and general Reverence St De Paul beated and spurred, mounted a swift horse and carried the glorious news through the col nics of the christian encampments as far as Hanoous positions.

This tremendous and bloody Vivian wickey Tea Party which prevented the running through of a hundred million dollars worth of tea and goods of all kinds and the cost of ten thousand lives was not a festivity which pleased general and the coast of the christian lines. In fact it not only made him very furious, but also a afraid, and quite discouraged. At first he felt sure vivian wickey was going to fall in a very few weeks and desired to resign his command but Mic-Holleston Johnston encouraged him to stick it out, and decided himself to punish the christians for the disaster. The glandelinian Congress therefore passed a degree by which all portions of the river at any risk must be closed to all the christian warships, until they would be compelled by force to raise the siege. Not Only this but he decided to rush a large troop of men across norm's Bridge and attack the christian lines situated in that vicinity. put the first thing he found very difficult to do. he own stubbornly refused to try and blockade the rivers in possession of the christians saying they came to fight in war, not commit suicide. So they stubbornly refused. Not the great vivian wickey Tea Party as one alone under the displeasure of the rebel generals. they hated also the threatening siege of the Lucille ri Rickson fortifications. So they put the whole region of that fortress and all its surrounding fortified works under military control with general Emory Page as governor general, and sent more soldiers.

This new glandelinian general gave orders that to prevent suspicions of the christians the rebel authorities should not hold no more meetings so openly openly. He said that no one should no longer issue laws that may fall into possession of christian spies or levy their own provisions. This indeed meant to be a severe punishment for the christian blockade.

In the meantime on account of the blockade vivian wickey was becoming very bad in its situation with no vessels of any kind able to run the blockade without disaster or annihilation and capture and all trade with southern glandelinia and Calverline cut off, the rebels arose soon began to suffer more. But not only the soldiers of vivian wickey but even the brave citizens men and women would not give in. they said:

"We will not surrender vivian wickey under any conditions, even if the city goes down into the innermost depths of hell itself, nor will we allow any christian troops to force their way in as long as we have Calverline to support us through our secret tunnels."

When the Calverlinians loyal to glandelinia in the city of Calverline heard of the suffering on account of the siege at Vivian Wickey, they sent by underground trains wheat, corn, sheep, fish, sugar, and other kinds of food, provisions and artillery and all provisions and ammunition and were soldiers to help out against the siege. The Angelinian generals were thinking that by punishing Vivian Wickey they would frighten the other rebel authorities in Calverline. But unfortunately they were mistaken. For they said:

"We will help the people and soldiers of our comrades in Vivian Wickey. Her cause is our cause. We must all put together in our resistance to King Cannon of Abbeismia, and his Catholic Authorities."

So the rebellion was really uniting all the glandelinians in Calverline. In order to work together to better advantage the glandelinian authorities in Vivian Wickey itself agreed that each should send to a great and final meeting some of their strongest men to talk over their troubles, and work out some plans of united action. This meeting was to be held at the Continental Congress at Norma Catherine. General Purgatorian and general Mic-Holleston, Johnston were two of the four highest generals that were to preside at the meeting. They began their journey from Andrian in a coach drawn by four army horses. In front rode two generals ten servants or orderlies well mounted and bearing arms, while behind were other officers and orderlies in livery two on horseback and two as footmen. Such was the manner of glandelinian generals. As they journeyed through the steepest streets of Vivian Wickey and across the river into Norma the rebel people and elders honored them in many ways. From some of the largest sections of the town, officials and citizens rode out on horseback and in carriages and wagons to meet them and act as escorts, and on reaching the main section of the city, they were feasted at banquets and greeted by hundreds of thousands of gleaming bonfire ex bonfires on streets, hilltops and elsewhere, the ringing of bells, the clamor of countless factory whistles, and the roaring of all kinds of trumpets, firing of rifles and cannons, music of many bands, and by singing and shouting. These celebrations showed honor not to the rebel generals alone, but to the glandelinian cause.

The glandelinian Congress to which these messengers were traveling, urged the people to stand together in resisting the attempt of the christian generals to force them to give up Vivian Wickey. They added: "We have the right not only to hold all forts of Vivian Wickey which we captured at the outbreak of the rebellion, but also to only govern ourselves."

With all these movements general Mic-Holleston was in great sympathy. He went even further for at this time he was almost or quite alone in his desire to retain child slavery at any cost, and he had well been called "The Devil over the Child slaves". Perhaps we can afterwards think of him especially in connection with his ferocious heroism in the tremendous battles elsewhere he soon fought in and where at Gains Fair he was disabled for life and Manley had to assume command in his stead. But his fierce influence for the welfare of his country fighting the rebellion lasted far beyond that time. Till the close of his life he was an earnest and sincere glandelinian Patriot. He died five months after his disablement in the late second year of the war, both a great general and a great orator he was a man of action better than any of the Manleys soon to be heard of more, for he had great power in dealing with his men. Truly his life was one of great and heroic service to his country despite the fact the cause was wicked and in the wrong.

#### ANOTHER TREMENDOUS BATTLE OF LONG DURATION BEGINS NEAR NORMA'S BRIDGE.... LET'S FIGHT IN IT AND SEE HOW IT GOES.....

When general Hanson, Vivian and his other generals passed the decree closing all the ports of Vivian Wickey more tight or the christians believed that such severe punishment would not only bring the enemy to quick submission, and put a stop to further rebellious acts but would cause all the rebels in Norma Catherine to feel sorry for what they had done in Norma early in July, and incline them once more to give up, imagine their surprise and indignation at what followed. As soon as the glandelinian generals had ordered their assemblies not to have any more open meetings, the glandelinians finally made up their minds they would not be put down by the christians in this manner. They said:

"The nations have forced us to hide our assemblies. Very well. We will form a new and more secret go to governing body and give it a new name which no one will ever find out. And what do you suppose the chief business of this new rebel Congress was to make ready for a strong concentration of big armies and artillery in the vicinity of Norma's Bridge. New brigades were called for, and fresh provisions sent for, and provision made that a great number of rebel brigades should be prepared to leave their works at a minute's notice and attack the christians at any time given. These were afterwards called the 'Minute Men of glandelinia.....'

Even while these glandelinian Minute men for so the rebels of the Angelinians south called themselves were making these preparations to concentrate upon the region of Norma's Bridge, general Richard Kindermine and Walter Jennings who was in command of the Abbeismian and Abyssinilian troops in Jennie, Vivian had received orders from general Concoordinian Aroburg to seize as traitors Adams Anelutseer Adams Sampson, and Francis Jandook who were discovered to be the most active leaders of a bunch of conspirators conspirators who had been discovered trying to betray an important work to the enemy. General Kindermine knew that these men were staying for a while with some other wicked friends of his near Lexingtonia junction. He had learned also through spies and the Gemini that the rebels had concentrated an immense battery of artillery and military stores near Concordia by the Norma Bridge, really twenty miles from Julio Gallo, and only eight miles beyond Jennie Vivian. This brave christian general planned therefore to send secret spies to arrest the four suspicious persons within the christian lines and then to push on and capture or destroy the stores at Concordia which he learned were not occupied by the enemy as yet. This he felt sure would give him an opportunity to secure a strong position before the main concentration of the enemy started at Norma again.

Although poor general Kindermine had acted with the greatest secrecy, he was unable to keep his plans from the watchful glandelinian Minute men. We shall see how one of the glandelinian generals during the outbreak of the conflict outwitted him. The general's name was Puttingham. This general had taken an active part in attempting the flouting to run the blockade, and the following days with about one hundred and forty thousand other glandelinians had formed a secret society to spy out all the plans of the christian generals and of their officers. I myself fancy that the daring and courage called for in this dangerous business appealed to the most high spirits and love of adventure for these young glandelinian generals and their officers. Always on the watch, they were quick to notice any strange movements and report to such generals as Mic-Holleston, Johnston, Purgatorian and others. On the evening before Thanksgiving Day general Revere, Warner and his friends brought word to general Mic-Holleston, Johnston that they believed general Kindermine was about to carry out his plan, already reported to the general and others of the capture of the would be traitors within the christian lines, and of taking and destroying the military stores at Concordia.

"There is heavy firing going on of the greatest intensity," He cried. "I believe the battle has begun."

General Mic-Holleston, Johnston quickly decided that general Warner and Williams Dawson should go on horseback to general Mic-Holleston's command and to the generals at Concordia and give the alarm. He sent them immediately by different routes, hoping that one at least might escape the so called "Christian dogs" or at least their many hundreds of strong patrols with whom general Kindermine, had carefully guarded all the roads leading from all sections of Vivian Wickey in the vicinity of Norma's Bridge. Soon general Dawson was galloping from Norma's Hill, and general Revere, Warner was getting ready for a long night's ride through the deep snow.

After arranging with some of his other officers for a flashlight and lantern signal to show by which route the advancing Nationals were advancing, "If by land, and two if by river and str across elsewhere." He stepped with a party of officers and escorts into a small gunboat with two other generals, who brought him from Andrian across the Norma River to Julio Gallo. Upon reaching the other side of the great river, he obtained as well as his escorts and other generals a few fleet horses, and stood ready bridle in hand, straining his eyes in the darkness to catch sight of the signal lights. The horses waited obedient to his master's touch, and the master stood eagerly watching the spot where the many signals might appear. The noise of distant firing of infantry and artillery was growing wilder and louder and he soon began to grow impatient. But before ten thirty o'clock silence came gradually and all was still save for the flaring of millions of skyrockets, the lights from many balloons flying in the air, the dashing of all kinds of fireworks and roman candles and the noise of bombs bursting in the air. At eleven o'clock he saw thousands of different colored lights flashing forth then came a sudden streamer of a thousand flashlights from the enemy's lines at once and a most horrible roar of countless cannons and a more terrible ear-splitting crash of as many explosions simultaneously and the noise grew on in general and was awfully inspiring as lights became dazzling. Exciting moment. Then another light, and crash of more artillery in a new quarter. Twenty as if by River. The Angelinian troops were crossing a certain section of the gunboat river to move for Norma's gun and march for Norma's Bridge. The battle had resumed with redoubled violence.

There was no time to lose. Springing into his saddle, and spurring his horse, he sped like the wind toward general Lexingtonia's army. Suddenly a squadron of Abbeismian and Abyssinilian officers and men rushed upon him from an unseen portion of the road and attempted fiercely to capture him. But he opened fire with his two pistols bringing down six men, and then in the confusion said a lot of oaths, exclamations, and curses he turned quickly and colliding with one officer upset him and his horse, saved another to the ground, sent another flying for his life, and then before the rest recovered from their surprise and amazement dashed into a side path, with spurs in horse. The Abbeismians pursued like wild and fired and fired but though slightly wounded he quickly outdistanced his pursuers and was soon far from them.

Then in his swift-precipitated flight along the roadways he paused at every place to shout to the glandelinian officers there in recreation: "Up and arm your troops quickly. Up and arm your troops. The Angelinian regular forces under Kindermine are out attacking us at Norma's Bridge again. They

are out and attacking like fury. Can't you hear the tremendous noise of cannonading. The officers were immediately aroused and galloped furiously to their commands. Lights gleamed from all houses occupied by rebel and officers. 8 p.m. doors opened and closed, and the officers dashing this way and that were entering their mountings and other troops. When general Lexington's command were reached, it was just midnight and the noise of battle in the distance had grown very violent. Eight glandelinian mountmen were guarding the headquarters where two other generals were sleeping.

"What is all that noise about, that roar of so many cannons and all the glaring flashlights and fireworks. It's disturbing all the men inside their barracks so they can't sleep." Said one of the guards.

No noise. Grieved general Turner. "We will have more noise than this before long. The enemy are out and attacking."

Soon general Williamson Dareson arrived and joined Revere Turner. Hastily refreshing themselves, with a light meal, they rode off together toward Concordia, in company with Samuel Presser. About half way there while accompanied by a strong escort of cavalry they were surprised by a strong force of mounted Calverinian officers and men, who seeing the gray uniforms of those coming toward them hurried themselves forward like a whirlwind whirlwind. The conflict was brief, but fierce, many were sabred, horses reared on their haunches, and the main leading christian officer was down but the Angelinians came off victorious. The officer of the foe and Revere Turner managed to escape the Nationals by making their horses leap a high fence and rode in hot haste toward Concordia which they reached in safety, but the other glandelinians were either killed or captured all who survived the contest falling into the hands of the Calverinians.

Toward the approach of Thanksgiving Morning after having pressed the advantage splendidly during the night and gaining considerably head way despite a 11 opposition, but at tremendous loss, the first section of the Angelinian troops numbering eight hundred tyousan thousand men under general Smithsoninda were on their way to Lexingtonia. But before they had gone far they were made aware by the ringing of many bells, the tremendous noise of signal drums, whistles and other wild tumult, the firing of signal guns, the beating of drums, and the gleaming of countless beacon fires from the distant hilltops, that their secret was out, and that the rebels knew what was going on. Unrushed and disturbed by these signs that the enemy were fully on the alert alert general Kindernine sent general Pitocin ahead with a picked brigade of troops supported by cavalry, in the hope that they might reach Lexingtonia before the region could be completely aroused. He also sent back to the main christian lines for the main body to advance. The Angelinian commander would have been still more disturbed if he had known all that was happening, for the alarm signals were calling to arms hundreds of thousands of glandelinians ready to die rather than allow the christians to cross Norma's Bridge. Hastily awakened from sleep, all the men snatched their muskets fixed bayonets and prepared to concentrate in their works. Just as the sun was rising, general Pitocin marched into the region of Lexingtonia, where he found forty or fifty thousand rebels ready to dispute his advances.

"Disperse you damn rebels disperse." He cried riding up. "But they did not disperse. Pitocin ordered his troops to fire and charge, and in the conflict the loss of the rebels was eighteen thousand. Before the arrival of Pitocin the 11 Angelinian officers who had captured the two rebel generals returned with them to Lexingtonia, where commanding their prisoners to dismount, they sent them to the rear leaving the shock ed and dazed rebels to collect their dead and wounded, general Smith hastened on at Kindernine's order toward Concordia. He arrived at about seven in the morning, six hours after general Turner had given the alarm. There had been time to hide all the military stores so the Angelinians could not get at those, and one assault upon the battery was repulsed with tremendous loss. But they cut down all the telegraph poles, set fire to a number of houses, spiked a number of cannon, and emptied a barrel of ammunition and blew up a small ammunition dump.

About two hundred thousand of them stood ready near the northern side of Norma's Bridge, while a body of approaching rebels gathered on a big hill on the opposite side and started a heavy firing. When the rebels had increased to nearly four hundred thousand the firing grew dreadful, the Angelinians answering in long lines were compelled to slowly fall back, and the rebels began to advance swiftly and brought on a desperate fight which began to result in enormous losses for both sides. When pushing on across the bridge and even over pontoons they pressed the Angelinians to hard they were forced to withdraw toward the rear of their own positions. The affair had become more serious than the Angelinians had expected. Given on their own side of the river they could not rest, for an ever increasing body of glandelinians kept swarming forward, and a desperate assault of enormous pressure was made upon the christian lines. For a time the struggle went on without either side giving way but by noon general Francis Smith could see that it was unwise to delay the return to the main line. So although in the night his men had pressed on for twenty miles in the face of fierce opposition, and had little or no food for fourteen hours, he gave the order for the withdrawal. At when they started to retreat, the Rebels kept after them in tremendous number and began another deadly attack. For a time it was an unequal fight. The Glandelinians, pressing on by scores of thousands per wave slipped from tree to tree like Indians, and shot down the worn and helpless Angelinian soldiers by the wholesale, and then retreated before the dashing charge of christian cavalry, only to return and repeat the harassing attack with greater wholesale slaughter.

The region of the Red Whirling Hood Wooded country through which they passed favored this kind of fighting. The rebels passed through after the retreat ing christians in a long ten mile advancing line of rifle fire. Not even for many miles in the open country, every atom wall and hill/ fence, roadway, railroad viaduct/ every house and barn every tree top were really to the exhausted Angelinian troops bristling with the guns of pursuing rebels who mercilessly shot them down by thousands. It was dreadful, sometimes a body of christian troops would make a stand and give resistance but the rebels would charge wildly and disperse them in a furious fight hand to hand. The poor retreating christian army dragged wearily forward fighting fighting as bravely as possible, but on the verge of confusion and panic.

They reached Lexingtonia gonmonia at Three O'clock a quite overcome with fati fatigue. There they were met by one million fresh troops under general Percival Henning whose timely arrival saved the entire pursued and harassed troop from annihilation or capture. General Percivale men formed long lines and a part of the division formed an immense square for the protection of the many retreating soldiers, and into it they staggered, falling upon the ground, with their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase. After resisting the headlong onslaught for an hour the battle became terrible, but as general Kinder nine at the time did not have the chance for some reason of restoring his main force to their support and as the attack was pressing them hard and their losses becoming most dreadful in officers and men the whole new force of christians even again took up their retreat toward Kindernine's main position. The rebel assailants increasing in wholesale numbers every minute kept up the same kind of running attack that they had made between Concordia and Lexingtonia until late in the day, the 11 Angelinians came under the protection of the guns of the Angelinian batteries, and the christian war ships in the river. After an hour the enemy gathered and hurled one big assault after another upon the christian position in a most desperate effort to carry it but their columns were shot to pieces and their main line was torn with gaps and two of their generals were killed.

Seeing their assaults useless the end enemy at night withdrew from the attack and fell back to their own lines. The Angelinians however had failed in their advance. There was no denying that. They had been driven back almost in panic to their own works with a loss of nearly three hundred thousand men in one day. Their losses in the night had been forty thousand in killed and wounded. The rebels throughout the fighting of that night and day had not lost a hundred thousand. But general Kindernine was aroused to the situation. He had a vision of his superb brigades in their brilliant uniforms overriding all before them.

And how did the Glandelinian generals and John-Hollister Johnston regard the situation. They saw clearly and without gloom the deadly nature of the struggle upon which they had entered and the strength of the opposing army against which they must measure their own strength. The glandelinians in the vicinity of Norma's Bridge were now in a state of great excitement. Even all the men noncombatants who favored glandelinian in initiated and flocked to the rebel army, and within a few days after the battle, the rebels sixteen million strong, were concentrating at Norma's Run near the bridge. The Angelinians made no further attempts just now to make an advance.

While the christians and the rebels at Vivian Wickwokey were in the midst of these most stirring scenes, an event of deep meaning to all the christians themselves was taking place not far from Evangelina Grania. Here it the Angelinians generals all coming together for the seventh fifth time since the beginning of the siege was making abrupt plans for carrying on the great siege by cutting money for siege and other war purposes and by making general Ranson commander in chief of the besieging armies, of which so many armies around Vivian Wickwokey were the beginning. Thus did the Angelinian nation itself realize that war had come in all its horrible aspects, and that all christian countries must stand together in the fight. Meantime for christian troops brought up by Ranson's recent arrival under the command of general Estelle Johnston arrived near Jennie Vivian, bring with him an army of 10,000,000 men and nearly sixty thousand pieces of artillery.

Believing as the siege was becoming more greater in pressure that the immense rebel Angelinian armies could soon be forced to leave Vivian Wickwokey if not surrendering especially by cannon planted on the heights of Evangelina Grania the Angelinians decided to occupy it. This of course was not decided upon until it could be found out what general Ranson's purpose was to be. But to go back to Norma's Bridge. On the night after the bloody christian defeat therefore shortly before midnight, twelve million two hundred thousand glandelinians marched quietly from Lucilla Rickson Rickson Fortification a good advance toward Breeders Hill to the left of the Bridge where which was nearer Jennie Vivian than any other point, and began to show up immense breastworks, breastworks. More than three hundred thousand glandelinians under the command of many officers worked hard all night, and by early morning had made good headway and erected breastworks and other fortified works more than thirteen feet in height and team teamed them with cannon. The Angelinian generals on awakening and finding finding out were greatly surprised to see what had been done and consulted among each other about the situation.

Realizing the strength of the new rebel works on that immense hill the Angelini fleet of warships commanded by Admiral Stanek opened a broadside of 15,000 cannon upon the glauclian line in an effort to make their new position untenable but the guns of not only the position but some of the forts replied and for a whole day the most terrific artillery duel of the siege so far raged on making a tremendous clamor and by night amid an inferno like scene, the fire from fortress Gertrude Angeline threatened the fleet with such loss of ships that general Kindermine advised Admiral Stanek to withdraw from the artillery hurricane. General Kindermine had however been concentrating his own batteries upon the fortified position of the rebels and having them covered with great centerwater guns he thought it now would be easy enough to drive off the "Rev Rebels".

#### SIX DESPERATE ASSAULTS UPON THE ENEMY POSITIONS...

So about two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day he made a tremendous assault upon their strong works. The hundreds of thousands of christian soldiers burdened with heavy kramas, and suffering from the intense cold of a winter cold wave had to march through deep snow, and work their way through high snowdrifts reaching above seven feet, and to climb many fences. In advance of the main line of foe works were six lines of snow forts and posted behind were foe artillery and strong lines of infantry. In front of the snow forts were a long line of machine guns. Behind this impregnable works the rebels watched the scarlet and purple waves of troops coming nearer and nearer. All of the rebel leaders warned their men not to fire too soon.

"Wait until you see the Whites of their eyes," they cried. "They are not near enough yet."

The surge of purple coats despite fire from machine guns, and infantry of the foe climbed the slope of the hill and charged the breastworks. They carried the snow forts at the point of the bayonet and captured the machine guns and other set illary and drove the foe from them but they could not retain at this moment what they had captured for the foe surged down upon them from the main works and after fierce hand to hand fighting drove the Angelinians back down the hill with dreadful loss and two generals killed, and five wounded.

Twice more the Angelinian soldiers in their scarlet and purple uniform rushed to the assault and again they were twice more driven back with great gaps in big numbers ploughed in their lines. Whole ranks by hundreds were swept down by the enemy's fire. Again and again reinforced they rushed to the assault only to see their immense lines mangled and torn and the foe's fire sweeping upon them in annihilating fury. The slopes of the hill was darkened with myriads of their fallen, but a sixth time they advanced in ever greater numbers.

With greater fury than before the rebels answered the charge and withered the front line of the christian advance. But a great rush of the nationals behind over their fallen, and the redcoats and purple coats have machine guns and snow redoubts again in their possession. An inferno of firing ensued at close quarters with the foe in the strong salient but it was soon also carried and many Angelinians were already in the possession of the Angelinians. But it was no easy victory even now, and there was no lack of bravery on the part of the desperate rebels. With clubbed muskets, and bayonets, and pick axes, and ramrods and even daggers and pistol butts they met the attackers.

The Angelinians pressed on now however with irresistible force and finally won the victory but with great loss.

"My more such charges would have cost general Kindermine his whole army," said one Angelinian officer. On the other hand however the Angelinians had fought like heroes, and news of the victory brought joy to every loyal heart. General Kindermine heard of it when he was on his way to take personal command of his main army.

"Did my troops stand fire when the rebels counter charged?" Was his first question. "Yes" was the answer.

"Then said he 'The strength of the siege will not be broken. If the bridge is taken possession of Hanson can get forces across to the other side of Norma gun and Vivian wickiey will be ours.'"

In electing general Mansion commander in chief of all the besieging armies, general Hanson and his generals absolutely made the very wisest choice possible.

Of course this was not so clear then. For even generals like general Conscientian Aronburg, and Maurice Costello or even Robert Vivian himself did not know Mansions Ability as we have come to know it too. Conscientian Aronburgs had wished personally that general Hanson would not plan only to bring armies to Vivian wickiey fight his way through to Aurandacallio and then leave the army there and take command of other armies elsewhere in the country as he proposed to do. He wished Hanson would take personal command of the siege. But now from Mansions great ability in holding the difficult siege together they all had learned enough about his most wonderful power over men and his great skill as a leader in time of war to believe that he was the man to whom the whole country might trust the great work of directing the besieging armies in this momentous crisis.

There was nothing however learned of yams ion in his boyhood days, but he had been in the army as a soldier since he was eighteen years old and now he was quite aged but still freand full of great activity and a very pious man. He had been the nations most trusted messenger, and had been early in the war an aide of general Aronburg when the rebellion broke out.

In the discharge of all these duties, and in all his relations with men and generals whether above him in office, or under his command, he had shown himself trustworthy

SEE PAGE THREE HUNDRED SEVENTY FOUR.

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#### CHAPTER THIRTY.

GENERAL MIC-HOLLISTER JOHNSTONS BIG BATTLE MOVEMENTS AGAINST HANSON, AND HOW HE FAILED OUT IN A SERIES OF TREASONOUS CONFLICTS.

A TIME OF GREAT TRIAL FOR MIC-HOLLISTER JOHNSTON.  
GENERAL KINDERMINE'S PLAN...

In celebration general Mansion drew his sword before general Hanson who then assembled there, and after general Hanson gave him a kiss, he took command of the besieging armies. He was then sixty three years old, tall and manly in form, and very dignified in bearing. All his soldiers and officers looked upon him with pride as he sat upon his horse, as a superb figure and picture of strength and dignity. He wore a large hat in the form of a Cowboys with a large colored

Realizing the strength of the new rebel works on that immense hill the Angolima first fleet of warships commanded by Admiral Stanok opened a broadside of 19080

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In the discharge of all these duties, and in all his relations with men and generals whether above him in office, or under his command, he had shown himself trustworthy beyond measure and efficient, a man of clear mind and decisive action, one who always commanded the respects of all men and even women and children, obedience, and even love and honor.

After his great victory at the battle of Angolima Run general Mansion as stated before had concentrated his lines in the formation of a half crescent near Julio Gallio alone on the banks of the Erminia gun itself and very soon with the arrival of other atitudes he had been able to press his advance until he was able to invest the portion of Norm Gathering just as the reign of terror was gain on going on and then enclose upon all of ivian wicksey despite the most hellish resistance of the enemy in the many battles raging with him.

But with all his success and experience general Mansion had the modesty which always goes through with great on greatness. In being summoned before general Hanson Vivian and his generals at Angolima Agathia at the time after he had invested the whole of the land side of ivian wicksey, he was given a vote of thanks for his brave services to his country and in so successfully besieging ivian wicksey, rising to reply general Mansion stood blushing and stammering, unable to say a word and the speaker, liking him much more said with much grace: "Sit down general Mansion. Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess. I only hope you will keep the enemy besieged and if the city falls into your possession the rebellion through your means and efforts will be subdued."

Some months had rolled by and then broke out the great Galverine battle itself. Meanwhile the exciting events of which had been going on that month of September were crowding upon one another in a conglomeration of events and leading up to the first bloodiest battle of the war "November River", and in this time of horror general Mansion was unconsciously preparing for the greater task for which he was soon to be chosen.

In the events of these days general Mansion took his own part. He was one of the greatest national representatives at the first National meeting about the situation of ivian wicksey came to be known as "the Aronburg situation" going to Pandora in company with general Goncentinian Aronburg, and others and leaving the command of the bel besiegers with the able general Su signatory who had saved the ivian girls during the Norm Catherine Slaughter. He also was a delegate to the second meeting of the National Council in August 1912. He filled each place of trust and that more natural for his ability that general Mansion Vivian and Aronburg together should choose in the meeting of all generals as commander in chief of all the besieging armies, this gent leman, old, but able, and already tried and proven to be one of the worlds best christian generals and the best friend Goncentinian Aronburg ever had. He was chosen unanimously. On being elected and no Goncentinian Aronburg read the degree, Mansion rose and thanked them all for the honor adding most modestly:

"I do not think myself equal for the full command I am honored with." I No doubt in the dark days of the war and during the whole siege he had felt often this way, and many times he was so worn out with his exertions that many generals begged him to be relieved for a time and take a rest but he would not give in for as the task had fallen to him, he determined to do his best, and trust in the Power of god and His Blessed mother for the outcome of the siege.

He also refused to accept any pay off his services, but said he would keep an account of all his own expenses. The idea of gain for himself in the time of his countrys need was far removed from this mans great heart. He only knew how wicked the enemys cause was and wished most ardently to overthrow the wild rebellion as soon as possible. So on the twenty first of November just a little before Thanksgiving general Mansion had set out for the Julio Gallio section of the besieging christian lines from his headquarters in company with a small body of his highest generals to take full command of the main army of besiegers. He train the joyfull journey which could not be made on account of no trains running was accomplished in three days. Soon after reaching the place after Thanksgiving general Mansion was much encouraged by the news of the brave perseverance of general Goncentinian troops had made in the assaults upon the rebels strong positions. After three days more he reached the region of Julio Gallio about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was given a royal welcome. Nine brigades of soldiers in their best uniforms in foot and on horseback escorted him as he passed through the company streets in an open carriage drawn by six white horses. All along the route the company streets were lined with soldiers and even child slaves and other refugees who greeted him with cheers and the waving of many pretty flags, and the children free now throw a volley of flowers of every description into his carriage and in return he threw to them a shower of nickles and dimes and other small change. Continuing his journey, he reached the encampments before Julio Gallio and there all the officers and the entire army received him with more enthusiasm than can be described and there was more noise over his coming than during the greeting of a King.

Next day under a large army Crucifix and after receiving Holy Communion at Mass in Celebration general Mansion drew his sword before general Hanson and his officers assembled there, and after general Hanson gave him a kiss, he took command of the besieging armies. He was then sixty three years old, tall and manly in form, and very dignified in bearing. All his soldiers and officers looked upon him with pride as he sat upon his horse, as a superb figure and picture of strength and dignity. He wore a large hat in the form of a Cowboys with a large colored



the besieging fortifications, hiding the papers by sewing them inside his undershirt. He with his companions was just about returning to the rebel lines when a gang of Gendarmes and soldiers, being told a general Danforth captured him and his whole gang. The papers being found upon him, he was condemned to be shot as a spy before sunrise the next morning and the rest with him who were his accomplices were sentenced to fifteen years in prison after the war. The marshal who guarded the rebel spy thought supposed to be an Angelinian was an Abyssinikin and was sent of all the Abyssinikin had lost children who were either enslaved or brought away in some gathering or elsewhere they hated Abyssinikins more than a poisonous snake. This Abyssinikin was a cruel man, he would not allow his Gendarmes prisoners to have any bible of any religion, and even tore in pieces before him very eyes the farewell letters which the spy had written to his mother and friends. But the rebel was not afraid to die, and held himself calm and steady to the end. Looking down upon the mob of Angelinian soldiers from the firing squads scaffold who were standing near by as he went to his death he said:

"I only regret that all of us Glandelinians have only one life to give for our cause. May however all the spirits preserve my body from capture and cause the speedy downfall of all Christianity." He was then shot by fifteen men at the command of an officer and speedily buried.

#### A TIME OF GREAT TRIAL FOR MIC-HOLLESTER JOHNSTON.

But the death of this one Glandelinian spy and the capture and conviction of the other fifteen was only one of the hard things general Mic-Hollester Johnston had to bear in this trying year of 1912... We have seen that when the Glandelinians left Long Lester Junction the Angelinians promptly occupied all the positions. On a certain section of Evangelina & Heights they planted their massive line of big cannons, commanding all of the approaches toward Norma Bridge. General Mic-Hollester Johnston sick and sad at heart had to withdraw, and he retreated northward to the north bend of the Lucille Jackson fortifications stubbornly contesting every inch of ground.

In fighting the next two days the Glandelinians and Angelinians together lost very heavily. Two forts belonging to the enemy near the river with three million men were captured by the Angelinians. The outlook was gloomy enough and it was well for the Glandelinians they could not foresee the even more trying events that were to follow. If in order to save himself and his army from the desperate Angelinian enemy, general Mic-Hollester Johnston had to retreat once more, this time toward Norma Bridge itself. With the Christian army in every way much stronger than his own close upon him it was a race for life toward the bridge itself. Somewhere there was only a burning stretch of trees, houses, or small bridges across creeks, which the rear guard of the rebels had not fired, a between the fleeing forces and the pursuing army. To make things far worse general Mic-Hollester Johnston saw his own army becoming smaller every day, because so many men were either captured or shot down by the Angelinian pursuers. When he finally reached the Norma Bridge and the river itself he had barely three million men left. But here again general Mic-Hollester Johnston showed a master stroke of genius. Having collected boats for seventy miles along the river in one day and having a strong fleet coming to his rescue, he succeeded in getting the part of the army unable to cross the Norma Bridge safely across the river at other portions at nearly the same time and at a place a little above Jennie Vivian. As the Angelinians had no boats and had no pontoons they had to wait in order to construct them. Their generals did not decide to wait until the river should freeze once more, for they must start immediately in constructing pontoon bridges, and cross in triumph and make a speedy capture of his foe. He decided also to push on desperately across Norma Bridge. Now to most people in the whole world, and in Glandelinia, Galverinia, and Angelinia, and Abboannia alone the early downfall of Vivian Wickey seemed absolutely certain. General Glandelinus himself was so sure that the city of Vivian Wickey would soon be in the possession of the Angelinians with his capture of Norma Bridge that he had already packed most of his luggage and sent it to the train in which he expected to return to Angelinia. But general Mic-Hollester Johnston had no thought of giving up the struggle or even allowing any force of Christians to cross over the river on Norma Bridge. Others among his Glandelinian generals had said despairingly "Oh let's give it up. It's no use to fight against such heavy odds. General Mic-Hollester Johnston was not that sort of man at all. He faced the dark outlook with all his courage and energy. Full of faith in the cause for which he was willing to fight for and die, he watched eagerly for the opportunity to turn suddenly upon his overconfident Christian enemy and strike a most heavy blow. Such an opportunity came soon. He seized it in desperation when he learned that general Glandelinus' forces were battling for the possession of Evangelina Granita and Norma possession. A body of Glandelinian troops mostly made up of Galverinians, Abyssinikins, Abboannians, and Tripangilgonians were stationed two miles west of Jennie Vivian and general Mic-Hollester Johnston planned to surprise them on the night of Christmas, when as he knew it was the custom of all Christian people to hold a feast and revel, but they were not doing so as he soon found out.

With two million four hundred thousand men he prepared to cross the Norma River by way of Norma Bridge. The ground was white and deep with snow, and the weather was bitterly cold perhaps thirty below zero. At this time that violet and her sisters applying in Andromeda were doing some of their marvellous for the child Janna. As the many Glandelinian soldiers were here left bloody foot prints along the banks and half of the number of soldiers were ragged. At sunset the troops began to drop. It was a terribly terrible night following, angry gusts of wind, and great blocks of ice swept along by the swift current threatened every man and woman to dash to pieces the hastily constructed pontoon bridges, but they crossed over and by means of the big bridge also. From the Jennie Vivian side of the river general Knorr who had been sent ahead by general Mic-Hollester Johnston, loudly shouted to let the struggling artillery men know where to land. Or to a horse boat to lead after battalions of guns and men conducting the guns made the dangerous crossing while the infantry and horses went over the pontoon bridges and Norma Bridge. A long night this most certainly have been to general Mic-Hollester Johnston, as he stood in the midst of the wild storm, anxious yet hopeful that the next day would bring him victory. It was not until four in the morning that the already weary men were in line ready for the march covered by their artillery. Jennie Vivian was ten miles away and a fearful storm of snow and sleet beat fiercely upon them as they advanced through the deep snow in long lines like an army or hoboes armed with muskets and bayonets. Yet desperately they pushed forward, surely such courage and hardihood would have deserved its reward if the Glandelinian cause was not so wrong and wicked. The Angelinians and other Christians had however no festival during the following night of Christmas but nevertheless no most of their sentries had to be withdrawn on account of the intense storm and cold spell no one was quite aware of the enemy. They felt sure the enemy would not attempt to advance to an attack in such weather. About sunrise they were surprised, and a set of the first section of the brigade easily captured after a most brief struggle. Like a flash of light in the darkness news of this victory shot through the rebel ranks. It brought hope to every heart. The Angelinians were amazed at this most daring feat, and general Glandelinus decided not to leave Galverinia for a time. Instead he advanced with a large force upon that region near Jennie Vivian hoping to capture the rebel general and his army there. He therefore delivering a violent attack drove the enemy back two miles and on the night of January second he took his stand on the far farther side of the river and thought he had Mic-Hollester Johnston in a trap.

"At last!" said general Glandelinus "We have run down the old rebel fox, and we will force him to surrender to-morrow." But general Mic-Hollester Johnston was too sly a Glandelinian fox for general Glandelinus to capture. During the night he led one third of his army around general Glandelinus' camp and striking on to the east of Jennie Vivian, defeated the rear guard of the Christian army in a perfect tactical struggle, and cutting it off before it had a chance to join the main body capturing the whole Christian force and the whole camp. He then pressed forward by the National's retired in safety to his winter quarters among the hills outside Lucille Jackson. During this fateful campaign of a month's duration outside of Vivian Wickey general Mic-Hollester Johnston had handled his army in a masterly way. He had begun with bitter defeat, he had ended with glorious victory. The enemy again felt now that their cause looked though it was not hopeless. It was well that they had this foolish encouragement for the year that began with the battle north east of Jennie Vivian was to test the courage and loyalty to the uttermost.

#### GENERAL KINDERHEIM'S PLAN...

It had become the plan of general Glandelinus that if they could get full control of the full stretch of the Norma River, thus cutting off all part of Vivian Wickey from the immense river source they could so weaken the rebels as to make their defeat easy and the capture of Vivian Wickey certain.

So they finally adopted this plan at Glandelinus' advice. General Glandelinus heart with nearly eight million men was to march from Jennie Vivian by way around Lake Angelina, and from the direction of Lucille Jackson fortifications, to Atlanta where he was to meet a small force of Angelinians who also were to come from Jennie Vivian by way of the Sunbeam Valley. The main army of eighteen million men, under general Mic-Cantler was expected to march up the other portion of Norma River and with a fleet to help in the expedition. Glandelinus believed that this plan could be easily carried out, and would soon bring the resistance of the rebels in Vivian Wickey to a close. And their plan might indeed have succeeded if general Mic-Cantler had been able to do his part. Let us see what really happened....

General de-Cat Cantler thought that before going up the river to meet and help in this expedition and help general Greathart, and he would just march across the river and capture Norma Bridge. His however was not so easy as he had expected it to be. General Mic-Hollister Johnston's great rebel army was fully in the way and not caring to fight his way across, he returned to Jennie Ivian, and tried another route, sending with one part of his army to Angelino Ford and marching the rest by land. The voyage and advance took about three days, much longer than he had expected. When at length the land army came to the point and the remainder landed, and advanced toward Norma Bridge he was again thwarted. General Mic-Hollister Johnston's army greatly confronted him on Gunbeam Creek near the small abandoned village of Lane Gout Court, and a little had to be fought. The rebels were disasteriously defeated it was true with the loss of two million in killed and wounded, but Mic-Hollister Johnston had handled his army with such skill and gave such resistance that it took general Greathart two weeks to reach the region of Norma's Bridge which was only three miles away from the field of battle. General Greathart was thus kept busy by general Mic-Hollister Johnston until it was too late for him to sent help to general Mic-Cantler. Moreover Mic-Cantler was disappointed in the help which he had expected from the Sunbeam Valley, for the christian army which was to come from that direction had been forced to retreat to Jennie Ivian, almost before reaching the valley at 11 a.m. General de-Cat Cantler was now in a very hard place. Big forces of other rebels under general guelmann were in front of him, blocking his way, and also behind him, preventing him from retreating, or from getting powder and other greatly needed supplies from Jennie Ivian. He could move in neither direction. Thus left in the lurch by those from whom he had expected aid, and pained in the by the Angolindian insurrection there was nothing for him to do but to fight his way through to means of retreat or give up. Like a good soldier he fought, and the results was two desperate battles near Edw and court, and the defeat of the Angolindians. At they had torn a huge gap in the rebel lines by forcing the surrender of one great general with his entire army of six million men.

Through this gap he was able to escape but his losses had been too dreadful and so his retreat was a panic all the way back to Jennie Ivian.

Such was the way in which the Angolindian plans worked out. Of course this was a great blow to the besieging christian forces, and to general Mansion himself but the Angolindians would not give up and only once after this disaster redoubled the artillery storm upon the besieged and damaged many buildings in Norma Catherine and set many on fire. On the other hand the three great rebel victi victories in quick succession was a great cause of joy for the enemy. It made hope stronger, it was won confidently abroad. The Angolindian governments had been watching closely to see whether the besieged Angolindians were likely to win in any of their struggles at Ivian Woke, before sending more strong aid. Now all the authorities of Angolindia were ready to do so, and was quite willing to send troops.

To bring about the means to have it possible that no Angolindian christian army no matter what size should ever capture Ivian Woke, general Fr anklin Pierce did more than any other rebel. After finding out that the Angolindian authorities had signed the Declaration of Independence for the child slaves, and you will remember I he had afterwards sent a copy apies into the christian lines to secure aid for the rebel cause. He must have been a quaint figure at the Kings Court of Gondensconia, his plain hair and plain plain clothes contrasting strangely with the fashion and elegance all about him. Yet though this simple hearted rebel counsiller was welcomed by the Gondensconia people who gave feasts and parades in his honor and displayed his picture in public places, they realized nevertheless that Angolindia's cause was very wicked, and kindly told him that Angolindia could not be aided for fear that Abhinanna would come down and force Gondensconia to submit to Abhinanna's authority and so their own freedom would be lost. Nevertheless many things had been discovered by the Angolindian authorities and spies who disloyal Galverinians themselves had secretly helped the cause of the Angolindians especially the rich people did. They secretly supplied the rebels throughout the country with money and army supplies, and besides this able Galverinian leaders joined the rebel army so half of even Galverinia was divided against itself. One part sided with the foe and the other part sided with the Angolindians.

The most noted of the Angolindians who sided with the christian cause was Lafayette Hapsonia. The circumstances under which he came were no doubt quite romantic. His man was but twenty two when he heard frequently about the story of the Angolindian christian armies besieging the Abhinanna fortress of Ivian Woke and of all the other rebels fighting for the hope of maintaining the crucities of child slavery throughout Galverinia. It interested and deeply moved him. For even in his own mind and heart a desire for the children's freedom had been steadily growing, and he had been in sympathy with it. Now he made it his business to find out more about this great cause, and then he decided to help all he could. So he belonged indeed to one of the noblest families of Angolindia and was very wealthy. He had a young wife and four baby girls and two boys whom he regretted to leave. At he indeed well believed that his duty called him to join the cause of Angolindia and help in bringing freedom for the children then held in bondage. His wife was proud of the lofty purpose of her noble man's husband, and encouraged him to carry out his plan, but his children cried and did not want him to go away to "the old war".

## CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

GENERAL THOMAS

SEE PAGE THREE HUNDRED EIGHTY.

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GENERAL ISNER HAIDI MYLATE,

AND OTHER GREAT HEROES OF THE  
WICKED ANGLINDIANS.

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# CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

## GENERAL IBZNER MYLETSE, AND OTHER GREAT HEROES OF THE GLANDELINIAN.

Standing next to general Mic-Hollister was Johnston himself as military leader in general course was the invasion of Glanolinia and Angolinia simultaneously. Inner Mylets had shown heroism at many battles and now he had taken command of a force of troops belonging to Mic-Hollister Johnston's army. Failing several times already at Norm's Bridge the Angolinians tried hard and most desperately at the same time to get control of Norm's river and the middle sections as we have already seen, which resulted in the battles of Lane and Edward Court. Again they had been baffled and defeated by the Glanolinians. One course remained, and that was to gain control of the southern section of Norm's bridge. Beginning on in the Georgia Gun Section they captured from the Glanolinians after a perfect war of the war world the fortress called Gavumuh. Two days later they captured general Burgum and all his forces at port Charleston, and in the following week badly and disastrously defeated general M. Atrusia at Sanderson, near fortress Carolinia and Gedoraine, where with a new army he was commanding in general Burgum's place.

At this point now the outlook for the Glanolinian cause in the resistance to the siege was discouraging. One thing was certain. A skilful general must take charge of the Glanolinian forces south of Norm's Bridge, or the Nationals under general Caldwell would soon have everything in their own hands. General Mic-Hollister Johnston had great faith in Inner Mylets and did not hesitate to appoint him for this hard task. Let us see what led the rebel commander in chief to choose this Mic-Hollister's soldier for duty in a post so far away.

General Inner Mylets was born in Eastern Calverbia in 1842. His father who was generally a man of severe character was however a Free Mason in Religion and a quaker on other occasions, and being to the know-nothings on still another occasion. Inner Mylets was trained to work at child slave holding. He was robust and active and like many young boys and girls liked all kinds of outdoor sports, but with all his other activities he was a good student of books.

We like to think of even these young Glanolinian boys and girls going to school and playing at games just as boys and girls do now, a quite unaware of the any great things waiting for them to do in the world, and they know their future they could have prepared in no way better way than by taking their faithful part in the work and sport of each day as it came. General Inner Mylets looking some like some very handsome villain in a moving picture screen and wearing a peculiar uniform of some half red and half blue of long gray color was ten years younger than Mic-Hollister Johnston, and was about thirty years old when the great battle of Angolinia Junction occurred.

Although news did not travel so rapidly on account of all kinds of communications being wiped out by rebellion, general Inner Mylets was soon aware that the full force of action during the siege of Vivian Wickey would soon break out at any time and having marched since the month of May for nearly a thousand miles for Vivian Wickey brought his army there and conscripting the men and boys local to Glanolinia in Vivian Wickey organized a new army of rebel soldiers who should be ready to fight for the rebel cause, and made the trip from Vivian Fair to Vivian Wickey to get preparation to lead armies in any part of the field in case of necessity. In the region of Vivian Wickey in the danger of the 11 fire he watched with much interest the enemy or christian troops taking their drill and brought back with him not only a bunch of recaptured child slaves but a number of Angolinian soldiers who were made to join the Glanolinian army or be shot as spies.

When news of the fierce battles of Julio Gallo passed swift ly over the country, proving that at the seizure of Vivian Wickey had actually begun, he raised three divisions of troops and placed many of his generals at their heads. He marched at once to Vivian Wickey before it was invaded by Marston and when general Mic-Hollister Johnston arrived to take command of the many divisions of rebel troops it was general Inner Mylets who had the honor of welcoming him in the name of the nation of Glanolinia.

At this time general Inner Mylets was a great man of stalwart appearance, seven feet tall, strong and vigorous in body, and with a frank and intelligent face. At once he won the friendship and confidence of Mic-Hollister Johnston who already trusted him with positions calling for courage, ability, and skill. It was not long before he was general Mic-Hollister Johnston's right hand man. So you can easily see why Mic-Hollister Johnston choose him in December as commander of the Glanolinian armies south of Norm's Bridge. When general Inner Mylets reached the region of fortress Carl Carolinia, it was still December, and he found the vast army in a very pitiable condition. There was but a single blanket for the use of every two soldiers, and there was not food enough in the camp to last another day.

... noble man husband, and encouraged him to carry out his plan, but his children cried and did not want him to go away to "the old war".

At first this young man found it very very hard and difficult to get away, for not only did his family oppose him in general and his relatives and also the men in power opposed his going but his journey was full of danger and nearly thirty times he had been arrested by rebel soldiers on the charge of being a spy and going through their territory without a permit but as they could find no evidence against him they finally allowed him to go free. He finally to make a long trip more safer and more prompt bought a large ship with his own money and loaded it with army supplies. Then disguising himself as a post boy so he would not be detained by any more rebels he arrived at the Eneida River coast without being found out as to his real purpose.

After a long tiresome voyage down the river toward the nation he finally reached a new stream that led him direct to the gorge Run River and from there he finally reached the region of Vivian Wickey, and entered the Christian lines and went to Jemima Vivian.

There the Angelinian authorities gave him the rank of major general but in accepting it general Haneson, asked that he might serve without pay. Later he became that famous Haneson who led in the bloodiest campaigns of the war.

A warm friendship at once sprang up between general Haneson Vivian and this young Christian general, and a feeling of confidence as between father and son. The older man made the young general a member of his military family, and Haneson was always proud to serve his chief. He spent all his money freely and risked his life to help the cause of the Liberator for Child slaves. We can never forget his unselfish service and as to say he lost his life later in the war.

At the close of the month of November general Mic Hollester Johnston had moved his armies to a strong position among the hills in the vicinity of "orn's Bridge, about twenty five miles northwest of Jemima Vivian, there to spend the winter if possible without further fighting.

It was becoming for his troops a period of most intense suffering. Sometimes the soldiers were going for days without even a crumb of bread!

"For all the time during my command of the army at Vivian Wickey," wrote Mic-Hollester Johnston to Mic-Allister Stanek, "There has been little less than famine in my encampments."

Most of the millions of soldiers were in absolute rage, and only a few had bed clothing or any kind of covering. No one hardly had any shelter for all the tents had been destroyed and none could be had from the main army further away. Hundreds of thousands of ragged men had to sit by camp fires all night long and also during the day to keep warm, and all of the sick and wounded soldiers were without beds or even loose straw to lie upon. Nearly three million of the men were completely barefooted in this severe winter weather setting in so early, and many had frozen feet because of the lack of shoes. Even though they were gladiolians, and fighting for a wicked and losing cause, it could make one heart sick to read about what these tens of millions of gladiolians passed through during that full wretched winter one of the severest winters Calvernia ever had.

Yet in spite of bitter trials and such distressing times, general Mic-Hollester Johnston never lost faith that in the end the wicked gladiolian cause would surely triumph, for he felt sure that those who suffer the most hardships during war are the winners and not their cause be wrong or right.

Too many beautiful stories could have been told enough to fill ten thousand big volumes larger than this showing the faith of this courageous gladiolian general Johnston while in the midst of these pitiful heartrending scenes in the Wunbeun Creek Valley. One day general Potter Friends a good able rebel leader was near Mic-Hollester Johnston's great camp, and he was surprised to see Mic-Hollester Johnston on his knees before his superior general Mic-Allister Stanek, his cheeks wet with tears, begging him to send help and troops for his suffering army and provisions and better camp equipments and more fuel.

When this general returned to his own headquarters he said to his staff:

"Mic-Hollester Johnston will succeed. Mic-Hollester Johnston will succeed. The Child slaves will never secure their independence. The Angelinian nationals will never capture Vivian Wickey within ten years even if they had the whole world and heaven helping them!"

"What makes you think so?" Inquired one of his generals.

"I saw him in general Mic-Allister's tent begging for troops and provisions. And surely Mic-Allister will do all he can for him. He will give him all he surely will."

Many events happened between the coming month of December and Christmas at Sunbeam Creek Valley but these would take a million chapters to write them all. General Mic-Hollester Johnston was bound to lead his great suffering army through this valley of despair, and never again he hoped while the war lasted would the sky be so dark.

We have given a most rapid glance at the part which general Mic-Hollester Johnston took in this big Angelinian Revolution. He as commander in chief of all armies, stands first among the rebels. But he would have been quick to say that much of the credit for the success in the first year of that uneven struggle was due to many of the able gladiolian generals who carried out his plans.

The soldiers had lost heart because of their bitter defeat, they were angry because they had not been paid, and many hundreds of thousands were sick because they did not have enough to eat and all were suffering intensely from the cold. They camped in torn tents or rude huts, made of fence rails, corn stalks, grass, and brushwood and even cardboard paper.

Any man would have said:

"What in the world can I do with a vast army like this in such condition? The task is impossible. To remain here is to fail, so I will resign."

But general Isner Myletze said nothing of the kind. He set to work with a will, for he believed that the right was on his side. By wise planning, by many daring raids, and sorties upon the Christians, by skilful handling of the vast army, and hard labor, he managed with the forces at hand, and with the help of his generals and other officers, to ward off the enemy, secure food supply supplies, capture provisions from the Nationals, guns and ammunition, and put new spirit into his men.

Soon he won the confidence of both officers and soldiers. Millions of stories were told that showed the sympathy he had for his men and their faith in him. On one occasion general Isner Myletze with his funny peculiar smile said to a barefooted sentinel:

"How you must suffer from the cold!"

Not knowing that he spoke to his general, the soldier replied:

"I do not complain at all. I know I should have what I and my comrades need, if our general could only get supplies. But the Nationals have us in a vise and we are helpless."

It was indeed very fortunate for general Isner Myletze that in this time of need his men and generals were so loyal to him. Among them was one who later became noted for his brilliant and daring exploits and who served in other rebel armies throughout the remainder of the war. This was general Carl Staley, the great gladiolian rifleman and a fierce and sanguinary soldier to boot (Please give him a boot).

You will I hope be interested to hear of some of his thrilling experiences.

When about serving his first nineteen days as a general in the army he began his military career in general Purgatorian's army, and at the time of the capture of Judo Gallo and of the defeat of the Christians defending that part of Vivian Wickey he did good service indeed by bringing myriads of wounded men off that bloody battlefield. It was about this time that he became known to general Mic-Hollester Johnston and other great rebel generals who liked him very much and trusted him faithfully. The young gladiolian general was so dependable and so brave that he was steadily promoted. When he was twenty three days in his service as a general if you please you know he had an exciting adventure which brought him probably the only wound he ever received.

It was during the battle of Angelina gun, with two hundred men and a cowardly escort he was sent to carry a message to general Purgatorian at Vivian Wickey and to warn this rebel general of the intentions of the Christians who were hiding in the woods near the roadside fired upon them and then rushed out and made a headlong attack.

Sixty of Carl Staley's men fell dead and a hundred were wounded by that one volley and the rest captured or wounded. He himself was so severely wounded in the neck and arm and leg by musket balls that he came near fainting and certainly believed he was going to die. But wounded as he was he managed to cling to his horses neck and spurred him along the forest trail. One Angelinian hoping to get the general and make him a prisoner urged his own horse forward and for a time both enemies rode along side of each other struggling for mastery, but finally when the Angelinian saw that the enemy's animal was outstripping him, he gave up the chase, hurling his pistol with an angry yell at the escaping rebel general. The gladiolian general was soon safe in the hands of friends and succeeded in delivering the message.

During the outbreak of the siege of Vivian Wickey, his services were in a more than one critical situation of great value to the gladiolian cause. And now in the campaign which ended with Kindermine's defeat and repulse at Gorma Bridge for instance his whole brigade fought like true heroes.

General Kindermine himself had said:

"That rebel general Staley commands one of the finest brigades in the world."

Indeed it was regarded at that time as the finest brigade in the rebel army, and this was largely due to general Staley's skill in handling his vast column of men. He always made them feel as if they were one family. He was always thoughtful for their health and comfort, and he appealed to their pride but never to their fear. He was a very tall and a strong man with handsome features, and a very remarkable power to endure any hardships. Though a gladiolian, and a holder of seventy five thousand slaves all children, his manner was quiet and refined, and his noble bearing indicated a sense of honor. He was like by his companions because he was unlike other gladiolian generals, he was very good natured, and ready for all the most daring and dangerous adventures. General Isner Myletze made good use of this true gladiolian patriot and not long after taking command of a new gladiolian army he sent general Carl Staley with no nine hundred thousand picked men supplied with artillery and all army provisions to the northwest section of the region of Gorma's Bridge to threaten the Angelinian outposts. General Kindermine in command of the main Angelinian armies in the south, ordered general Maurice Costello to lead a body of soldiers against Staley.

Early in the morning of December fifth [XIX] 1912, after a hard night march, general Maurice Costello over confident of success, attacked general Staley near the very bridge in the northern part of the location. The gladiolians stood up bravely against the series of christian attacks for two days, and in the end after driving back all attacks, and capturing the christian positions, toward evening charged their batteries in the face of heavy odds and capturing the guns and routed the whole of Maurice Costello's command. General Maurice Costello lost nearly an almost his entire force, including six hundred thousand prisoners. General Kindernine was bitterly disappointed for his plan, undertaken in such confidence had ended in a most crushing defeat. However gathering a portion of his immense forces together, he set out to march rapidly across country in pursuit of general Staley, hoping to overwhelm him and recapture the six hundred thousand christian prisoners before he could join General Myletze's Army. But general Carl Staley was too confounded wary to be caught napping, and suspecting that this would indeed be general Kindernine's game, he retreated rapidly along the river banks in a northeasterly direction toward that part of the army under General Myletze. Meantime general General Myletze had heard the glorious news of the gladiolian victory near Norma's Bridge and he realized too that there was great danger of general Staley falling into the hands of Kindernine. To prevent this, and at the same time draw Kindernine away from his supplies at Jennie's Avian, he decided to go to Staley's relief. Sending his division by a much easier, roundabout route, he himself with a small guard rode swiftly a distance of ten miles across the rough country in the face of the besieging christian fortified works and joined Carl Staley on the last day of the first week of December. General Carl Staley was cleverly retreating northward toward Lucille's Rickson fortress with general Kindernine on his hot pursuit. For ten days the life for race continued with many pitched battles and skirmishes, and with the chances in favor of Kindernine for his army was larger, besides being better trained and disciplined. This was a famous retreat within the siege. It covered a distance of two to twenty six miles through the region of Red Riding Hood Woods, across four streams whose waters frozen over by solid waves, were blown into floating crags of ice by the rebel cannon covering the retreat, and thus checked the christians in their pursuit. When the last stream the Danna was crossed and forded the chase was so close that the rear of the retreating army had a fir fierce battle with the van of the pursuers. General General Myletze was so alert and skillful that he escaped every danger and saved his army.

In this most trying campaign valuable aid was given by gladiolian partisans in all parts of the rebel country. These of course were very private companies, not part of the regular armies if you please. Such companies had been formed however by any section of gladiolian territory owners, and that was why they were called "gladiolian Partisans". Maybe there were.

Perhaps the most partisan leader of the rebels was general Francis Santa Claus. He was born in Pandora An Calvernia in 17 1816 and though a giant gladius. By descent he favored the rebellion. Although as a child he was tremendously frail and delicate, and very sissy looking, had long curls of black hair and even at the age of six wore a dress in a instead of pants and other boys clothes. But though no one knew or thought he would amount to anything he grew stronger as he grew older. As a man he was sort short and slight of frame, but strong and hardy in constitution. At the outbreak of the rebellion when the Angelinian forces began to swarm into Calvernia Santa Claus raised and drilled a large brigade of rebel farmers, and forced many grown boy child slaves to join the army by conscription and by conscripting many loyal Calvernians he soon had a large army of rebels under his command called the "Santa Claus Brigade". For a long while these men and soldier boys were without uniforms or tents, and they unlike other gladiolians served for a time without pay. They did not look much like soldiers on parade, but were among the best and most bravest fighters of the Angelinian Revolution. Their first weapons and bayonets were beaten out of old saw mills at country forges and their first bullets were made largely from old pewter mugs, and other pewter utensils. Their rattles were always very scanty and simple. General Santa Claus their leader as a rule ate hominy and potatoes and like Marion in the American war against Brit drank water flavored with a little vinegar. It was once noted during the two months of the siege of Avian whiskey that one day an Angelinian officer was captured by his rebels and though an enemy general Santa Claus with his usual delicate courtesy invited his prisoner to dinner. We can imagine the surprise of the Angelinian officer when on an old log which made the camp table, there was served a dinner consisting of only roasted sweet potato potatoes, passed on pieces of bark for plates. The Angelinian officer was still more amazed indeed to learn that even potatoes of any kind was something of a luxury.

This division of troops called "Santa Claus's Brigade" seldom numbered more than seventy thousand, and often less than twenty. But with this very medium force of rebels he annoyed the besieging christians beyond measure by rescuing prisoners, making desperate raids into the christian lines, setting fire to whole encampments and by capturing supply trains and outposts. One day a rebel scout who had been a conscripted boy slave brought in the reply or report that a party of ninety thousand Angelinians with two hundred thousand prisoners, and many rescued child slaves in their possession were on the march for Norma's Bridge. Waiting for the darkness to conceal his movements, general Santa Claus with thirty thousand men sallied out swooped down upon this Angelinian camp and after a battle

of lights duration captured the entire force of what remained, and rescuing all gladiolian prisoners and retaking the child slaves murdering many and carrying remainder off to row row their bondage. It was the custom of general Santa Claus when hard pressed by a superior force to scatter, each man looking for his own way out of the country.

SEE PAGE THREE HUNDRED EIGHTY ONE

SPECIAL.....SPECIAL..

#### CHAPTER THIRTY TWO.

OTHER ACCOUNTS OF THE SIEGE.  
THE BOY SCOUTS MAKE A STUNNING DISCOVERY.....  
LITTLE SNOWFIELD PANDORA IS A BIG A LITTLE LEADER  
IF YOU PLEASE...

succeeded in setting fire to all of them and succeeded in alarming the Angelinians. The warning was carried from one christian fleet to another, and one christian fleet was sent out from Min-Whirther bay to destroy or capture this destructive rebel fleet.

Early in the morning of December fifth 1819, after a hard night march, general Maurice Costello over confident of success, attacked general Staley near the very bridge in the northern part of the location. The glandelinians stood up bravely against the series of christian attacks for two days, and in the end after driving back all attacks, and capturing the christian positions, toward evening charged their batteries in the face of heavy odds and capturing the guns and routed the whole of Maurice Costello's army.

allnight duration captured the entire force of what remained, and rescuing all the glandelinian prisoners and retaking the child slaves murdering many and carrying the remainder off to renew their bondage. It was the custom of general clause's men when hard pressed by a superior force to scatter, each man looking out for himself. Often they would dash into a dark dense swamp or wooded country to meet again at some place agreed upon. Even while they were still in hiding, they would sometimes dart out as suddenly as they had vanished, and as surprise another force of Nationals which might be near at hand and capture them all.

"The Red Riding Hood Wolf." Was the name the Angolinians gave to general clause. With the aid of such partisan bands of rebel troops and with skilful handling of his army general Ial Iener Myletze was more than a match for general kindernine. He was not strong enough yet for any severe pitched battle but he always kept general kindernine chasing without losing his army losing his own army. That was about all he could hope to do for a while at least.

But when he received many brigades and regiments and artillery and other provisions from Miso-Hollister Johnston, and also received a new recruits from many drafted soldiers he thought it wise to strike the Nationals a severe and crushing blow, even though he could not win a victory, turning them therefore upon his enemy he fought a battle at Janets Count house, thirty miles north of Jennie's Bridge and further from Norma's Bridge. He was defeated with severe losses in men and even generals and much camp equipment but came off as well as he had expected, and so crippled the christian army under general kindernine that kindernine now in turn had to retreat back to where he started from. He sent many messengers to the river coast and Jennie's Bridge to get supplies for his half starved men. Like the battle on the heights near Norma's Bridge and at Evangelina Granda it was a dear bought battle for both sides.

General kindernine now saw clearly that he could not hope longer for any chance of success in the region of Norma's Bridge, and so having taken on fresh supplies and more men he marched southward with the purpose of reaching Jennie's Bridge. General Miso-Hollister Johnston, who was a regular George Washington of the way with an army of Miso-Hollisterians, Zimmermanians and Osmarians was at the time in camp at the Norma Bridge section of the river waiting for the coming of the long expected glandelinian fleets to Jennie's Bridge. That city was still in the hands of the Nationals.

As soon as this fleet should arrive, general Miso-Hollister Johnston expected to attack the Angolinians in Jennie's Bridge by land, while the fleet attacked it by bombarding the christian positions by the river. But the rebel fleet being defeated in a battle elsewhere was well on its way to the town of Gonklin instead of Jennie's Bridge as expected. When this information came to general Miso-Hollister Johnston, he worked out a bold and brilliant scheme. It was to march his army as quickly and as secretly as possible to Gonklin a distance of forty miles, there join the rebel army under Iener Myletze and Santa clause, and combining with the rebel fleet on its arrival capture the christian general kindernine. This daring scheme brought on a succession of bloody and sanguinary conflicts within a week's time, and succeeded very well in matters of great importance but general kindernine's army was not captured, and being reinforced by a new and big division and receiving more artillery he marched and fought his way desperately all the way to Jennie's Bridge fighting for nearly ten days contesting every inch of ground, and compelling one rebel general to surrender a brigade of eight thousand men.

While the rebellion was being fought out on the land sections outside of besieged Vivian Wickay, important battles were also taking place at sea as well as on the river. Until this siege began the Angolinians had not felt the need of a navy blockading Vivian Wickay but when the necessity came ships by thousands blockaded every water way to Vivian Wickay either by river or sea. Though in the possession of the enemy near Vivian Wickay the Elengigloosean and Boyling Islands were also watched closely by christian warships and cut off from Vivian Wickay and supplies for sure. But they were holding out gallantly also. Many rebel warships captured many christian merchant and transport vessels going through the region of these islands many of which were loaded with arms and ammunition intended for Angolinian soldiers. Power and provisions as you will remember were sorely needed by the besieged rebel armies.

Among the men who commanded these raiding rebel dreadnaughts and other war vessels in the region of these islands were some noted rebel admirals, the most famous of whom was Admiral Conklinia. This admiral proved himself so able that in the first four months of the great Vivian Wickay siege he had many sea expeditions through the dangerous waters and captured six hundred prizes. In the appointed time first having been a captain he was made an admiral and commanded a fleet of warships of his own.

His fleet after some battles were always annoying the christians whose besieging ships were always and frequently annoying rebels coats of the islands by burning and destroying property and making persistent bombardments of the island fortifications. Admiral Conklinia finally got permission to sail along the western coast of the Vivian Wickay shore and set fire to the large shipping yard near Miso-Whither's dock with which harbor he had been familiar in his boyhood. He meant to burn all the three thousand wooden vessels belonging to the christian besieging fleet lying at anchor there. Although he succeeded in setting fire to all of them and made one of the most spectacular fires of the war and succeeded in alarming the Angolinians, the warning was carried from one christian fleet to another, and one christian fleet was sent out from Miso-Whither bay to destroy or capture this destructive rebel fleet.

waiting for the darkness to conceal his movements, general clause with thirty thousand men sallied out swooped down upon this Angolinian camp and after a battle

As the Angelinian dreadnaughts carried more big guns, and were bigger ships, and had more better drilled men and gunners for fighting and was supported by a strong squadron of gun boats and merrimacs it was thought the christian fleet would make short work of the glandelinian fleet in a fight. But it was just the other way, for after the first section of the battle in which the nearly two thousand ships were engaged making a roar of guns like a million explosions going on incessantly the Angelinian fleet was repulsed having lost many men and nearly a hundred ships. After this brilliant success the young glandelinian admiral pursued the bonten christian fleet which turned and offered battle once more. Again during the second part of this struggle the Angelinian fleet against again got the worse of it, and nearly a hundred ships torn and ripped with cabins shot off and decks strewn be black with dead and wounded were leaking like baskets.

During the fierce conflict an Angelinian and rebel ship came alongside and fired broadsides at close range. Both were soon sinking together, being badly galled by the fire but the fighting went on as fiercely as ever. Presently both caught fire. When the rebel officer turned his cannon from the currents upon the main deck of the christian ship and brought down everything in its wreckage and ruin, but nevertheless the rebel commander with his ship more badly damaged and his crew almost annihilated was compelled to surrender. But the christian ship could not have held out much longer for even before the surrender she had half sunk already.

#### CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

##### OTHER ACCOUNTS OF THE SEIGE.

At the beginning of the seige of Adrian Wickay, the christian lines then not having secured any portions of gunbeam creek, and Jennie Adrian had been about forty miles distant from the city and had at first attacked and captured one small town after another and pushed back the rebel lines steadily a far as the mighty Norma gun river. Now this was done in the accounts of the recent advances and fierce fighting which began at Angeline gun and terminated at Red Riding Hood woods. All this distance had been contested by the rebels most obstinately but now the christians were within twenty miles of the city and many of her spires could be seen. At the time of the battle of Gunbeam junction they were ten miles from the city but that was all the further they could advance now for a while and the seige was growing in intensity and in greater tightness.

You remember also that when the last battle began at Evangelina Grania and Sabea creek simultaneously the night last section of the besieging christian armies were northeast of Norma Catherine. Now the enemy's plans and aid and all movements were found out by many christian generals was not through the means of famous christian spies. It was mostly done by Angelinian boy scouts and one of the most famous of these and a leader of many regiments of boy scouts was a lad of twelve years called Penrod. He was really an American lad by birth but his parents had when he was a small lad come over to Calvernia and thence when a older lad he had ran away from home to join the Angelinian army with the other boy scouts.

This boy in his earlier days had had many sweethearts but for a time he liked a little girl called Majoria Dora better than any of them but she did not seem very fond of him and on account of that he mainly entered the christian armies. Even when he first entered the christian lines the lad liked to wander into the great Red Riding Hood woods with musket and sabre of small size and was never so happy as when he was able to have an encounter with a troop of rebel cavalry of soldiers.

Once this more boy hero had wandered one day into the woods during the battle in the region some distance from the main christian lines and built himself a rude shelter of logs where he spent three days with only his rifle for company. As he was a good shot we may be sure he never went hungry for lack of food. Knowing where the foe lines were he used to steal into their encampments during the night at any risk and would secure any provisions needed and he cooked the food over a pile of burning sticks. If you my dear readers have done any outdoor

camp cooking you can almost taste its woodland flavor. Then at night as he lay under the starlit sky with the skin of some wild animal for covering as a blanket any prince or man of high authority might have envied his dreamless slumber. This free wild life made him at home in the immense Calvernia forests, and but he was a rest less lad indeed and looked with longing toward the rugged rebel positions in the west. Along the foothills other christian positions had been formed, and young Penrod's imagination leaped to the scenery a beyond the christian lines, where the enemy encampments stretched for miles and miles no one knew how far along the Norma river. It was an immense wilderness of encampments teeming with rebel positions, fortresses and guns of all sizes, and he wanted to explore in it and see how the rebel positions lay. It was a most extremely dangerous undertaking but he undertook it. It was only twelve when he made the first long tour. At this time he went as far in the enemy encampments as what is known as Furgatarians camp, in the eastern section of Norma gun. This trip brought him peril and excitement but he escaped without being captured. Other trips doubtless he made which increased his love for spying and wandering among the foe encampments, and nine days after made his first trip having heard from a child slave of a wonderfully large rebel encampment far to the west of Norma gun river he started out with the child slave and four other lads in disguise to enter the rebel lines. As he began in the north of August '72, for five weeks these bold lads were in the enemy encampments for another during the night time, listening to conversation of rebel generals and facing many dangers from rebel snipers, and from being discovered. But when in the middle of August they reached the great encampments of general Jemellaster christians army on the border of a beautiful land of stretching fortified prairie pastures lofty fortified forests, and even fortified running stream streams they felt repaid for the hardships of their long nightly journey. They never traveled by day as this would have caused them to be discovered and be arrested. It was indeed as the child slave had said, the most immense encampment he had ever seen.

He happened to see in the foe encampment where Gargolian soldiers having a council were disguised in black hoods and regalia, but others wore the heads of Buffaloes, wolves, Bears, Elk, Deer, and wild beasts of all kinds known, making truly the strangest scene the world itself could have ever witnessed.

The lad at once put up a shelter not far from the rebel lines after having left it, and for six weeks they remained hidden close to the foe lines spying, taking notes, drawing maps of foe positions, and even trying to take pictures of the distant fortresses. Then one day two of the party of boy scouts, Penrod himself and a lad called Sterner while off on a scouting expedition, were captured by a squad of Gargolian cavalry. Enraged.

For several days the glandelinians carefully guarded the two boy captives. But on the seventh night having eaten greedily of game and provisions they captured in a raid upon the advanced position of the christian lines they fell into a sound sleep.

Then Penrod who had been watching for this chance arose quietly from his place among the sleeping rebels, and watching that the sentinels did not see his movements gently awakened his companion. The two then crept stealthily away until out of hearing of the rebels, when rising to their feet they bounded off like deer through the dark woods to their own little encampments but they found no one there, for the rest of the boy scout party were missing and the little shack had been badly burned. However Penrod and his companion stayed on and some days later they were pleasantly surprised when some more of Penrod's friends unexpectedly arrived with another lad and joined the camp. The four were quite contented, living and spying and scouting together, until one day Sterner was shot by a rebel sniper and killed. His death so tragic and so sudden frightened the other lad who had come over with his companion that the woods and foe lines lost their charm for the poor lad and he went back to the christian lines for protection. So only the two closest friends were left.

They remained together three weeks in the little cabin so close to the rebel lines and then as their powder and lead was getting low, his companion returned to the christian lines for a fresh supply, leaving Penrod to hold the ground of scouting tours. Now Penrod was left all alone.

His life was continually in danger from rebel soldiers. For fear of being surprised, he dared not sleep in camp at all for he was too close to the enemy lines, and so he hid himself at night in cane break or thick underbrush and other foliages, not even kindling a fire. Lest he should attract any rebel soldiers who may be touring through the woods. During these weeks of waiting for his companion he led a very lonely life indeed. In all that time he did not speak to a single human being, not even had he a dog cat or horse for company. Without salt, sugar or flour, his sole food was the game he shot, or what provisions he dared to seize from rebel encampments at night. Now gladly he must have welcomed his companion, who returned at the end of two weeks bringing the needed supplies. Other boys and scouts also came from time to time, and Penrod joined one party of them for a time, but several times it happened a number of lads were shot by prowling rebels and the party was again broken up.

After four weeks of this exciting time in the woods so close to the rebel lines Penrod returned to the christian lines.



snowy day and windy too before the hour of sunrise, he departed in the most secret manner with his comrades following later one by one, and arrived to the Christian lines under Constantinian Aronburg after a journey in many directions of one hundred and sixty miles just before Zimmerman had reached Vivian Wickey, during which the lad had but one meal and his companions were half starved. He or his comrades could not get any food for they dared not use their gun for game nor build a fire for fear their foes might find out where they were. They were also several times trodden by wolves and chased by rebel cavalry but escaped. They reached the Christian lines in safety and was of great service in giving the information so that the Angolinians were on the alert and able to beat off the attacking party. This was only one of the many narrow escapes of this fearless lad. Another incident on the way toward the Christian lines during his long journey has illustrated his quick wits. One day after he had with his companions covered about fifty miles fifty four rebels with loaded guns surrounded them from behind trees and rocks and surrounded the lads. The leader said:

"Now Penrod and your spying companions, we got you now. You no get away from us no more see! You no cheat us no more. We caught you at last." While they were speaking Penrod had taken from his pocket a round box of snuff and hastily opening the box he grabbed a lot in his hand and suddenly flung it into the faces of the rebels filling their eyes and nostrils. When while they were coughing and sneezing, and rubbing their eyes the lads managed to get out of the ring and escaped. These are but a few of Penrod's dangerous adventures. From then all he came out safe and proved to be one of the ablest boy scout leaders living. It was not however until sometime in the early or late part of the third year of the war before he came to know Violet and her sisters who were now at the time of his experiences in Andromeda going through their own harrowing experiences and making the sacrifices for the child slaves.

By the approach of November while he was a fugitive yet going toward the Christian lines the siege had become a terrifying spectacle with broadly expanded burning lines of artillery countless cannons in frequent action making noise like a world of volcanoes in eruption. It has been said that but for Penrod the flank of general Constantinian Aronburg's army then marching on Vivian Wickey would not have been saved from the well planned attack by the enemy generals. However this may be we now know that he was one of those fearless and daring little lads who so courageously helped to establish the whole Christian lines to better formation. Many and thrilling experiences the lad and companions with him had during that long journey. With no other companions but the boys and their rifles for protection they quickly and swiftly and patiently made their way through the trackless woods, crossing mountain range after mountain range onward until they came to the region where the rivers flowed westward had their beginning. Upon to their surprise they found here on the source of the unknown river, some other boys scouts on a long journey for Zimmerman's army who gave him and his companions a kindly welcome. Then late in the autumn he heard that the army of Abbotians was advancing his way. One corn in their leather wallets was now all they carried. All went well for a time but the depths of the pathless forest, they soon missed their way, and the hills and mountains became so steep and rough, that some of the boys could not get across. Other misfortunes befell them on this trip. The little stores of corn they had brought with them gave out, and in storms their powder became so wet that it was useless for shooting game or foes who might track them. So almost their only food for that long journey was such nuts and berries as they could gather in their desperate search. They were near death by starvation when they chanced to meet the advance guard of the advancing Christian army under Constantinian Aronburg. They gave Penrod and his companions food and asked them to join them. When allowing the boys to ride horses the lads were brought before Whilliam Zimmerman Zimmerman and told all he had learned.

You might think that this bitter experience would have made Penrod or his followers unwilling to risk another journey back through this barren wilderness toward the Christian lines at Vivian Wickey. But as we have said these boys were not easily thwarted, and the thought of returning back to general Zimmerman's army made him and his companions hold the cost light. He gave to the soldiers such glowing accounts of the nature of the siege of Vivian Wickey that the whole army advanced still more eagerly.

Let us in imagination join this advancing army of Aronburg as it started out on its forced march toward Vivian Wickey. Each regiment had its provision wagon carrying supplies for the armies while also each regiment of boys scouts and rescued women and children or child slaves have their pack horses, carrying household and other goods. These were not so bulky as ours of today for army life is more simple and the soldiers and refugees with them have only what they really need. There are of course for every soldier some rolls of bedding, and uniform and other clothing, a few cooking utensils, a few packages of salt and need corn and other food and a flask or two of medicine and wine or brandy. The pack horses also carry tired women or perhaps a very small child or two. These children and women and other refugees would be transferred to Abyssinians for safety as soon as they could be brought to railroad lines still running. The little boys who are old enough to shoulder muskets march in front of the girl children ready to shoot game for the army or stand a guard against the rebels. Some of the older children drive the horses of wagon trains which are going along with the army.

After reaching a place for a short encampment the younger children were set to help many soldiers and officers to clear away all the bar brush and pile it up in heaps for the making of camp fires. The men and older boys who are big enough to wield an axe lost no time in cutting down the trees to make protecting abatis and making a clearing for tents and other encampments. All worked industriously with a will. Penrod giving aid also and soon the encampments were ready for stop overs in the advance however the soldiers have no beds to lie upon but places are nevertheless found for the army water bucket used to bring water from the stream, the army dipper which with which to fill it, and other small utility utensils. If the soldiers are officers there may be tucked away in some of the packs a wool blanket but usually the chief covering for the soldiers when they lay down is the dried skins of animals, deer bear or perhaps cloths and woolen ones. There was plenty of food though of course it was plain and simple, consisting mostly of game or other slight provisions captured during raids. Instead of the pork and beef which are largely eaten by us we shall find these immense numbers of Christian soldiers making their meal of bears meat or venison. For flour corn meal is used. Each soldier has a mill of some kind for grinding the kernels into meal, while for beating beating it into a hominy they used a crude mortar made perhaps by burning a hole into the top of blocks of rounded wood or logs. Bread making is a most simple matter with them than with us, for indeed a dough of corn meal is mixed on wooden trenchers and then either baked in the ashes and called ash cakes, or before a fire on a board or piece of thick wood or log and called honey cake. Corn meal is also made into mush or hasty pudding, and when certain regiments of the troops have secured cows and other cattle mush and milk is a common dish especially for supper.

For butter the army uses the fat of bears meat or the gravy of the geese and other roasted fowl. Instead of coffee they make a drink of parched rye and beans, and for tea they boil sassafras roots. Every Angolinian soldier no matter whether he is in the artillery corps, infantry or cavalry must be able to use a rifle fire to so a good effect for most of the time during long marches they have to usually provided for their own meat and protect themselves from attacks by rebel prowlers. He must be skillful also in hiding if you please, in moving noiseless through the forest, and in imitating the notes and calls of many different beasts and birds. Sharp eyes and ears, must tell him where to look for either his game or pursuing enemies, and if he values his life his aim must be swift and sure. But most important of all he must be able to endure all hardships and exposure. Sometimes the soldiers lived for months in the wooded countries during the longest campaigns in the war with no food but meat and no shelter but a lean to bush or even the trunks of hollow trees, caverns, ravines or the ground of the forests.

Deer and bear were supposed to be the most plentiful game but the enemy had secured all these themselves, and during long advances there has been now and then but very frequently exciting combats with Gargolian squadrons, Zimmermanian regiments, while prowling and landmines of other sorts kept them ever on their guard. All the Angolinian soldiers must be strong, alert and very brave.

Each soldier depends upon himself for most of the necessities of life. Each soldier has his own work.

All the boy scouts in all of the besieging Christian armies had learned like the soldiers, to imitate bird calls and animals also, to set traps, to shoot a rifle and pistol, and to be able to make and understand all kinds of drum and flag signal and shooting signals. He knew from just within look loophole to shoot through if rebels attacked a barricade and the lads took pride in becoming good marksmen. They were carefully trained also to follow on the trail of escaped rebel spies and prisoners and to conceal his own when pursued himself, for such knowledge would be very useful to him as a hunter of spies and a fighter.

Such was the life and ways of Penrod Schofield and his companions and to this life Penrod and those who went out with him soon became accustomed. On the arrival of Zimmerman's army near Dunbeams Creek, in coming upon other Christian forces the newcomers singled readily with the Angolinian armies already on the ground and the new troops were shown to their new positions and encampments by thousands of boys scouts.

Penrod soon became one of the leading little boys scouts. Once his camp stood on a little island in the river and is said to have been the only one constantly under fire and whenever once did the lads desert their post of sentry duty. This spy settlement had a long veranda in front, several rooms, a loft, and best of all a huge fireplace made of sticks and stones laid in a way in which a pile of blazing logs, roared on the cold days of that Galverinian winter making it a centre of good cheer as well as of heat and warm warmth. To us if not under fire of rebels I suppose it would have been a most inviting spot for a summer holiday.

# LITTLE PENROD SCHENFIELD A BRAVE LITTLE LEADER IF YOU PLEASE...

In his stay in this little spying settlement near the enemy's side of the river shore Penrod was very prosperous in his work securing many important information of the foe's actions and movements but several days later at the beginning of real winter a restless craving for a change and an adventure stole over him and his companions and he went forth on one more into the wilderness to seek some better and more important information about the enemy's doings, and to find a secret foe encampment which he had heard was still deeper in the Red Riding Hood forest.

The place he chose to go to to spy on the rebels was the beautiful country lying along the Great North Bend of the Norma gun river where Jennie's civilian stands. Many bold followers were ready and even eager to join daring Penrod in this new but very dangerous venture, for he thought a lad was a borne leader. A small party went ahead early in the morning to secure provisions to that the expedition might have food when they reached their source. Penrod and eighty other lads who made up the daring party left the island in the Norma river and went by the Red riding Hood wilderness road, through Sunbeam Gap, crossing the Sunbeam Creek. When following the trail of newly formed plank road in a northwesterly direction, they came within sight of the goal. They saw coming toward them something that resembled a strange procession. One section of the procession made up mostly of women and children were approaching by waywater in dugouts, flatboats, canoes, and rowboats. The other part of the procession was approaching by land, and halloing something suspicious to be up the lads hid behind trees, and began a tedious four hours waiting for the results. When they saw that rebels soldiers in ambush were attacking the women and children who proved to be fugitives from some place, and it was believed that the rebels had attacked them many times during their long journey, and the boats were so slow and clumsy that it was impossible for them to escape the flight of bullets and any dying were found on the flatboats when the swarm of boys came went to their rescue returning the fire of the rebels and causing a hot skirmish.

As the boys some of them went back to the camp with the rescued parties, the other lads continued on their way with Penrod but soon found much difficulties and troubles with rebels hiding here and there in ambush. Bands of rebels coming from unseen quarters in the woods began to make life wretched for the brave lads. The rebels became a constant terror. They killed the boys who when ever they could, and had tricked several boys by imitating the gobbling of a turkey or the call of some wild beast, and then pounce upon the human prey and kill or take him prisoner. So the lads from being attacked frequently became lost and had to scour the woods for food on their hasty return toward the christian lines, living on nuts and small game. By the time the winter had set in they had used up so much of their powder and bullets in resisting rebel snipers that they resolved to return to the christian lines by dark in the river itself. They decided to camp in a secret section of the woods by day and soon one was hastily erected. There was much to talk about during the day, and they stayed up until late in the evening. Many of the lads during the day itself had laid down in their huts tired and sleepy and without any fear. Soon half of the number of lads were in deep slumber except Penrod, whose sense of lurking danger would not let him sleep. He kept feeling that enemy enemies might be near. And he was right. For just outside the little encampment prowling in the thick underbrush and hidden by the great trees, there lay in ambush a band of Gargolian troops hooded in their disguise, hungry for plunder and eager to kill or take as many prisoners as possible. They crept silently forward in their attack. They were very cautious for a bright moon lit up the little encampment and a palisaded fort near by. Suddenly a moving shadow falls upon the moonlight clearing outside the fort. A glendelinian soldier was stealthily crossing from the dark woods to the wall of the small encampment. There he crouched close, to be out of sight of the inmates of the encampment. Another crouching figure and still another. One by one every gray uniformed soldier crosses and keeps close to the palisade. The next move was to slide cautiously the strong bar, and under the chain which fastened the gate itself. It was done skillfully enough, but the chain clanked and the hinges creaked loudly. The wakeful lad Penrod spring sprung quickly to his feet. His keen eyes caught sight of the swift, dark gray figures, moving toward stealthily into the small encampment.

"Rebels!" He shouted and off went his rifle. Instantly every lad had snatched the gun lying at his side. In a second the fusillade of shots rang out, and after a fierce skirmish, the glendelinians fled through the gate, to disappear into the leafy woods. But they had lost ten men, when Penrod and his comrade comrades had shot and had killed or wounded three of the boys. Penrod by his keensightfulness had saved the encampment from capture, and his comrades from probable torture or death.

ON PETER THIRTY THREE

SEE PAGE THREE HUNDRED NINETY ONE.

SPECIAL.

SPECIAL.

## CHAPTER THIRTY THREE.

AN OCCURRENCE DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY. ...THE EXPEDITION OF THE EXPEDITION OF GENERAL HUBBAUM JACKEN MANLEY. ...MANLEY STARTS ON HIS LONG CAMPAIGN. ...MANLEY CAPTURES NILES CENTER. ...A PECULIAR EXPEDITION. MORE ACTION AT NILES CENTER. MORE GOOD FIGHTING. ...GIVE THEM CREDIT CREDIT PLEASE.

THE BATTLE OF PUNKEN CENTER. ....

on the left. After fighting for all day at just the right moment, he led his men in a resistance rush against the centre of the foe position helped by the assault of the besieged Angelinians and this made victory certain. One of the rebel regiments unable to escape raised the white flag of surrender. All of this regiments soldiers who had not been killed or wounded were made prisoners.

--- SUNDAY SCHOONFIELD A BRAVE LITTLE LEADER IF YOU PLEASE---

# CH PTER THUTY THREE

AN OCCURRENCE DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

IT WAS NOW JANUARY and the battle of Sunbeam Creek and Evangelina Granit had passed and general Hanson Vivian having abandoned his siege of Evangelina Granit Evangelina Granit had fallen back to gunbeam Creek and fortified his lines and so prepared to throw up new positions. During the time of his encamping a bunch of rebels under general pherokee made bold and murderous attacks upon many gallant advanced encampments of the retreated christian army under general Hanson Vivian, extending these bloody depredations from Jennie Viviana, to gorman ossinia.

As camp Whitagaga was the nearest portion of the advanced encampment it suffered most from one of these petty attacks of the rebels. General Robertson commanded the encampment with Sevier Johnston as his lieutenant. Only forty or fifty thousand men were in this encampment when it was attacked, although it was crowded with children who had been child slaves rescued recently after the repulse of the christians at Evangelina Granit. It was in the gray light of the early morning that a large force of sixty thousand rebels stole up for the attack. But a scout had given warning of the coming danger and all the Angolinians were ready. The trenches were like a stream of fire as the rebels attacked, and after fierce fighting the enemy was beaten back with heavy loss. This was the beginning of a long dreary siege of the encampment. As the encampment fortified by works and palisades and hastily erected stockades was too strong to be taken by a desperate assault, the rebels though close to the main line of the christian army, cut off all communication of the small camp with it, and tried to starve the soldiers and children out of it. For about three weeks they lurked about firing cannons and muskets incessantly day and night, and attacking so often, and burning so many tents and houses so that the people and soldiers within the camp dared not go outside for food, and had to live mostly on parched corn. It was a weary one. As you may imagine, all became very tired of that diet, and were very impatient at being kept shut up within the encampment so long, and from time to time some one would venture out to try and get to the main christian lines and get aid, heedless of warning and of danger.

In running this risk sixteen soldiers were shot down by the rebels or taken prisoner, and one boy scout captured was carried off out of range of the christian fire and burned at the stake because he would not reveal the strength and condition of the besieged.

A woman and three little girls were also captured and murdered in the same way.

You will be interested in the thrilling experience of a little girl heroine called Jennie Murver. She was about eight or nine years old and beautiful but brave and innocent looking, graceful, and gentle in manner and as we shall see not lacking in courage. One day she decided to make the break for general Hanson's main army and no sooner had she ventured some distance from the encampment when six rebels dashed out of the forest and sprang toward her with fixed bayonets shouting shouting to her to stop in the name of the king. Seeing her danger she hastily climbed the nearest tree, and then swinging from one tree to another like a little monkey monkey got safely beyond the besieging rebel force fired upon as she was and then ran on through the other woods with nearly a myriad of her bloodthirsty foes close at her heels. It was a race for life and she knew it. She was pursued for three days and nights, sometimes eluding her pursuers and again being hard pressed by them, and soon reaching general Hanson's main line saw the foe so close upon her that she realized there was no time to reach the lines and she climbed the highest tree and started shooting with a small rifle in the direction of the foe. When getting down as the foe started to chop down the tree she ran the shortest way to the main encampment, caught hold of a picket sentinel she happened to run across and begging him to save her. He however had not run past him as she had expected but into the arms of the guard, for he was standing directly in her path and caught her. He witnessed her danger, and helped her to escape by shot shooting down the rebels closest to her.

The little girl immediately brought the news that general Ferguson of the foe one of the ablest leaders of general Hanley's main army was threatening the besieged encampment with annihilation. At once general Hanson Vivian ordered general Isaac Shelby and general Sevier to take their brigades and march against the rebels besieging general Robertson. Soon a hundred thousand men were riding and marching through the woods with artillery and provisions and wagon trains to meet this rebel force of which every man except the commander, was a Zimmersmannian. They came upon the besieging force in a strong position near Cedar Nile. Without delay the whole christian force made a furious assault. One division after another of the christian forces fighting with great heroism heroism. The Angolinian brigades for every onslaught charged against the strong rebel positions with reckless bravery. They were usually divided into many brigades and bodies of men, but main forces were in three wings, one on the right of the rebels, one on the left, and another in front. General Sevier commanded the division on the left. After fighting for all day at just the right moment, he led his men in a resistless rush against the centre of the foe position helped by the assault of the besieged Angolinians and this made victory certain. One of the rebel regiments unable to escape raised the white flag of surrender. All of this regiment's soldiers who had not been killed or wounded were made prisoners.

By this victory the Angelinians greatly weakened the main force of rebel besiegers. In his usual way general Sevier driving back his besiegers and joining the main force which had come to his help struck a swift crushing blow, by pushing the foe back and destroying their encampments and a thousand barracks, and destroyed fifty hundred thousand bushels of their corn and other provisions. In spite of this defeat however the rebels on the morning renewed the fighting with redoubled ferocity. A general Robertson determined to strike a blow himself. At the head of fifty thousand men he charged over the enemy lines and after taking the main works, burning two other encampments, and three buildings of army barracks extending for ten miles capturing two hundred horses, destroying a large quantity of provisions, and doing other damage, he made the remainder of the enemy withdraw to the protection of the Evangelina Granita Heights. His under the rebels after afraid for the time being. These glimpses into the life of general Robertson himself met help you understand why he became a hero among all the Angelinians under his command. They admired him for his brilliant leadership, they were very grateful for his protection, and they loved him as a friend very dear to them. They on, called him many good nicknames and without doubt few of his men were his equal as a fighter. It was said that in all his fighting during the siege of "Ivian Wickley" he won thirty five great victories and never lost a battle. As we can imagine he moved with the greatest swiftness upon his rebel foes. Through his most able scouts he learned the strength and weakness of his enemies, and before they realized what was going on with a wild shot he and his bold army of soldiers swept down upon them like a hurricane, striking terror to the hearts of even the bravest.

Three weeks after the battle of Evangelina Granita this general was active in all parts of the field in the battle of Aurandacillo even to the last hour of his life. When at the height of the tremendous conflict he was at the head of a large brigade of Abyssinians, and during the thickest of the fray he was wounded ten times the last wound being mortal. He died two days later in his tent with many soldiers and officers around him and many children also. He was buried where he died, and a simple slab with his name inscribed upon it and the heroism heroism he displayed indicated the spot near Jennie Ivian where his body rested. Very after the war stories of his brave deeds and the brave deeds of other Christian generals were still told to eager listening children, for his memory was held dear in the hearts of old and young alike. In all Angelina owes much to this brave, loyal, and high minded general who played a large part in shaping her destiny.

#### THE EXPEDITION OF GENERAL HUBERT JACOB EN MANLEY.

Among the foremost of those who promoted himself to great heroism was general Hubert Manley the brother of general John Jackson Manley. He was born in Calvernia in the town of Monticello, November 19th 1868. He and his brothers came of a good mother but his father was a wicked cruel child slave driver and all his sons inherited their fathers wicked cruel nature. Hubert Manley was the worse of all in cruelty and yet a brave man. He and his brothers had received fairly good training in school and were good Catholics when small, but when grown they abandoned their religion and became like their father who was even now still living. When twenty years old he was already in the Christian army in the rank of a general and did something worth while in his efforts to excite his country to start a revolution against Abbie man.

About two years later, he had command of many vast armies, and when later the deadly struggle was going on in Calvernia, general Hubert Manley took his armies from Calvernia and by sea and by way of Ivian Wickley and the secret tunnels soon overran all of northern Calvernia. Why it was that in hardly six months time this young Christian general of twenty four rose to a position of high generalship among the rebels, and was chosen his Holiness' Johnstone's adviser later on we shall probably see when we come to understand his sterling qualities.

Wicked as he was in character and cruel and fierce a man as he was, never-

theless nature had given him a very pleasing face which any man not knowing him could have trusted. His forehead was kind of high and broad under a shock of blond or sandy colored hair, and apparently honest blue eyes peered out from under heavy shaggy eyebrows. In strong body could endure almost any hardships, and his splendid health was matched by his adventurous spirit. His fearless courage was equal to any danger great as it was and his resolution or resolute purpose, could not give way at all in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties.

The great task he had to perform during his service in the army could have been utterly impossible except as he possessed these qualities, and we know that no one comes by them suddenly. They grow by bravely and unflinchingly conquering the fears of every day life and not giving in to difficulties.

It was in this way that the many fearless Christian rebel generals quickly recognized him or in him a warlike spirit and since one of the most daring and wisest of Christian generals ever living, general Hubert Manley as you may imagine was not content to remain in Calvernia as merely a stationary general and bold leader of war parties sent out to hunt the only roving small bands of Angelinian soldiers, for only to direct the movements of women and children as he was sent to do his own mind during the progress of the rebellion had worked out a most brilliant plan which hoping for success he was eager to carry through. It was nothing less than to conquer for his country and for the cause and help of the rebellion the vast stretch of land lying northward of the region approaching Besiged Ivian Wickley and her fortresses, and part of the Horns gun, now included in the present Lake Angelina and Lake St. George. If this could be accomplished he would be able to bring up his vast army and strike a blow on the rear of the army of Christian leaders.

In this vast region of Calvernia forest and prairie the only settlements to oppose him were the scattered Calvernian hamlets, begun in the early days before the war, when the Calvernians and Angelinians coming there occupied the land and traded with the Abyssinians for the provisions. These hamlets had passed into the hands of the Christian authorities since the beginning of the rebellion and were to be the centers of Christian power, from which we will see the Christian leaders drafted many local Calvernians who claimed themselves as born Christians and put them into armies to use against the Angelinians in all territories. These few villages which were defended by strong fortresses, were scattered here and there on the approach to Ivian Wickley at convenient places along the mighty river courses, all these having been captured by the Christians during general Hubert's advance on Ivian Wickley to help general Hubert Ivian in the siege of the strong fortress. These three were in the possession of strong Christian forces. Over all the rest of the territory, scattered hostile Angelinian forces in small and other troops acrossing the country for hundreds of miles in efforts to catch out for any possible rebel armies that may have into them to move upon any portion of the rear and flank of the besieging Christian armies.

To be surprised by these forces was absolutely dangerous and general Manley saw that if this region should be reconquered and the surrounding prairie be run upon as for the gathering of rebel soldiers he would have to make a bloody campaign. As the first step in carrying out his desperate plan, he needed to secure aid from Calvernia. Early in October he started out on horseback from the town of Herod one of the rebel settlements to ride through the forests and over the mountains to reach the capital of this section of the Calvernian state at Am. So urgent was his task that he stopped on the way only a single day at his fathers army general Johnston Jacob Manley being the far on ruler, and then pressed on to his destination. It took him a whole month to make this journey of six hundred and twenty miles and when he reached Am he was well exhausted and out of provisions.

And yet he was far from Ivian Wickley or his places of goals.

He reached Calvernia still garrisoned by an immense rebel army, and the rebel commander there general Hubert Manley who at once fell in with general Hubert Manley's plan. He arranged that the government authorities of the city of Calvernia should furnish sixty million six hundred and six thousand men and nearly ten billion dollars. But as it was needful indeed that the utmost secrecy should be preserved nothing was said about the matter to the Calvernian Assembly.

General Hubert Manley was to raise other forces to add to his army among the rebel frontiersmen in Calvernia. The whole burden of making the necessary arrangements rested upon him.

#### MANLEY STARTS ON HIS LONG CAMPAIGN.

With good heart he shouldered it, and in November was ready with one hundred and fifty thousand more men to start from the Red Stone Junction on the Sandstone river. He stopped both at Salenburgh Landing and Wheeling for needed supplies and during the advance captured many prisoners and supplies and provisions in during raids his officers made. Then part of the army went in flat and gunboats and other ships manned by many officers, floating cautiously down the river while the other force



But the same misfortune of meeting with some disaster which had already cost the Angolians many a victory here again saved the day for the wicked rebel armies. And the weather had become so cold, and the route was so long and the other difficulties in his way so great that Jimmie Viviane advanced with a rebel scout. About a few weeks later general Manley learned from a rebel scout how small the christian force was under general Jimmie Viviane. You may be sure Manley did not wait for someone to change. quick to realize this was his chance to drive Jimmie Viviane back toward Vivian Wickay, he gathered his whole force of rebels nearly half of them Mio-Hollesianians, and in a few days he was on his way to meet Jimmie Viviane himself.

#### MANLEY CAPTURES NILES CENTRE.

The route two hundred and forty miles in length led eastward across what was known as Calverinia Tillingsmeier. As often happened at this season the weather had grown so cold that the ice and snow had tawed, and the Angolians retreating this, and of Manley's pursued had dined up rivers caused causing many of them to overflow, and the meadows and lowlands which lay along a large part of the route were under water from three to five feet deep. And we can remember also that by burning and blowing up and destroying in every way possible the retreating christian army left no houses or any place for the shelter of the advancing enemy. strong obstructions of every kind were made, and all bridges were across streams were destroyed or broken down, and so we can imagine something of the hardships thereabouts had to face in the long journey against Jimmie Viviane slowly retreating army. Only strong men could endure such exposure.

Knowing that cheerfulness would help greatly in keeping his men well and willing, general Manley encouraged feasting and merry making of all sort as all campers were gathered at night around blazing logs and sticks of the many camp fires. There the food provisions secured in many raids were cooked and eaten, while many soldiers sang or danced according to their own customs, others sat before the huge fires and told thousands of exciting stories about hunting, long marches and bloody warfare. When warmed and fed well all lay down in their tents, under shelter of trees. And by the fire for the night rest, and many sentries were placed on the outskirts of the immense camps. As long as this lasted the journey was by no means hard but by the end of a week conditions had changed for they had reached the lands drowned by the floods caused by the christians checking the rivers.

Coming first to the two branches of the Little Sunbeam Creek, they found the floods so high already that the land between the two streams was entirely under water, and they were facing a mighty river twenty miles wide and at no point less than from three to ten feet deep, while of course all his men make log rafts.

But general Manley was resourceful. He at once had all his men make log rafts and dugout canoes and ordered them to take what boats they had with them. In this he and the army rowed across the first branch of the river, and on the edge of the water covered plains put up immense scaffolds. Then the men and baggage and artillery were ferried across in the hundreds of thousands of pirogues and other boats, and the baggage and artillery was placed on the scaffolds. Last of all the many pack and cavalry horses and those pulling wagons even the channel without much mishap and standing by the scaffold in water up to his hips received again their immense load of baggage. All then finding themselves to be steadily under fire from an unknown christian position were compelled to proceed more hastily to the second channel which was crossed in the same way. It took no time to build the pirogues with so many men working at them and being skillful but it took three days and nights to get the immense army and baggage and artillery across the two flooded branches of the river.

During this time hunger was added to the other sufferings of the men, for the flood had driven all the wild animals away so that there was no longer any game to shoot and time and again they had encountered roaming parties of retreating christians who constantly poured upon the advance forces a harassing fire of rifles. Advance thus on account of the flood, abatis, and other obstructions they met and also from opposition was slow and extremely tiresome, for the men had to march from morning till night up to their waists in mud and water, and it was a sad scene to see how the many horses tugged and pulled to get cannons and cannons and wagons through the mire. Many wagons had to be abandoned when stuck in the mud but the artillery got through so far though covered thick with dark mud. They were now nearing the region of the Great Horns River.

On December 20th the men were quite exhausted and suffered from the ambushes they always encountered here and there. There had been nothing to eat for nearly two days. Many of the rebels themselves were so downcast that they began to talk of going home. General Manley putting on a brave face laughed and said:

"Go home if you want to but the Nationals roaming about will shoot down Glandelinian stragglers like deer."

But meanwhile his men noting under all orders had built three huge rafts about three hundred feet long each and on the morning of the 22nd the entire force was ferried across the other stream belonging to the sunbeam river known as the Eva St. Chair.

One on the side of this stream where the distant town of Niles Centre stood, they began to feel more cheerful, for by night they expected to be near the town and confronting the christian army under general Viviane's sons. It was well they did not know what awaited them, for they had yet a bitter experience to go through. Almost all the way was under water even as far as Horns Run whose levees the christians had blown up to stop his advance, and as they continued on they often stepped into hollows where the water came up to their chins and the artillery if they pressed forward until they reached a hillock and other foot hills, where they prepared to pitch tent and fortify themselves and spend the night. During the night his advanced guard was surprised by a force of Angolians which made a desperate attack, and the conflict raged all night. During the long hours of that trying hour and night when many times it seemed possible as if the christians were going to win the conflict general Manley had kept up the spirits of his men in every way he could. In telling about it later he said:

"During the battle of Hillock Mountain I received much help from the antics of a little Glandelinian drummer boy and by many of my boy scouts who showed me by signs just where the heaviest christian attack was launched. We repulsed the christian foe by morning and they retreated but I had lost heavily in men and provisions."

Starting out again late the next morning many men were so weak and famished that they had to be taken in the canoes, and the Glandelinians even killed the great numbers of child slaves they had with them not all of them but a great number, while those who were strong enough to wade came to water too deep to walk through, and painfully struggling began to huddle together as if all hope had fled and worse of all many unseen christian foes began firing at them many times at distant objects and trees picking of the rebels by scores and many times a desperate expedition found a watery or muddy grave. When as many became exhausted, suddenly he blackened his face with mud and gunpowder, and sounding a "Devil Yell" fearlessly sprang forward. His men plunged in after him without a word. By dusk they were still six miles from Niles Centre. Their clothing was drenched, their muscles ached with weariness, and they were well up exhausted from lack of food. To make matters worse, the weather that day was bitterly cold and the water froze to their uniforms. Yet the worse experience of the whole trying march was to come.

Before them stretched what appeared to be a shallow lake five miles in extent but was only a flood. With something like a score of the strongest and bravest warriors just behind him, general Manley himself plunged into the ice cold water, waist deep. When they had gone about half way across some of them were so cold and weak that they could not take another step. So the canoes, boats, and rafts were kept busy rescuing them and getting them to land. Those who though weak were still able to keep their feet, clung to the strong and prodded forward. When they finally reached the eastern section of the Red Riding Hood Woods bordering the farther side of the flood, they had not strength enough to pull themselves up, but clung desperately to bushes and logs and trees on the shore, even exposed to the fire of canoes far off, until canoes were so exhausted that they fell upon the ground with their faces half buried in the water. But the stronger ones built fires and fed them broth made from some venison or from the flesh of slain child slaves they had taken along with food and warmth courage soon returned.

In the afternoon a part of the army started out and soon by night all the army was setting out again. After crossing a narrow stream by pontoons and rafts and by wading and marching a short distance they reached a forest covered with long lines of cannon. Here they made a stop, and hidden by the trees threw up positions of their own, raised their own artillery and made their own and soon were ready for the attack. Here was severe fighting three days later but the coming of Christmas two days before and it was continued for two days with respiratory losses on both sides, and both sides charged back and forth in many clear charges. When general Manley demanded the surrender of the town, Jimmie Viviane and on the following night made an assault so desperate and tremendous that it made, it certain to general Manley that he was not going to be able to even ab Jimmie Viviane's army leave the town and he had to abandon the attack, but he realized in the words nevertheless Manley expected capture of Niles Centre as the first stroke of his gigantic hope for conquest against the besieging army at Vivian Wickay. He had succeeded in so many of the boldest enterprises undertaken in Calverinia by the rebel armies in this campaign that he expected at all costs to capture Niles Centre. All the vast region he had set out to conquer now still remained under Angollian control thanks to general Jimmie Viviane, and in carrying out his own plans to frustrate general Manley Jimmie Viviane had not only risked his life and health, but he had used up nearly all of his own provisions and own property and money until if it was not for his own father's riches he would have put himself into poverty.

In his modesty general Jimmie Viviane had always felt himself unfit to be a start to lead the Angollian armies in time of war as he had only been the outbreak of the rebellion only a captain of a fleet plundering rebel possessions along the shores of Vivian Wickay. In fact this new kind of service was for him perhaps the hardest that he had ever tried to render his country and he was wholly

395  
astonished at his tremendous victory at Niles Centre. Yet as he believed with all his heart in the Angelinian cause he had decided to accept the offer of generalship and now since his victory at Niles Centre and in keeping the brave general Manley at bay he was ordered by general Mansion through Hanson, Ivian dogged to fall back slowly toward Punkin Centre and hold ground there, and if Manley still followed to offer him general battle there.

So on Christmas day during the time general Hanson was engaging the foe at Norma, Ivian after being informed of the order he ordered the retreat and started with his officers far ahead of the main army it being probably a seven days journey to Punkin Centre. He wished to a retreat as quietly as possible but the many women and children who came to greet his troops were so eager to show their love for him and his brave men that they thronged to meet and welcome him at every stage of the slow retreat. When he passed through the southern part of the more better section of Red Riding Hood Woods under an escort of brightly uniformed generals, he rode a prancing black steed almost alike to the horse known as Jack Beauty and had a crown of laurel on his head, but the most touching tribute of all he received at Punkin Centre. Uncle Josh and others were there, and on a large bridge spanning the Gunbeam river which he had crossed a more than once when he was battling for his country's cause was despite winter weather the most tremendously and most beautiful floral arch. Under this a party of matrons and many little girls carrying baskets of flowers took their stand. As Jimmie Ivian passed beneath the arch the little girls sang a song of welcome and strew many flowers in the road before him. Many a little girl he had embraced that day. On the arch was the motto "The Hero who defended his country's cause will also defend mothers and daughters and end schild slavery and all its horrors forever."

When he arrived on the other side of the stream he was met by a committee of both houses of other generals. They escorted him to a handsomely equipped boat, manned by fifteen pilots all dressed in yellow uniforms. Landing on the Jennie Ivian side he rode through the streets amid throngs of shouting people and soldiers and women and children, with salutes thundering from warships, and from cannon on the batteries, and bells ringing joyfully from church steeples, to give him a welcome.

On that same day a new general was commissioned to the army. The new general was escorted out to a balcony overlooking a large space in the streets below, which were thronged with people, women and children and soldiers and other officers. He took his seat by the side of a yellow covered table on which lay a Cathi Catholic bible.

As the new general stood up face to face with the Angelinian chancellor of the State of Angeline Ivian of Calvernia, who was to give the oath, a deep hush fell on the multitudes of men women and children and soldiers below. "Do you solemnly swear" Asked the chancellor "That you will faithfully execute the office of generalship of the christian armies, and will to the best of your ability, preserve, protect and defend all women and children imperiled by rebel armies?"

"I do indeed solemnly swear," answered the general. "That I will faithfully execute the office of such generalship and will to the utmost of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the women and children in the face of any advancing foe even at the cost of my life."

Then with deep earnestness he bent and kissed the bible three times which was held before him with the whispered prayer. "Go, Heide me Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Mother of God."

"Long lives the new general," exclaimed the chancellor, and the excited throng took up the cry shouting with wild enthusiasm. Thus was a new general commissioned.

#### A PECULIAR EXPEDITION.

Before general Jimmie Ivian had repulsed general Manley's attack and advance on Niles Centre general Conventinian Aronburg who was at the time getting ready to mass troops upon Aurandocille had planned an expedition to explore the region of the enemy. Two main christian generals of the christian army whose names were withheld for a time were put in command of the expedition. They were to ascend the Norma gun river if you please to its very head if possible and then find the nearest water way to Vivian wickoy Bay. They were directed to also draw maps of the whole region and of the fortresses and Vivian wickoy itself, and to report on the nature of the country, and the size and strength of the enemy, to find out why they were holding out against the siege of Stubbornly and other matters of interest to the main christian generals.....

400  
This expedition was started if you wish to know in the month of October and so in that month the small army of forty thousand men (small army indeed) left the main christian armies and in disguise started up the Norma gun River, passing by the rebels. After two days of marching they reached the region where general Mic-Holleston Johnston's army was or had been, the last rebel encampment they passed on the Norma gun. Leaving that they found no more rebel encampments for a time, and so there was no lack of food. On the middle of the month of October they arrived at the region of the main stretches of rebel lines situated at the great Bend of the Norma gun river. The enemy here who camped occupied countless great huts, and the entire camp was called Fort Hermer. Although the rebels not discovering them in their disguise gave them no trouble, the explorers suffered greatly from cold and hunger, from peril of wolves and panthers and many died. Nevertheless as they reached the northern region of Vivian wickoy they found it to be a new country to them. They met few rebels fortunately though dangerously near the rebel lines, and to prevent themselves from being discovered or fired upon they acted all like rebels themselves. And for their provisions seen secured from the rebel encampments such things as sage fowl, and prairie fowl, ducks and geese of all sorts, swans, and even wild cranes and huge geese.

They saw that the enemy even had in their encampments to draw their artillery to places of advantage deer, elk, and even whitetail and black tail reindeers, and antelopes, and even big horned sheep and cows and countless horses. They even had herds of tame buffalo which ploughed their way through deep snow dragging gun caissons and artillery to their respective places. To the explorers it was indeed the strangest sight they had ever witnessed. It was known however many of the animals the enemy had secured were very tame for they had not learned to fear man.

Yet among the rebels the explorers found indeed some very dangerous enemies. One was an officer who recognized some of the Angelinians, and from another a number of rebel boy scouts and they had to be careful lest they be seen and attacked. But the greatest scourge of all were the tiny children who acted all like rebels themselves. And for their provisions seen secured from the rebel encampments such things as sage fowl, and prairie fowl, ducks and geese of all sorts, swans, and even wild cranes and huge geese.

The last week of October was almost upon them when they arrived at the main section of Vivian wickoy and were surprised to see that a great and terrible fire was raging in that quarter for over Andrian was a sea of smoke and immense pillars of it rose from the city. This was the fire which had a narrow escape from as we already had read. They however realizing their hardest task had not to be accomplished did not pay much attention to the fire great as it was though to them it was the worse fire they had ever seen in their lives and looked such like the smoke pall of a gigantic crater of a volcano in eruption. Tongues of flames shot hundreds of feet above the city making a scene worth watching.

Before them rose high rebel positions teeming with cannons and shaping such like high embankments, supposed to be called fortifications. These they knew were the main things to study upon and draw maps of. The boats in which they had come the day far now being useless were left behind and horses were wiped from the trails during the night enough for the remaining band of Angelinian explorers. Then they set out again on their journey, which presently became more difficult. Already for nearly a month they had been painfully making their way through dense forests, over steep hills, and horrid raging torrents, which by water chilled both man and beast. Sometimes great storms of sleet and hail and snow beat pitilessly down upon them and again they were almost overcome by intense cold.

Provisions had become so scarce that the men often went hungry, and were at times driven to kill some of their own horses for food. But brighter days were ahead to come and at last they reached a river which they saw was flowing toward the west and it proved to be some branch of the Norma gun River and little did they know they were on the bank of Gunbeam Creek. With fresh courage some of the men built boats and dugouts and large rafts in which the ragged travel worn men and now triumphant men made their way down stream. The rebels for whom the most part they met not recognizing them were friendly, welcoming them and proving them with food and provisions and better boats, though of course a few rebel officers were for a time easily suspicious and troublesome.

Having accomplished as much as possible and finding out it was impossible to proceed any further for now they began to be discovered they gladly turned their faces homeward and after a fatiguing journey of a weeks duration reached the Great purified plains of the Norma gun and here found immense rebel encampments. Then the large party separated for a time into six companies, general Clark Haddon following the course of the Gunbeam Creek, and his companion general Saint Lewis the Norma gun, and the others following the Norma and Gunbeam Rivers proper planning to meet where the two rivers united.

This after some difficulty they did succeed in doing, though all parties were troubled considerably by the Gandelinians. The Mic-Holleston rebels stole horses from general Clark's party and eighteen hundred Zimmerman rebel warriors attacked general Lewis and his band killing and wounding five hundred and hundred Angelinian soldiers. At general Lewis got the better of them after a sharp fight, and captured a large herd of their horses and deer.....



399 Manley's army of course seemed in a bad condition not fit for another battle. The long journey of the army had caused the rebels to suffer more hardships than can be written in a list, disease during the campaign had laid hold of many of them and four thousand had died in a week, and many more for lack of food and provisions. It was also general Jimmie Vivian's plan to cut off Manley's three means of retreat. The first was by sending a fleet of ships around Cape Angeline on the Norm River where Manley's right wing was situated. This movement would of course take seven hours and must be done with utmost secrecy. Another was to secure the rear positions of Manley's army, and the third was to cut off all retreat through the wooded country by playing a large army there. This could not be accomplished however until three days. Many officers were so eager to follow out such plans that often several joined together in exciting conversations. Manley also had a large wagon train of a thousand one hundred covered wagons resembling 'Prairie Schooners' but much larger and longer. The concentrated troops had also made up works with tools of many kinds, pickaxes, crowbars, and spades.

In some cases the enemy had to kill and eat their mules and horses, and at times they lived on dead dogs, cats, game and wolves and even slain child slaves and other victims. The scattered bones of men and beasts and children marked the trail of the horrible campaign for in the frantic desire for food, the rebels would not stop at nothing. In the concentration of troops before Punken Centre however it was a time of great excitement.

#### THE BATTLE OF PUNKEN CENTRE!

The first important even of this desperate struggle was the capture of a strong christian position by the rebels along a small stream called the Alamo San Antonio. Although the christian force there numbered about one hundred and ten thousand they were men of reckless daring, without fear, and during the battle they were so determined to fight to the last that the enemy who attacked in numbers of four or five million strong had to annihilate them all to capture the position.

Among the hardy christian generals of this division was David Manner. After repulsing many charges in which more than once he came near being killed amid the dreadful carnage he prepared to meet the next one and frantically sent to Jimmie Vivian asking for aid and reinforcements. He knew that he was taking great risks in not falling back to his own main line but as he had no orders to do so he did not. The rebel divisions after having made six onslaughts near this section and having been repulsed with frightful loss brought up artillery to cover the next charge and when the rebels rushed forward in surges the long lines of artillery opened a destructive fire upon the christian position. His terrible cannon fire riddled the long lines of breastworks, making wide breaches in the extensive line of abatis through which immense torrents of rebels thronged though, even though shot down in thousands. The Angolinians emptied their muskets and cannon until their ammunition completely gave out, and then fought with stones, rocks, snowballs, bayonets and knives and revolvers. They fought with such desperate bravery until only a few hundred of the soldiers and the general were left. He had drawn his sabre and was using it in his desperate struggle with the scores of rebels who sought his life. There he stood with his back against a tall tree with the bodies of the rebels and other Angolinians he had slain lying in a semicircle about him. His foes had not dared rush him, though they held him at bay with their bayonets and lances. Just at that moment an order through a swift messenger came to him to abandon the position and so with his few followers he retreated hastily through the woods the men firing occasionally as they went. It was indeed a horrible tragedy and a massacre. The outlook for the Angolinians was dark enough, but general Jimmie Vivian who commanded the vast army then before was determined not to let Manley advance any further under conditions and with seven million Conscientians on centinels he decided to make Manley retreat. He withdrew the small defeated christian column and general David to his right. Learning that the victorious division had broken up in three divisions and was approaching in three columns in parallel course but far apart general Jimmie with one million Angolinians put himself into position in front of the main line and waited for the victorious rebels to come up. On their approach he stood ready for attack in a well chosen spot near the Santa Jacinto River just a half a mile from Punken Centre. The conflict was renewed with redoubled fury. During the height of this second part of the battle which raged all the rest of the day one of the rebel generals was killed and shot in the head. He lingered during the long hours of the night however and on the following morning breathed his last. Indeed both sides were losing a fearful number of generals. The battle indeed was a struggle that tested the manhood, quite as much as the resources of the fighting sections and each side night as well be proud of the bravery and skill of its officers and soldiers. Certainly each side in that terrible battle had among its generals some of the greatest military leaders of all time.

during the following morning general Jimmie Vivian after repulsing a series of great charges, advanced his forces so close to the enemy's enormous encampments that for a time all seemed lost for the rebels. But Manley's positions were so strongly fortified that the christian forces were forced to retreat and in this retreat which lasted seven hours were fought seven desperate conflicts in one day. Having thus saved his positions from capture general Manley pressed on against the christian forces and then was compelled to repulse a fearful counter assault of the Angolinians and with fearful loss and on the following hour drove back the Angolinians who assaulted his left with still greater loss and making an inferno of firing. In all these sections of the battle Manley's most effective helper was general Jensen, who trying to hasten his men when driven by a christian charge showed himself to be such a stubborn fighter and so furious in his enthusiasm that all of his soldiers marched and rushed to death when he bade them. That was even harder they marched and ran through deep snow at the charge, and they cheerfully did his bidding because they loved him. The sight of his old uniform and his handsome horse always stirred the hearts of his followers so that they easily drove back the christian troops. He was devoted to general Manley and placed the greatest confidence in him. He however was shot by a rebel Angolinian squadron I mean when attempting to get his men to swarm across a captured christian trench. He was mortally wounded and indeed his death was a great loss to the rebel army. Another of Manley's leaders was general Pandian. He was absolutely fearless.

Another of Manley's leaders was general Pandian. He was absolutely fearless. He attacked the christians anywhere, and he inspired his men with the same zeal. He had fallen three times during the battle with his command in the most dangerous situations and then cleverly got himself out after suffering much loss.

General Jimmie Vivian however proved himself to be an able and good christian general himself. All his men were used to him and all his ways. They trusted him completely and without question. They loved him too for his good comradeship. It is true general Jimmie Vivian like all other christian generals reserved the strictest discipline, but he frolicked with his officers and even privates like a boy, playing at snowballs, marbles, or whatever whatever they choose, and enjoying it all heartily. He even played with little child slaves girls and boys and he was so fond of gay martial music that he always marched in the rear of his army bands, and worked in the cheerful accompaniment of his favorite songs and other pieces, and then leaning back to laugh and join in the choruses. In gay spirit he found expression also in the uniform he wore. His fighting jacket a red one usually covered with medals shone with dazzling gold buttons and was covered with gold braid, his purple and red hat was topped up with a gold star, cross and two sabres designed in front, around his head all colored plumes, his fine buff gauntlets reached to the elbow, around his waist was tied a splendid sash of six bright colors, red, green, yellow, purple, blue and black, and his spurs were of pure gold. His trousers were of yellow color with purple stripes on the sides of the legs. These spurs of which he had been immensely proud of were a gift to him recently from his little sisters. In his little finger was a gorgeous one many colors which he insisted in keeping with him through the worse battles, although it often drew the enemy's fire. General Jimmie Vivian was very so proud of his men and their pluck also. He knew by name every man in his army. But to return to wicked general Manley. After winning the two recent important actions of the battle he decided he would again on the next morning push on. He believed that a greater advantage of the struggle might lead to the capture of the entire christian position and thus end the battle and enable him to pass on and strike Hanson Zimmermann or Manion in the rear and annihilate these christian forces so they would be compelled to raise the siege.

Having pressed boldly onward at night without even resting his troops he struck against the other christian troops under general Gettys. There for three hours the first section of the most terrible struggle of the battle raged, and in the result one of the greatest actions of the whole fighting in the rear of the main christian army. After three hours of fighting in which the loss on both sides was most fearful, Jimmie Vivian's army was defeated, and a part of it forced to retreat to the main works. The defeat of the first immense division of the christian army was a crushing blow for the hopes of General Jimmie Vivian. General Jimmie Vivian for a time felt this to be true, and groaning over the heavy loss of his men in the famous rebel charge he said to one of his generals andly:

"The affair is a very bad fault. It is I that is going to lose this fight, and if the christian army is to be saved at all you must help me through the rest of the day the best you can."

But even in the face of this bloody defeat his officers and soldiers still trusted their commander. General Robert Vivian's nephew will get us through the battle yet. They said. But the capture of another division of the army fighting far away on the river added defeat to defeat. For the hour following Gettys' defeat and loss of his position, the greatest of general Jimmie Vivian's stronghold and works was captured and general Jimmie Vivian could no longer hope for victory.

To show a little symptom of how fierce the battle had been and the firing itself several generals on the christian side one after the other had mounted the horse from which a leader had already been shot, only to share a like fate. General Jimmie Vivian himself was among those who also sprang upon the animal to lead his forces forward to a charge but the horse itself was struck

by three bullets and fell almost catching the main christian general under him. General Jimmie Vivian led for a while on foot and then mounted another horse which was soon killed by a bursting shell which killed and wounded ten men around him simultaneously. Nevertheless general Jimmie Vivian had given the same striking evidence of bravery that fearless bravery that his parents and even his uncle and other relations had shown. Jimmie Vivian however after the disastrous defeat of the three hours bloody action though he felt it hopeless did not give up as yet. He had his other armies ready and if these could not accomplish anything he would have to abandon Panken Centre and fall back. When the news that his main divisions under general Gettysburg and the other had been almost destroyed and another captured his patriotism had been aroused more than ever. Without delay he withdrew the panic stricken columns to the rear and at once took an active part in getting ready for the general part of the battle which would decide who was to retreat.

He prepared his troops therefore to stand in a stand in the way of the advancing victorious rebel troops under Manley and his power as a leader no longer now quite so quickly developed.

The first of his achievements in repelling the attack of the enemy was the capture of the works on his extreme right under general Henry Pennington not rebel works but work captured by the enemy themselves, which had during the time of the first success been the centre of the new rebel line of defense. At this point after making two terrific onslaughts with many men led by many generals and officers he compelled the unconditional surrender of all of a sudden of nearly fifteen million glandelinians, and by this great victory of that day, bloody morning compelled the remainder of the glandelinians after redoubled fighting of great violence to abandon two of the other captured strongholds under general Columbus and Nashville Johnston. The Angolians at this point had in the heat of the contest rushed up to the face of many glandelinian guns, and still while the conflict raged like a mighty inferno of slaughter and flame and smoke on all sides, the artillery was the first to be captured and though the christians and foe infantry fought hard to hand all around them many brave fellows and officers though exposed by the fire to the fire literally sat on the captured cannons and waved their hats to cheer on their comrades who finally carried all before them strewn the whole battle line with windrows of dead and dying. The cannons were mostly centermester and parrot and other rifle cannons also krupps and big calibre and mortar cannons. At this time the remainder and inactive part of Jimmie Vivians big army was at Panken Center near Lileghur Landing No-two eight miles away not far off the village of Little Jimmie from which the battle also was generally called.

Here early in the afternoon while the struggle elsewhere was going on general Manley to prevent the christians from being too successful in their attacks upon Columbus and general Nashville, attacked Jimmie Vivian at Panken Centre and Little Jimmie and amid the dreadful carnage a tremendous charge along a whole line nine miles was made. The firing was inconceivably terrific making a perfect sea of smoke over the whole battle field. The rebel line was torn with thousands of gaps but the remainder of the foe yelling like demons rushed on, and though their columns were mangled and torn again and again, and whole brigades shot to pieces, with commanders and horses and everything else going down like corn before the tornado the rebels finally pushed over the christian intrenchments and drove a part of the christian army back a mile or two toward the river capturing the two towns after raging an inferno of firing there. The Angolians in the town fought like demons and this gave evidence of the streets being cumbered with killed and wounded glandelinians as thick as straw in a corn barn.

It was a fearful battle and lasted until three o'clock in the afternoon before at this point the foe gained the tremendous success. Not until after three o'clock did poor general Jimmie Vivian be able to do anything and all that time wounded by two bullets more since his last two wounds he saw watching the battle in the rain sitting with his back against the foot of a bullet headed tree, and giving continual orders to every officer who came up to him for commands.

Knowing what had happened he finally threw upon the victorious rebels reinforcements from his second army renewing the contest with tenfold violence, and he finally captured the two towns with the same fearful results on his own side but won a signal victory. By this bloody action general Jimmie Vivian for a time broke the rebels own line of defense. Although Manleys veterans fought bravely to prevent the christians from getting control of this region, by the close of day Manley had lost every stronghold works on the battlefield except those held by himself, and generals Hudson, and Vicksberger. These three trenches was so strongly defended that general Manley believed they could never be taken whatever.

That night following the third day of the conflict a resolute effort beyond describing to capture these works was made by Jimmie Vivian at nine o'clock. After a brilliant movement of strategy by which he got two heroic battling brigades around to the rear of the defenses, he laid siege to the position and for seven hours amid the most sanguinary fighting heard at Vivian Wickey and the main christian armies besieging the glandelinian army under Hudson held out. The christian losses in the attacks was dreadful but finally general Hudson was forced early in the morning to surrender to general Jimmie Vivian. Two hours later general Vicksberger whose division was some distance further was also compelled to give way, and thus the last of Manleys strongholds or what he literally had captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the lost sanguinary fighting all the ground they had lost

in the three days before. From this success general Jimmie Vivian had become the hero of the Angolians army. His success was in no small measure due to his dogged perseverance. While his army was laying siege to general Hudsons division one of the onlooking and daring child slaves a little girl of seven years of age to whom she brought a drink of cold water inquired timidly whether he ever expected to capture the works stolen by the enemy.

"Certainly little one," he replied tapping her gently on the head.

"But when can you do it?" she asked more boldly.

"Quickly come his answer;

"I cannot tell exactly when I shall be able to retake my lost positions or capture the foe I'm besieging but I mean to stay here until I do, even if it takes me all the years I live."

General Jimmie Vivian by capturing general Hudson and recapturing all the ground lost by his army in the three days contest won more and more the confidence of his soldiers.

In the morning of that day of the fourth struggle all the christian armies were back in their own works once more and had recaptured mostly all of their artillery.

But that was not ending the stubborn contest. General Manley still had two large unlinked armies in the field. One of them under general Josephine Jensen was defending the works on the extreme left centre under general Cal Caldwell Richmond.

The other under general Joseph and Raymond Richmond Federal, held works which was also commanded by general Tennessee, defending the main army in that region.

General Jimmie Vivian plan now to drive Manley away and first frustrate his wicked intention was to send his brother general Germaine Vivian in whom he had great confidence against general Federal, with orders to capture his positions near Capatlanta Capatlanta which was the apparent workshop and storehouse of the intrenched rebel army. General Jimmie Vivian himself would advance against Manley and drive general Richmond from his works. The two great watchwords were]

"On to victory. On to Calverina."

Early that morning both general Jimmie Vivian and his brother began their desperate advance. Starting from Panken Centre Germaine Vivian fighting his way onward most obstinately began to crowd Federal toward Capatlanta. In order to keep his line of supplies open from the captured Nashville works, he kept his army in close touch with his artillery and cavalry, and to hinder him as much as possible the God confederates of general glandelinian sent back bodies of troops immense in size both cavalry and infantry supported by artillery to tear up the rear of the attacking christian armies. But so quickly were these rear columns rallied and so quickly did they hurl back their flankers that the glandelinians declared;

"Jimmie Vivian the National of Angolians must carry extra armies on his back." His advance was swift and steady and on the hour of ten o'clock he had captured Capatlanta. A little later he started on his famous attack, from Capatlanta to the other line of works, with the purpose of weakening the rebel armies by destroying their supplies. His army attacked in six columns the battle line covering a belt of territory forty miles long and ten miles wide. Four hours after he captured general Savannahs works driving the foe back and sent to his uncle the telegram;

"I will have to beg to present you my dear Uncle as a gift for the coming Christmas, the capture of many rebel prisoners with nearly two thousand one hundred and fifty nine cannon of big calibre, and immense stores of ammunition, and about two hundred and twenty five thousand bales of provisions and two long trains of covered provision wagons."

Let us make an acquaintance of this remarkable brother of Jimmie Vivian. He may have been at this time twenty three years old. Standing six feet high with almost a Christ like face, with muscles of iron, and a military bearing he gave the impression of great physical and mental endurance.

And no matter during the bloody fray whether he was exposed to drenching rain bitter cold, flying bullets, bursting shells, to the noise and shock of horrid explosions, to horrible scenes, and wild stormy racket of the conflict he never gave signs of fatigue or fear. Many nights during his advance before the battle he had slept for only two hours, but he was known to be able to fall asleep easily almost anywhere he happened to be, whether lying upon the wet dirty ground, or on snow drifts covered over by blankets near a fire, or on a hard floor, or even amid the loudest din of and roar of battle. In battle he could not and never did sit quietly smoking and looking on like his brother Jimmie Vivian. He was too much excited to sit still, and every time his face would always reflect his thoughts.

Yet nevertheless his mind was always clear and his decisions were always rapid. There was never a time that his soldiers and officers did not admire him, and give him their unbounded confidence. One of his staff said of him while they were leading a charge during the battle;

"The christian army and even his own father and other superior generals, and even a little children and even women and girls have such an abiding faith in him that all love him and his army will go wherever he leads even to the bottom of the earth if necessary. At the time general Savannahs glandelinian army was worsted the christian soldiers had remarked proudly at their general with his staff rode by;

"There goes one of the sons of general Robert Vivian. When ever you see him or his brother everything is all right."

In fact the two sons of Jimmie Vivian were better leaders than their own father and uncle.

During the trying experiences of this famous battle of Fankon centre Germaine face had grown anxious and careworn. But indeed behind the careworn face, there were always kind and tender feelings, especially for the children, mostly child slaves who he or his troops had rescued occasionally. Little children and even child slaves would show their utmost trust in him, by clasping him about his knees, or by nestling in his arms. While he had captured the works under general Savannah large groups of rescued children made a general playground of a general Germaine Vivian headquarters and private rooms, the doors of which were never closed to them. While general Germaine Vivian was pushing his army on to Capatianta, general Jimmie Vivian was trying to again defeat Manley and capture general Richmonds command and the general also. With these aims in view a general Jimmie Vivian had pushed his armies across the streams and entered a wooded country in direct line for Richmonds army. Here a fighting was stern business. The woods were so gloomy and the underbrush so thick that despite snow on the ground the firing was so fierce that one could not see each other twenty feet away. General Manleys army furiously contested every foot of the advance. In the terrible conflict that followed general Jimmie Vivian lost heavily, but he pressed doggedly on proposing to fight it out along that line if he had to do so till doomsday. It took all day nightrary fighting and longer, and moreover general Jimmie could find that he could not possibly capture general Richmonds army from the west. So he crossed the St Annu river and attacked the enemy from another portion. Again the battle resumed with great violence and toward morning general Manley was still desperately holding out, and Jimmies army was suffering heavier and still heavier losses. Many men had even been overcome by smoke of powder it was so thick from the intense firing, countless troops fell on account of being torn through by the storm of bullets, canister and shot shell and shrapnell. At this time one of general Jimmies most skillful and ablest generals and helpers next to his brother was Phillip Joseph Mc-Gantler who was a brilliant cavalry leader and infantry general together.

So on that following morning general Jimmie Vivian sent him with orders to work his way around Manleys rear with the orders to drive the enemy into a gaunt let of guns and destroy all their food supplies they had in their wagon trains. Mc-Gantler entered the region by a long route march around Manleys army in secret, making a detour almost like general Jackson did in the civil war at Chancellorsville, but a longer march, and striking the rebel rear from the east, carried all before him captured wagon trains, and destroyed or secured large quantities of supplies, and after fierce fighting he saw a part of his army in full retreat, and fugitives told him that finally the flank attack had been a failure and everything was lost. With two aids and twenty generals and a large force of cavalry men the gallant general dashed forward to the front as fast as his foaming steed could carry him.

On meeting a retreating officer who cried out:

"Our whole army is whipped now!" General Mc-Gantler replied: "You and your army is a but not mine."

As he continued onward another officer reported to him that many cannon countess in number were being fired in the direction of the line of battle. At first he paid little attention to the noise grow louder he became a little disturbed and soon he was reaching the scene of battle. As he pushed ahead at full speed dead ahead he said to his panic stricken soldiers:

"If you had put more trust in god and the Blessed Mother and shown less fear of the enemies of god this disaster would not have happened. Come on come all. We must for the sake of god and His Blessed Mother face the front and drive at the foe. We must go back and recover everything at any cost."

As his panic stricken troops caught sight of him their they threw their hats high into the air and with enthusiastic cheers and shouts and yells, shouldered their muskets and faced rapidly about. General Mc-Gantler then though six horses were shot under him and having secured a seventh was wounded himself brought order out of the immense confusion and panic, and in the resumption of the conflict that followed drove the rear of the enemy two miles back from the field in utter rout and panic breaking the line all to pieces and set upon capturing the whole rebel encampment in that quarter. Great was the rejoicing among the Angelinians over this victory indeed. And this victory was mainly due to Mc-Gantlers magnetic influence over his men. Even during this battle a number of wounded christian soldiers in a line of battle near Mc-Gantler stumbled and fell behind his regiment which at least from a regiment was now only a squad so fierce had been their loss. But when general Mc-Gantler cried out:

"Never mind boys there's no harm done to your soul but only to your bodies!" The soldiers though mortally wounded, went forward with his fighting comrades until other shots from rebel gunners struck them dead.

Let us now return to general Jimmie Vivian once more if you please. He had already pressed on hard upon the enemy army under general Richmond, that Manley had made attempts to move to Richmonds aid but was cut off from him by another portion of Jimmie's army and Richmond therefore was compelled to rapidly march eastward in his efforts to escape capture. For a week later general Jimmie Vivian closely followed general Richmonds troops who were a m almost starving, all they usually had to eat was parched corn, and green shoots of the treex, and the outlook was so dark that many Calvinianians who had fought with the rebel army had deserted and started for home...

There was indeed only one thing for general Richmond to do. That was give up the struggle for he knew his army was in a hopeless condition and could never escape the christians since he was cut off by the Angelinians from Manleys aid. An interview was therefore arranged with Jimmie Vivian. It was held on the following morning in a house standing near the woods. At the time general Jimmie Vivian was without a sword having forgotten his, and instead of a generals uniform wore a soldiers blouse for a coat with only the shoulder straps of his rank to indicate to the army who he was.

The Angelinian general Richmond was dressed in a full uniform, dressed fit to kill, the uniform covered with medals of all sizes and shapes was entirely new, and he was wearing a sword of very great value very likely the very sword which had been presented to him by his own king. General Jimmie Vivian in his rough traveling suit and the unfire uniform of a lowly private with the straps of a major general must have indeed made a great contrast and in a very strange manner with a Angelinian general so handsomely dressed, six feet and a half tall, and of very faultless form. The result of this great interview was the surrender of general Richmond and his whole army and cannons arms, and provisions. General Jimmie Vivian however had great kindness of heart. He had abundant food at once sent to the hungry rebel prisoners, and never did general Jimmie Vivian appear more truly great than on the occasion of Richmonds surrender.

Indeed general Jimmies son Jimmie Vivian was a remarkable man in many ways. And while in the army he had seemed to be a man of very powerful endurance and was very much like general Grant in the civil war in American but taller and strong in health and mental ways. He always either slept on the ground, or in a tent, sometimes only slept one hour, or ten and eight in the twenty four hours, and it was seldom when he had more than one meal. On some occasions his soldiers had observed him lying down and sleeping in the rain or snow without caring for the results. He was six feet five inches high, round shouldered but straight, and not at all military in bearing or walk. Put his dark brown hair, a blue gray eyes, and musical voice always gave a most pleasing expression. Never in his whole life was he known to speak any unclean words or swear and curse or tell lies and mention objectionable stories and yarns. In manner he was quiet and simple, yet he was always ready for the severest ordeal he might have to face. While the two great commanders Jimmie Vivian and Richmonds Manley were much alike unlike in personal and character appearance and ways they had certain qualities in common for they were both different. And M n Manley was not simple hearted.

Though he had been victorious in driving off M n Manley and capturing a rebel army it was nevertheless a sad day for Jimmie Vivian. He had lost so many men that he could not now meet a new rebel army in an actual battle and prepared to fall back on Vivian's army. As he stepped out of the door of the house where the terms of surrender had been agreed upon and stood in silence with tear dimmed eyes waiting for his horse to be brought to him, he clasped his hands together as if in the deepest pain and looked far away into the distance. He mounting his steed, he rode back to the christian encampments where his officers and army was awaiting his coming. Indeed on his approach they crowded about their beloved righteous chief in their eagerness to touch his hand and his horse. Looking upon his veteran soldiers he said with saddened voice:

"We have fought through this long battle together, I have done the best I could for you. We have won but my heart is sad for our losses are too dreadful to relate or estimate. But I have seen of the battle it is too much. My heart is too full to say more."

Then he silently rode off to his tent. Rarely did poor Jimmie Vivian leave his tent to sleep in a house and often his main diet consisted of salted cabbage only. He thought it a great luxury to have sweet potato potatoes and buttermilk or even fresh milk. The gentleness and kindness of general Jimmie Vivian was seen also in his fondness for animals. Many a horse which had been very dear to him had been shot in the battles he fought through.

...captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the most sanguinary fighting all the ground they had lost

409  
If we could count those who were slain in on the christian side alone in this field of bloody battle at Punkin centre, and those who died from mortal wounds, it would be just as if in many years time a platoon would have swept off whose whole sections of a nation. During one day of the battle itself the loss of men in fallen on the enemy side was equal to seven hundred a minute.....  
Mr Manley however after going through all his hardships had failed and he was sad as he saw he could not accomplish his purpose and left the region altogether and where he went no one knew for a while.

470

SEE PAGE FOUR HUNDRED SIX....

SPECIAL.....SPECIAL

#### CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR!

DO YOU BLAME JACK EVANS FOR LOVING THESE DEAR LITTLE GIRL HEROINES, FOR SAVING HIM FROM THE HORRORS OF A GLANDELINIAN PRISON.?

THE VIVIAN GIRL SPIES AT WORK AGAIN.

#### PART TWO OF CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR.

RESULTS OF THE INVASION. ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CALVERINIA, THROUGH GLANDELINIA, AND ANGELINIA STATES. BAD SCENES OF WAR EVER TO BE FORGOTTEN PREPARATIONS TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERING VICTIMS OF THE WAR. GLANDELINIA JUSTLY PUNISHED. PREPARATIONS TO RUN DOWN THE REMAINING GLANDELINIAN WAR LORDS IN GLANDELINIA WHO ARE STILL AT LARGE. WAR GOES ON. THE PROBLEM OF OVERCOMING THE MANY GLANDELINIAN ARMIES STILL IN CALVERINIA. WAS CALVERINIA ALSO PUNISHED?.....LONG BATTLE NEAR CARBONDALE OVER AT LAST. GLANDELINIAN ARMY SURRENDERS TO BESIEGERS. SECOND GREATEST CHRISTIAN VICTORY IN WAR.

THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF VINCENTS-----ANNA RUN.

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407

If we could count those who were slain in on the christian side alone in this field of bloody battle at Fuhkin centre, and those who died from mortal wounds, it would be just as if in many years time a plague would have swept off whose whole

410  
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CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR.

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR.  
DO YOU OLA GENERAL JACK EVANS, FOR LOVING THESE DEAR  
LITTLE GIRL HERODIES, FOR SAVING HIM FROM THE HORROR'S  
OF A GLA DELINIAN PRIDE.

During the frightful battle of Tartarin one of the wicked Gla delinian officers came galloping up to Violet's tent where she was confined under guard, and dimmounting said with a sneer:

Your friend general Jack Evans has taken many of at my friends prisoners;

and I thought it best to tell you so you would know that you will soon have none of your best friends with you soon as we'll do our best to catch him; or I kill him one or the other."

This report stunned Violet and her sisters. For a while they were silent and then Violet said:

"We will see him again soon in spite of you wicked Glandelinians and we will warn him, and prevent him from being captured, if it cost us our lives. I even believe you wicked glandelinians are afraid to tell us whose men are going to make the try for his capture!"

"No we are not afraid to tell you and we'll prove it. Bengisera troops have been sent out to decoy the general if possible." Said the officer. "He may be captured by a different force anyway, even though he had captured our men during this great battle we have already won, and we'll have him transported to general Bengisera's command. I for one am not such a bad Glandelinian as you think; by my lo's, or way of speech and if I was I would not have told you he was in danger, as us Glandelinians are not allowed to mention it to any christian prisoners we have in our possession. If you intend to rescue him, or prevent his capture, you are going through a most dangerous undertaking. I hope you great successes though."

"Maybe so," answered Violet. "But I would rather die than lose him as he is the best friend we ever had. We never failed to rescue any one before, so I or my sisters do not see why we would fail to do so now."

"That's what you may say," said the officer. "But nevertheless IT'S it's very dangerous, and besides I'm telling you the truth, I don't think it's impossible to get out of these lines without help. And if you will grant me a very serious request, something which I never done in my life before on account of being a Glandelinian, I'll see you through the lines, and no one will know of it."

"Mention your request," said Violet.

"Though I'm a glandelinian I'm in love with children, christians though they be, and if you will let me give you little girls just one good hug, and a kiss, I'll bring you out of the lines entirely, and give you full directions to where the troops are sent to trap general Jack Evans, and you will be able to warn and save him."

Violet and her sisters saw that he was really honest; that he was not treacherous, but she answered:

"You must do it first, and then we will grant your request. We are willing right now, but if we waste time doing it now we will be delayed and..."

"Sure I know, I would be seen and also suspected as a lover of christians," said the officer. "But you promise!"

"Yes," said Violet, and also her sisters.

Violet and her sisters indeed felt bad about this, but nevertheless they were determined to rescue him. But how! That was the question. They would not do anything rash for it would not be effective enough to warn him, and it would not effect his rescue in the least. Jennie believed it was the best plan to enter the enemy's lines in disguise find out the place where he was going to be seized upon, and then watch where they take him, and then steal him away by some trick. Violet and her sisters decided to do it, and in ten minutes they were on their way with the officer, and several men, and at every point they were questioned, but the officer officer answered:

"Oh the temptation is too strong. I can't wait to murder these christians."

With this answer they were not displeased. It was, indeed, the best plan, before the officer with his child loving soldiers with him, and he was so soon in the far distance Bengisera's divisions of Turnamannians, which was so soon in the far distance, and he strictly and firmly told them to be cautious saying:

"If you are ever discovered by these fierce fierce soldiers you are gone surely before heaven and earth so for the sake even of your own God be careful!" Then he gave them directions, what they should do when within the lines, then finishing he said kind of shyly:

"Why about your promise!"

christians had recaptured most of the ground they had lost

407  
"I could swear those who were slain in on the christian side alone in this  
1905.

"Times you kept your own promise we'll keep our's." Said Violet, and she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was the first time that he felt the arms of a child around him, and drawing her close to him he hugged her, and then her sisters for a long time. When he hugged and kissed poor little Jennie, Jennie he thought he had never a happier moment. She was a sweet well formed little girl, and placing her chest against his he embraced her long and fondly, and when they were finally dashing off toward the Tunesaramian lines he said to his men: "God he, help those poor little girls if they get discovered by those furious Gargolians."

"I assure you that won't happen." Laughed the other officer with him. "They are mere children, and almost helpless for their size, and ways, but are also full grown women, when cornered, or in danger of their own lives. They are crackshots too I can tell you."

"We must be careful that they don't make prisoners of us." Said Violet. "We must find out their scenes unnoticed, and even get within their lines unnoticed. These kind of glandelinians are now more dangerous than of late."

"If with Gertrude Angeline was with us now." Said Joise. "She alone could do anything." Violet was a large group of glandelinians all cowering in hooded heads in the form of badian fiamas advancing swiftly toward them, and as it seemed as if they were actually devils approaching, the little girls not wishing to be seen, hid behind the nearest bushes. In a moment the Gargolian cavalry were passing by at a thunderous gallop. The little girls recognized general Hanson Draggard Johnston as their leader. It was a few moments before the enemy's lines was reached, the brave little girls working themselves nearer and nearer to the Gargolian works and fortifications, from tree to tree, but in a very cautious manner. They could now also see an immense city of tents and taboures, in brown and olive drab color, and also in gray, and even in strange yellow hues with tall black and white stripes running down their sides, and soldiers were searching around in gray and blue uniforms with glistening guns.

"It seems as if we won't be able to do it." Said Jennie. "We wish to find out their scenes and warn him before to night. It's the only chance I see."

"Maybe we can find a way." Said Angeline. "Could we cause something to happen that would draw most of them away?"

"I don't believe so." Said Catherine with a vague shake of her pretty head. "They might disguise us anyway, even though they are a new command and never saw us before. They might have heard about us anyway and know us."

"That may be true." Said Jennie. "Yes, because no boys are as pretty as us, and it hardly does any good to disguise myself as boys, and so they would suspect us, so we believe we had better not enter among them."

They all realized this. But what was to be done? Sentries were seen by the hundreds and several gun mounds pointed at their very hiding places.

"We had better start something that will cause most of these Gargolians to be drawn away." Said Nettie. "I have a small grenade or mine in one of my pockets, and I could cause considerable excitement by exploding it. Shall I try?"

"Yes." Said Violet with a look of inquiry. "But where and how are you going to explode it?"

"Over yonder." Said Nettie with shining eyes. "I have a small electrical instrument attached to it, which will discharge it. The glandelinian who was embraced by me gave it to me in case I needed it."

She went off a considerable distance, dodging from tree to tree, and soon buried it under a large hemlock. She then unstrung the wires, and retreated back to her sisters.

"Now as soon as we see a clear space, we must dash into it." Said Nettie. "This explosion I'm sure will cause them to come here and investigate. That will be a good chance for us. Once we get inside their camp, we may make our success, though even then we must be cautious. She now worked the small battery, there was a deafening detonation, and a cloud of earth and smoke ascended into the air, the hemlock tree crashing to the ground with a thundering roar. There was a regular table of confusion among the glandelinians, and a whole swarm came rushing toward the scene of confusion and disorder shouting:

"What was it? Anybody Killed? Who done it?" Violet and her sisters soon saw that a goodly portion of the camp was cleared, and dashed for it reaching it unscathed.

"Where will we hide?" Gasped Violet all out of breath.

408  
"Anywhere where we won't be discovered." Panted Jennie with her hands on her chest, and wildly beating heart. "My but I'm winded. That---that---was a long run!"

They now stopped to regain their breath, and searched quickly for a hiding place, and finding a high tabour entered, and hid in a big pile of straw, still panting for air. Fifteen minutes later the glandelinians were coming back ploughing through the snow, two generals entering the tabour, where Violet and her sisters were hiding.

"Some one played a dastardly trick on us, for here are the proofs." Said the leading officer furiously, producing the wire and batteries. "It's a clever trick at that, and the battery is one of our own make. They probably wanted to enter our lines and did that for no other reason."

"They may have succeeded." Said the other officer. "We had better have this whole section of the tent seats searched thoroughly and warn the other sections of the camp."

"I intend to." Said the main officer. "There are spies somewhere among our lines, and they must be captured." The other officer went out giving the order, and soon the entire camp was being searched. Not a single tent was overlooked. The two officers did thinking of looking through the hay on the floor of their own tent, but fortunately did not prod it properly, and so discovering no one they did not believe that anyone could hide beneath the straw which they believed only covered a bed of quicksand over which he had placed his tent on purpose to catch any spies under it who may be foolish enough to hide under the straw. But Violet and her sisters were indeed indeed searching under something else, than a quicksand bed, and that was in their terrific super human effort to keep from bursting out into a laugh over their clever trick, and of the confusion it caused. They were under his bench, and he did not know it. A whole two hours passed, then many officers reported that no suspicious persons could be found anywhere.

"They may have escaped." General Cookken Spieler, the assisting general officer said. "They may have gone into this tent no doubt, and hid under that straw, and after trying to secure the plans, died because they could breathe no more."

"My plans are safe." Said the other general. "For I generally always carry it with me, and a perfectly strong man even would have a perfectly hell of a time to get it from me. Those spies who ever they be may have been around, for some other purpose, probably learning something of general Shoemann's intentions, of when ever whether he will resume the attack on the christians besieging Evangelina Crania, for they still retain the siege of that big place, though beaten in the last bloody fight."

"It is rumored that the christians are intending to retreat west for Norma Catherine, or either will concentrate their main line of siege toward the town of Norma Rossinia, and also on Norma Roseanna, and Eva Crania."

"It may be so." Said the other officer. "These the christian dogs hope to be reinforced, and then try once more to drive us poor devils back. I fear they may either resume their concentration to morrow or begin another attack. They will do all they possibly can to suppress our rebellion against christianity and God."

"Those christians will surely beat us yet." Cookkenspieler cried. "The rebellion may be lost already. Jiminy is a damn fool to separate from Shoemann, after his great victory at Calverine, or Saxton Run. I myself will be tired of the Civil war if we cannot have more sensible commanders. It's bringing more terrible carnage and destruction, than sweeping success, and the success we gain does not amount to a pin's head."

At this moment an orderly saluted and said:

"Your excellency general Cookkenspieler. You are wanted at our supreme general Shoemann's headquarters right away, or quickly as possible. He thinks he sees a stupendous forest fire of great fury approaching our way."

"A forest fire approaching our way in all this winter snow that lies so deep on the ground?" Cried the commander. "Why Orderly you are jesting. It cannot be done."

"If you don't believe me sir, look for yourself." Answered the orderly. The general did so.

"Why those beastly christian dogs are causing the destruction of property and provisions we could subsist on, just to compel us out of Evangelina Crania." He gasped as he viewed the scene from the opening of his tent. He went out followed by his officer. As soon as all was quiet Violet and her sisters, came out from under the straw under the bench.

"Maybe we can cause some more confusion by setting their tents on fire." Said Violet to Daisy and whose eyes were flooded with tears from laughing quietly to herself, while her sisters were also blinded by tears of laughter. "I have some matches, and with this straw we can do some wonders." She continued.

"But the one we are in will catch also." Said Daisy.

"I don't believe so," answered Violet. "And as the wind is blowing on opposite direction we are not in any danger. And if it burns well let it then. It would do us no harm. We could not probably stay here anyway. Ours is the only one separated from the others are close together."

"All right, then let's do it," said Jennie herself. "But be careful that you are not seen. You are as good as dead if you are discovered, for they will stick you into that bag, or shoot you, and then another you under it." Violet crawled slowly from under the tent, dragging a good supply of straw. She reached the tent about two yards away, and seeing that all the others were less than half a foot apart, decided that her plan would work out better than she expected. She laid straw alongside, and lighting a match set fire to it. Then she quickly crawled back to the tent just opposite, as the fire was not noticed, then as thousands of short time as few were really about, the fire was not noticed, then as thousands upon thousands of tents, the tops of evergreen trees, and even mossy covered twigs, and even wooden boxes of crates and everything was going in a roaring, spitting hell and crashing scene of explosion and confusion and flames, there immediately came a scene of the liveliest disorder among the glandelinians.

Hundreds of men scampered from their burning tents, yelling, shouting, and howling, while many others desperately fought the fire, with snow and buckets of water, but the fire burning a long time as it was before it had been discovered was completely beyond control, and was soon threatening not only the whole city of tents but a general forest fire as well and the light high glowed with such brightness that objects could be seen for miles. Why indeed hundreds of thousands of tents within an hour were completely consumed, while the tops and trunks of trees were roaring torches, and bushes of all kinds, and evergreen trees were going like blazing oil. In the pandemonium of confusion that followed this great conflagration, Violet and her sisters managed to get a considerable distance away, and nearer the prison tent than before where they had heard a christian officer was being held. The confusion continuing however, as the fire was now ten times worse the little girls managed to reach a large tabour, where right in front loomed the palisades of a small stockade, and they managed to spring upon and overpower the outside sentries, before they were aware of any danger of attack....

Violet and her sisters tied a gag around the mouth of the guards, and placed them in a certain location, where they would not be easily be found. Then they made their way into the little stockade, finding a general and two christian officers slowly guarded. The little girls were not even seen by these glandelinians however, so they crept up as cautiously as possible, then sprang at the graycoats, knocking them senseless before they could utter a cry with a large gun they had each snatched up from a corner.

"Quick! Then Thomas and Jack Fulton," Violet cried. "We can get away if you follow us for we have set their tents on fire to cause confusion. The fire has become worse than we even expected, and we'll be overtaken by it if we don't hasten."

The two christian officers and the general obeyed without a word, and were soon leaving the camp without being detected despite the bright glare of the conflagration, but as they were fleeing through a portion of the woods which was already starting to burn, they were discovered by Braggard and his covary men.

"After them!" he cried furiously. "What pesky critters those little boys are, to dare enter our lines, and make off with our prisoners. And by gosh I can tell the way they run, they are not boys but little girls." The glandelinians roared after the little girls and the three officers, yelling and hooting. But suddenly a large force of scouting angelinians having come nearer to investigate where the great fire was made their appearance, and not wishing to come into collision with such overwhelming numbers of christians, the wicked glandelinian pursuers hastily retreated after firing two volleys and relieving a hot fire in return.

"We were out looking for you little girls for five days," said one of the officers. "General Hanson Vivian your uncle tried to see you before the bloody

battle started and found you missing. Then he was worried."

"We will report right away," said Violet.

She and her sisters with To, and Jack, and the other christian officer followed the angelinians to their own lines where they met general Jackson Evans, told him of the enemy's intentions to trap him and other things. He promised to be on his guard.

General Jack Evans after Violet and her sisters discarded themselves of the disguise and showing their real selves, turned to them and said:

"You are the bravest little girls I have ever seen, and in gratitude for your deed I can never explain. I only say I can wish you were my own little daughters. The only way I can reward you is to let my brother stay with you as much as possible and to get myself to be appointed your own guardian for life. And I'm sorry I recalled him before the battle, but then I needed him, and he also saved my life during the battle."

...when himself came back into christian possession and so the glandelinians and reconquered the ground they had lost

it's all right," said Violet blushing. "We did not care as long as we could save and as long as he was not killed."

General Jack Evans did not say anything more, but the look the great general gave the little girls thrilled them. No better friend had they now, and they knew it, and deserved it. How he would reward them the first opportunity he could grasp. The little girls, and general Evans went directly toward his own headquarters, and reached it toward morning, and then they met general Hanson Vivian who was on horseback he having limited to survey the direction of the enemy's new positions.

"Where on earth were you little girls?" he asked. "I thought the enemy had captured you."

"They spied on the enemy, learned their intentions and warned me of their intended tricks and plots against me," said general Evans himself saluting. "I don't believe they wanted to tell you though. Some of my best officers also got captured during the battle."

"Oh I see and I wanted to tell them of their capture, for I had found it out by means of another officer," exclaimed general Hanson. "That is why I wanted to see them. And how did the little girls manage it, after the glandelinian officer told them, and helped them to the other lines?"

"For the officer told us he told us where the officers were or at least only mentioned the plot planned against general Evans, and with his help we done the rest...."

"But how did you little girls get among their lines without being seen?"

"We played a trick by the use of a mine, which the officer had given to Hattie or Daisy, and then we reached the stockade after creating confusion by setting the enemy's tents on fire."

At this moment a very mysterious little girl looking like Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin came up on a horse. She was Gertrude Angeline.

"There must be a great big fire in the direction of the enemy's lines, for I see the smoke," she said. "I saw a bright glow from your headquarters general Evans and went out on my horse to investigate."

"Another of those brilliant forest fires," he said musingly. "It's a wonder why this world don't burn up. I thought we were through with forest fires and everything else."

General Hanson himself could also see the ruddy glare, and said: "It must be advancing on advancing on the flank of the enemy. As long as it does not strike for us I don't care. I'm going to pillage the city of Tataria to-morrow, and fire her too."

Gertrude Angeline well known to them, and a little girl of ten years of age, now rode over to Violet and her sisters, and the seven beautiful little girls dismounted and went into general Hanson's headquarters with Evans, and here they had a well-suppered feast ever tasted in a long time.

"I wonder how long this war has already lasted!" asked Angeline. "And why is it so fierce and bloody? It makes me shudder to see all these men killed, and torn up."

"As this is the month of January or whatever it is called the war must have lasted already ten months if I'm not wrong," said Violet. "And it is so fierce because so many are doing the fighting at once. Millions charged every hour sometimes, and hundreds of thousands go down mangled and bleeding. We pray daily for its ending, but it seems in vain."

General Evans and Gertrude Angeline looked with pity at them.

"And we have never seen a good Christmas all our lives," said Daisy.

"Never seen a good Christmas! How's that?" asked General Evans.

"Never since this trouble began," answered Joice.

"I understand," said Gertrude Angeline. "Neither did I ever see a happy Christmas for seven years since I had been a child since before I broke away from rebellion and I'm only ten years now. And when I was taken to the Boy-King Islands I was six years old. But I believe you seven little Vivian girls suffered the most and I'm also going to be your guardian."

On this scorching day general Hanson determined to smash the enemy and captured the city he was besieging. He rushed a large body of his men into the town of Tataria, and a scene of pillage ensued. Every house was stripped of its belongings. All the provisions of the stores were taken away, and many buildings set on fire. The inhabitants who were glandelinian citizens of Galverinia fled from the angelinian raiders leaving everything behind in their mad haste to get away, the inhabitants being punished for helping the angelinians, at the time the day before when a troop of Abbeismians had passed through their streets....

ing there having been no activity of any serious consequences that day, christian army concentrated closer toward the besieged glandolinian at midnight general Kindermund's forces which had been changing their line from the right of the main christian line to the left, were attacked by a thousand thousand Turnamunians, the contest lasting incessantly all night, the loss on both sides amounting up to near, nearly 200,000 in killed and wounded. The assailants were repulsed however after making thirteen desperate charges, and concentrations, with two of their main leaders killed. The next morning the glandolinians were reported sucking one of the towns near the christian lines two miles south of Tartaria, and the inhabitants were in the greatest consternation. The enemy harmed no body however as they dared to not to commit any massacre too close to the Abbaeanian lines.

In the meantime general Manley's armies were now entrenched near or at Norma Rossinia, which was close to Evangelinia Grania, and Manley expected to be attacked, as he hoped also to raise the siege, but general Robert Vivian had no intentions of attacking him right away as he wanted to pass the week before Christ as it was really December and not January as violet had thought. General Vivian did not wish to create any carnage on that beautiful day if he could help it. Many peculiar movements were made however at different points which resulted in many small conflicts, but which were not of any importance though bombardments at series occasions were incessant and exceedingly heavy. Three other small cities and towns were pillaged, then on December the twentieth the strong concentration of the christian armies was resumed. The enemy's new lines at Evangelinia Grania and Norma Rossinia extended despite their appalling numbers for only forty three miles, and indeed another bloody part of the siege was to be renewed.

It was estimated that nearly fifty million men would be engaged in the coming struggle at Norma Rossinia, as Hansons and Evans armies were rejoining general Vivian's, and indeed violet and her sisters realized that they would not see much of a Christmas this year. The military authorities of the christians estimated the strength of the christian army of nearly 25,000,000, 25,000,000 of whom there were 10,000,000 infantry, and the rest cavalry and artillery men, and nearly four hundred guns on the christian side under general Vivian while Hansons and Evans now made the full number over sixty million entirely while the enemy force was only 41,987,000 strong. The christians also had over eleven thousand big and small machine guns. It was impossible at this stage more than to conjecture how these many corps were to be organized in mobile armies, or how it was intended they should maneuver for the purpose in view of a combined attack of such a big force on so wide a front, something never before attempted during the glando-Abbaeanian war. The northern section of general Vivian's Angelinians were concentrating in three separate divisions, the first army near Meldons, the second near the vicinity of Evangelinia Grania, and the third on the plains and in front of Lucille Rickson or Gaudandoni. As for Lucille Rickson and Norma Roseanna seemed to be near his objective point general Vivian's intentions were to take the offensive all along the line by a simultaneous advance of all his armies, covered by the heaviest artillery fire that could be brought to bear. It was impossible to look upon a map of this bloody Lucille Rickson scene without feeling that if the fierce Turnamunian and Mc-Hollestinian armies under general Calmannia Shoemannia, able to link up with general Chappell's armies in sufficient force to undertake a strong offensive movement against the christian armies concentrating at Meldons. A great chance presented itself of dealing a smashing and perhaps a decisive and paralyzing blow at the christian army by rolling up its right flank, at the opening of the struggle, and to strike before the christians assumed the offensive themselves.

It was on Christmas eve while a blinding blizzard was raging when general Jack Evans and Gertrude Angelina was alone having the best time among themselves, when they learned to their sorrow that poor Santa Claus had been captured by the enemy while he not knowing of the danger had tried to give the poor war stricken unhappy children who were in Galverinia, and that they were holding him tight on the charge of being a spy, and that they were going to destroy the toys and Reindeers, and even put him to death if they could find evidence against him. They felt powerless to do anything, but Violet and her sisters went to general Robert Vivian and told him about it. General Vivian remembered when he was a little poor child, when in spite of all he had never been missed by his old time friend Santa Claus or the other child friends he had, and he indeed felt bad over it, but he was entirely at a loss what to do. He did not wish to cause any actual fighting over it, for he hated the idea of any slaughter on a Christmas day, a "Day of Peace on earth. Good will to men". But Violet and her sisters pleaded and intreated him to go and do something before it was too late.

"You little girls succeeded in rescuing those officers, and warning general Evans, and so why not try to rescue him yourselves!" said general Vivian.

They needed no further advice, and so the little girls themselves did not show up that night for supper, and general Vivian feared they would be captured. All through the night of that December the twenty fourth, a terrific hurricane and blizzard of exceedingly great fury was raging, but despite the fierce snowstorm and wind, Manley was soon pushing Shoemannia's army to attack the christian right wing in all its force. At Seven O'clock the glandolinians came in sight of the christian line and at once in the midst of the raging storm, a severe skirmish ensued, which soon

became a general struggle. The glandolinians were soon attacking with terrible fury, general Phellinus glandolinians pouring over the works along his front spreading confusion as he charged. A dull booming sound broke out, and a broadside of shells screamed shrilly among the many tree tops, and among the glandolinian assailants killing hundreds. Then Baldwin's batteries supporting the whole of the christian line went into action with a great roar. The assault of the enemy was exceptionally heavy, more than expected by any of the Angelinian commanders, and most terrific in the extreme, but as so many gathling guns were in action the assault of the foe was being torn up and mangled, and many of the divisions of the

glandolinians had to fall back to gain some respite for their own losses was heavier than that of the christians themselves. The glandolinians soon made a rally and attacked with a wild fury, being supported by the fire of their own artillery, then a sudden spitting fire of rifles mingled with the incessant discharge of fresh gathling guns, which settled into a deafening crash of a general firing all along the line.

It could not be estimated how many men general Calmannia Shoemannia had but nevertheless it seemed evident that Shoemannia was throwing forward about one quarter of his whole division for the searchlights of the christians showed that the line of desperate attack was about six miles long, and that the line was assaulting every point of the christian line almost simultaneously, and that most of the assailants were the fierce Mc-Hollestinians, and that the Turnamunians were being held in reserve. The firing was so wild now that nothing else could be heard in such a wild confusion of sounds.

captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the most annihilating fighting all the ground they had lost

In the meantime during the great battle of Liebhurg Landing or Tataria, especially in the later part of the battle a great explosion of some unknown origin occurred among a large portion of the enemy lines and though it cannot be said how many the blast killed it nevertheless was one of the most marvellous and tremendous explosions the world itself ever heard of. It was positive however that scores of thousands of the glandelinians had been injured and the whole neighborhood of the region of the river was terror stricken and it was believed that the explosion came from a gas mine or a mine loaded with T.M.T. and the shock of the blast caused the collapse of a small section of Norma Catherine. Even the earliest and latest incomplete compilations put the number of injured Glandelinians at sixty six thousand five hundred. The terrific blast happening during the desperate battle so frequently raging hand to hand came without warning, and the flash of the blast itself was so great that it in a peculiar manner spread burns, desolation, and fear among the glandelinians throughout a district of more than ten miles radius from the focus of the explosion. Within two minutes a whole encampment of glandelinians not yet having been engaged in the bloody battle which had been enjoying the scene of distant conflict became a bedlam. Child slaves by scores of thousands who had been forced into trenches to help the foe erect guns ran screaming this way and that crying with the pain of burns and other injuries. Some glandelinians were human in nature than others forgetting similar pains did their best to assuage the tortures of the little child slaves under their charge.

Thousands of glandelinians were even hurt over a mile away from the scene of the explosion. Many of these glandelinians who were ill unlimbering cannons and placing them into positions, others who had been digging trenches, and doing other similar work more than a mile away from the scene of the explosion had their eyes brown fairly blown off and burned off and their hair singed from the far reaching flash and suffered blisters on their faces and other exposed portions of their bodies, and many even suffered severe contusions and bruises, lacerations and broken limbs and eyes ruined or blinded. The millions of pounds of explosives ignited by some mysterious cause during the battle which even the Glandelinian and as well as for engineers were not able to explain tore a huge crater in the ground a mile and a half wide and three hundred feet deep.

As the immense force of the explosion of earth and other debris was blown high up into the air according to witnesses on the Christian side, who saw the explosion even ten miles away from the scene, there was a terrific detonation like a million crashes of thunder going off at once, and which was heard for many scores of miles. This was followed by a most mammoth sheet of flame, which shot thousands of feet into the air and then apparently settled back momentarily to the earth surface extending over districts of ground for a mile around the scene of the great disaster setting foliage and woods and even houses on fire in a few moments.

Rocks and water fronts clear across the immense ten mile wide gorge Run river, the great Norma's Bridge and Jerome's Bridge and other bridges, and hundreds of houses in the southern part of Julio Gallo and a great number of outbuildings within the distance of five or six miles were ignited by the cloud of flame. For the worse part miles of lumber in lumber yards, and bigger river docks loaded with lumber and other materials were ignited and within two hours afterwards the sky a over a river wiley was blackened by the sea of black smoke coming from three of the most immense conflagrations ever known. The flames also could not be extinguished despite the efforts of all the fire fighting apparatus used by the enemy. Not only did the peculiar flames from the explosions flash settled to the ground in a most peculiar manner and around the buildings in the neighborhood, but they had been also blown through windows and doors by the force of the blast setting in a few moments the interior of many hundreds of houses on fire, and the interior of houses not entirely ruined never nevertheless bore mute evidence of the sweep of the flames.

As the flames swept up at the crash of the explosion a portion of one of the fortresses seemed to fairly buckle in and collapse from the concussion, and the munition dumps where the explosion really occurred was left by the conflagration a mass of glowing embers and wreckage. The massive steel girders and beams of one of the leveled fortresses also had given way in many places, and the twisted beams and crushed and powdered concrete gave further evidence of the terrific force of the blast to which they had been subjected by the concussion of the explosion.

Whole rows of the heavy steel beam beams had even been severed by sheets of flames during the conflagration that followed, the fire cutting through them as though they had been made of paper.

At the outbreak of the explosion, instantly pandemonium broke loose through all sections of that glandelinian encampment where the explosion tore through. Thousands of ambulances not sent to the scene of the battle augmented by fleets of baggage wagons and private ambulances with a perfect sea of horses when rushing to the rescue of the victims of the blast.

Even among the generals headquarters of the rebels telephones jangled as thousands of excited glandelinian officers and higher leaders sought information regarding the explosion they had seen and heard so plainly. For more than an hour every wire in possession of the foe was busy with inquiries. Wire alarms and so on from various parts of Norma Catherine brought enemy fire fighting companies into the neighborhood of the raging conflagrations where they first centered their efforts on preventing the spread of the flames to other regions of the city. The conflagration outside the city itself especially near the foe lines made such terrific heat that no one could endure it five hundred feet away and the rolls of smoke was nearly a mile large looking like immense piles of boulders or mushroom on top of one another, and the flames made a weird roar that was appalling.

One of the most seriously injured victims among the glandelinians was Colonel Sebeckler a glandelinian officer of the Engineering Corps. He had just seated himself in his room in his general headquarters to eat his supper when the blast occurred. He was at the table and the chair was lifted from the floor three feet by the concussion and hurled nearly twenty feet across the large room. He, the table, and everything being scattered profusely around the room and a chair went flying through a window knocking ash and all out. He escaped with severe bruises

a broken leg, and burns however and all the fur furniture was demolished.

A General was also wounded. His name was Albert Turner, in charge of one of the Grand divisions of the Glandelinians. He was outside on his horse watching the smoke of the distant conflict and he and his horse from the concussion was hurled a hundred and twenty five feet, to an army traveling crane. He too escaped with severe burns and bruises but his horse was killed and badly mangled. Joseph Peters chief engineer officer of the engineering corps was inside general Watson's headquarters when he heard the detonation that shook his house like an earthquake. He ran outside the building fearing that the Christian gunners were shelling the buildings. As he stepped outside the door a sudden sheet of flame from the near approach of the conflagration passed over him burning his hair and eyebrows away.

General Joseph Bedwicker driving a team of horses about a hundred which was pulling a gigantic catapult: gun was passing on a road near the scene when the explosion occurred. He said he heard a terrific noise as if all the fortresses and the city itself was blowing up at once and before he could locate its source felt a severe sting as though he had held his hands and face too close to a hot fire. A few seconds later this officer discovered that his eyebrows were gone, and his many horses had been singed to the hide and the gloss on the cannon and shield scorched off.

Many companies of the glandelinians within two or three miles of the scene of the great explosion startled by the noise of the blast, looked up and saw the cloud of flames and smoke spread in a seconds time toward them. Many ran hoping to keep ahead of the rolling sea of flame, others pulled coats over their heads and shoulders but nevertheless all were painfully burned as the sheet of fire suddenly passed over them. One aged Glandelinian was found a few minutes after the blast, cursing wildly in his home. As his fury passed he told others that he had seen fire and smoke sweeping toward him and believed the judgement day may have arrived. Many of the glandelinians privates and officers, drew comparison between the bale of fire and flames and smoke and tons of debris rushing into the air and the volcanic eruption of Mt. Calverine, which they had seen in eruption. Colonel and Major Hoffmann both brothers James and John told of having seen the lake of flames rolling toward their place where they were staying waiting for to be shifted. They sought refuge in a vault and thus escaped injury. Many officials of the engineering corps asserted after the blast that it was the clarity of the atmosphere that probably prevented such more severe injuries to persons of the foe encampment. Probably had the day been so cloudy, raining and foggy with too much smoke of battle lying close to the ground as it so often does during a battle the injuries would have been much worse. Such an atmospheric condition would have held the cloud of flame closer to the earth and it would have spread with a corresponding greater ferocity, instead of shooting as high as it did. Fortunately that day the air was bright, the sun shining and the wind high.

On account of the explosion more than a hundred glandelinian officers some of them generals had been out, or bruised, and killed, scores of officers narrowly escaped death, and many generals headquarters within the rebel lines were even fired that fatal afternoon when the great underground mine and the munition dumps exploded with a roar that was said to have been heard for more than a hundred miles.....

and captured himself came back into Christian possession and so the Christians and reinforcements most sanguinely fighting all the ground they had lost

It was not exactly known what the munition dumps to themselves contained for the glandelinians not wishing any information getting to the besieging christian lines did not reveal the contents of the big dumps, but the mine itself was believed to contain, dynamite, gun cotton and T.N.T. and the blast was so terrific that it rocked both opposing lines and the whole city of Vivian,iskey, and many towns around frightening everyone and causing considerable damage to houses and trees. The property loss to the glandelinians was placed at one hundred million dollars. Many who had only noticed the sudden trembling and heard the roar mostly thought it was an earthquake taking place. In many of the child slave districts and terror stricken regions terror stricken children dropped to their knees knees and muttered prayers. Twentyfive of the injured officers of whom a majority were lieutenants, and captains were taken to a hospital inside of Vivian,iskey, where one of the glandelinian doctors and his assistants made special arrangements for their care. More of the injured glandelinian officers were rushed to the County hospital and other hospitals in Vivian,iskey, and scores who suffered less severe injuries about the head, face, an and hands, were attended in Vivian,iskey drug stores and the headquarters of army physicians. In some instances officers and even some generals in their headquarters, or in on their horses in the camp my streets or in front of earthworks and intrenchments nearly a mile from the scene of the explosion were burned, the flames filling the air for more than two or three miles about the scene. All the officers of one headquarters building were also injured, and their building caught fire. They were standing on the front veranda of the building watching the distant building when the burning sea of flame swept over them. General Orlando was in the district also when the explosion occurred and helped to attend to many of the victims until army ambulances arrived from practically as many portions of the army encampments as possible. One of the high officers was riding with a party of fellow officers across a portion of the wooden bridge over the wide river, his horse and the horses of his followers were signs alighted by the sheet of flame.

He had heard a most deafening roar and the bridge to him and his companions had seemed to be shaken like the leaf in the wind. He and all of his officers were knocked from their horses, and soldiers in the company streets were running in all directions to see what had happened were shouting a confusion of orders and commands.

Their own hands and faces were burned. The gaseous smoke of powder and other explosives was so strong that the survivors had difficulty in breathing. Very now and then afterwards there was a flash in the air and the sound like the explosion of many pistols at once. The air seemed to be charged with the fumes of exploded shells.

Part of the flooring of the bridge bursted into flames shortly after the wounded officers were picked up by soldiers and ambulance men. One of the guards who was sentry on the bridge said he also saw the explosion.

"First I heard a deafening crash like a world of cannon firing at once, and then I saw a great arch of flame go high into the sky, followed by a thick roll of black and white smoke and debris for hundreds of feet." He said. When the great conflagrations occurred."

Often. Even during war and when in the army it is positive that most fellows never like to own up that they are at first afraid or a slightly afraid when in battle, even though when they do speak up and say: "Oh my no, I'm not afraid, I'm not scared, their teeth are chattering and their faces appear to be pale and white. The night before the outbreak of the battle of Tataria or Bighow Bighow landing when many soldiers and officers, and even the Vivian girls, that is Violet and her sisters were sitting around a large army camp fire if you please, one of the officers started telling probably a scary battle and massacre story. It was sort of gloomy in the wooded country anyway, and it seemed as if enemy soldiers would appear and attack them in ambush any minute. They were glad however that the main force of troops and the encampment was not far away, because general John Clarke's christian encampment, was close by.

"It's funny general John spoke up when the soldier was true through telling his story. The way boys and men like to scare themselves is it not. But any one you would not like to go alone for water right now." "If

"Nobody said anything then and the general laughed.....  
"There's something about being in the woods that generally makes people and even soldiers easily scared anyway no matter how brave they are." Said Violet herself while her sisters nodded. "And mostly little things seem much worse. Even people get panic stricken easily by being even lost in a lonely woods when there is nothing really to be scared about. They even generally lose all control over themselves when if they would only set down and figure things out quietly they would find they did not have so much to worry about after all..."

"I remember one time when out spying on the enemy I and my sisters were compelled when pursued by rebel troops on foot and horse, all by ourselves and there were no soldier companions with us either. It was late in the season of last fall and most of the christian encampments and protecting persons were about twenty miles away and our pursuers were gaining closer every minute and even startlingly open fire upon us. I however went alone with my sisters without seeing any one in front. The evening was quite gloomy and it was raining and trying to snow occasionally with the rain. It was really I believe not evening but late in the afternoon let's say about two o'clock and as the storm was gathering it was beginning to get a little dark and a high wind was blowing, and being pursued by foes we were not quite sure where we were going. Suddenly we were chilled to the very bones by hearing suddenly a most horrible series of screeches, a sort of long drawn out wails from whom we knew not. and my sisters stopped so quickly we almost lost out our balance and looked around. It seemed to come from just above us, but there was no one in sight. I can tell you I and my sisters are known to be unusually brave and even reckless, and we care are generally called little dare devils but I tell you that afternoon I certainly did feel queer and so did my sisters and at first we were afraid to proceed any further forward. I remembered stories I and my sisters had heard from many friends of bambas, ghosts with weird shrieks, which generally appear before a death takes place and usually on the eve before a bloody battle is fought.

I and my sisters were not superstitious, but nevertheless it did give us a chill. However gaining courage, and being hard pressed by our pursuers who we dreaded the most we continued on and after a few minutes the series of shrieks came again. This time it was even more blood-curdling than before, and there was something human about it too. Though darkness from the storm was coming it was still light for me and my sisters to see that no one was in sight in front or above us.

We gritted our teeth and went on nevertheless until we had almost reached the top. It was very barren up there, only a pile of jumbled rocks. As we stopped to look around again to see how near our pursuers were a strong gust of wind came and rushed against me, and at the same time a cry similar to the one came again double fold but at a greater distance. Then I realized that my bambas was only the peculiar cry of enemy sentinels with their do by means of a horrifying sounding whistle which they signal to their comrades the whereabouts of their fugitives and the distance they are. We escaped easily from the enemy however but never forgot those our outcries and never wished to hear them again, they sounded so uncanny.

...unwounded himself came back into christian possession and so the christians and recaptured the most annoying fighting all the ground they had lost



"After did I said general vivian. And I believe indeed that the rose work do to it my brave little daughters, and may God bless you all and you in your interprise." "I'll be there."

#### THE VIVIAN GIRL SPIES AT WORK AGAIN.

"Halt who goes there?" "The sisters were startled at the summons, and at first did not know what to say. They could not cry 'friends' without falsehood, and even 'starring and his companions.' But again Jennie hit upon a ruse. 'We have a warrant from general Johnston Manley, for the prisoners you men arrested this morning.' She said imitating the voice of a boy and are you one of Federal guards?"

"We did not arrest no one and we have no man prisoner who was arrested this morning, and this is not one of Federal guards, and neither is this general Federal's lines." Answered the guard in a surly manner. "Advance and show yourselves." Violet and her sisters did so.

"Oh you are Gerald Starring and your two companions are with you I see," said the guard. "Well I'm surprised at you to not know the way to general Federal's lines better than this. You are near the wrong lines for this is Bicknell's army who is preparing to fortify the heights of Ava Maria. Federal's army is next to this one and a mile west of here." Violet asked directions saying they were indeed lost from being confused by the thunder of exploding shells, and then the guard said: "Show me the summons so that I can see who the man is who is wanted by Manley."

Violet to ally any suspicion that might arise, showed the warrant to the sentry. The guard then called a general officer who happened to be riding near, who on seeing them and the warden's warrant, gave them full directions how to reach Federal's lines, without running the risk of falling into the path of a large force of christian assailants which were at the time attacking Federal's lines. Violet and her sisters fortunately received a pass to Federal's lines, and they then rode westward.

"I hope the real starring boy and his companions are not with Federal," said Violet. "If they are, our mission will be a failure and will end in our destruction. How the sound of firing increased. And look over yonder sisters. The sky seems full of bursting shells, and is clouded with smoke. The whole scene before us is like a conflagration."

"Violet's sisters observed this scene and then Jennie said: 'The starring boys I believe are in general Bicknell's command. We had a close shave at that. We had neared Bicknell's lines without knowing which army it was, and if we had come across those boys there would have been trouble for their suspicious twins.'"

After riding for an hour, and listening to the terrible din of the distant battle, the tents of Federal's command at last appeared in the distance, and far to the front could be seen the oncoming breastworks and cannons all ablaze like a fierce forest fire, and shells exploding above them, and also saw the christian forces coming upon the works like a perfect wave and close in a storm of horrible firing. They saw close by to the section way out of the region of firing the three sentries incessantly pacing back and forth, and being halted by one of the guards violet showed him the pass.

"You are starring and this are your boy companions, so you can pass on," said the guard shouldering the musket again. Feeling relieved, the little girls continued on, but they had to show their warrant, and pass to at least fifty six sentinels, before they were well within the rear of general Federal's active lines.

"Then," Whistled Violet. "How are we going to get out, with all this exciting tumult all around us from battle and explosions, if we are discovered with so many sentries around. We did not know it was so terribly hard. Fifty six sentinels in a line down the road. We are in a tight fix alright. We ought to have brought general John Evans along."

They were now in one of the rear breastworks of the army's position on top of the hill, and here soldiers fully armed swarmed everywhere to take up their position while artillery was being run up close to the works. They received greetings from many of the soldiers, were questioned by others, and teased by the officers who passed.

"Dan

direct me to general Federal's headquarters." "Asked Jones of one of the officers who had teased her and her companions." "Why this is Bicknell's line," exclaimed one of the officers with a

"Such a question. You starring and your companions must be losing us time. Surely you know very well that this is the building right in front of me and that just now he is not to be at the front directing his fighting troops."

"Well we count it fair to tease in return," said violet. "But to be serious, I have a warrant here for a prisoner taken early this morning, who claims to be Santa Claus, or whatever he calls himself, may be a christian boy. Manley ordered us to bring him to him." And she showed it to the glacially cold captain. "..."

He glanced over it carefully, and then led them forward toward the firing lines within fifteen minutes violet and her sisters were riding up before the old Pepper head. It was the first time that they had ever been face to face with the man or "terrible human tornado" as he was called for his fierce campaign he had made against the Abbeismians at the first outbreak of the war. He did resemble some hideous moonshiner and demons combined, and indeed violet and her sisters almost believed that they stood face to face with Lucifer himself, but in the disguise of a human being. He stood exactly six feet five inches, was a heavily built man straight as a stick, pugilistic in his nature and strength, and as ferocious as a human dragon. He wore a uniform that did not make him appear even as a captain, but he was a great general nevertheless, and his handsome and half villainous face was almost hidden in a long black beard, his steel gray eyes seemed to flash fire, and there was continually a sinister, pugnacious expression about his lips which attracted violet and her sisters dreadfully. But they were not afraid.

"Well what do you want?" He said gruffly. "We were sent by Manley. Was violet's hasty answer.

"Well what the hell do you want?" Demanded the general angrily. "What is the damned trouble now?" "Warrant from Manley for the man arrested this morning," said violet imitating the voice of a boy.

"FOR HIS RELEASE! BY CAPTURE AND SATEN NO, NO AND NO!" roared Federal stamping his foot angrily. "What the damnation do you mean by bring me such a message? Get out her of here double quick. What do you mean by coming and bothering me when I'm busy today. I'll kill the damn spy before I release him. To hell what Manley or his whole damn council says. What the hell does he want to release that christian hellhound for?"

anyhow."

Violet and her sisters felt queer indeed before this raving demon but violet summoned up courage and said:

"He you are mistaken your excellency," said the child. "Manley wants to question him about something important. It says so on this warrant."

"Why don't he come here and question him?" roared Federal in a rage. "Every time I get a most important prisoner that fell foul of a king's brother wants to take him as my prize immediately. I'll not give him up. Tell him to go to hell!"

"But Manley will come for him if you do not give him up and if he is here you cannot resist," said violet. "He'll, send him back to you."

"Federal looked at them closely.

"Are you telling me the truth about this?" He demanded.

"If we were to tell lies to you we would not be here," answered violet. "You starring, with your suspicious look strangely unnatural to me. He continued. You boys seem unusually handsome this afternoon. Let me see the god damn warrant."

Violet handed him the warrant, and glancing at the contents he said: "I doubt this just the same. I'll telegraph and find out the facts on this thing."

To begin with violet and her sisters were still safe, for after disguising themselves, they had set out for general Federal's lines, first finding his headquarters, and being ushered into his presence Manley had really heard of the prisoner, and not recognizing violet and her sisters and thinking that violet and the others were really the leading boy scouts of Bicknell's army, sent them to Federal with the warrant. ....

...and captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the most valuable fighting all the ground they had lost



fortunately there was no need of raising an alarm as the officers and the guards and the guards, may even the men of the army had seen the flames before violet and her sisters or Evans had, and thousands of men on horseback galloped up with their fire apparatus.

"At it boys," cried Evans. "I'll take the lead. It's exceedingly dangerous but we have got to stop it no matter what the cost."

The men were immediately deployed here and there in a long line, all with wet blankets, swabs, and heavy and covered bags and coats, and the battle against the flames began desperately the men working frantically and with all their own energy. The men with axes and saws worked like mad cutting down grass far in advance of the conflagration and hauling it away, the men with the axes soaked continually with water beat down the tongues of flame, and there was a confusion of commands, a reinforcing wherever the fire threatened to advance ahead and overlap the fighters, and the noise of shovels and spades as other men threw a storm of earth and gravel upon the conflagration. Men dropped by scores overcome by the staccato smoke and terrific heat, and yet the conflagration only held its own.

Violet and her sisters looked on with excitement, awe and fear, giving cries of warning, whenever when ever the fire darted ahead of the men who noticed it not but nevertheless they were being swiftly driven back by the fire wave. It was indeed a stirring scene. No men dropped from suffocation and heat, and though more and more went in until a solid front was presented to the fire, the fury of the flames and the terrific heat, drove them steadily back. It even jumped the wide spaces made by the men cutting down the grass, and started to leap ahead with a fury that nothing could stem. If it could not be checked the whole stretch of forests surrounding the region would smolder itself into hell. Four men were caught unawares and badly burned, and Evans narrowly escaped falling into a trap line. At some points the men were advancing on the flames now, but at other points it was still steadily driving them to the rear.

"Some of those beautiful glandolinian firebugs did this," said Evans as he came up to the little girls who were trembling with awe and excitement. "I could not have started of it self by no means whatever."

It took fully four hours that evening before the hundred thousand men fighting the conflagration was under control and put out entirely. That evening Violet and her sisters were awakened before general yvian, who sent them to general hanson, who then found sitting with kindredline, and roswell puster johnston at a table in his headquarters at Norma roseanna or Evangeline Granda, and where the full assemblage of the glandolinian members were also present. General hanson returned their salute with looks of love, kindredline with an approving one, and roswell puster johnston with a pleasant but pleading gaze and the words:

"How would you little girls like to go toward Evangeline Granda and learn the exact strength of the enemys position, the number of the force and the position, of their batteries and the number of guns they have."

When violet and her sisters grasped the full sense of this serious question they waited a moment for breath and then violet answered dully:

"We should be delight sir if general yvian and our uncle do not object."

"They don't," answered roswell. "It is almost absolutely necessary that we have information more reliable than the reports we are getting from loyal glandolinian inhabitants, for no two of these reports agree. There is a method just now by which almost detectives can enter manleys lines without difficulty, and without arousing suspicion there. This method requires that six children alone can possibly play the part. I am told that you little girls have the abilities. The gemini have told us so."

Violet and her sisters were told that they were to be sent to the island.

"Here," said roswell handing violet a sealed missive which he took from the table. "Is a letter from general manley who is somewhere up the line to Granda, which he had sent to general federal at Hurecman. The glandolinian messenger who carried has fallen into our hands. It was a careless messenger who carried but we were able to open and read it without causing to be broken or torn. You little girls are to impersonate the messenger, carry the letter to general federal, get the information we want and send it in a way I shall tell you of--for you will probably be kept in the enemys lines, and any failure in your own attempt might keep your information from reaching us. After that you little girls may best escape when you can. You understand that you are to report to me or any of the other christian commanders, but if you find this impossible then this report

christians had captured themselves back into christian possession and so the most sanguinary fighting all the ground they had lost

to be put to the test that your bodies will doubtless undergo in the back from the enemy....."

The understand."

General manleys message does not contain any description of the bearer so how many by eye are sent to him or by in I mean, but merely tells federal to enroll a new general called Phyllis Thorne into the service as a commander in chief, you little girls may assume what characters that please you children best..... The messenger was a little glandolinian boy scout with five companions, dressed as you do in disguise yourselves. So it may be well to pretend that character, wearing boy scout uniforms and disguises as will deceive the enemy. As general yvian tells me and so the do the gemini you little girls "now enough" of you Granda and the intervening country, from description to answer "now enough" if the glandolinians should question you little girls, about it sit over yonder and read this letter from general yvian must to me, and this copy of general manleys letter to federal..... They will let you know how matters were and are at Evans getting Granda, and with general manley the six boy messengers left....."

Violet and her sisters glanced down at the papers pushed toward them, and roswell's instructions which continued while the speaker now and then, settled down a word or two on a piece of paper....

"You little girls will leave this camp with these passes on the side northwest of the town of glandolinian, so it may appear that you are going to reconnoiter the woodlands, for of course your destinations must be a secret, lest some information of the enemys night follow and expose you. You will go around the enemys extreme lines and reach the fortifications of Evangeline Granda by night. The letter one of you will carry with you all admitted without delay. Once within the big fort for fortifications obtain the information you are best able to do. But it is in writing if possible, and take it to a little girl whom you little girls know by the name of Angelina Aronburg, but who calls herself by the glandolinian name of Gertrude Angelina, and when you meet this girl glandolinian member if no one else is about whistle the famous American hymn "The Star Spangled Banner"..... Do you know the tune...?"

Violet and her sisters who had heard it a thousand times softly whistled the softening part or opening part, in chorus. Roswell the supreme christian general nodded and went on:

"If you look at her in just a manner as to show that the time is a signal she will soon come to an understanding with you. You will ask her in my name to take your written message in a boat tonight alone to the plains beyond the broad valley on this side of the glandolinian mountains, near the foot of Mt. Jordan..... There she will whistle the second verse of "The Star Spangled Banner", and will be answered in words of the Third verse by a man whom I shall have in waiting there. She will give him the message and afterwards report to you little girls. When you are sure the information is safe in that sense lands you may escape and report to any christian general you may happen to meet. I have made some notes here, that you little girls will fix in mind before you start, but destroy that paper and my passes as soon as you are clear of the camp so you will carry no papers to federal other than general manleys letter."

Violet took the sheet handed to her and read the words while her sisters grouped around her.

5 "Strength of glandolinian batteries in serial numbers -- numbers of men in each division -- Gertrude Angelina -- Star Spangled Banner -- boat -- to night -- lands this side of glandolinian mountains near Ava Maria Heights, or Mt. Jordan....."

While the three great christian generals and the Gemini disguised in low tones at the other end of the table, violet and her sisters memorized every circumstance mentioned in the letters of general yvian, manley, and hanson. They then, and being noticed by general roswell johnston returned those two letters, and took their leave retaining manleys letter and the Pass. The little girls were followed from the rear by the body of general kindredline and hanson and the other christian generals while the Gemini bowed their respective..... It was now about nightfall. Violet and her sisters returned to their own quarters, changed their attire, took from their pockets whatever might betray them, and saw with

realization that their clothes no longer bore any striking evidence of their hazardous trips through recent forest fires, though at a distance they did already see a great fire raging which was lighting the sky as brightly as at twilight. The glow seen for three hundred miles away from the conflagration.... They assumed themselves for the thousandth time that the miniature was still in its hiding place, ate a hasty but not unduly sumptuous supper, called Evans aside, and told him to accompany them, and the seven were going. Violet and her sisters tore up their passes as soon as they had been honored at last by the citizen's picket, for in their zeal to respect their commanders, every wish they were determined to make a wide detour in rounding the camp that they could not possibly case near another Christian man sentry.

The night had come on when they strode finally between Hanley's angle line lines and the frowning city of fortifications on a hill called Evangeline Grania which was under a fearful siege. Skulking past glider taverns, giving a wide berth to every farm house of suburban residence that might shelter Glandelinian sharpshooters on the lookout for spies, or attacking Christian soldiers, they were soon within Federal lines being challenged at some distance by a sentry on the plain. Their prompt account of themselves got them speedily through the lines, and soon a guard officer was escorting them to general Federal who sat in a room on a level of the floor holding vigil with his officers. Violet and her sisters again faced him across a table on which a candlebra writing materials and a great mass was a of papers was a large ball standing on a small box. He not recognizing them as the same boys who appeared before him before read Hanley's letter in silence then scrutinized Violet and her sisters and Evans with gray eyes as hard as granite and asked them with a store of harsh questions to which each of the little girls replied with quite readiness, and a steady return of looks. Never had Violet and her sisters saw this great Glandelinian general smile yet. Always that horrible scowl and frown mixed slightly with a little melancholy. The questions questions were all on matters covered by the letter which Violet and her sisters could so easily see the sagacious Glandelinian chief commander did not suspect of having been opened still. The answers of the little girls evidently convinced the great general that the letter had not changed bearers since leaving general Hanley's hands. Presently he asked:

"What are your names boys?"  
At last it seemed as if they would be discovered in because they felt they could not tell any falsehoods under any conditions, but a hurried call from one of Federal's staff caused the general to immediately leave the room followed by his officers and the little girls were left entirely alone. While there was no one in the room now Violet and her sisters hastily scanned the papers on the table. They saw that most of them were lists of provisions, and fallen soldiers in the last few battles around Evangeline Grania and of trivial consequences. The next bunch turned out to be a state list of arms needed to complete the full equipment of a certain militia company. They turned their eyes with diminishing hopes to the third and last. This is what they saw, and which Violet and her sisters copied at once to make it quicker each taking different portions of the lists and with trembling fingers....

"In half besieged army at Evangeline Grania December 7th 1912.  
1,700,000 Royal Fusiliers.  
3,930,230 Royal Marines.

Twenty two artillery and small pieces.  
One hundred thousand big guns.  
Three hundred thirty three thousand, three hundred and thirty three machine guns.  
Nine million, three hundred thirty thousand, five hundred Gargolian Militia.  
Nine million, five hundred forty three thousand, five four three Gargolian Guards.  
Nine million four hundred thousand Gargolianians.  
Four hundred thousand Kurds.  
Ten million, nine hundred forty four thousand, six hundred six six Mc-Hollisthians.  
Nine million, four hundred twenty two, six hundred sixty Zborovians.

Christian had captured himself came back into Christian possession and so the Christians had recaptured the most sacred of all the ground they had lost

and, nine hundred eighty four thousand, nine hundred ninety six  
five million Americanians.  
five million on, dragons, cavalry, lancers, battalions on horseback  
black, and Caribbees.  
three million Artificers.  
Three hundred thousand Glandelinian special militia.  
Five hundred forty four thousand, five four three Gargolianians.  
Three hundred sixty six thousand, four hundred marines.....

Total of all.....167,643,796.

The copy of this return found just as defectively figured here in this sheet deluged with sand in the impetuosity of Violet and her sisters to dry the ink followed the artillery ascent to concealment, and Violet casting a glance at her sisters beckoned to them to follow, and out they went just as Federal appeared in the room. Violet and her sisters had also made a collection of valuable orders and papers which Federal did not miss until Violet and her sisters had cleverly fulfilled fullfilled their mission giving the most important papers to Gortude and doing as commanded. Then Glandelinians set out after them each party having four bloodhounds with them. The result was organized too late however, for Violet and her sisters had softly reached the Christian lines. General Hanson joined them and received the papers from little Gortude Angeline and finding the signature correctly added it all up. Federal himself was in a rage well worth witnessing if any one could stand to see the rage of a man so bullheaded as this Glandelinian general was. He realized who the supposed boys and the men with them were and reported the case immediately to general Hanley who had during the day placed staring and his companions under a cross examination but finding from many testbookies from many officers and men that Starring and his two companions had never left the lines or ventured near Federal's lines that day or before. Federal had also discovered during there's call that twenty of the men were missing, and had reported this to Hanley.

Hanley studied patiently on the matter and soon was convinced that his lines had been twice visited by Violet and her sisters, and that they had made away with Federal's most important papers, learned the strength of Hanley's whole army, and rescued the prisoner Gortude Angeline. He determined to lay hold of Violet and her sisters under any conditions, and once he had them in his power---well, they would wish they had never been born. He was not going to stand for their nonsense any longer. They had troubled him so often already that he was fairly wild. He would get revenge, and terrible revenge. To think of being outwitted twice so cleverly by the Vivian Girls was humiliating.....

Toward the earliest part of the morning the Christian generals decided to resume the onslaughts against the enemy's lines, and to begin it first with a tremendous artillery duel. This time it was evident to all the Christian generals that the series of struggles would be more general than the ones before, and it was also evident that the battle would be worse but none of them really realized how horrible the struggle was really going to be.....

Violet and her sisters were requested by general Hanson and his brother to keep out of the way of the terrible engagement, for there was too much danger for them during a battle and there was never so telling what would happen to them if they were to get too near the firing lines....

Preparations were made. Artillery was placed into a new position during the night, and hasty preparations were being made for the starting conflict and general Hanson rode back and forth with the officers commanding the artillery men to make every shot hit the mark.

"We must carry those heights to day or never." Said general Hanson.  
"We can't too if we only try. No matter must be captured so that the seaports can be all opened once again....."

...OF THE INVASION, ON THEIR WAY BACK TO GALVERINIA, THROUGH GLANDERINIA AND ANGELINIA, SAW SOMETHING OF THE WAR. PREPARATIONS TO FIGHT THE SUFFERING VICTIMS OF THE WAR. GLANDERINIAN JUSTLY PUNISHED. PREPARATIONS TO FIGHT THE VICTIMS OF THE WAR. ANGELIAN VICTIMS OF THE WAR ARE FIGHTING AT LARGE. THE PROBLEM OF OVERCOMING THE GLANDERINIAN AGENTS WITHIN GALVERINIA.

The story power in glanderlinia broken at last. Think of it. After 7 months, and seven months of the bloodiest war that had ever raged in the Angelinian world, and it was a surprise to all the nations of that Christian world, and it could never be described the deliberations throughout the nations of the world. Over the successful ending of the invasion there could be found no happier than Violet and her sisters. They could not suppress their excitement for over a week, during the beginning of the march of most of the armies northward, but the results of the war was the most important to know off despite the fact that the soldiers cleared a thousandfold. The invasion of glanderlinia in the year of 1912 twelve, ended as a most disastrous christian defeat and overthrow. But the results of the second invasion resulted as the most important christian victory in the war, a victory that surprised and start led the world, and gave better oath unknown to the many christian armies left behind in Galverinia to keep the glanderlinian armies still there in their places. Hillmanburg Zimmerman and the other main greatest christian generals had kept hovering at the main gates of the enemy's country until reduced to fragments the armies of the whole country in glanderlinia alone especially had yielded under the hammering blows which had been delivered without a days pause or intermission. The glanderlinian armies who had so pugnaciously opposed the christian invasion had been whipped throughout, and most disastrously, and the results were most astounding, and flabbergasted Abbeonnia herself. The success of the invasion caused the sudden freedom of millions of child slaves that were held in glanderlinia, caused the very id islands which had belonged to glanderlinia and other islands to fall in the possession of the christian nation who were fighting so desperately to overthrow the greatest of rebellions. It was also the purpose of the Abbeonnians to take complete possession of the state of glanderlinia called No-Hollistinia and form it as properly to Angelinia to which it rightly belonged, and this determination had been all under way, and so the ransom the most of the christian armies were not being withdrawn so quickly as expected. Throughout the whole war up to now the wicked glanderlinians had retained their child slaves, and only when their invasion of Galverinia itself would be crushed would all child slavery still as existing there cease. Again I must not say the results of the invasion was indeed splendid. It resulted in the reopening of all the christian ports, and also of the recovery of the Bleng Islandman Islands as well as the Boyking, which for nearly four years had been under glanderlinian rule and possession. Glanderlinia had tried to prove herself stronger than Angelinia, and there is no doubt that the results would have been sad indeed, if Abyssinkile had not held out, and if Abbeonnia had not broken through the Abyssinkilian border and overthrown the impregnable foe armies before them along the border, before the fall of No-Whither and Julio Callio. The success of the christians in this great war in the great invasion also resulted in the capture of many of the wicked Glanderlinian chieftains who had been so guilty of so many lives snuffed out, especially of innocent children, and those who were still at large were to be speedily run down like dogs and treated like the rest.

In case now she should win or lose the war with the fall of her armies still in Galverinia, and glanderlinia was overthrown, in order to obtain the peace she would desire and keep her freedom, glanderlinia had a bookfull of deeds that must be atoned for, for the sore and sore wounds committed by the glanderlinian generals during the earliest and latest parts of the war before invasion. Also for the massacres of children and also for the child slaughter which had caused the outbreak of the war. Most of the orphaned young had been out of governor general Hanson's pockets and this was also to be atoned for by the foe, for those buildings had been destroyed by the foe. It was stated that the foe in glanderlinia were down on their backs and had been crushed in repelling the invasion made by the christian soldiers, but nevertheless with her armies still intact in Galverinia, she was still defiant, the war was still raging furiously elsewhere, and the glanderlinian governments in Galverinia despite the overthrow in glanderlinia already known had defied the Abbeonnians to take possession of the country. Thus the reason of the intention of the Abbeonnian government to take possession of the state of No-Hollistinia.

...had captured himself some back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the most beautiful fighting all the ground they had lost

Though the war was really overall the glanderlinian seaports were still blockaded, as it was the purpose of watching so that none of the fugitives would escape from the country by sea. Such preparations were made to run down these fugitives, that Violet and her sisters who were with Evans still were frequently now were startled when later they learned that all fugitives had been overtaken and were arrested within a short time, and were being sent off to share the fate of others. The glanderlinian generals whose good behavior to Violet and her sisters, and who allowed no massacre of children, had been arrested during the sudden down fall of the glanderlinian armies, such as Ricknell, Donald Aurandao, Chocummin, Adelo-degarbe, and so on down to Acocutinn, and Josephine remain, but they were tried fairly, and all the testimony about them by witnesses speedily got them their freedom as they were proven not enemies of god though they fought Angelinia, and that they had been more greater friends of the vivian girls than they showed. Ambrose Fuller was found guilty of persecutions however, and though the witnesses declared that by a friendly deed he had become their friend, the government decreed this:

"It is true that he did so after they saved him on one occasion, but on the list of children slain in war, his name if listed with those generals who caused it, and his punishment can only be prevented by having him brought before the Vivian girls, and governor general Vivian, or Ambrose Evans. If they allow him to be set free then the matter is dropped. He was brought before the little girls. They forgave him readily and willingly but general Evans decreed punishment despite all their pleas, and Ambrose Fuller was sentenced to the Bell-Jell-Pell-Jell penitentiary for the space of three years and one half at hard labor, to help rebuild the ruins without pay.

"I don't care what they did to you little girls or how good they had behaved," was his rejoinder. "When found guilty of the slaughter of children during the war, or found guilty of not suppressing their men from it nothing can save them from such punishment as I or the government decrees. But as he was your friend I'll lessen it somewhat and allow him his freedom within three years and six months. But nothing else. And so do not approach the subject again as it is foolish."

As soon as it was confirmed that all the fugitives had been captured and arrested, the order for the blockades to be lifted was sent in everywhere by wireless, and then general Hanson who had brought his returned armies into Abbeonnia and had then speedily mastered out ordered Evans and general Vivian to follow and master their armies out. The rest however were to stay for a year until everything was settled.

And surely now Violet and her sisters, with the other two great christian armies were also homeward bound. Soon again they would see their own beloved mother and Aunt, and also their two brothers who had also gotten word to return home, as other generals would be put in their place. Violet and her sisters felt happy indeed, as they with Evans, and the three other generals with their armies were prepared for the march northward. General Vivian was advised by Evans to go on ahead of the armies and take his daughters with him, but he decided to bring the armies, declaring that there was plenty of time to get to Abbeonnia and that he would sooner entrain somewhere else so as to bring the armies into Abbeonnia quicker and get them mastered out.

However Violet and her sisters, and Evans were the first to board a train, and soon they were speeding northward, for Angelinia. It was a most delightful ride for the little girls, and as they watched the scenery they indeed remembered it all. The train however in going through Galverinia, did not as any night pass within the regions of the ruins, for the engineer as directed by Evans did not wish to ruin through the devastated districts for fear of bringing sad memories to Violet and her sisters once more. So after about ten days riding day and night the Abbeonnian city Pandora the capital was reached, the very place where Violet and her sisters had formerly lived before the war, and where they had their little Bleng Islandman serpent which they had been forced to leave behind and which they had seen once, a great and huge creature by now. General Hanson with all the generals who had followed him was in the same old home, and so this Violet and her sisters were led by the good old guardian Evans. Three days later general Vivian arrived, and later on the two Holy Gently women, and then arrived the two brothers.

After being absent from home for some months Violet and her sisters were back once more, and how happy they felt it could not be described. But the little girls were known throughout the nation, and it cannot be described how the little girls were for three weeks straight incessantly welcomed by men women and old children, who carried and paraded them through the streets on their arms.

For even the two weeks of excitement of which they went through in this beautiful city, and of their admiration in the parks, Violet and her sisters soon forgot all about the war. The three boys who had deserted Glandelinian wicked cause, and Roswell and Herrod, and the other four little Glandelinian friends were also with them, having been requested to come by Hanson's friends were also with them, having been requested to come by Hanson himself, and so most of the greatest of friends were together again. To the joy of the reunion was like the joys of reunion in heaven so to speak, and indeed Violet and her sisters knew full well now that only a few of their old time friends had been killed in the war, and though they did not come back as back with generals Hanson or Vivian it was because they perished to remain in the ranks and help keep down any uprising that may occur in Glandelinia...

Throughout the nation the word was spread that Violet and her sisters, whom all had known as such great heroines, had come back to their own homes and that they had increased by the adoption of one of Annie Aronburg's sisters who had survived also the frightful fury of the Glandelinian soldiery during the great and bloody war.....

For fear that they would be killed by praise, Violet and her sisters kept themselves hidden from public eyes, until forced to show themselves by general Hanson. The entire inhabitants of the city desired to see Violet and her sisters, and so the little girls felt too ashamed of it all and now wished it had not happened. Nevertheless they were happy, for the people meant good, as Violet and her sisters during the four years and seven months of war had shown themselves the greatest heroines of the world, though little children as they were, had proved themselves greater in their bravery than the bravest soldier and also the most able to defy the seeming enemies of God on every hand, without disastrous adventure, or without meeting their destruction.

So it was no wonder that every time Violet and her sisters went outside to buy something for their mother or for themselves, or to go out on a stroll with the great heroes of the nation, or playing alone with their boy friends in the streets, they were looked upon with awe, and spoken of in whispers as great heroines who have themselves saved the nation and no one else outside of the great Williams a burger Zimmermann who had been the one to help Mc-Hollester, and Zimmermann to capture the city of Vivian Wickey, and the Mc-Hirshian fort if not Ions.

Most of the Abbeian children were in awe of Violet and her sisters and their little boy companions. And what did Violet and her sisters think of it all. They remembered when at the first outbreak of the great child slave rebellion, they had met the little girl Aronburg before she had been slain, and then all their adventures during and after the great rebellion of the Cal e Calverinians, and then during the war, and wondered where it was that their heroism came in when most of it was all only misery and suffering. They remembered how they feared during the past frightful carnage at the battle of Brignano and who would call that heroism they wondered. Nevertheless the Abbeianians were in great awe of them, and when King Cannon returned, he was indeed surprised at the sensation the nation had at the news of the return of the Vivian girls.

He was not surprised, but nevertheless, he went to see the little girls three weeks later after he returned.

After he had been greeted by all of his friends, and the brave little girls in particular, Cannon said:

"You brave little girls have set my whole country and with their praises and admiration of your brave deeds. The whole nation, may the whole world know of all the dangers you children have faced during the fearful war, and now are wishing to see you in pictures. So if you are willing you could give me one of your pictures to have published for the world itself."

For a moment Violet and her sisters did not answer but Evans said: "If you'll wait for a minute I'll bring the pictures. The little girls do not wish to have too much praise but then I don't think it will hurt the n."

Violet and her sisters started to protest gently but Evans went and got their pictures, and handed it to Cannon who put them into his pocket....

Every one of the Vivian girls were slipped, all dressed in white, and all around where ever they went seemed to bring sunshine with them, and the smiles upon their faces for King Cannon, with the light of confidence in their eyes seemed to make a hint of spring. Flowers invisible were blooming all about them. Violet and her sisters tripped around so lightly, tripping where ever Evans took them with such grace of motion and looked up out of deep blue eyes so smilingly into Cannon's that a that--coupled in tiny slippers, white stockings, and flimsy

white dresses, that Cannon felt as though eight visits visitants from the celestial regions had somehow slipped into the big Abbeianian city. As King Cannon looked long upon the dear brave Vivian girls now so happy, and contented there finished through his mind Francis the poem exquisite quatrain:

The hills look over the south,  
And southward dreams the sea;  
And with the sea-breeze, hand in hand  
Came innocence and she.....

Violet and her sisters even in their earlier days had flitted and hopped about the rooms like little brandishing birds in the branches of a tree. It seemed great indeed to the little girls to be in the presence of the righteous Abbeianian monarch, and at his first entrance, had made a profound courtesy--across profound that that of any person. They literally sank and rose like the crest of eight beautiful little waves. The Abbeianian king was a tall and handsome but nevertheless majestic looking man, more Christ like in his features and face, and had a bearing that would beat any general that ever served in the existing existence of the world. All children admire heroes, are hero worshippers, and so Violet and her sisters were in awe of this great Abbeianian ruler, a man who was even so holy and reg righteous, so righteous that he was well fitted to be called the Saint king. His early life had been one of intolerable sorrow, the loss of his wife, father and sister, in one blow, and he had stood it so long without punishing Glandelinia until this great war broke out.

As Cannon was invited to remain for the night, general Hanson broached to him the question:

"What is going to be done about the wicked Glandelinian nation. It is true we have captured all her wicked leaders, the queen and princess, and so on. She has agreed to every term, but will not agree to the fine. The fine desired of the Angelinians was one hundred million dollars. Glandelinia agrees to pay. But that fine was not imposed upon her. You know your self dear Cannon that Calverinia and Angelinia had been ruthlessly devastated by the Glandelinians; and of the sad homecoming of many soldiers who will find themselves as childless. Angelinia's loss of fines imposed upon Glandelinia had been cast down to earth. Abbeianians demanded a fine of one hundred billion, three hundred sixty five million, eight hundred ninety nine thousand dollars, for the damage alone and one trillion dollars for the slaughter of children, and for the loss of churches, the sacrilegious, and for the flags torn and ripped during the battles she fought against us. Glandelinia refuses to pay this fine, as she stated to general Zimmermann who telegraphed to me. This is the reason of the gon government of seizing the large state called Mc-Hollester. And she is also in danger of losing Omnia and Condennancia!"

Cannon gave Hanson a furious look. "She'll pay that fine whether we take her two states or not." He said coolly. "I've received the report also from Zimmermann and had wired back to him that Glandelinia will be given two weeks to come to terms or other wise I'll destroy the nation and seize its property. I've suffered in my boyhood with the loss of my dearest mother father and sister, and Glandelinia will pay for it damn her or she'll go down to hell."

Hanson and all the rest were surprised at his sudden answer for it had been entirely unexpected. They knew now that there was no monkey business with Abbeiania. Glandelinia will have to pay, either the fine or her own country. And to save her country from destruction she must and shall pay the fine. And not until the fine was paid would the other big christian armies be withdrawn out of her soil.

"It think it is the best thing to do to get." Said general Robert Vivian. "All the Glandelinian armies have been committed in those two countries, Calverinia and Angelinia. It has shocked the whole christian world and will have to pay for it or go to hell as you say. And we ought to keep the two states just the same."

Cannon taking out of his pocket a sheet of paper, said to Violet:

"I would like to look at your geography..."

Violet promptly brought it and Cannon looking through a portion spread at a certain particular page and pointing said:

"Those are all the islands belonging to Glandelinia that Abbeiania demanded also in the fine, and which our warships and the fleets have already taken possession of by force."

"Why they are quite a distance from the Glandelinian eastern coast," said Hanson. "They resemble the countries, where the Americans are living, and the others are Europe and Asia. Are those really the country, and are they peopled by such nations?"

"No indeed," answered King Gannon. "They are peopled by Glandelinians also, and all those Glandelinians in those two big islands will be under out sublet or leave for Glandelinia one or the other. It took quite a long while for our fleets to take possession of these two big islands. But they yielded to our demand when Glandelinia fell without resistance."

"But where is the country called the United States?" asked Evans.

"The western world shapes like it anyway," said Gannon. "Don't you

But there is no such countries on this map. "said Gannon. "Don't you

poor books remember the world that nation is on is our moon!"

"But then those states on that nation has the same name protested

Hanson. "And they are the same names."

"Yes the United States of Glandelinia on west or north island."

Has Gannon rejoined. "And they are all in Latin. If any of you have a

bigger geography I'll pronounce the names of the States. They are written

in Latin and are fifty four in number."

A larger geography was brought in by Jennie it being her own

school geography."

"It is true," she said. "And they are all Latin names. Too good a meaning

in the words for such a wicked nation. All names for words in prayers."

The names of the states were as follows: Apostolia, Martyria,

Joanne, Stephano, Barnaba, Ignatio, Alexandro, Marcelino, Petro,

Felicitate, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucia, A Agnate, Gascilia, Anastasia, Angus

Del, Beatus, Gloria Patri, Domine, Forwest, Laudate, Dominum, Dominus,

Quandam, Isidorio, Benedictus, De us, Christi, Pater, Misericordiam,

Comolitionis, Tribulationem, Deo Gratias, Iuscia, Misericordiam,

Deo, Salutari, Mac Domini, Vobiscum, Confitebor, Fidelia, Ne Hagum,

Magnificencia, Nationibus, Dixit, Gloriam, guereges, Regina Concepta,

Pecantundi, Rosarii, Martyrum Genitrix, Domus Aurea, Janna Coeli,

Stella Matutina, Rosa Mystica, Mater Salvatrix, Virgo Potens, and

Sancta Maria, really over fifty states. The names of the states of the other

and bigger island are not known. That big island had been so hostile since

Glandelinia became wicked that all aircraft was afraid to approach its

shores. So the names of those countries are not known. But may be known

later on. But these islands are going to be taken possession of by Abbie

anna.

Abbieanna it will be then," said Hanson. And the fine will also be

paid or we'll take the whole nation under our possession. If she pays

the fine she can have her old states, but if not she'll lose all. She

won't be warned again. She has only two weeks to come to terms."

Violet and her sisters were interested in the conversation, and when

late the next morning Gannon prepared to leave for his palace violet

and her sisters strolled outside, with Evans and the boy friends in to

the beautiful garden, and neared the same pond where they had seen the

creatures in the water which had been driven out by the vand planglin

mean serpent. The same creatures were there once more or at least one of them

but of huge size, but at the appearance of the children, it suddenly dis

appeared under the water and did not show itself. It was evidently afraid of

so many children coming to the waters edge with such unexpected suddenness.

Violet and her sisters showed the boys where the planglinian serpent had

its resting place in the garden, and also showed where it had killed the

rascally Glandelinian who had kicked it in the face.

"But where is the Blanglinian serpent now?" asked starring.

"We do not know," answered Violet. "We would not take him when he had

to leave, and he is grown about this time, for we are sure we saw him once,

during the war, and he was oh such a big creature. When small he looked to

us much like a Crabeian, but he was a roverine."

"They are almost alike but one is larger than the other and more powerful than

the other," said Evans. "I've seen Roverines and a Crabeian in my day

and the Roverines have shown themselves to be the biggest in the natural

history of these creatures. They are alike in form, of body, wings and tail and

head, but vary in the length of necks, color and size. A roverine has a

very long neck, and the Crabeian a short one. The wing wings are

designed with all kinds of starry shapes in a colored background, while

the Crabeian are striped in their spangled wings. The roverine are

considered the biggest planglin Blanglinian Serpents in the world but

in fact they are not. The largest kind has not come to Abbieanna or galver

in yet."

circulations had recaptured after most sanguine fighting all the ground they had lost

in yet."

"I do think they have," said Gerald. "At least I believe I did see sometime ago when we first came to Abbieanna after the last of the war a peculiar serpent that was most strange, and which I believe was exactly over two thousand feet long. He was so beautiful in color that I was spell bound with awe, and he had antlers on his head like a reindeer. He had a very long neck, and thick but without scales, and his head had exactly the form of a child's head. It was a she I mean. Only its hair was longer, and of brilliant golden blonde. It was indeed the most beautiful color, and at as it observed me, it fluttered its large wings and flew away with a tremendous roar. I'm sure the creature may have been a kind of me."

Evans laughed.

"You are wrong boy," he said. "They are not afraid of any one."

"But why did he fly away then?"

"It is no doubt he did not wish to intrude upon your premises," answered

Evans. "They are very polite creatures. But what you observed was not the

biggest one. You did not know it and you actually was viewing a big

uncommon one."

"But what do they call those biggest ones then?" asked starring.

"They are the planglinian serpents," answered Evans.

"They are only seen in the Bay King and planglinian islands. They are

as few as flies on a thousand small barrels full of decayed matter and

slop. No wonder those islands are considered to the world a regular serpent

land. There are so many planglinian serpents that no one to this day

have been able to estimate their number. Once in Galverinia before the war

a certain man reported to the government that he saw flying over the sea

near He-whirther about 10,000 of them in one large group. It made a sight

for him that would have awed a saint or a celestial being. I've seen many

flying in the sky in my day but not so many as he reported. He said

claimed that they were all alike and were the baby headed planglins.

Planglins are not so huge as its other kind, but before enemies are the

wildest, and the most ferocious of them all."

WAS GALVERINIA ALSO.....  
FINISHED!!!!

In the early years of child a slavery Angelina had delayed so long in putting in her say that the Galverinian country had for a time lost faith in her power, and also had rejected her mercies. Thus when at the terrible war broke the Galverinians had become careless and though many of her men joined the Angelinian armies, the Galverinians in the western portion of the country, had not really seen to it that the Galverinian fortifications guarding the city of Vivian Wickey was strongly guarded. It was guarded, there is no doubt that the city and its western and southern fortifications, were guarded, but not with a force strong enough to resist the greatest Glandelinian drives. The city and the fortifications had offered resistance that could never be described here, even when the Glandelinians assaulted it before its capture by them, and thus the reason no battle of the place was really described. Hanson estimated it took the Glandelinians to fight seven hundred desperate and bloody battles to capture the imperfectly guarded fortifications. Glandelinia knew that when the war broke out, the Abbieanna nation Angelina's sister country would immediately put in her own armies to crush her, and thus it had been her ambition to capture these fortifications, and also Julio Gallo and Jorma which the Abbieannians could have easily forced their way through had the Galverinians been able to hold out until the Abbieannians came. Glandelinia felt confident that as long as she could keep Abbieanna away from the war stricken countries no effort whatever on the part of Galverinia and Angelina could crush the slightest Glandelinian invasion. Glandelinia was right. Had Abbieanna been a week too long after the recent battle of Randall, Glandelinia would have conquered the Christian nation Angelina, as she had almost annihilated all of the Angelinian armies. Abyssinika could not lend the help desired because of the Glandelinian front extending along the northern Galverinian boundary line. She had made most efforts to tear her way through, and so had Abbieanna but it took nearly three years of hardest fighting to do so.

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It was Abbeinnia who broke through the glandelinian strength there and not until after three years of fierce and most pugnacious fighting, and hellish resistance from the foe there. But what happened to Galverinia before Abbeinnia managed to break through the northern and western glandelinian barriers. Glandelinia played the game properly and magnificently. She made up the song as already written:

Beneath our banners bright  
We go bravely to the fight,  
And the spirits of the patriots will hover o'er us,  
We will always shot and shell  
We will always do our work right and well/  
In memory of the heroes gone before us.

With our nation all united,  
No foe can need we fear,  
Join in with us altogether,  
And our enemy shall pay us dear.

And indeed both Angelinia and Galverinia did pay greatly and most dearly to glandelinia for starting the war, without being fully prepared with the main help of Abbeinnia. For three years or over well say nearly four years, since the first Angelinian invasion of glandelinia had been crushed and smashed down the glandelinians had invaded both Angelinia and Galverinia, and destroyed so much property that it seemed impossible to guess the total amount destroyed.

Galverinia was practically wiped out not only soldiers, but every body. Angelinia had a last army standing, when Abbeinnia broke through the barrier, and though general Evans finally checked the enemy at Marie Osborne, he could not prevent the enemy armies from skipping his armies, and getting northward which the Angelinian and Abbeinnian generals wished to prevent. It is believed that Galverinia was really the one that was punished, not glandelinia, and that glandelinia had done all the punishing that could be imagined.

Out of all the Galverinian cities, and towns not a one towered toward the sky ruinless. There was not a single farm, in the whole country, and wide areas, areas of forests, probably tens of thousands of miles, of the forests, were in desolation wiped out by the most ravaging forest fires, that could ever happen and which the fiercest rainstorms failed to subside, and not only that, the greatest number of children in Galverinia no matter what nationality had been slaughtered, by the glandelinians in a manner that would appall God himself, and to boot, all the Galverinian seaports had been blocked up so that no provisions could reach the starving inhabitants by Abbeinnia, and still more serious glandelinia had caused a complication of maladies to break out which ran wild like a heart of the country destroying all those who had not fallen under the sword of the hordes of Gods worse enemies ever living.

Some of the very christian nations predicted thus:

"It is true that all the shocking horrors witnessed by tourists and correspondents who posed as glandelinians, is terrible, far surpassing probably the tortures of the damned, but nevertheless I for one the president of Blomlinia, do say that Galverinia well deserves it for her carelessness, and it ought to be a lesson to not only her in the future but also to other nations who become careless from overconfidence."

The Protestant king also stated:

"Galverinia has already been reported as the most devastated region in the world. Not a million typhoons like the two which swept and tore the heart of the Abbeinnian nation to shreds, can outdo all that the glandelinians committed in Galverinia, and Angelinian combined. But it is through the fault of Galverinia. She threw at the outbreak of the war more armies into the fields, than needed, when most of those armies, or probably a half of them ought to have been garrisoned in the two long lines of McWhirther fortifications, Stephen, and Phillip. For my part it is a good lesson for Galverinia, and ought to teach her not to distrust Angelinia again, and heed not her warning or the warnings of Abbeinnia too."

Christians had recaptured after not a minute's fighting all the ground they had lost

3557.

The Abbeinnian king made this report re port!!!

"I have a record of the terrible conflict which had raged through out Galverinia for the space of over three years and ten months. My nation has been in many wars, even with glandelinia also, and also had a severe conflict with Abbeinnia herself during the early christian times. We have seen frightful havoc committed to our own property, or we have seen the fearful havoc we have committed ourselves, but none as bad as reported done by the glandelinians in Galverinia, and northern Angelinia. It does show that through Galverinian carelessness, that Abbeinnia has herself was unable to altogether bar to batter her way through the fortifications of McWhirther, and Aronburg.

In the great war of 1841 when the Abbeinnian torrent poured through Galverinia and within a few months crushed glandelinia out of that stricken child slave torn country, she had started immediately to fortify the great city of Catherine. Noted as it was called in those days. As general Francis Vivian wrote a wise Abbeinnian armies had been the first of the armies of Abbeinnia to win the first battle of the Glandee-Abbeinnian war of eighteen forty one, the city name was changed, and called Vivian Wiskey in his honor. It took whole half a century for the Abbeinnians to build the fortifications, and so strong had they been made that rival nations were afraid to approach the waters of Wiskey Bay.

So it can be imagined how it was that Abbeinnia herself really failed to capture these fortifications, which only philliamsburger Zimmerman, the "Terrible Aronburg" or the "Terrible Wrath of God" as he was called, took himself after smashing the glandelinian armies in the stricken, of Francis Atlanta, Jennie Turner, Gloria, and Virginia Run, besides at Mildred Greenburg, and Logan Zoe Pine Run, and so Abbeinnia felt sheepish indeed over the news. It was the first time in her history that Abbeinnia had met any failures, and crushing failures indeed. It is not the reason that Abbeinnia could not do things. But in some case she knew she could not. The men in Abbeinnia are good at every kind of building work, and her fortifications at her western southern, and northern shores, are so strong, that if Satan and all his host of demons were to at arm and rage their assaults they could never prevail against them, may they could rage and storm their assaults for hundreds of years, and be driven back bitterly defeated. It was reported in early history that in eighteen thirteen that a million demons did make an assault upon the fortification of McWhirther, and raged the attack for fourteen months without any days intermission or night either, and finally had to give it up as it was of no use. Abbeinnians who defended these fortifications did not need to use Holy Water or present the sign of the cross. Guns cannons and fire from liquid oil did the work.

Thus it can easily be seen why Abbeinnia could not carry the McWhirther fortifications. In some battles the Abbeinnians had assaulted their own fortifications early before the war, and failed to take them from the defenders despite the fact that blank cartridges were even used in the same fights. So when all the fleets of the christian allies again and again stormed and raged against the McWhirther fortifications, without success, and only meeting disaster upon disaster, and when finally the fiercest bombardment occurred and ended so fearfully with such tremendous loss in lives and ships, Abbeinnia realized that for facts she had made fortifications build out of her own hands so powerful that it was even impossible for her, herself to take them. Now Zimmerman accomplished it is a most astounding mystery. It was still more harder to capture these fortifications by land. The main first attempt was made by general Hanson in the frightful battle of Evangeline Grania when his troops by the covering fire of eight hundred thousand cannon battered a hell storm of shells and explosives upon the fortifications of Jennie Vivian, and Marcusian, and also the fortifications of Jennie Turner. It was reported that the roar of so many great guns, when the forts answered their own storm, was sleep deafening when heard at the distance of a hundred score of miles, and so shook the city of Jennie Wiskey to the ground, and raised the cities of Angelina, Jennifer, and Paul as a fender. This was the first fierce attempt to take the McWhirther fortifications by land, and it was made by "annon vivian" himself on that bloody christia Christmas day when oceans of blood seemed to be spilled, when the whole battle in its thousands of titanic assaults was a screaming horror.

3558\* There is no doubt that the fortifications of McWhirther could have been captured, had it not been so that Hanson's army was not a crushing defeat upon the time of the bloody assaults against Fort Cedarline on the Turner hills. It is true that the christian army of Hanson's army captured the fortifications of Marousian, but he was finally driven out when all the other fortifications of McWhirther were manned upon his forces and this is the reason for one part where the great and one of the first bloodiest battles of the war was lost.

If it had not been for the successes of general Whillmshurger Zimmermann the war would have turned out as a Glandelinian victory, and then the whole world would have been in danger of a continual strife with this wickedest of all nations.... Calverina has been frightfully devastated by the foe but it is her own fault for not guarding the fortifications, which caused the Glandelinians to capture them after seven hundred tremendous battles which were not named, or whose names were withheld..... So there is no one to blame for the series of most frightful disasters brought on by the war but Calverina herself....

Hanson himself had made statements about the Calverinian situation himself. He had known from the start that if the Calverinians had not been on their guard a very terrible disaster would happen to her. He knew from the horrors going on during the child slave rebellion, and also during the Calverinian rebellion that Glandelinia was wicked as she was a nation not to be trifled with, and Calverina would not take heed. Even the bloody child slave rebellion was a good warning. The child slaves were really being worsted, which was the cause of the Calverinians rising up in rebellion with the intent of reholding the child slave rebellion. Angelina and Abbie-anna had warned the Calverinians not to join in the insurrection, declaring that it was dangerous.

Glandelinia had recently before the child slave rebellion had reached its worse had trouble with Proteus tentia, and so had not been in any mood to be trifled with. The Calverinian rebellion was also blamed for the massacre of christ christian children at Crowley. And also at Jennie-Wren-Town. The Calverinian rebellion then was at its worse, and it is no doubt that Glandelinia fearing that the insurrection would spread so far that nothing could stop it sent troops under general Hennie Shoeman to stop it. Hennie Shoeman had been it is true opposed of being sent through Angelina to Calverina. For he knew that at that time the situation of both nations was serious, and already hanging over the precipice that would hurl them down into the maelstrom of bloody war. To pass through with his army he knew would be at this critical time considered as an act of hostile invasion on the part of Angelina. So while he halted his army south of the Angelinian boundary line he left his command in the care of general Francis McWhirther, and Allister while he went to consult the king on which course he should take. General McWhirther was in favor of pushing on and not waiting for the return of general Shoeman and so he started across the boundary line, and entered Crowley. At the first entrance his army was treated with as much respect as devils would be treated on entering a christian church, and though at first the Glandelinians were looked on with hostile and repugnant faces from the inhabitants nothing serious occurred on until a Sunday following.

Then as the soldiers of naughty Glandelinia were passing through the streets of Crowley and also Jennie-Wren-Town, from every house, every window door, and alley, and house top a withering fire was poured upon the unsuspecting soldiers with such terrific slaughter that the Glandelinians had to retreat in panic. This did not for a time seemed to be resented by the Glandelinians, though some friends of the Crowley Courts advised them to withdraw the people from the two cities, as terrible consequences would come of the sniping of the soldiers. Three days later after an unusual quiet, mobs of yelling gray-coated demons surged through the two great cities, burning and pillaging, tearing children from limbs to limb, disgracing women and men and even slaughtering the most unmercifully until the two cities and the regions about resembled the slaughter houses of hell.

Thus this great massacre that occurred precipitated the two nations into war without any explanations, or demands to retrieve the massacre that was committed by the foe during that time. When Hennie Shoeman returned from the council with the king he was shocked by the news of the havoc committed by his army, but it was too late to withdraw them from Angelina as two big Angelinian and Abyssinilian armies were pressing down on his army like a raving pack of bulldogs bent on revenge for the massacre already committed.

The war had progressed with its terrifying fury as already predicted, and during those years and years, Calverina and Glandelinia met a visitation that was well known, and described as long in detail as could possibly be done. After breaking up the first christian invasion it was Glandelinia who really declared war, even acknowledged her declaration of war against Abbie-anna, saying Abbie-anna to come on general Lugatorian seized the big cities of Julio Callio, Norma, and Vivian wickey, and so all the efforts of Abbie-anna to come to Angelina and had seemed nil, until general Whillmshurger Zimmermann had finally forced the surrender of these three fiery war hells, and captured the entire Glandelinian naval bases formed in Calverina, besides taking possession of the Hlongiglowan islands, and smashing the enemy armies to pieces at Gloria even before general Hanson, and Vivian came up to the rescue with their armies.

Now general Whillmshurger, Zimmermann managed to hold his ground during the battle of Aronburgs Run while all the other christian armies, were being driven into confusion at the headlong onslaughts of the enemy, could never be under understood, but he did, and saved the day until general general Vivian, and his brother with their armies, came up, and after hard fight but, first drove the enemy from the Gordon and Carnation ridges, and then taking possession of the Vivian hills met every last onslaught the enemy had made until the foe finally gave it up and retreated in the greatest confusion ever seen occurring after any battle in that beautiful war.....

It can be believed that great general Whillmshurger Zimmermann would be given the credit of bringing the war to a speedy close. It had been dreaded by many of the other christian nations that the war, would last at least eight years, or probably more, and it was also feared that the results would be so terrible that they could never be listed. It is true as reported before like at even the battle of Jennie Turner a complications of disasters hit the christian armies hard, but nevertheless the battle was a christian victory, and prevented the enemy from having a full sway in their invasion of western Angelina during the bloody Angelina Anathia campaign then raging. It also was a proof that the very general Zimmermann if given time could do what no nation believed could be done, and that is take the fortifications of McWhirther, and also Julio Callio and Norma Catherine.

When general Whillmshurger Zimmermann first took command of the Angelinian armies, it had not been expected that he would turn out such a great soldier as he had showed himself. When he met his first failure at the battle of Crowley Run, it was believed by the Angelinian government, that he could not accomplish anything that would insure the safety of the Calverinian nation, and he would have been withdrawn from command if it had not been proved that the cause of the battle being lost was of the great general being so seriously wounded that he was unconscious for hours, and was unable to remove command, even when recovering. The fall and wounding, of or the death of the greatest commanders ever living could demoralize the best armies, on the battle fields, and this made the government reluctant in their intentions, and he was to retain his command.

Zimmermann throughout his service fought few battles, in the war but nevertheless, he staged the fiercest conflict few battles, in the war but this was spent in raiding around the enemy rear, in harassing retreating enemy armies, and the like. Such is mentioned of Zimmermann's greatest victory during the battle of Ambrose Creek, where he fought his first fiercest battle of the war. Starting with their devil yell the enemy had assaulted the christian lines without the slightest warning. So many wild and mad had fled before the oncoming Glandelinians that they had driven the christians in the line of enemy attack into confusion, and so for the first part of the battle general Francis Schmidt's Glandelinians had had everything their own way. They had been in possession of all of the christian front line trenches, and though general Hanson's line of troops swept over the region afterwards known as "Hans and" from the terrific slaughter on both sides, the enemy could not be checked, and after driving the christians back made three hundred onslaughts upon the remaining line without cessation, until throwing forward their heaviest waves with the greatest alacrity, they soon had drove the whole christian line under general Hanson from its entire position, and it seemed as if the battle was as good as won, for Hanson's army was so badly mangled that it could not stand its ground any longer and the worse of it all was that the main christian commander next to Hanson was killed, and Hanson severely wounded. Officer generals fell by scores but their names had been withheld.

Christians had captured himself came back into christian possession and so the most numerous fighting all the ground they had lost

One of the most popular thing things that poor soldiers ever experienced was during this section of the war when six americans had went to spy on the enemy and who had been accompanied by Violet and her sisters. Their expedition had been very successful though that of course did not enter the enemys lines but learned their intentions by means of friends who had managed to give them a strong pull. The weather that day was somewhat cold and miserable and all morning it had been quite dark and the sky had been overcast with clouds of a peculiar white color.

quite dark and the sky was overcast. The thick woods they had left tracks in the old snow and these on their return trip toward the christiania lines they finally followed for a time. Violet and her sisters being somewhat in the lead knowing the way better than the rest did, put about an hour after they had started back, they noticed a small flakes of snow began to fall. first it was like a flurry, stopping and coming again at times then became more general but snowing still gently and though violet and her sisters warned the americans not to be rash as a blizzard was beginning the americans did not heed them and decided to halt for a while and take a rest. who snow which fell for a whole hour finally gave violet and her sisters now almost the impression that it was only a snow flurry but the storm had soon developed into a swirling raging blizzard of greatest fury and a highcrawling gale of wind started to blow intermittently. the tracks soon became obscure, and it was with great difficulty that they ever could make them out. the wind threatening to rise to the strength of a real hurricane hurled the stinging atoms of flame into their eyes so that at times the americans unused to such storms of cold fire felt themselves completely blinded. nevertheless at first the Governingmen here could scarcely believe what was happening, nevertheless at first they were not alarmed thinking that the americans were nervous. however when they saw how easily they thought they could come have a little fun out of the "ivian girls and have them taken care of by the americans could do many things too. Even when the snow falling new them thickly enveloped them all like a blanket and made it impossible to see. In the confusion and distraction they remarked the experience was in the light of a frolic.

To protect themselves as much as possible from the bitter cold hurricane and because they became separated from each other continually, they began to walk lock-step fashion. First some of the Americans would take the lead then the rest, each pacing behind the other in a hand-to-hand line. At first they faced behind their comrades but then they would reverse the order and they would take the few moments rest to new they must have trudged and dragged themselves through the ever deepening blanket of snow for about an hour when suddenly Violet and her sisters were leading some of the Americans brought them to a halt with a tug at their shoulders. They had just plunged and slid to the bottom of a ravine or in the woods, and the formation of the woods made it possible to take either of the two courses in skirting a line of high trees which they could not have hoped to miss and which they remembered they had not approached toward directly. Violet and her sisters had just turned to the east when the Americans brought them to the sudden halt.

to the students. "What are the wrong way little girls?" One of them asked rather nervously. "Are you sure?" Asked Violet. "I am quite possible we came from this direction." Violet and her sisters were still quite positive that they were right, but this time there were any landmarks in the ways of rocks, shrubbery and trees or such they were either covered by the snow or they were unable to see them through the mark of the driving snow. Violet and her sisters at last argued the americans to their way to thinking and they continued on the way they had all started. This was enough for a time but they found themselves wondering at a very long point whether they were right or not. And the more the little girls thought of it the more confused they became. When at last became the turn of one of the americans once more they seemed very downcast.

"It's no use," one of them said. "You little girls may have come right, but I cannot be too sure of myself for a single step. I have not the least idea where we are."

When they thought it over Violet and her sisters had not much idea as to their location themselves, and meanwhile the cold was biting into the Americans with cruel teeth and Violet and her sisters being too used to cold weather and being able to stand it even without clothing on did not hardly so feel it but did not like the idea of being lost in a raging blizzard and run the chances of being captured by

The gladiolus leader with spine broken, sprawled writhing on the snow. Into the very midst of the gray coated mass of gladiolus men forcing them back from the others in some confusion, he leaped now roaring with rage, his great shoulders heaving and the light of battle in his eyes. High into the air lashed the clubbed pike, whirling and smashing faster than ever any armoured knight death death blow, with battle ax or mace. (Just now the great a. . . .)

Indolines who may be prowling about in spite of the storm. Violet and her sisters however were becoming very hungry and so were the Americans,, and the Americans thought that a bite to one eat night was a good idea. They were almost frightened at the numbness of their fingers when they tried to pull open the strap which bound their knapsacks. Some of the Americans tried it but their fingers had no strength. Together they tugged and pulled at them but it was of no use. Finally some of the other Americans took them in their teeth while the others held the snakes between their stiffened fingers or fists, and they managed to start the buckle when it was strong enough to insert their aching fingers in the loop of the strap and tug it open. While they at the open buckle they shook their fingers violently and shook out their hands from their wet wrists.

The meal was indeed very sparse for the Angolians with the little girls did not care to be left without anything to eat, they were all throughoutly frightened, though even then they did not think that even then they realized fully the seriousness of the situation. All the while it was getting much darker and they did not know whether night was near or whether the clouds were piling up thicker and thicker over the sun. At last with even last warning than usual the worse came, the darkness of the storm clouds added to their difficulties and what with the natural gloom and the blinding swirling swirl of snow go growing so thick as to obscure objects fifty feet they could actually speaking scarce see a hand before their faces. Fortunately for the Americans Violet and her sisters themselves were not lost and within two hours of more traveling they at last brought the Americans safely within the Christian lines and never again did the Americans think that the Vivian girls could be so easily fooled as supposed. . . . . .

That cold snowy night they spent silently within the two christian lines entrenched before Fortuin and one of the nine Americans with skins in hands sat on the edge of his bed in his winter tent long into the night listening to the hiss of the snow on the roof of the tent and the scream and howl of the fierce wind. Suddenly he started, then a stiffened, gave a shudder from the farthest eastern entry line crawled, then a long quivering cry floated down toward the christian lines, vibrating and rolling fiercely, and another cry came to be echoed by the distant hills and taken up at long intervals in the distance. Slowly died away, very weird and unnamable, worse than the howl and scream of beasts in flight, more terrible than the very howl of the terrible volving winds from the full earth, and then burst forth afresh, and the marion hearing became alert, his eyes and his face fiercely with the light of battle, and through his brain came the instant army desire to go out and to battle. Carefully he cut a large piece of leather from a broad army strap he had in the tent with him and fitted it about his neck so a light collar to keep the tyvek snow from going down his back tied around with even heavy purple lace from his army boot. The strange yelling cry finally ceased and the marion in his tent paced restlessly, peering out of the tent opening occasionally. On his forehead great beads of perspiration of excitement beaded forth and rolled down, then he trembled violently and murmured, when in the distance over in the direction of the E vancouver Grand ridge or Heights the strange cry whatever it was sounded again, and he writhed as he paced. He then stumbled against something at the foot of the army cot and it crashed to the floor. As he bent to pick it up his hand touched the familiar trigger of his own long rifle and he stopped. A very cruel light came into his eyes, transforming him completely. He was a gladiatorial killer, the blood lust became strong in his brain, his trembling of excitement ceased. Laying the long Angelina rifle close as possible, he knelt on his army bolt put on his undecorated coat, and arming himself with his short nature put on his army cap and left the tent.

That same morning Violet and her sisters had also left the christian home with the purpose of going on some scouting tour and so if the enemy were really suspicious of any movements their uncle or father may make shortly after midday the scene began to fall heavily again and the sky became once again more darkened than it had the day before. Violet hurriedly shook her head wondering at the early grip of winter and saying an inward prayer to God and His blessed Holy Mother, while some of the girls with Violet and her sisters cursed the weather and allowed them to permit Violet and her sisters to go through this ordeal in a blizzard storm of that last week of November.

One of the most peculiar things that poor soldiers ever experienced was during this section of the war when six Americans had went to spy on the enemy and who had been accompanied by Violet and her sisters. Their expedition had been very successful though that of course did not enter the enemy lines but learned their intentions by means of friends who had managed to give them a strong pull.

On the other side of the same point or location of ground the American soldier climbed, driven on by the mad fury in his brain, powerful and dangerous indeed being more like a primeval person reborn. All the potency of a thousand generations of hardy savagery were awakened in perversion of his mind. Spurred on by the strong unshakably rolling staircase of the distant glandelinian yell he swiftly followed the sound. Little and most mighty graces personified, he breasted the big white mounting drifts of hard hilly snow, unmindful of the blinding swirling clouds of snow and the intense cold and hurricane of wind threatening to blow a tree down at any minute. With the advent of the day the strange cry of the distant foe came less frequently and finally died away altogether. And as the sound finally lessened and then ceased altogether the fury in the American's brain subsided, and left him wondering at the cause that lured him into the thickets far away from the main Christian lines. Gently he laughed, an impatient, half frightened laugh. "Hea out of the slowly gathering dusk of the crushing storm came again and again the terrible quivering deep throated cry of some glandelinian profligate, and it seemed then that countless glandelinians answered it and made the whole region echo with the yelling. Instantly the eyebrows of the American contracted, drops of sweat or perspiration came again to his forehead and from there, his hands clutched, and the fury gripped him again. A low throaty gasp came immediately from him, and starting in the direction of the sound, he shouldered aside the brush. A number of American soldiers coming onward with Violet and her sisters heard the strange Glandelinian cry and whipped up their slowly traveling horses, the noise of the distant unsavory yell striking fear into the hearts of their soldier companions with the hoarse words:

"Providing Glandelinians sending looking for chances to make a raid."

And making and frightened and two of the Indian girls were uncovered and bowed into a deep snow drift. The American soldiers wisely sought an open space on the side of some high slope where the trees formed a wide circle, ominous and forbidding, some distance away on all sides. Here the thirteen Angelinians and the seven little girls armed with rifles and pistols ready, when their rifles and pistols roared in a thunderous volley as gray forms appeared at the edge of a thicket, and a shower of pin answered followed by a roar of glandelinian musketry as the Glandelinians answered the fire. The American coming steadily across the bottom of the foot of the slope at this time heard the crashing din of twenty rifles and pistols and the sharp cries of Glandelinians as they spread out in the circle of death and answering with their own rifle fire. From the depths their dully business wicked eyes appeared now and then as they emitted the leaping rush of the great leader to close in on the fugitives. Then knowing that some brave Angelinians were in danger and forgetting himself the American broke into a swift run. Reaching the edge of the clearing just as a number of the Glandelinians charged on the trio in the center with the remainder of the horde of Glandelinians spreading out in its own circle to cut off escape from all sides he saw Violet and her sisters even before the rifles of the men spoke. He fired twice himself and so then for some reason the trigger mechanism jammed with the powder of his loading, put these two shots in the rear served indeed to disconcert the first real attack, and gave the men in the center and also the little girls who fired also a chance to fire or more rapidly. A moment the American tore at the breach of his rifle. When he shrieked wildly with greater fury, his right hand brandished the rifle as a club, while the other swung his short sabre. When he advanced a most formidable figure, with head lowered, emitting hoarse cries to his comrades and the little girls. Even as the Glandelinians again closed in their yelling charge he was in their midst. In their terror, praying a hysterically, Violet and her sisters had seen him coming, and hope sprung anew.

When the American the Colonel of the attacking Glandelinians sprang with the purpose of checking the threat of the American with his sabre but fortunately the latter hand put there as the result of some unaccountable working of the mind blunted and sent the sabre flying that had been driven by the full swing of the rebels arm. The hand jerked backwards under the impact, but the short sabre wielded with all the strength of the sinewy arm came down in a crushing blow as the long gray uniformed man flashed by in an effort to escape the rage of the American.

The Glandelinian leader with spine broken, sprawled writhing on the snow. Into the very midst of the gray coated mass of Glandelinians forcing them back from the others in some confusion, he leaped rear rising with rage, his great shoulders heaving the mad light of battle in his eyes. High into the air lashed the clubbed rifle, whirling and smashing faster than ever any armed knight death death blow, with battle ax or mace. Silent now his first immense rage forgotten, he snatched himself and breasted himself under the wild assault meeting the rushing Glandelinians right and left in all directions with terrific blows that sent the life fleeing from one after another of the surprised attackers. Ste straight on his one of the strongest and biggest of the wicked Glandelinians leaped, and he met the rebel with a murderous swing of the rifle that era crushed the skull of the wicked Glandelinian and shattered the gun stock of the American leaving only the bloody iron hinged, itself a most deadly weapon, clutched in his hand. At the same time another Glandelinian closed from the side, and the blow from a bay sabre laid bare the raw flesh of his back, but he battled on, while in the rear, the rifles roared until the circle, closing from the other side in redoubt fury bore them down. Arms and shoulders heaved and torn, he stood a most terrible colossus with piled up dead about him and found himself free at last. A sudden made him suddenly turn. One of the Indian girls was down clutching her throat with the fir collar of her dress suppettism while the soldiers standing astride the prostrate huddled form of the Indian girl who were out of ammunition still walked their own rifles as clubs, fighting desperately, but weakly. The sight of the Indian girls drive the American in his fury to the full breach fury of battle, it united to the ultimate degree that inherent instinct which the cry of the Glandelinians had called into being. Heed to the wail in the bitter cold, with blood streaming from the terrible gashes at the base of his neck where the leather guard still served so staunchly he launched into the remainder of the scurrying mass of Glandelinians like an unleashed thunderbolt. Sweeping in his fury, a wild horde of death West of the Glandelinians turned to meet this interloper as one who only meant an addition to their kill. Instead they met a flailing, bone crushing, bent and twisted thing of iron, wielded by some mighty man muscles that drove it with killing force and fury rain making terrible blows as a heavily man-antree his way during the noise of a charge. Heaton down on the forehead one of the Glandelinians finally gave way before him. As the last of them then, the few still able, fled his bloodshot eyes saw a faint movement of the Glandelinian Colonel as he tried to struggle off with the spine broken by the blow of his sabre. As the soldiers came bounding the wounds of the American the mortally wounded Glandelinian Colonel was hastily but carefully taken to the camp and after this any Glandelinians thought twice before ever fighting an American at close quarters. With his clubbed gun, and single handed he had killed twenty three Glandelinians and routed the remaining twenty. The Angelinians and Indian girls themselves had shot down about twelve.

captured himself and took into Christian possession and so the Christians and recaptured after that having all the ground they had lost

during the month of October and as far as November 1912. and during the progress of the siege of Vivian Wickey and all her fortresses, and also while the armies under general Hanson a Vivian and his brother Robert Vivian were advancing southward with the purpose of joining the siege one million six hundred and forty five thousand glandelinians all wretched and broken down men, confronted the larger christian armies once more near Carbondaler, and by the end of October after a

whole month of serious and unendurable fighting the whole situation of this force of besieged glandelinians was beginning to tell, and for the beleaguered it was the final and everywhere, when all was over. Fearful Red Mars of horror and devastation, and fury of the war storm for these glandelinians had passed over the horizon, and the White Star of peace for them only already shone faintly on the horizon. The White Star of peace for them only already shone faintly on the horizon. The shattered remnants of this section of the immense glandelinian army of Vivian Wickey, pallbearers of the lost cause of Vivian Wickey, had been during the conflicts driven hither and thither from place to place, barefooted and in rags, half starving, without water and provisions and sufficient clothing to keep them warm for the coming winter, and surrounded so long and finally losing out on ammunition and not receiving report from Vivian Wickey as none could reach them, they had finally surrendered, and gave themselves up to end the horrible inferno of a months time. Indeed the whole world was surprised when the news papers throughout the nations put in this news:

"HANS BATTLE NEAR CARBONDALER OVER AT LAST. GLANDELINIAN ARMY SURRENDERS TO BESIEGERS. SECOND GREATEST CHRISTIAN VICTORY."

ABBESENN. NOVEMBER 9TH 1912. (BY THE UNIVERSAL SERVICE)..... The world department of Angelina this morning surprised all the nations of the world by announcing that the surrender of all the glandelinian armies engaged in the battle of Cohen near Carbondaler and their generals who had remained with the besieged submitted by the christians to the glandelinians had been signed. The resignations and surrenders had been signed at 10 A.M. Abbeesenn's time and between the small force of besieged and the Carbondaler besiegers hostilities had ceased at 11 A.M. Abbeesenn Time. (T. by ceased at five o'clock this morning (Angelina) time.

The glandelinian generals had been given twenty four hours in which to surrender their armies, and all reach their new decision, as they feared their period of grace would expire at 11 A.M.

The announcement of the signing of the surrender at the departments of Abbeesenn, and the other christian countries engaged in this terrible war had been indeed very dramatic. Upon the receipt of the good and surprising news of the surrender of the glandelinian armies of over a million men over the Abbeesenn navy wires a messenger aroused the Abbeesenn Prince Prince who was asleep at the time, and the whole of Abbeesenn and her states was soon notified of the news. This gave Hanson an opportunity indeed to draw his main armies still more closer around the main sections of Vivian Wickey. The terms of surrender it was announced was as follows:

"Immediate retirement of remaining glandelinian armies and other military forces from the regions of Carbondaler, disarming and demobilization of all glandelinian armies which had been compelled to surrender. Occupation of by the Abbeesenn and Angelinian forces of such strategic points of the nearest parts of Vivian Wickey as will make possible a tightening of the siege. Delivery of all the glandelinian high sea fleets and a full number of all the glandelinian submarines to the Abbeesenns, and also Galverinian naval forces from the gunboat river near Carbondaler. Occupation of all the main principal glandelinian bases by sea forces of all the victorious Abbeesenn forces, and disarmament and capture of all other glandelinian ships including steamers, frigates, and gunboats in the gorm river, and under supervision of the christian navies which will guard them.

The Abbeesenn generals had also ordered the wicked glandelinian general in charge and their entire party interned, and though the other rebel general and his wife had fled it was reported they had been overtaken, and it is also reported that probably the whole list of glandelinian generals guilty of child slaughter and murder in gorm Catherine throughout July and August accompanied the former rebel general and his wife before he and she was overtaken and captured, though of course all the fugitives had been fully armed and showed resistance to the pursuers.

Christians had captured himself came back into christian possession and as the Christians had recaptured the post abandoned by the glandelinians all the ground they had lost

Immense trains of flat and other freight cars with escaping officers, generals and troops of soldiers from Cohen had also been drawn up before the closely guarded glandelinian Imperial trains and the unloading of these cars were done in the shortest order by the Abbeesennian soldiers who had pursued and captured the foe fugitives before they got to the refuge of Vivian Wickey, all these to be taken to the internment camps where also the general and all those taken with him shall be sent....

Mrs Bertha Thomas and her husband the general are reported under arrest. The other local officers of the fallen division of troops have fled and general Ballenina genius of the late Empress Prince was reported dead, believed to be a suicide in order to escape the fury of the pursuing christian soldiery. Prince Goldlocks who had been in Vivian Wickey in time and reviewed the besieged foe army was reported shot in the arm by the Abbeesennians as she fled before the advance of the Tripoligonloans troops. Nearly every village and small town except Jemine Vivian is now flying either the Abbeesennian, Galverinian, Abyssinian, Angelinian and other flags of the Abbeesennian states. The Abbeesennians and the other christians are also in supreme possession of all the glandelinian and Galverinian railroads now running through and from all points of Vivian Wickey and her other score of sections, which they paralyzed by proclaiming a general blockade.

Officers and men who still resisted were shot, or captured and imprisoned. It is also reported that the railroad paralysis is bringing danger of famine to the besieged glandelinians in Vivian Wickey, but it cannot be confirmed as it is reported the rebels in Vivian Wickey have all kinds of communications from Galverine either by land or underground tunnels and receive provisions from there. No provisions from gorm river and the Bay of Vivian Wickey. It seems probable that Vivian Wickey is going to be the most fearful siege of all times....

Indeed the second horror of the great siege of Vivian Wickey was really over at last. In all the nine months of the fearful and bloody siege and war which almost in some sections already wiped out Angelinian and Galverinian armies, there had been fought amazingly to think of it many battles big or small, and the losses of both sides were so heavy in killed and wounded, and the numbers of those disabled for life was so great that if known they were really withheld while already the war had cost the christian nation over a hundred million dollars, especially in pay for the soldiers. The fearful war of course had not been so fearfully severe as yet, but it probably had not slackened in its fury and some battles had ended at once like some sudden and violent tornado that came and passed as fast as it had struck, but not any portion of Glandelinia or even Angelina was so fearfully devastated as the country of Galverina, which could not be accomplished on account of the recent fierce opposition of the foe during the past invasion. Of course their resistance had been shattered here and there again and again, and still again, but nevertheless it did not benefit the christian army, for they were or had been prevented by the fury of opposition from committing all the havoc they had been ordered to. The amount of damaged property in Glandelinia during the invasion was severe enough however, and the lords at Carbondaler still at large had predicted the loss of property as far as nearly nine hundred million dollars.

But it was a very small sum compared to the losses in property on the side of the christians themselves. It is hard to predict which is or is to be the hardest sufferer in losses but it was predicted that Abbeesenn, and Protestantia suffered the greatest loss in ships in the fierce efforts of all the christian nations in helping Angelina and Abbeesenn in trying to batter down the sea parts of the fortifications of Me-Whirther of Vivian Wickey during the month of September and October.

At the start of the war real general ferocity all tourists and others had fled the threatened nations, and yet during the later part of 1912 they had daringly returned to the same ruined regions to see the heights of the havoc the war was doing. It had been at first been the intentions of the Abbeesenn and Angelinian governments and even the Gendri to bar all these persons, but King Gannon who had returned from America by ship and train at the outbreak of the Child Love Rebellion had ordered the government authorities to allow them to come as it was a sight worth while to witness and it would probably impress these people who come to see the ruins to get their own nations to show sympathy for the stricken countries and lend a helping hand as far as it was in their power.

It was decided by general Hanson that the christian armies which had captured Garbondalar and Colan should remain in these two places for several months of till at least of Hanson's arrival with his armies, and then if the foe positions at Laughing Landing and elsewhere were forced these armies would be withdrawn to take part in the general siege of Jivinn Lokwy.

During the time of general Hanson's advance toward Jivinn Lokwy and also during his concentration of troops before the city which brought on the bloody battle of Laughing Landing he had started the third weekly meeting of the Abbleannian and Jivinnian Council which had been just called to order. It was to be really decided at this third meeting of council whether general Joss Joseph Mac- or Mic- Farn would be called upon to lead the army or not for his blunder at the battle of Garbondalar Hills, as well as his generalship or not for his blunder at the battle of who had on entering the army gained his commission of general but a few months before the opening of the battle of Ulverine. Of course many of the generals and even all the troops of soldiers and officers of all other ranks and even violet and her sisters, and their girl and boy friends had found general Mic-Farn to be a pretty nice fellow, righteas and good in many other ways, good natured, and willing to do anything he was asked, and when he had been commissioned a general by the Ulverinian government general Hanson had at once induced him to join his own armies and lead for him. At the battle of Ulverine Hills however general Mic-Farn had his army or division through a mistake he had made had been caught in a trap and annihilated, and this had brought on the reason of the christian armies failing to hold the hills and the battle his being lost.

At first it was believed that general Mic-Farn had made the blunder on purpose because of some under officer had called him a name because he would not allow him to pass his degree, thus keeping the main line of action from counter charging the wildly attacking rebels, where had been a battle dew pits the trap in which he had been caught in in which he had turned out victorious but never never theless the rest of the christian line had mentioned in the story of the battle had been disastrously beaten.

As many of the christian generals were furious over the results of the blunder general Hanson had declared to the government of Abbleannia that they would have to send in written degrees that general Mic-Farn would have to be expelled from command, and so general Hanson had early called this special meeting to vote upon it. Many of the generals in the convention and even Mic-Farn's friends the Jivinn girls themselves and to say seemed to be of the same mind, and so it was determined that as soon as the degree was signed by the authorities of Angelina and Ulverina and sent to Abbleannia, and then returned to Hanson general Mic-Farn would be unanimously expelled and another general placed in his stead.

Shortly after this voting general Mic-Farn was ordered to move his armies back to his own section near Jennie Jivinn, where all the generals claimed it belonged. The next meeting of the generals a little after the battle of Laughing Landing had just been called to order. Hanson had not received the written degree in return as so he had a proposal to make that would be of interest to all his generals as the many bigger armies of christians had now been closing on toward Battery Line river and Jennie Jivinn because of an epidemic of skirmishes and a artillery duels during the meanwhile. He suggested that the generals concentrate their army divisions to all points necessary and ordered general Kindernine to attempt and capture the town of Janda Canada. He knew of a good section of the enemy positions his troops could use if they were captured by abrupt assaults.

All of the christian generals were very enthusiastic over it indeed, and express their desires in many ways. After much discussion lasting for four hours it was voted on unanimously by all those generals and other officers present and preparat ions for the new action of the siege were at once made. After desultory action without a general battle however the positions were secured, and all provisions captured by those assigned to the task, and every thing was ready for the main action that was expected to be made on the next day. It was on the following morning that the Jivinn girls went on their daring spying trip into Jivinn Lokwy and stayed under all reefs for about three weeks, see next chapter. The action of the morning was more general and ranged three days, but it was successful and the enemy began to fall back into the main positions with heavy loss unable to withstand the assaults. It was arranged that general Herdrude Harris would have to follow the next day and assault the foe positions near Jennie Jivinn, but at the outset of the resumption of the struggle his divisions were repulsed and the general killed.

On the time of this five day battle general Hanson arrived at the scene on the morning of the sixth day and not seeing any general to meet him, set off alone to muster his artillery lines for a general bombardment. His artillery, however, were very unfamiliar with that section of the enemy's territory, and so, when on account of foggy days from battle smoke that the Jivinnian fortresses were frowning upon them close by. The artillery men after a day of horrible work, finding themselves out numbered by enemy artillery and threatened with annihilation began to waver, and most of the guns stopped firing and were withdrawn which general Hanson did not know of.

Christian and captured himself and took into christian possession and so the christian had recaptured the most important position and the ground they had lost

On the evening of that day of the artillery storm the generals of the many lines of batteries ordered the gunners to build small configurations so as to declare the foe, and also asked for great forces of infantry to keep away the greatly feared surprise attacks the foe were always apt to make, especially when they would be attracted by so many guns which they would be attempted to try and capture. In the morning general Hanson consulted his generals of the artillery and the request the artillery firing began again. During the while of the artillery duel general Hanson noticed that a portion of the battery was on the opposite side of a small canyon through which the Sunbeam Creek ran, at which he was forced to push a force of infantry if he wished to save the artillery line from being worsted. Fortunately he had engineers who could work out any problem, and these had been consulted by him and they soon laid across a number of trees at many parts and planned them all the way across making bridges of rude fashion. They had succeeded in making bridges but they nevertheless would be difficult to cross especially if the infantry were to be under fire from foe infantry and artillery combined. And this was to be the trouble. The forces of troops however being unafraid started across. Large divisions of troops got across without as much difficulty as had been feared, but they had not dared to look down as they had found on taking one look that many soldiers became dizzy and almost lost their balance.

The last solo columns of troops were almost across, when the foe artillery saw the columns moving across the columns, and so many of the guns were brought to bear on the bridges and the troops. The results was horrible for thousands at one volley were hurled down the deep abyss to their deaths, and scores of thousands more were tangled and torn and killed or wounded by the terrific infantry fire of the foe and the columns had to charge with all fury to take the position in front of them or perish. They succeeded but oh at what an awful cost. In the disaster to the rear column one of the generals fell with the rest falling downward at a sickening rate of speed but he finally landed on something solid, and all before him came he became black. When he awoke it was getting dark, and still the artillery was roaring with redoubled violence, and so he lay still not daring to move for fear he would roll off the ledge upon which he had fallen and join his myriads of comrades below. He was almost blinded by the sheeted lightning like flashes of long lines of active artillery, almost stunned by the roar, and yet could not go to sleep for the same reason. To make matters worse his right foot and leg pained him terribly and he found he was also wounded in the shoulder and side, and his leg and foot was bleeding badly. His wounds were not from falling, but from shell fragments which he received when the foe shelled the columns and bridges.

He finally dozed off however despite the uproar of cannons and later he awoke to find that it was morning. That morning all was quiet in artillery but he could hear a lot of noise which told him a fierce infantry battle was going on some where and the sky was gray from smoke from probably a great fire burning somewhere.

And the ledge upon which he had fallen was about twenty feet wide, and was at the mouth of a small aperture which led upwards. He tried to walk toward the aperture but found his leg and foot pained him so badly and that he was so weak from the wound in his side that it was impossible for him to even arise. He then started to cry for help hoping that someone might hear him, and come to his rescue though it was doubtful if any one would hear him from the distance he was down and from the noise of the fray. Nevertheless fifteen to twenty minutes later after he continued to yell and holler he heard from somewhere an answering shout.

General Mic-Fern not yet discharged as Hanson had not received an answer from the authorities was out scouting with a party of officers and men and had pursued a small force of glandelinian cavalry into the very canyon in which the wounded general was lying on the ledge. General Mic-Fern and his followers had been startled by hearing someone calling for help and the noise of the distant fray.

He at once answered detailing his men and officers to go into many directions so as to find the one, and all setting out in the direction of the cry soon found the wounded christian general, and some of them at once built a large bonfire to wave the now almost frozen wounded christian general. He and some other officers had to start the fire with the Angelinian army fire drill method as neither the wounded general or he, or his followers had any matches with them.

The wounded general was surprised as he had thought that Mic-Fern had been discharged from his command long ago. General Mic-Fern cooked some game he shot, and then knowing it would be almost impossible to carry the wounded general on a horse on account of his condition, so he and his officers built three big bonfires to signal for help, and all of the officers and men fired their pistols in all and rifles in long drawn volleys at intervals.

Three hours later they heard shouts of many soldiers who had been sent out to search for the wounded general who they had missed. General Mic-Fern answered, and a few minutes later the soldiers with some officers came into view around a bend in the distant woods. General Mic-Fern waved to them and the soldiers waved back as a sign that they saw him and his troopers.

When most of the Angelinian soldiers had reached the ledge, they were indeed surprised to see general Mic-Fern, and would have dared to ask him numerous questions, but he ordered them to make haste and take the poor wounded general to the christian lines.

"Where are you going general?" asked one of the officers. "Are you not coming right away to the lines with us, and stay with us for the night as you are all tired out from your excitement?"

"I have not forgotten when I was a general in command of your divisions two months ago," said general Mic-Fern. "And I have no desire to go back just now when

I have not finished my scouting. I'll return later when I find out the movements of the rebels..." He and his column of troopers then left them to enter the woods and disappear... "I wonder what the general meant when he said that hat..." Asked one of the Angelinian officers, as they again set out for the main christian lines. "Search as follows was the short reply."

The next day other parties of christian soldiers and officers went out scouting until the approach of noon. They had just returned with valuable information, when they heard a great roar of shouting. Galloping up to a bend in a wide plank road they were surprised to find general Mic-Fern there with six squadrons of officers and men who had just routed a large party of glandelinian cavalry who had also been out on a scouting tour.

"Welcome to the Angelinian causes," cried general Robert Whiter. "Meet the best column of men who ever routed an overwhelming force of Glandelinian cavalry," said general Mic-Fern.

And then general Mic-Fern had to explain everything from the time that he had left the christian lines to go out on another scouting tour that morning, to now when he and his troopers routed the big force of Glandelinians.

"Well a few hours before after I left the christian lines with the intention to go out on another scouting tour I had this experience with the rebels which convinces me to my benefit of giving information that if any one is to pass the test of endurance it is us Angelinians for the rebels are not what we believed them to be. I can bet any man money that general Hanson will never capture a rebel. It is too strongly held and I am proud to say that we Angelinians are doing our best to put the rebel foe under submission." For a few minutes after general Mic-Fern had finished there was silence. Finally some one cried: "Three cheers for general Mic-Fern and his cavalry." The cheers were given with such fervor.

Later when he was arranged before general Hanson, the general said sadly: "General Mic-Fern will you shake hands with a fellow that has done you as much wrong as I have."

"Why sure," said general Mic-Fern as he accepted the proffered hand.

It was decided at another meeting of the generals and other officers during a lull in military activities that they would spend their time of war work together more closely and get down to serious business. It was hardly necessary to tell my dear readers of the time when the officers held their convention, and when general Mic-Fern came to depart for his own commands he was anything but happy. He Angelinian general, in Fern promised heartily not to commit any useless and care less blunders and general Hanson said:

"This time we and the other generals and even Violet and her sisters and their little girl and boy friends will try to treat you better than the last time you were with us but be careful not to commit any blunders for I know the authorities of Abbaanma and Calverini will not tolerate it and I would have to discharge you and it was against my will the first time at that."

"Ah forget it," General Mic-Fern flung back as he rode away. "It was my fault and they were right."

There are many occurrences within the main christian lines of any army which proves on many occasions that strangers that usually act quiet and never give their history are always suspected as spies or so on until it is fully proved that they are no such thing. This happened as I'm to describe during the time of persons advance toward Eva Granda or, Ighburg, a ding Landing but in general gansons army.

Jannete Macchettere was an Angelinian who had been born in Pandore Calverinia, raised in the state of Angelinia and when he entered the war or the army during the war he intended to stay until he died or the war was fought through to a winning finish.

christian had recovered himself came back into christian possession and so the most numerous fighting all the ground they had lost



was fighting against a wicked rebellion he would be doing an act of treason not against his own beloved country only but betraying Christ as well, and in a moment by resisting his temptation he got the best of himself and decided to pretend to give in, and by some trick capture the bunch of spies and then raise the air alarm. He felt sure if he succeeded in capturing these six spies single handed it would lessen general Hachetters' suspicions of him and gain him more in his own favor and probably win his friendship and he really wished, and so he planned to do whatever he could to capture the spies.

"I'll tell you boys what I'll do," Dugger said. "I'll join you and betray the rear of the christian line without taking this money," and walked over to general Hachetters' tent to return the bag. Dornthonia arose and held out his hand for the bag. But Hachetters did not put the bag in the outstretched hand. Instead he threw it with all his might into the face of the unsuspecting Dornthonia. So great was the force of the impact that Dornthonia was stunned for the moment. He staggered backwards, and before any of the others could do anything being to be hindered by the suddenness of it all Dugger sprang to his rifle which he had laid down by the fire, and at the same time tearing the two pistols from one of the other men he covered the men with one pistol and a rifle so that when they had recovered from the surprise of the attack, they found themselves the prisoners of the young guard. Dugger looked for a rope in vain to tie up the men with, and so was starting to cry out:

"General of the Guard NO. One when the man who called himself Dornthonia suddenly spoke up:

"Hold on Hachetters we are not as bad spies or outlaws as that, at least were not at all," and he pulled off his bushy white whiskers revealing himself to be general Oringrib. He astonished Hachetters turned toward Dornthonia but that very man had disappeared and where he had been sitting general Hachetters was.

"Why, - why I don't quite understand all this," Exclaimed Hachetters Dugger taking wholly by surprise indeed.

"It was all a trick to see if you were really an honest lad, and not a spy or a gladiolusian outlaw, and I think general Hachetters has been convinced that you are," Hachetters answered.

"I sure have been convinced," Replied general Hachetters as he came forward and shook hands with Dugger. "and I want you to forgive me for the ill feeling that I have had against you."

"Why sure," Said Hachetters. "Forget all about that."

"And I'll remove all the suspicions that is on you," Said the general and he did.

#### THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF VINCENTI M. VINCENTIANNA RIN.

Since the encounter at Lieghburg landing one of the most spirited fights ever recorded since Hachetters' arrival near Lillian Wickley was the battle of Alexander Hachetters on the Vincentianna Rina a large stream running into the Norma river. Hachetters after his slight failure at Lieghburg Landing changed his movements after his short distanced retreat and had concentrated here with the purpose of moving his main army upon this town but was on the month of December fiercely opposed by a large gladiolusian army which was believed to be probably that of Purgatorians sent out to help Hachetters who had however remained the time being near Lieghburg Landing. The battle was as heavily contested as any game in schools and balls parks and was nothing at all to say but a matter of endurance and bravery, and main strength of both sides.

The enemy had on the morning made a headlong attack and while the conflict was raging all along the line many generals along the christian front exposing themselves to the fierce firing of the rebels had cried out stoutly: "Watch that movement of the enemy," stop those yelling devils in gray! Don't let those gladiolusians get past that point, look the foe are crossing those works stop them in the name of Heaven and so on. "All these orders was being shouted to the men who struggled like a tug of war to hold back the rebels. Very general in this contest was even trying to build up a championship division of their own and so each division was trying to outlive the other in fighting and so the battle was indeed bloody and the enemy was surprised indeed by the terrific resistance they met. The rebels had realized that the end of the year was only a short way off, and that the main armies of christians under the "Terrible Wrath of God" was only a few miles from Lillian Wickley, while general Hachetters had all he could do to hold his place at Lieghburg a landing and so these under Purgatorians were determined to defeat general Hachetters at any cost, and they paid the cost indeed in cold blooded murder of themselves in facing the christian fire hour after hour and day after day.

General Mc-Doodle Walliser added the guise of the christian army for his girls girlish manners for and for liking little girls better than boys had put in his own division of Abissinians to keep back the rebels, and had tried every means to bring the foe down to a defeat and the firing along his line was murderous.

He showed a fine ability as he once during the action drove his division forward to a fierce counter charge, and captured a coveted position the enemy abandoned at the headlong rush of his troops. The christian general was even sure he could atone for his girl-like ways by showing his skill at command and of managing his divisions during action in the field. Before arriving to the scene of action he had organized a strong division of Abissinians, and every spare moment he had before ordered into action he had his troops practicing at target and other drills to get them in first class condition. His military training those few days before was the chief factor in his getting his command in trim.

Seven great onslaughts had been made and repulsed by the christians and foe combined. The enemy however had won six out of seven of the assaults, while a division of christian troops under general Henry-Fairview had won seven assaults of their own and captured many foe prisoners and gladiolusian cannons provisions and battleflags but did not capture the foe positions. General Purgatorians aid Moore's leader pushed his gladiolusian attacks to their utmost, for it would be a terrible disaster to him should the christians win on him and defeat his his superiors purposes.

Very division during the morning assaults had been on the very edge of victory for the last two hours of the morning battle, they having made great onslaughts and inflicted great losses upon the christians but all the rebel generals urged them to do better. In three hours already the gladiolusians had pushed on successfully as far as general Hachetters' positions and artillery and here met resistance that was amazing. The gladiolusians charged forward brilliantly in the face of musketry and grape and canister against a line of fire six miles long as did other divisions attacking the respective positions of the nationals.

But for that time they met bloody repulses and the christians were now pressing forward themselves and recovering lost ground all over. The hour however was coming at last for the final tussle of the war and the new christian divisions and reinforcements under general Hachetters sent by Hachetters to the scene of battle rushed into their positions confident of a victory. They arrived at general Hachetters' positions at Two O'clock where the firing was so fierce that hell seemed to have broken loose and the smoke made the appearance as if there was a forest fire raging in that location. At three thirty it was proposed that a fierce concentration would start against the assaulting rebels. All of the generals were dashing back and forth excitedly encouraging their men, and with thousands of bugle blasts and other horns blew as the violence of the battle was increasing. The new columns faced each other impatiently waiting for the order to go into the work and assault the attacking enemy. Finally the signal bugles were blown, and like a tossing wave the columns rushed into the thickest of the fray. Now the brave Anglinians were at it for real. Less than a minute had passed, when general Sherman of the christian side fell wounded, but with loud cheers of his troops reinforced was pressing on forcing the enemy to slowly recede. A few minutes later another step was gained by Sherman's troops and his aide, and all the officers seeing the success approaching encouraged their men and under officers to keep up the good work, while the wicked gladiolusian generals and other leaders pleaded to their men to stand firm, and even tried all means to stop the retreat but in vain now. General Wally of the christian side pressing on tried to push his troops forward faster but the attack for the time rolled on slowly progress progressing. The firing was more wilder and a cheer died in the throats of the christian troops. From then till there there was only two minutes to press on successfully, and the foe was already driven over to the middle of the fields and meadows. Bugles still blared in tumultuous cannons roared in explosive volleys, shells boomed boomed and banged in a wild uproar and the noise of rifles was dreadful. A whole long line of foe trenches was already won and carried by the Anglinians who cheered like mad now, and general Hachetters called for other divisions to follow on to victory. As they finished cheering, general Wally was wounded but the christian troops kept right on through that smoky roaring screaming inferno. The foe main line of artillery now sent shot shell and grape and canister right through the surging christian troops troops dealing wide spread havoc, but two more works were soon carried by the christian troops who could not be stopped. This tied the score of the battle at three to three, and the first half of it was now over and it was noon. Bugles blared and men cheered as the foe retreated to the cover of the other works along the banks of the stream the foe having been driven across with the most dreadful loss.

During the last the christian officers and generals held a small council and it was decided to press the attack to a finish so general Hachetters could advance on to the Heights of Evangelina grandia. The bugles were blaring still constantly, and the renewal of the battle started and the noise of scores of hundreds of thousands of Anglinians cheering wildly like rovers of ball games and the noise of firing and cheering was deafening and heard above the roar of rifles and cannon.

and captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the post unharmed and all the ground they had lost

The Angelinians now reinforced by Hanson fought and attacked the enemy harder than ever, but the opposing rebel lines now were holding their own and the firing of the foe was becoming too much to endure. Five minutes of furious churning passed with a bloody repulse on the christian side. Then general Hanson took general Sherman's division of Abyssinians and made a violent onslaught, and kept it up until he captured a small section of the foe position as if to say scored two points, putting his troops of attackers for a time in the lead, but foe troops were concentrated heavily against him with machine gun fire and counter attacks and he was compelled to give up what he had gained and recoil, a second repulse for the christian side. The Angelinian officers slapped their men in the backs, and tried every way to prevent the retreat but of no avail, and the rebels pressing on and cheering wildly in their joy of repulsing the christian attack a second time opened a withering fire shooting down christian soldiers and even officers like flies tossed to death by wind. This part of the wild battle seemed to be nearing its end, when general Wallace himself put in his columns and after rallying the disordered division made a third assault. The opposing sides fought harder than ever, the battle now becoming very sanguinary and raged incessantly for four or five hours without a result and again the assault of the christian troops was repulsed with general Wallace wounded in the thigh and hand.

Despite despite being wounded general Wallace decided to try again to capture this seemingly impregnable position of the rebels, which he felt sure would most likely be the winning point of the battle. He carefully measured the distance between the opposing sides of the disloyal and loyal Angelinians, and then rushed his troops forward once more. The assaulting columns reinforced by other generals fairly sailed onward like a roaring storm, and again for good the christian troops attacking with redoubled violence forged ahead despite their lines being torn to pieces, there was a long cloud of smoke and a few minutes later they were in possession of the works and the enemy was fleeing. The noise of the contest this time had been terrific but now it being won a second time, the men stamped their feet in an uproar of joy, yelled, screamed, cried, shouted, and threw their hats and everything they had coats and all into the air. A shock hands with each other and shared all the excitement that prevails among troops over winning a victory. As they were cheering and as many of the soldiers were still pursuing the enemy the bugles blared again and the drums drolled and the assault was over. The Angelinians had won the advantage in flying colors a second time the enemy having lost six to five of the Angelinians. General Wallace was cheered again and again, as the victorious troops took possession of the captured trenches and brought up their own cannons to add to those captured. Thirty battle flags had been captured, over two hundred prisoners and large amounts of ammunitions and stores of provisions and thirty frigh freight trains and ten passenger cars and all the railroad yards in the region.

The following day general Hanson confident over the success already won decided to push on and so the christians did not push forward but gained so steadily after that that the foe generals were terrified and begged general Furgatorian to spare heavy reinforcements or otherwise they would be compelled to retreat from Manley's support. There was only an hour before the final action of the morning of the second day was to come which would probably decide the supremacy of the christians in that location of the vivian lucky excitement. General Moore himself kept his divisions advancing and attacking like a tidal wave despite the fact that the foe fought hard and with the stubbornness of desperation, for if any of the christian generals wanted the championship in licking the rebels he was that one. He minutes slowly passed and though the conflict was growing to a perfect storm of fury the success of the advancing christians was steadily improving. The great moment soon succeeded in coming, though it seemed from the ferocity of the conflict that years had passed to the Angelinian fighters who had been suffering the most awful losses.

The remainder of the foe position on the opposite side of the stream was to be assaulted assaulted on the region known as Edwards Court, there fore general Moore really thought his divisions had the advantage on the enemy already. The contest at this point however raged steadily until it was three thirty in the afternoon, and no side won an advantage. The enemy still held the works, and the christians still kept up the assaults and the plains, woods, lanes, and ravines of the battlefield was full of wounded and dying. The foe and christian generals were once again raging their men to fight their best for their respective causes. Some of the christian divisions had already been so badly dripped that they had been withdrawn, and new ones had been put into their places. All the while bugles were blaring, signal bombs roared incessantly in the air, the atmosphere was thick with blinding smoke and the noise was a wilder tumult than a volcanic eruption, thunderstorm, tornado, and earthquake put together. The Angelinians soon again reinforced by general Hanson resumed their onrush toward the foes last line of works, but the rebel lines kept them back with a scathing annihilating fire that mowed down several lines and killed and wounded a score of christian generals and hundreds of under officers. Flag bearers

fell by the score amid the dreadful carnage, flags were torn to shreds by the storm of musketry and canister and the scene of battle was horrible to witness. The Angelinians it seemed now were kept at their respective distance and neither side now was confident of victory. It seemed as if the second day's contest was going to end as a draw. General Wallace tried three times to bring his great assaults to the goal, but three times he was wounded seriously and it was in vain. The generals and all officers pleaded most petitionally to their men to do better by but they could not. No rush on was to risk annihilation. He first put portion end with the score of nothing nothing each. During the lull the artillery was brought to bear upon the last line of foe trenches on the opposite side of the art river and an artillery duel started that fairly shook the earth. The Angelinians prevailing even in the artillery game were cheering wildly again and again, and the region was being torn and smashed and ripped up by the terrific shell fire. He reports of the shell explosions was one thousand bangs per minute. As general Hanson seeing the repulse of the assault was musing more troops he ordered general Moore to slacken the cannonading, and try the assault once more, supported in front by rushing bodies of Gonsentinian and Abissarian severely and vigorously.

The bugles then again blared and the generals and other officers again begged their men to win the assault. Now th both sides fought harder than ever, but the christians could not break the foe line at any point, the Angelinian onslaught was again given back, the center of the line of troops was torn and cut to pieces by a wild Angelinian counter onslaught, general Wallace was mortally wounded, and borne from the field, and general Finnhurst who tried to stem the disaster was shot through the head and his divisions dispersed. He foe then rushed forward in general columns to press the advance but after getting about center way to the captured works of the day before the enemy received a fire of artillery and musketry that threatened to annihilate them all if they dared pressed on in such style, and so they recoiled until the main column came to their support. When both sides realizing that the day was ending fought as if they would fall down exhausted, before a minute was up. His furious pace of fighting began to toll on mostly all of the fighters of both sides, but they still fought hard and the smoke of firing grew so thick that trees a hundred feet away could not be seen. With only two hours before night, the christian generals managed to hurl back the foe counter assault and got their own divisions soon surging toward the foe positions in overwhelming numbers. The noise of the battle was redoubled as it became more general and extremely desperate. The other troops supposed to come to the assault was not near yet and so most of the Angelinians took their time in advancing, leaping from tree to tree, from rock and bushes and from snow bank and drift to drift as they advanced. One part of the christian line now surged over the foe works, but was slowly being driven back. The Angelinians had started a tremendous cheer, but it died away when that portion of the line was pressed from the works they had so gallantly captured. Another division at the same section was rushed in to get the works, but the foe again hurled them back. Again the troops tried to take it by assault, in front and rear but this resulted in a double red repulse of bloody character. The enemy resisted like leeches and the remaining generals commanding the assaults realizing the results if there was a general withdrawal now, rushed the immense body of troops to the attack with a fury as they never did before. The columns rushing forward at once under cover of artillery and severely attacks finally swarmed over the works at all points at last and again the foe withdrew in confusion. Again the struggle was over and again the Angelinians had won. The score could have been two points to none. What following evening general Hanson and his other generals were having a meeting over the outcome of the second day of the battle when a message was brought to him. One of the generals read;

"The largest demonstration ever witnessed is being made by general Furgatorian and Manley from the results probably of the fact that christian troops under Hanson's Vivian twice defeated the crack army of the two foe commanders, two points to none. Though this battle won the championship for Angelinia it seems probably the battle will still have a resumption on the following morning."

In the meantime while this tremendous battle had been raging on the second day a bunch of Angelinian spies who probably belonged to the Gensian members for they wore black hoods and regalias were in row boats on the narrow run river being pursued hotly by Gensianians also in row boats and by some in Gas's Gaselle launches and gunboats.

"Full, one one-two-three-four. By Steady number four. Full harder five. The rebels are gaining and preparing to fire. One two - three - four."

The twelve oared boat the pride of the Gensian spies who were pursued shot through the swampy calm waters of the mighty river. Its crew as said before dressed in black regl regalias and hoods were strong sturdy men, Thompsonian pussells had of only sixteen years of age being their leader, though he was tall for his age, with his

the captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the most important fighting all the ground they had lost

face and even arms of a nut-brown color from his long work in boating and spying trips and always being in the sun and through all kinds of weather whether stormy, hot cold, or snowy.

"What's doing it fine boys?" he cried as he saw they were slowly outdistancing the pursuing rebels in rowboats. "Keep it up and we will succeed in beating the glandelinians in another half hour. We do not need to be afraid of those on the Gasoline Launches and of the gun boats. We can sink them if they gain with our swivel gun which we have on board. Don't you want to blow those rascally rebels out of the water?" He asked.

"Sure," his friends and men members answered in unison.

"Longwood fortress which was in the next bend of the great river was the main danger of the fugitives but fortunately the weather was quite foggy probably the smoke of the distant battles sweeping across the river. These same spies had rowed past these glandelinian fortresses for several months without being discovered or fired upon, but this time it did seem that there was danger of their being fired on as glandelinians on shore had signalled to those who were in the fortress.

Yet the fugitives determined to run past the fortress or die. After rowing for some hours, they came within sight of the frowning fortress which looked like a long penitentiary of a mile long and as high as three hundred feet and armed and teeming with big cannons. The fortress was of a concrete color and probably of the same material. Russeller called the crew of the boat and said:

"Follows we must run past that fortress at any cost or we will be captured. Rather be shot on the river than be hanged or shot as spies. We must get to the Christian lines with out information at any cost. And the only way to do it is to row like mad and those who are not rowing and preparing to fire at the pursuers should get in on us keep your heads low as possible so you won't get hit. We must row like mad, and continue to row like mad till we pass the fortress. Are all you boys with me?"

"You bet!" They cried.

"Good. Now there is one thing more I have to tell you. Keep strictly to the same speed, do not slacken or increase unless I command."

The next few hours were busy ones for the crew of the boat pursued by the glandelinians in rowboats, gunboats and the Gasoline Launches. Each member of the Geminian in the boats obeyed the rules laid down to them. One of the fast speeding launches gained on them in no time but were sunk by the sturdy fire of the swivel guns and the occupants were soon swimming madly in the water and going fast for the shore. The gun boats were also gaining but received a disastrous fire which wrecked the cabins and set them on fire. One of them blew up. It was indeed an exciting pursuit.

Already the pursuit had continued for five hours. Russeller had much confidence in his men, and he knew that if they rowed as well in the intended race past the dangerous fortress he would have no cause to fear and all of them would come out unscathed. But would they? He knew well what would happen if the guns of the fortress got the range. He began to believe it would be safer to make the desperate run during dark, but where could he hide from his other pursuers.

There was a small cover near by and into this he intended to go but he soon found this impossible for glandelinians were seen everywhere on shore firing at them and shouting and yelling. The glandelinians on both sides of the banks appeared to be there in all their array. The course of the pursuit had already been down the river through the city itself directly north west toward this cover ten miles up the Norma river.

However fortunately it was not when they really reached the location of the mighty fortress and so they prepared for the desperate race.

"For the honour of Angelina and our Blessed Mother," Russeller said in a low voice. "We must get past!"

"Quick!" he went a rifle from some where and a bullet clipped off a lock of hair from his head. The pursuers were still so close after them. The two boats loaded with the Geminian Members kept together for about a mile, then the other one at the order of Russeller crept ahead and started firing at the pursuers. The pursuit had continued for another half mile, and Russeller allowing the first boat to keep the lead ordered his crew not to row too fast as he wished them to keep their strength and breath for the final sprint. At one mile the boats were sixth lengths ahead when the looming fortress came into sight with the glaring searchlights flaring from it across the river and glaring down on the water. The glandelinians on shore were yelling themselves hoarse. Russeller smiled.

"One-two-three-four—One two—three—four," he cried moving himself forward and backward to the count. He increased the speed a trifle and then guns began booming and roaring from the fortress and flashes as of lightning stabbed the sky and air and geyers of water shot up around and near the boats but no damage was done as the foe did not get the proper range most of the shells landing beyond the river and exploding among some of the glandelinians themselves killing and wounding scores. There was confusion everywhere and the Angelinians had to laugh despite their perils.

By this time the leading boat of fugitives was reaching a rocky cove. The two boats had made the turn beautifully despite having been under fire from the fortress and as to say was starting on to the home stretch when the guns of the fortress again roared with redoubled violence as a greater number thundered and again there was a tumult of thunderous reports in the air and close about the boats and the fugitives were fairly dazed by the flashes. One of the boats was hit by a shell fragment and sprang a leak but those not coupled with oars started bailing. Six of the members were wounded and an oarsman was killed. At the boats made the turn, the other boat was five lengths ahead of the second and was fast filling despite the efforts of the balmers. The wounded men were groaning, and feared that yet the rebels would hit the mark. Russeller however smiled defiantly. He increased the speed a little more and edged further out in the river to make the race range still longer. The other boat had also increased the speed. Russeller increased his speed again, and soon came alongside of the leaking boat. The occupants brightened, and Russeller smiled for they had only half the distance to go and they would be past the fortress and be to safety. Could the leaking boat make it before it filled up, but now something which he did not count upon changed his smile to a groan. Both boats were a mile from the finish and were starting to sprint when the guns of the fortresses roared anew, and one of the boats was struck with every one on board mangled by the explosions and every one sank. A shot also struck the other boat and the leader horrified heard a man snap, and Colonel Cromwell dropped his oar, and sank to the bottom of the boat. Like a flash Russeller realized the trouble. Colonel Cromwell was wounded.

He quickly made Cromwell, groaning with pain, change seats with him, and he cried:

"Follow me as usual men. We must make it or share the fate of the others. Our only chance. We only got a hundred feet to go." And as he rowed desperately he counted while the others prayed. The occupants of the boat were not rowing were so spellbound with horror at the tragedy to the other boat that they forgot to pray. But the goal was but only half a mile away, the boat was coming a considerably way from the fortress now, but the glandelinian boats were still in pursuit and they were only four lengths ahead of those of the rebels. Rebel pursuers were starting to fire themselves.

"One-two-three-four, one—two—three—four."

This time Russeller counted for the utmost speed he could get out of his crew. The boat fairly flew forward, and at fifty yards from the goal it ranged along the Christian portion of the shore. One rebel boat finally gained the race drew up alongside of the other but was sunk by a grenade thrown by a Geminian and the rebels were swimming for the other shore while the other boats receiving fire from cannons on shore began to retreat in confusion. The other rebels held their breath for a few moments and then defiant of the Nationals on shore raced onward with the purpose of capturing the pursued and with a great bound a number of pursuers were either along side or ahead of the pursued or ahead, but speedily were sunk by cannon fire on shore and the river was full of struggling men. The pursued of the surviving boat came off the victor by half a length and Christian boats came out upon the water and the pursued one was speedily drawn to the shore and those of the wounded taken out and carried to the lines.

The Angelinians rushed for the hero of them a li and bore him to the Christian lines in triumph. Russeller could smile again, though out of twenty men he lost twelve killed, and six wounded. Heroes in this story do not escape so easily as those read of in novels and other stories. I'm sorry for them of course but I got to show the real ferocity of the Glandelinians when they pursue spies. The rebels would go through perdition to get the spies and heroes if they felt sure it would bring them quite success.

Another Angelinian soldier but only a single one this time also on the same day but elsewhere had a harrowing experience which he narrowly escaped death. It was during the afternoon of that cold December day. Nature despite the raging battle in the distance, and despite the horrors of the extensive siege of Jivian Wicky was now assuming the white drab of a severe Galverinian winter. Robust towering oaks were leafless. And thick clusters of leafless bushes mixed their gloomy appearances with the myriad trunks of trees and higher shrubbery, and the deep snowy carpet on the ground. Despite the roar of distant battle, the cold winter air, and the deep snow on the ground Pussie squirrels boldly and nimbly ran up and down the trees and the ever present sparrows and other winter birds made merry amidst the multitudinous branches and did not seem to fear the noise in the far distance of so much firing as if millions of hunters were closing and announcing their approach by roars of guns and yelling.

A once sunning brooklet but now frozen half hidden beneath overhanging vines and undergrowth which possibly could conceal any amount of lurking enemies had during the summer peacefully rippled down its shallow channel through the once tranquil forest scene now loud in tumult of distant battle. A dim but now snow covered path bordered here and there by bushes and trees of different height and thorny growth wound through the glades. Old Sol in the winter sky smiled coldly from his mighty seat in the heavens.

...the captured himself came back into Christian possession and so the Christians had recaptured the boat... all the ground they had lost

On this particular afternoon while the battle was raging at the far distance but within the sight of a single Angelinian soldier he a man of about twenty seven years old and whose name was Antonio Harlander entered the glades belonging to the Sunbeam Creek banks by the footh path trudging towards the direction of the battle to see if it possible. He did not belong to general Hanson's command and so had not been obliged to join in the conflict unless he wished to do so.

His neat and his neat and pleasing appearance indicated in some ways that he was no ordinary soldier.

His frank intellectual features evinced his love for truthfulness, and his deep blue eyes indicated keen penetrative insight and ready readiness of wit.

"What a grand place a place," exclaimed Harlander, "and yet it looks as if it was soon going to be torn up by some bloody battle of this darn war, for many armies of christian troops are only a short distance from here."

He paused a moment in his soliloquy.

"I wonder," he resumed slowly, if Hanson's darn lunatic army of rebels, people are for ever talking about really is concentrate around here to oppose general Hanson's advance on Vivian's way. Some soldiers and even generals say that it is the intention of general Hanson to concentrate his armies at these places as soon as possible so as to turn general Hanson's Vivian out of his strong position, and it is also said that his generals and all his Angelinian soldiers are so ferocious with war lust that his rebel army is really dangerous and that Hanson or his other generals must look out before they cope with him in general. Oh well why should I worry. Angelinian army or no, Angelinian army is going to rest here and enjoy the sights before I can continue on my way, the battle is too far away anyway. And I'm all tired out by rambling about over all of this darn torn war torn country of California."

Thus soliloquizing, Harlander, threw himself on the floor of some abandoned cabin which he had reached and covering himself thickly with blankets he found there he prepared to take a sleep. From the open door which he forgot to close gentle cold winds played with his curly chestnut hair as he lay reclined in luxurious ease on the floor. Squirrels who chattered outside and ridiculed the intruder of the forest of Sunbeam Creek. Birds twittered and blithely hopped from limb to limb. The waters of the Sunbeam Creek not yet frozen over on account of its depth and currents rippled and splashed over the white pebbles with sweet cadences. The boy inside the cabin listened to all the natural sounds, of the Angelinian winter season with wondrous delight. Fatigued by his tramp through the Angelinian wooded country near Vivian's way, and lulled by the sweet sweet music of nature, Harlander fell into a slumber. As the soldier's sleep the sun gradually sank through the winter sky toward the western horizon, and the various forms of nature continued to speak in their simple and mysterious language and the sound of distant conflict had died away.

Then Harlander awoke from his deep slumber.

"What!" he said to himself. "Have I been asleep? I guess I was so tired that I could not help taking a little nap. Oh well it cannot be very late, but I had better be moving along anyway or my comrades might miss me and come in search of me. If I was found by the enemy I would have a fine time indeed."

He yawned and stretched and started to get up. He was surprised to find that he could not budge, not even an inch. He opened his eyes expecting to see the starlight sky overhead, but instead of that he made out nothing but vague gloom. Once more he tried to rise, but this attempt was as futile indeed as the first one had been if you please to say so. Harlander was now startled and somewhat alarmed, but not discouraged, or disheartened. After his eyes had become accustomed to the gloom he finally glanced around. He appeared to be securely bound hand and foot on a rude couch in one corner of a large tent. In this tent there was only one visible entrance, an opening wide enough to admit the passage of one man only. The floor of the tent was of bare hard packed earth and stray straw. The furniture was very scant, consisting of only two couches or army beds, a rude rustic table of round formation, and two rustic chairs. In the center of the tent was a round stove with a straight stove pipe toward the top of the tabernacle. The object which mostly attracted Harlander as he viewed his dismal surroundings, was a large crucifix of gilt silver, which lay on the floor opposite the stove and which appeared to have been abused and trampled on by someone.

When his eyes rested on the silver crucifix dully glowing against the dark background of the stern gray wall of the tent, Harlander started, and a shiver ran down his spine. A sweat exuded from his brow and his veins swelled as he frantically tugged at his bonds. Why was this trampled and abused crucifix used such surroundings. He could it be that lived in such a God forsaken tent, and yet would dare to insult the image of our Blessed Lord? These were Harlander's wild thoughts as he struggled desperately to liberate himself. Exhausted soon by his exertions he finally sank back on the couch, with a stupor clouding his brain. The soldier had thus lain quiet for several minutes, and was endeavoring to regain his scattered senses, when he was suddenly startled by the sound of two men entering the tent.

Harlander hurriedly turned his very languid eyes toward the entrance of the big tent to ascertain who the intruders were. At the sight which met his eyes, the soldiers for a feverish face blanched to a deathly pallor, and he could not prevent himself from sinking and trembling with fear on the couch. Standing just within the tent but close to the entrance was a tall Angelinian officer. His terrible visage made so by his wickedness was such that no one could ever look on and easily forget. Deep furrows and awful scars the results of lacerating wounds obtained in some battle had been through probably, criss-crossed it in mighty profusion. Two bloodshot eyes glared at him with seemingly insane hatred and ferocity from their cavernous sockets. The strained muscles of this strained, haggard and scarred visage were immediately chiseled into a diabolical grin. A few gray locks of hair fell from beneath his black rounded gaiter like hat, and his uniform coat of dark gray color fell from his neck in two long folds almost to the ground. He wore black leathern boots. The soldier with this hideous officer was probably his orderly.

Harlander could not help from shrinking back as the officer advanced a few steps with the diabolical grin on his face growing more and more threatening, and with his fierce eyes glowing more and more fiercely. The officer advanced still further growing more terrible with each step. Suddenly when he was very near the couch, he raised his long sabre and shook it in the soldier's face. He cackled shrilly like some insane man and assumed a devilish fierceness. He even opened his enormous mouth, disclosing therein many white teeth. Harlander's heart sank and he almost lost all hope. For what mercy could he possibly expect of his Angelinian demon. Suddenly the wicked Angelinian colonel began to speak in a broken and disjointed language interspersed with shrill cacklings and outbursts of very cruel and evil exultations, to asphering and many imprecations.

"Ha, ha," he shrieked wildly and jumping up and down and shaking the brandished sabre in the face of his captured Angelinian prisoner. "Ha, ha, you thought you could have got away from me and the other Angelinian soldiers eh? Didn't you? Yes you did. But you didn't you dirty christian dog. But you did not succeed in doing so. No, no. I and my companion followed you, and your bloody tracks all over the way you traveled to this log cabin. You are held as a spy. I almost caught you in the city of California, but with the help of your wicked christian doghounded scoundrels you got away you dirty christian scoundrel. On and your armies of comrades who are trying to forcibly set free all our child slaves with whom we have rights to keep and enslave. I vowed that if I ever caught you I would torture you till you confessed the bloody crimes you did against the Angelinian nation and against me and all my comrades. I would even pull your hair out by the roots and even pull your finger nails out, and brand your tender flesh with red hot irons until you told me all I demanded of you. You would not like that would you? You would have to endure the penalty for your vile sins against Satan and Angelinia and her king and armies of soldiers. At the command of general Hanson I have toiled hard to find that black christian heart of yours, and banish it from the earth. And now after months of following you I have succeeded in getting you. Would to goodness you had been the dare devils called the Vivian 'Arts' though. I would rather have them for they are the greatest spies the devil dirt y dirty christian ever had within their ranks."

The eyes of the Angelinian officer's eyes glared fiercely almost insanely. "Yes at last you dirty christian dog." He again growled. "The devil and his followers have rewarded me at last. Now I have found you can't get away any more. Now. Now I can wreak my vengeance."

Continuing his wild and wicked abuse the Angelinian officer started the Angelinian soldier by suddenly redrawing his long sabre and shaking it violently above his head. He pirouetted wildly around the tent in the inside several times, muttering, and shrieking curses and exhortations, then stopped short and stared with his wicked eyes at the Angelinian soldier. He then raised the sabre higher into the air and slowly advanced never for an instant averting the serpentine charm of his eyes from the shrinking shrinking gaze of the terrified soldier. Harlander's hopes forsook him. He ceased to struggle with his bonds, for it was useless and fell back on the couch. In his heart he muttered a silent prayer and resigned himself to the fate for which he had been singled out by the ferocious Angelinian officer. For he was only human at that and should be brave like the soldier he was. The Angelinian officer enraged by sorrow and other wrongs he may have suffered before the rebellion was now going to wreak vengeance on him as he lay there, helpless and innocent. As the painter's pounce with its powerful claws upon its helpless victim, so the infuriated Angelinian officer, rent the tent with a piercing curse and blasphemy bounded forward into the air, and brought the heavy and sharp sabre down with seemingly supernatural force toward the head of the helpless Angelinian soldier.

When a shot from somewhere stopped him.

Harlander prepared himself came back into christian prison and so the christians had recaptured him. Not a moment after all the ground they had lost

At the sound of the unseen rifle the Angelinian soldier saw the glandelinian colonel stagger for a few moments, drop his sabre and then sink to the floor and lay at still while his orderly looked amazed and with consternation. He at once darted toward the entrance of the tent, when there was a loud tumult of yells and he saw that the encampment of this regiment of glandelinians was in the hands of the christians.

The orderly was taken prisoner and the Angelinian liberated. Garlander was almost overcome by the narrowness of his escape. A cold sweat still stood out on his brow. "There, I'm mighty glad that the christian troops came when they did," he exclaimed as he left the tent and went along with a party of the Angelinians. The rising sun in the god golden northwest diffused the beautiful snow whitened forest glade in low light. Still nature seemed to burst forth in splendid glory at the onset of a perfect day in early winter despite the battle that had raged so violently in the distance. The Angelinian soldier lingered for several minutes in silent awe, and then slowly stride from the glade and followed the Angelinian soldiers who escorted him to the lines and placed him under the care of a medical officer.

In the meantime during the time while general Williamson, commander of the army of Abolitionists was advancing toward the location of Jennie Vivian, near the little stream called Gunbeam Creek, an Angelinian officer was sent immediately to take charge of a newly established army telegraph and signal station near a branch line of the California Northwestern Lines called the McMillan and Pandora railroad, which ran through the Sunbeam Creek section of California.

Though close to Vivian, it was a dreary and most lonely spot and from it the main christian army of general Hanson Vivian was twenty five miles away. Before the poor Angelinian officer had been there a week, he was ready to quit and go home, for not only was it lonely, but it was full of danger. He even passed through tremendous miracles for a over a hundred times he had been fired at by glandelinian snipers, twice a foe shrapnell had wrecked some portion of his station, and many glandelinian cavalry regiments had rode pass and he had to keep himself in hiding for fear of capture. The fact the foe of cavalry did not destroy the station was because they thought it was one of their own and would not molest it, but feeling himself in so much peril and believing he had more excitement than he really cared for for every day he was under fire of snipers and shrapnell, he expressed his wishes most ardently to the main christian superintendent general Hanson Vivian, who had placed him there to allow him to go back to some safe spot, but the brave and great christian general himself came down to see him a few days after he received the message, and after a long talk prevailed upon the Angelinian officer to please remain unless necessity compelled him to be removed.

"Stay here until spring please for the sake of Our Lord, and his blessed mother and our country," he said as he left the Angelinian officer, "and I will give you a change then that will please you mightily."

The young officer who happened to be an American of german birth or descent I mean was only eighteen years old then. Before ever entering the army of Angelinia, after coming to California from across the most dangerous seas he had always lived in town, and he had always enjoyed plenty of company. The desolation of his lot, up there in the wilderness of Vivian, wicker regions swarming with rebel snipers, and cavalry and hornets nests of dangerous glandelinian machine guns nearly drove the young officer frantic with fear and excitement. He was wanted some one to talk to under any conditions, his nature demanded upon human companionship. But he saw very few faces that were any good to him. He saw of course all the faces of glandelinians who were passing through and from every day, twice each day a glandelinian train, running back into the distant Evangelina Grania heights mountains would sometimes stop for some time at the station, and he would have even then had a chance of a few moments talk with the train crew had they not been all glandelinians, occasionally some engineers would bring in a few car loads of material for pontoon bridge work, every now and then, but never would an Angelinian passenger pass in his way—a christian prospector from the distant hills, or an Angelinian soldier or workman from over the divide, but the greater portion of his time—I would say about twenty out of the twenty four hours of each day he generally spent alone. To show himself to the glandelinians would mean his death or capture.

The station itself bore a beautiful name, the name of the small town near the sunbeam river, but beside the empty box car in which he mostly hid himself or inside the little house of the signal station, there were no other buildings there, no one else lived there. There had been once signs of houses in this location but now as the snow presented itself big fires had probably wiped out everything that not only was wrecked here but also grew. General Hanson Vivian and other christian generals had promised him that he would see a "kok boom" in the approach of spring when it would be evident that the Vivian wicker city would be in the

christians had captured himself and took into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured most of the ground they had lost

possession of the christian armies, when work would be started in repairing the railroad lines, and that the big town would be presented once more to the Angelinian governments. All shipments to and from towns and cities would again travel by the route of the McMillan and Pandora Railroad after the rebellion was overthrown in that location and the Angelinian rebels swept out of the region. At that time everything was transported by the rebels by either their own trains or by army and covered baggage wagons, over the mountain and river roads running from a point thirty five miles down the river railroad. The trail leading from the signal station back toward the distant christian encampments blown to jagged ploughed ground by rebel shell fire in the battle of Jagburg and was not fit now for wagon or cart use, and was not even hard enough to travel by soldiers or even any other men on foot or horseback. The Angelinian officer at the signal station was connected with the general's headquarters at his lines by a secret telephone line running up along this unused trail, and every day when he saw any thing unusual going on in the enemy lines at the far distant he had some conversation with the Angelinian generals way up near McMillan.

All of the main christian generals appreciated and understood the loneliness of the Angelinian officer who was at the signal station, and were always ready and glad to help to cheer him up in any ways possible. Even twice each day a parcel of important and valuable papers and other documents and even sometimes bags of army money and plans and many letters would pass through the hands of the lone Angelinian officer on its way toward the main christian armies. Sometimes he received other valuables belonging to some general sent to the main army it generally being sent to the lone Angelinian officer from the town of St Helena by express army wagons, and the officer would deliver all that came to him to two christian officers who would ride down for them accompanied by a strong body of cavalry and sometimes infantry. These two officers would usually arrange to reach the signal station on time to be there the wagon would arrive, so that the most important articles, were never in the possession of the brave Angelinian officer for any great length of time. And he was glad of that for he always feared enemy soldiers would sometime stop at the signal station and finding him take all he had and even make him prisoner or because he had valuable papers about him arrest and shoot him as a spy.

One day after he had been by the signal station for about a week these same two officers came down for valuables, accompanied by an unusually strong body of cavalry, arriving there a few minutes before the time for the express wagon arrival, but when the express wagon came in the express messenger and even the driver and the soldiers with them informed the three Angelinian officers that no valuables had come that day before to many scouting parties of the rebels were roaming about, and that things looked pretty dangerous all over. A little while afterwards came a telegram from some place not mentioned or known that there had been a little delay in getting some plans for the governor general Hanson Vivian on account of a battle raging somewhere near Jagburg, and that it would not go forward until until the next day. The two officers followed by their escort at once set out on their return to the christian lines, saying they would come down the next morning if possible.....

Late that afternoon the noise of a battle could be heard by the Angelinian and to make matters worse for him one of those well dreaded Californian blizzards started to set in. It was a wet heavy snow, and it piled up with astonishing rapidity but despite the wind blowing at a terrific velocity failed to pile into deep drifts on account of the wetness of the snow, but laid level. All night and all the next day it fell so heavily no one could see for a hundred feet, and when the lone Angelinian had arose the next morning and saw the blizzard was still raging, he also discovered that he was without wire communications with the rest of the world, both telephone and telegraph wires being down, not broken by the heavy snow as supposed but cut down by enemy soldiers during the night. The lone Angelinian also discovered that the signal station had received a complete overhauling and there was evidence that foe soldiers would return and make another search.

Suddenly he picked up a note and read:

"Colonel Saundertonia;

Please make a complete search of signal station No. Ten, near Jennie Vivian. It is supposed to be belonging to the glandelinian authorities but it is mentioned an Angelinian spy is using it for communication with said christian lines under general Hanson Vivian. Cut down all wires so he cannot communicate with christian lines. Resume search following morning if you cannot find him to day.

General McMillan, Hester Stanks."

He realized the colonel no doubt had forgotten the note and left it folded up on the table inside the signal station. Now he saw that he had to be careful for the place was under suspicion.....

And worse of all still the express wagon was three or four hours late,--it had had a hard time getting up through the cuts of the hills on account of enemy spies and prowlers and cavalry squadrons and on account of the deep snow. A bag of important letters for the Angelinian, Galverinian, and Abbeismannian governments and from generals and high commissioners and even from his brother and also plans maps of the country and captured letters from the enemy was on board of that wagon, and it was handed over to the Angelinian officer at the signal station by the army express messenger who laughingly warned him that he must be continually on the lookout not for the gladelinians on cavalry squadrons and searchers only but to watch out for rebel spies also. The Angelinian officer could not telephone or telegraph to the main christian lines or to any of the christian general and generals and tell them there that he had the important bag of articles in his possession, and indeed it so would have done no good if he could have, for no one could get down over the trail that day for every road, trail and ravine and gorges were watched by hundreds of rebel sentries and explored by foe soldiers also. He thought of being alone there with that bag of letters and other important articles disquieted the Angelinian officer somewhat, for he knew that he would be responsible for very important letters, plans and papers, and over five hundred thousand dollars also which were in the big sack.

But then he suddenly thought to himself that if none of the Angelinians could come down from the distant christian lines to take the bag back to the encampments on account of the raging blizzard and violent winds, the gladelinians could reach there either to rob him of his precious bag. As the storm grew worse toward the late afternoon and the snow fell more rapidly than ever and it began to grow very cold and ice began to form on the small windows of the signal station. The Angelinian officer was therefore forced to build up a small, huge fire of pine knots and other wood in his stove and he sat down to look over some of the important papers to pass the time. It was about ten o'clock in the night, and the Angelinian officer was falling into a dose when the sound of footsteps steps just outside his window in the deep snow outside made him start up. They passed around the old car, and in a moment the door knob rattled.

"Let us in please will you?" A voice called. "Let us in. We are half frozen and lost on account of the snowstorm...." The Angelinian officer thinking it may be the Angelinian generals come for the bag and followed by their escorts as usual, opened the door and was surprised to see only two tall men to step in. He had never seen any of them before but they wore the uniform of Galverinian soldiers and one of them had a little girl with them very pretty indeed in looks but nevertheless there was something about the men which the Angelinian officer did not like. And there was something about the child which he thought seemed peculiar and which he did not like either. The men ran to the stove after pushing the child to a bench, and began warming their numb hands. The Angelinian officer stuffed in more wood, bade them to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and inquired if he should prepare anything to eat for them. They however declined his offer for food saying they were not hungry. They declared they were fugitives.

"This little girl is a child slave who we stole from the gladelinians," said one of the men. We came here to get warm. We had been pursued and after outdistancing the rebels who failed to see us on account of the shroud of snow we seeing the light in your window came in. We wish to smoke a pipe for a few minutes, attend to the business we came on, and get back to the christian lines."

They were Galverinian soldiers they told him fleeing toward the christian lines which was a few miles back. They were going to bring the child back there for safety, and were expecting some comrades who had followed them. And they said they decided to remain at the station until they arrived or until the morning when they expected the snowstorm and hurricane would subside. Then one of them pulled a paper from his pocket, said it was a plan he had also captured from the enemy, and asked the Angelinian officer to look at it. He took the paper which was very large and thick, laid it on the table by his lamp and was stooping down to read what was written on it, and look over the map which was drawn on some other parts of it, when suddenly a black hood was thrown over his head, and he was seized by someone and held as if a vise. At another moment the Angelinian officer felt himself being bound hand and foot. Still simultaneously came a shriek of fright from the little girl and a curse from the two men and then for a moment all was silence. When the black sack was pulled from the head of the Angelinian officer and looking round he was surprised to see the room full of gladelinians and the two men also bound and the little girl lying as if dead.

"Now young man," said the gladelinian who had seized him, you know what we want don't you. Where is that bag full of money and valuables that you have in your possession and which were to go up to the dirty christian lines to day. We looked for you last night, and could not find you. Yet we found you to night and with two dirty Galverinians who you sheltered after they run off with a child slave."

The Angelinian officer knew how dangerous gladelinians were if opposed and aroused, but nevertheless he was resolved to say not a word to the gladelinians. He therefore closed his lip and remained quiet.

"Well if you won't tell us I'll suppose we will have to find it, and I don't think we will have much trouble at that unless you have hid it carefully," said the leader of the intruders. "But if we cannot find it we will do something that will make you surely yield. We know what you hate worse than anything. That is torture of children. If we fail to find what we are looking for we will torture the recaptured child slaves right before the eyes of the three of you dirty christian dogs...."

The gladelinian private then began searching all around the small room of the signal station, and in a few minutes one of them gave a cry. He had uncovered the bag of the precious papers and other important articles. The Angelinian officer not thinking any rebels would come near the station on account of the storm had thrown it into a corner, and covered it with a lot of cotton waste. He had also found another bag of the same size.

"Two bags!" shouted the rebel who had found it. "A full one and an empty one...." For a moment the Angelinian was puzzled at his words, then he recalled that the two generals from the christian lines when they had come down the day before the blizzard they had brought it with them the bag in which the plans and papers of the previous week had been shipped. This bag the Angelinian officer remembered he was to send back to the Angelinian armies at Holmdel. Both of the bags were looked, the keys being in general Hanson's possession at Lehighburg, ending....

"Here this is the key to the bag!" One of them now demanded. The Angelinian officer said nothing, one of the rebels searched his clothes, and the small desk, and also the clothing of the other two men and also searched the child who had now regained consciousness, but not finding the key, they took a hammer and smashed the clasplock. The large grip then fell open, and two of the men began fingering the important papers, and counted the gold and silver coins.

"Everything is all here just as I told you it would be Joseph Saunders," laughed one of the gladelinian officers. "Well a cavalry force will be along in about half an hour. We will wait here until they come. No use going out into the cold and stormy weather until we have to."

The gladelinian soldiers then sat down by the fire in the stove, and some of them lighted cigarettes and started smoking. The Angelinian officer lay at their feet, his mind busy trying to involve some scene by which he could save the treasured documents and papers that had been put to his charge, but he could not see any way out of the difficulties which beset him. And the two Galverinians were just as securely bound as he, according to their conversation the cavalry force they expected was supposed to be due at ten forty five. The gladelinian column of cavalry were to stop at the signal station, the ten rebels in the signal station would join them and take their recaptured child slaves and probably himself and the two Galverinians with them. There would be no opportunity for the Angelinian or the two Galverinians to communicate with each other as they had been gagged.

The little girl felt like screaming but she dared not for she was afraid she would be strangled a second time and maybe to death. The gladelinians were to join the cavalry force down near a water tank that stood about a mile down the tracks of the Erie and Lehigh railroad lines. The gladelinians according to their conversation were going to take the two Galverinians and the bag and the little girl with them but were going to leave the Angelinian officer at the station tied hand and foot, because they declared if they took him with the Angelinians who would come down from the lines to secure the bag would find him gone and would immediately persecute us so swiftly that they would be captured and the bag taken from them and the child also. They knew the character of Angelinian pursuers. They were like wolves pursuing after lost sheep. The Angelinian realizing that he would be left tied hand and foot and under guard ever if he could free himself and attack and kill the guard after they were gone realized that the wires were down and he would not be able to send any warning to the christian forces on ahead. His outlook looked completely hopeless but nevertheless he did not lose hope in God and the blessed mother and he prayed for before.

A little while before the cavalry force was due to arrive, the Angelinian rebels made ready to depart. Despite being the ferocious, immemorially they acted we will toward the Angelinian officer and the two Galverinians, considering their drawn dagger and the kind of work they were engaged in. Finally determining at last to leave the four prisoners in the building until the approach of morning until the cavalry came they decided to go out and see if the cavalry were anywhere in sight and to place three guards while they were gone. So they pulled the coats which the three men were lying on to the center of the room, the child also placed the four upon them with blankets about them, filled the stove with wood, and then set the dampers.

405  
 "You will be here alright for a while until the cavalry comes to take us away to the fortresses," the Angelinian rebels said. "The fire will stop until we return from our outlook and for that short time you won't suffer from the cold. And if we change our minds and don't come back your Christian dog comrades will find you tied up in the morning. You can just tell them that you tied yourselves up on a bet that you can get loose. Be long. We are off. If for some reason we don't return to take you along with us give our respect to the National of Abilominia when they come down for the bags."

Then leaving three guards they went out, taking the bag and the little child with them. The child cried and screamed and struggled but she was forced along. The Angelinian and the Galverinians listened to their tramping in the snow, and then could hear them laughing and talking as they mounted horses and rode slowly away. The rebels seemed to be in high good humor. As soon as they had passed out of hearing the Angelinian and the two Galverinians began to desperately pull and twist at the thongs that bound them, hoping that they might loosen them. At they took care that the guards did not see what they were doing, but they could do nothing. The guards were well trimmed by the ropes. There seemed nothing for the three "Christian dogs" to do but to accept the inevitable--they could do nothing toward saving the precious papers or rescue the poor child. They now began to expect the expected Angelinian cavalry on account of the raging snowstorm would be late. For the snow was three feet deep in the level in many places and horses could not hardly travel in that snow and so the three prisoners watched the clock and the guard until the time of the arrival of the cavalry, and still did not hear anything that would be that they had arrived. Another half hour went by, and still the cavalry force did not come, and two of the guards went off to see if the others were coming back. The Angelinian almost wished the cavalry force would come--he wished it would hurry--he wanted his suspense over with. The stove finally began to get very hot, its sides glowed dull for a little while, then turned to a cherry red. The three began to fear the floor beneath and around it would catch fire. So intense was the heat the stove was radiating. Then a great thought came to the Angelinian officer. He rolled off his couch when the guard was not looking, managed to drag himself over to the stove without being seen, and raised his bound hands to the red hot rim that encircled its drum. In a flash the thongs were burned through and his hands were free. It took him but a second to undo the ropes about his ankles just at the moment when the lone guard saw him free. He at once made a rush with leveled musket but the Angelinian grabbing the muzzle of the gun shoved it butt with telling force against the guard's stomach and knocked him down sprawling, with the gun in his own possession. The guard getting up attempted to draw his pistol but the Angelinian dashing at him wrested from his hand and flung it through the window glass. Maddened by being treated thus the guard roaring rushed at the Angelinian who swung his musket in the air and aimed a blow but the gun flew out of his hand and went sailing like an arrow through another window taking pane and glass with it.

The guard closed with the Angelinian for several minutes but the Angelinian was the stronger and managing to draw his own pistol just as the guard was about to use his army dagger he shot the Angelinian dead. Then quickly dragging him outside into the deep snow and covering him and quickly untied or cut the cords around the Galverinians hands and feet, and then without any definite purpose in mind they ran to the door stopped outside, and encountered the other two guards just returning. Here was a tussle like two prize fighters contesting each other for a few moments and the guards were overpowered and gagged and dragged into the snow drift close by. Then again the three Christians went out side and looked over toward the distant water tank. The storm had suddenly passed it being now a clear moon light night but zero cold and with everything covered with snow it was nearly as bright as day. The Galverinians and the Angelinian could see the big tank clearly, and they also could make out a number of black figures and dismounted men and horses on the tracks near it. The Galverinians and the Angelinian crept into the shadow of the building and stood there trembling with excitement, trying to think of something they should do. The gunbeam creek ran past the station it was probably a little stream from back of the distant hills and here the stream was about a hundred feet wide. A fringe of low bushes now half covered with snow had grown up along its sides. The thought came to the Angelinian that he and his two companions could approach the tank unseen if they would follow along this fringe of bushes. They slowly dragged themselves through the deep snow behind them, and slowly began making their way down toward the tank. They did not stop to ask themselves what they were going to do there, they only knew they wanted to get near the bag and the little prisoner now in possession of the enemy.

The three Christians therefore followed down the tiny frozen stream until they came to the tank, and there they crept up behind the big supporting pillars the Angelinian feeling to see if the captured pistol was still loaded. He could hear the voices of the Galverinians and could see some of the men walking up and down the railroad tracks, while others were standing still and with them was the child weeping bitterly.

406  
 The Galverinians were so complaining because the cavalry force was so late in coming. They were getting cold, but though they wished to go back to the station immediately they did not wish to just the same as they believed the cavalry would be along at any minute. When the cavalry arrived they would go back bringing out the prisoners and rode toward the Galverinian encampments. Then they began speaking about general J. A. Allister Stanek to which they intended to take the bag of papers and of the child who they were going to turn over to general Purgatorians child gave. The Angelinian and the Galverinians learned the rebels would ride with the Galverinian cavalry until they came to the sound bend of the Sunbeam Creek where there was a steep grade on the road about two miles west, and from there ride off toward the rebel lines. They would then remain within the rebel lines a week or fourteen days until the excitement about the robbery of the place had died down. The Angelinian bidding the Galverinians to remain hidden where they were crept closer and closer until he stood no more than fifteen paces from the rebels. Suddenly his heart almost stopped beating for there on the other side of the post, bob behind which he stood hidden sat the bag with its provisions and by it the little girl shivering with the cold and crying. He could have reached out his hand and taken hold of it. But he did not move to do that very thing but drew back, what would be the use. He would gain nothing. To attack the rebels would be committing suicide. To seize the bag and child would only cause permit. In a moment the cavalry force might appear, the rebels would step over to get the bag and the little girl, and if would find them both gone. What then. Let a hue and cry and cause the cavalry to scout the whole country. They knew the Angelinian and the two Galverinians were the only persons in the vicinity that night. They and the whole cavalry force would set out and look for him the two Galverinians with the child and in the deep snow, with a clear moon shining, they would quickly run the fugitives down. Now he racked his brain in the next few minutes as he stood there with that precious bag and the still more precious child within arms reach. He did not dare attract the child attention for she would then make a break to go to him and if one of the rebels saw her move off a shot would kill her for they would ever fire at a child. And then a plan of action "Thank God" flashed through his mind. If if God would just cause the rebel cavalry to delay its coming a little longer he told the Galverinians of his plan and then the three again crept down to the shadow of the bushes and hid unseen back to the station. Where while the two Galverinians formed a duplicate of child from a large doll they had found in the house or signal station the Angelinian hauled out the empty vase or valise.

It was locked but with a blow of the hammer the Angelinian smashed its lock. Then he began to throw into it mats, bolts, and all other kinds of heavy metal junk that was lying about the room. When he had a weight that he judged equal to that of the other bag, and while the two others were done with their work, he stuffed a bundle of waste upon top of the junk, took the grip, and started back to the tank. Very moment they had expected to hear the cry of voices from the arriving cavalry but the rebels did not come. They reached the tank again, crept up behind its huge timbers, and made their way to the one behind which he had left the other bag and the little girl. They were both still there, and all of the rebels were now walking up and down the tracks a few paces away. After cautiously arousing the child and getting her to come slowly to him he put the dummy in her place in the same sitting posture, and also took the other bag and in its place set the bag of metal junk. With the two recovered treasures in their possession once more the three slipped down to the bushes. They had barely gained the shelter of the signal station when the shriek of a shell struck through the still night air, and in a second more there was a lightning flash overhead and a terrific bang and confusion reigned among the rebels. They were spotted by searchlights from the lines of Christian soldiers and fired upon. At that moment also

407  
 At that moment the foe cavalry arrived and the rebel leader of the other said, "At the bag and the prisoner Joseph. Here they come at last!" The long column of rebel cavalry came slowly down and stopped at the water tank. For several minutes there was the sound of many voices, confusion and curses, then a rattle of rifles as the rebel column crept around, there was a tramping of horses, and the foe started back again in the direction of the station. As they rode past the spy spot the three lay with the bag and the rescued child they caught the glimpse of many black figures coming from another direction. The cavalry seeing them also changed their course and were soon out of sight. They had intended to stop at the station but at the sight of so many approaching Angelinians suddenly changed their minds. The Angelinian and the two Galverinians then walked back toward the station dropping the bag into a deep snowdrift on the way for safety and sat down before the fire, after giving the child all the comfort possible it well pleased with the outcome of the evening's adventure.

407  
 The three Christians had therefore followed down the tiny frozen stream until they came to the tank, and there they crept up behind the big supporting pillars the Angelinian feeling to see if the captured pistol was still loaded. He could hear the voices of the Galverinians and could see some of the men walking up and down the railroad tracks, while others were standing still and with them was the child weeping bitterly.

The three had no fear whatever that the rebels might return. They would not in their haste to get to the rebel lines examine the contents of the bag or the doll before they got to the lines with the cavalry column, probably not at all until they brought them both before their general, and the distance was too great to allow their coming back even if they should wish to. A slight warm chinook came pouring down the valley late that night, and the snow was still slushy and packy when the four awoke the following morning. The two generals and their escorts came down the following morning very early and relieved the Angolinian of the bag. They listened to his and the stories of the two Galverinians of outwitting the rebels with shouts of laughter. They would give their very lives they said to have been permitted to see the faces of the rebels and even the chief general Mic-Allister Stanek, and Purgatorian when they opened up the bag of old iron and presented the doll.

The child was as soon as possible sent to Abyssinika with the two Galverinians one of who adopted her, and whom superintendant general Hanson heard of the Angolinian officers adventure. He wrote him a letter of thanks, promised him a commission of colonel and told him he would not have to wait another day before getting change of location as the station was not in need any more as the armies being defeated at Lashburg Landing were going to withdraw to other locations. Soon the lieutenant went on his new commission as a colonel.

After general Pistro, possinanna one of the Glandelinian generals died of a lingering form of disease after receiving mortal wounds at the battle of Lashburg Landing to which wounded soldiers are usually subjected is while a while a prisoner within the Christian lines, some other Glandelinian prisoners mostly no doubt the fierce and sanguinary Mic-pollestinians, decided to take a chance in securing the liberty of many of their prisoners also prisoners within the Christian lines, and if successful to look up the "Derlings of the Nation" called the Vivian, Iris, or Violet and her sisters and murder them as they were considered a menace to the rebellion.

General Pistro of the rebel troops when captured while wounded had been usual for a Mic-pollestinian general. All Mic-pollestinians are always surly and cruel and wild in nature when prisoners and appear so sullen and threatening that it is necessary to have an enormous number of guards to watch them at the edge of the internment camps, but this Glandelinian general who was a Mic-pollestinian was usually mild, despite his weakness from wounds and illness and many children were not afraid of him. He died like a good soldier asking pardon from all those he believed he may have offended and even kissing some little girl and boy children who had been once persecuted by him and hugging them and showing all the resentment he could for his former ways dying indeed a repentant. The other Mic-pollestinian prisoners those who were not wounded but just captured were placed or had been placed in the same internment camp because no other internment camps had room for these sorts of Angolinian rebels but these were otherwise entirely different creatures than the general and looked as if they would kill the world if they had the power to do so.

"These rebel prisoners known as the Mic-pollestinians will have to learn their places a fast enough," said one of the Angolinian officers of the guard when on inspection, striving to reassure his sentries who complained about the sullen ways of the rebels one who had recently insolently snatched a cigarette from the mouth of a guard off duty and smoked it himself and dared the soldier to come and get it despite being armed. The officer however advised them to watch each prisoner closely as they did look vicious and independent. It was once reported that one of the Vivian, Iris Jennie Vivian probably had been passing one of these internment camps innocently looking around and humming the song called "Onward Christian Soldiers" when one of the prisoners cursed her and another struck her down as she happened to pass too close and then killed three soldiers and wounded six with his fist before he was overpowered and killed himself. This showed the dangerous nature of prisoners of these kind. All orders the rebels frightfully refused to obey, growing growing at the guards and Christian officers, and forcing their comrades to follow their example declaring they would not do anything asked and would not repent their ways as long as they were prisoners. The rebel prisoners of these kind had been given up given up as incorrigible by many guards and officers, but the guards knew nothing of the history of the Mic-pollestinians except what they probably suspected from their sullen pouting ways and their nature.

"You fellows have to be careful. One officer of the guard told his sentry when he reported that a prisoner boldly tore from his pocket a package of cigarettes as he passed by. Guard or no guard they will rob you just the same when too close to them."

The guard did learn hereafter to be more careful, from the vigor and harshness of the foe nature, even if prisoners realized the Mic-pollestinian prisoners did not appear to be afraid of no guard but they did not try to make any escapes as the gates and wire fences of the internment camps were usually charged with electric currents and it would be fatal to grasp the fences and gates. The natural

Christians and recaptured themselves back into Christian possession and so the most barbarians taking all the ground they had lost

moreness of the disposition of the Mic-pollestinians only became more pronounced and they seemed to have developed a settled animosity toward the whole world in general. Meanwhile during the dull inactivity, and during the time violet and her sisters had went into Vivian Wiskey to spy on the foe and watch the child slave rebels at work and do what they could for these many more prisoners of the same sort had been brought in so that at the end of week one internment camp had about fifteen thousand prisoners all rebels who did nothing but sulk, pout and frow and scowl at every one who passed and looked so vicious that even the guards were somewhat afraid of them. Filled with misgivings about Mic-pollestinian a Mic-pollestinian prisoners general Joseph Mic-antler set out in the work of having a specimen u number of some mounted guards to watch such prisoners, for he felt that if these kind of rebels ever made a break for freedom and secured arms they would reap a harvest of lives and property that no typhoon could boast of.

All went reasonably well for ten days, and then during the transferring of Zimmermanian and Gaurian prisoners to a new well guarded internment camp and while Zimmerman officers were being exchanged for the return of Christian prisoners and officers a Mic-pollestinian prisoner sullen and sulk was being transferred to a prison tent on examination of spying or something like that when a little girl in the company streets running about playing with a hoop hit hoop accidentally bumped into the fierce Glandelinian, and the infuriated prisoner enraged from the pain as she had collided head on into his stomach with a frightful curse and blasphemous language lunged at the little girl. Several hundred soldiers had gathered at this point to watch the transferring of rebel prisoners and these seeing the furious rebel lunging at the child rushed forward in scattered groups but before they could reach the scene, with one blow of his huge fist the strong rebel literally scooped the poor little girl off the ground, and grasping her by the throat in a stranglehold until she was choked to senselessness threw her with great force into the group of soldiers many of which the child knocked down. The soldiers then coming up in the foremost part were bowled over like ten pins by the rebel who struck right and left, one suffering a scratched face and a broken jaw, and then the rebel thinking of making his escape bolted across the company street and street, and down outside the camp near the sentry line, finally taking refuge and hiding under the wide porch of general Hanson's headquarters near Jennie Vivian. The instant the trouble with the escaped prisoner started, many onlookers looking on and children terrified by what had happened and fearing that the Glandelinian prisoner who had escaped would go for them next ran for the nearest tents. The prisoner who had expected to remain free did not get so far as the under portion of the veranda of general Hanson's headquarters, and the company streets were swarming with soldiers looking for him, and finally Jack Evans himself seeing him pounced upon him and brought him back to where he had been when the trouble started.

"Now" said general Jack Evans. "You come along and get that wild animal nature out of you. Do you think you are going to turn into some wild ugly animal or beast while in our hands. We'll make a fabled dragon out of you yet."

The recaptured rebel said not a word as he was jerked into the company street into a yard to the rear of a large of a large tent, and ordered to bring forth of his papers of which he was accused of concealing. The roofs of barracks and other army buildings were now covered with small boys and girls, while all the soldiers themselves stood in a wide semicircle at a very respectable distance.

The Glandelinian rebel now was plainly nervous over his wild conduct, if not as afraid, but he when backed into an angle of a stone wall of general Hanson's headquarters looked dangerous, but finally he was lead toward the rear by means of a rope tied around him for security growling sullenly, and looking with red eyes toward the crowd on roofs of barracks, and the soldiers who looked sullenly at him in return.

"Now you come along and join your own sullen sulky comrades." Said Jack Evans his pistol in one hand and his sabre in the other, for he was resolved to shoot or sabre the desperate Mic-pollestinian rebel if he again made any attempt to break away. The rebel silently and silently obeyed, not considering the time ripe for an argument with this early Angolinian officer strong enough to kill a bull with his fists only, and earnestly wishing to get by himself so that he could plan some defensive campaign. The crowd of soldiers and little refugees children followed a half mile behind as the Christian officer or general led the way to and into the army house in one corner of which was a steel cage, where offenders like him were confined until they could be tried in the army justice court or transferred to the original jail for he was to be tried for his murder of the little girl.

"In there you go you damn rebel," said Evans with a scowl. "You and your beastly nature together."

On hearing this the glandolinian prisoner promptly set up a loud outcry. "No no," He roared waving his hands threateningly and looked to kingstone ferocious. "I'll kill any one who puts me behind a steel ga cage." He went in nevertheless for Evans shoved him in with force and slammed him to the floor with the push.

"He certainly is a nice kind of a glandolinian to be brought without strong guard into the company streets if he is that ugly," said Evans to one of the officers who had been in charge of the prisoner. "You ought to be sent to the guard house for leading such a prisoner without strong guard around little children. He already has killed a little girl either by the choking he gave her, he by the manner he flung her into the crowd. You put the other prisoners in the internment camp and then come along with me. I wish to have a few words with you."

The soldier obeyed but protested that the prisoner might be assaulted by a mob of soldiers and killed.

"Good riddance," said Evans. "I even wish wolves would brin in and eat him up. He slammed the steel door shut on the glandolinian prisoner who looked at him with the eyes of a tiger, not deeming the use of a key necessary however as the door looks itself on the inside, and then led the guard to his headquarters, and told him to wait in the reception room until general Hanson would appear. He was to give an account of himself for the prisoner not being strongly guarded. Over while waiting for Hanson's appearance he was given his supper there, for the christian general was busy holding a council with his generals and could not attend to his case until several hours. The prisoner was also fed on bread and coffee, and finally the soldiers dispersed since the disturbance was over, though without hindrance a excited small boy and a girl who were crying kept raising themselves by the bars, and peering through the windows of the prison house until at the approach of night the interior became so dark that absolutely nothing could be seen.

Millen Davyson an Angelinian officer was ignorant of what had happened in his own location of the christian encampments that afternoon, for he had been at Mary Ann town attending a military conference, he being a colonel of the medical staff. After galloping toward the lines for three hours he soon reached his post and stopping at one of the signal army towers to inspect, he ordered a group of boys and 1 boys that were looking at something curious asked them to go to their respective places and not be too far from the protesting portion of the christian lines as they were. By the time he reached his own section, not another person was in sight anywhere except company guards and the sentries guarding the barracks and other army buildings. He swung around the corner of one of the company streets after being halted by a guard and allowed to pass as he was recognized, and then walking rapidly he passed the handsome structure used by general Hanson, where his headquarters which stood on the opposite side of one of the company streets. The 1 electric lights in the company street were not placed very close together on account of the fog, and there were frequent dark places along the wall shaded away thoroughfares of the company streets, but general Hanson's headquarters was doubly illuminated, having an arch light under the ornamental second story porch, and three others over the roadways just to the north of the building.

Davyson was just opposite this second light, when he heard a sharp tinkling, and then a clear clatter of something falling, and turning about saw a shower of glass fall to the ground. Looking intently he then noticed that the lower sash of one of the side windows with glass shattered out had been partly raised, and the iron bars that guarded it pulled or taken out by someone. One suspicious person, he at once suspected was inside general Hanson's Headquarters, tampering with the wireless apparatus, or looking for plans or plots, for the building contained little or nothing to tempt an ordinary thief.

Davyson used to be an assistant orderly for general Hanson before he received his commission for his bravery, and still had the same key to any door of the building, the big door opening only from the inside, but was his key in a pocket of the uniform he was wearing. He plunged one hand after the other into the side pockets of his army trousers, and after fumbling for a moment with his finger tips, dragged on a key ring, and quickly found the bit of brass for which he was searching. Then he hesitated wondering if he had best secure help before making an investigation all alone, but being unaturally courageous, soon rejected the more prudent plan.

In a half minute he had crossed the company street, unlocked the front door where he found no guard which looked to him suspicious, and left it ajar. He went into the building was dark, but at the right hand was a switch which he threw over, when instantly the whole lower floor was brilliantly lighted. Davyson stepped briskly across the little front room and thrust back the door leading to the main front hall where general Hanson's room was, and where army apparatus of all kinds was stored, and a cage located for the use of keeping articles which were too precious to be trusted without being under lock and key.

He returned himself came back into christian house and so the christians had recaptured the most valuable fighting all the ground they had lost

"What are you doing here?" He shouted loudly 1 loudly for the legs of a man were visible as the intruder wriggled through between the remaining bars outside the partially open window. There was no response and Davyson made a dash for the legs only to see the feet disappear almost from under his extended hands. He thrust his head outside to see what had become of the man when a hoarse angry growl behind him caused him to jerk back in amazement and alarm. Almost upon him with drawn dagger of great length was a big fiendish looking soldier in brownish gray uniform with open mouth and glaring eyes, and a leather hat half across his head in rakish fashion while just beyond was a small girl and boy tied to two chairs naked and bound and gagged. No doubt two glandolinian assassins had entered the christian lines undetected and were about to kill the little girl and boy when the Angelinian officer came in.

Now the headquarters of general Hanson had become almost transformed so mysteriously into a slaughter pen Davyson could not imagine, but finding his weapon had dropped in his excitement of looking for his key, and having no dagger about his person, and knowing he was no trainer of such brutes which glared at him now, he had no intention for the moment with interfering with the human beast. For the moment too much surprised and alarmed for conscious thought or plan, he leaped to one side and climbed swiftly up to the top of a high cubbard. The glandolinian who ever he was was plainly in a savage mood, for he pursued the Angelinian with surprising agility, clambered up relentlessly over the ends of some ladders straight toward where he was perched with the dagger held between his teeth. There were axes and sabres in leather loops on the lower section of the left wall, but these were far below the reach of Davyson, and when his pursuer was almost upon him, he sprang across to the top of a supply wagon standing in the middle of the huge room.

The two small children terrified looked fearfully at the scene, while the rascally glandolinian growling and cursing louder than before, scrambled down from the cubbard, and stare started to mount the wagon. Davyson was being rapidly driven into a corner by the glandolinian soldier and he realized that he surely would be caught, and mangled or murdered if he kept on, for only a small wasteland remained between him and the back end of the building. Across in the opposite corner was the steel cage, and he saw that the door was open. Once inside he felt sure he could be safe from the rebel soldier, but the thought of being imprisoned for the remainder of the night was galling, and besides the other glandolinian child assassin might come back. Beyond the entry lay the outer door and free freedom to summon help, and his was posing his body to leap and rush for it when he heard a slam and a jar. These sounds were readily interpreted; a wire draught coming from the open window had blown the door shut, and it closed with a spring lock.

The big hairy glandolinian ruffian was within a yard of him as he dodged and sprang over a wheel to the wooden floor. He turned toward the peculiar cage as his only sure refuge, but in the second or two in which he had hesitated, the rebel had placed himself between him and the corner, and now flourishing his weapon threateningly uttered an imprecation and demanded of the Angelinian officer to give up and nothing would happen to him. Davyson almost hopped in made a dash around and between the end of the wagon and the side wall. He had in mind the raised window and the opening between the bars. It would indeed be to him a most tight squeeze for he was a good sized man, much bigger than the rebel, but he probably could get out that way quick quicker than if he stopped to unlock one of the doors, though he shuddered to think of the assailant's dagger closing in on his back or neck. At that instant he heard a tremendous chorus of whines and screams and growls and curses behind him and then silence. The little children had somehow gotten ride of the rope around their arms and had removed the gags and started to yell to arouse the Angelinians, and were being strangled for their seemingly imprudence. This gave a seconds reprieve, and just then in looking for a weapon himself to kill the brute before he killed the children he brushed against a dangling rope and instinctively clutched it. The rebel seeing his motion and knowing it was a rope to pull a bell to arouse an alarm in case of spies within the locality let go of the children he was choking, just as the Angelinian was jerking the rope up and down furiously. The clapper struck the resonant metal and sent the clamour out of over the entire christian encampment ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding.

But the glandolinian had his hands on the throats of the children only a short time. With mouths bleeding and gasping the child were let go and the glandolinian glaring at the man ringing the bell again made a rush for him. Davyson saw him coming and slowing with him fought for a few minutes until he was disarmed by the rebel, then putting a foot on the window sill, the Angelinian leaped as high as he could, and started head over head up the rope toward the ceiling. "ding, ding" went the bell, when the clapper would be held hard for a moment, only to repeat the summons, followed by another brief interval of silence. After the most strenuous exertions of which he had any recollection, Davyson found himself panting and exhausted, but temporarily safe. He was against the ceiling, which his

hands also touched while one hand rested on top of the tall window frame, helping to support his weight. The bell was again silent, for he could not jerk the rope while he rested, and he wondered if the momentary alarm had aroused anyone outside or in the building. In it was, he felt sure it must have puzzled to the hearer, for surely no such erratic alarm had ever been sounded before. He was indeed very thankful that the windows were so tall, for though the glandelinian tried to climb one of the windows to reach him, he could not quite reach the top. Not four feet away however was the wagon, and after a minute or two the glandelinian began to clamber upon it. Perhaps he would fail to reach across, but pay was gamely alarmed, swinging his other foot over to the window casing, he resumed his jerks up and down on the rope. "ding--ding--ding--ding--sing--sing--sing--sing--sing--sing" went the bell. Great drops of sweat gathered on Davysons forehead and ran down into his eyes, due both to the tremendous exertions he was making, and the fright caused by the proximity of the glandelinian. For now the desperate glandelinian was on top of the wagon seat, and of ing out toward him with one of the sabres he had drawn from the wall in one hand and a gun in the other preparatory to fire. Davyson was about and kicked furiously at the hand that held the gun knocking it from him and just then came the sound of shouts outside, and a rattle at the door, which was unlocked and flung open.

As two or three half dressed soldiers burst in from the entry, the glandelinian wheeled with a curse and faced them with flourished sabre. Davyson had been waiting for just such diversion, and the instant it came, he slide to the floor quickly liberated the two children, and ran to join his friends dragging the children with him. The vestibule was quickly filled with soldiers armed to the teeth, and the hall and room was filled and the glandelinian made a prisoner in no time.

"Where's general Hanson?" cried somebody got general Evans. "How got rifles and bayonets?" were the exclamations to the crowds of soldiers. General Evans quickly arrived, and very soon discovered that the cell in the guardhouse was empty. The glandelinian desperado who had killed the child in the company street had escaped and had been doing his very best to help the other rebel murder the boy and girl, when Davyson interposed. No he had taken to flight without accomplishing his wicked purpose, which perhaps was a good thing for him, as by this time the soldiers were not in a pleasant mood. Davyson was sent to round him up if possible, and a decision was reached to shoot the glandelinian for attempting to cut up the two children to death, when the rebels courage began to fall and he begged to be spared. He was immediately taken out of the house under guard, and he was securely placed in one of the tightest tightest internment camps to head trail by guardhouse for his attempted deep within general Hansons very headquarters.

Hanson had been absent while on duty at the time and had just arrived two hours after the place had been raided by the soldiers and the glandelinian assassin captured.

The whole encampment awoke the next morning to find that it had another child assassin for a prisoner. The other glandelinian had vanished and no trace of him could be found as yet by the cavalry who were scouring the region for him, but the other prisoner had remained, a source of trouble for the guards.

Finally he was court martialled and sentenced to be placed before the firing squad. Occasionally since then many suspicious persons strolled toward the outskirts of the christian lines but he never gets in or causes. "Move on and be quick about it." Is the order from the moment they strike the entrance or limits of the christian lines, and it is given by the guards in a tone that admits no debate.

After the last day of the bloody battle of Lehighburg, landing when the winter sun had set and the twilight shadows were settling over the snow and body covered plains, an Angelinian officer who had been on his way all the evening soon came in sight of the yellow lined stream known as Gunbeas Creek, which marked the boundary of the main christian lines under general Hanson. He was also a part of that of general consentinian Aronburg and also, mention if you please to mention. He had set out from the rear of general Hansons christian lines the morning before a little before sunrise and now at the end of nearly two days journey through a wilderness, and escaping from the horrors of one forest fire which advanced with the speed of a racehorse, he was now nearing the region of his enemies the rebels of Angelinia.

He thought indeed thrilled the young Angelinian officer, for it was indeed his first journey into the region of the foe lines, and he knew that his reputation as a warrior of Christ and his Blessed Mother depended upon his success. He had during the last evening of the eve of the battle of Lehighburg landing betted any of his comrades, that dangerous as it was he could succeed alone, and without compass to reach the foe lines, at besieged, ivian y picket and rescue any number of little child slaves he wished. He Angelinian soldiers around him. It first had been so scornful as it was a more dangerous undertaking than any one ever thought, but liking the young officers manners and his bravery they decided to accept his bet, and if he failed to accomplish the purpose he was to owe them all a ten dollar piece. If he won they all were to give him the same price.

He had known just where the many child slave troop was held and the brave Angelinian officer had determined to rescue them single handed, not only to win

the bet but also to free the children who he felt so sorry for, and also he liked to be able to boast that he had succeeded. And knowing the nature of child slaves he being without children had longed more than ever to have some of them in his arms and embrace. It indeed was a daring undertaking for a lad of fifteen winters, but he had talked and conversed with Father Dearburner, the Angelinian Catholic chaplain and had made many promises and other prayers to the Great Sacred Heart of Jesus and his Blessed Mother, and dangerous as it was and foolish as it seemed, and also rash to the extreme he felt sure nevertheless of his ability to accomplish the exploit. Exploit a young officer whose name was James Gurneller made his camp beside the beautiful little stream, and as night finally closed down upon the snow covered plains he started a tiny fire, and broiled sufficient chicken enough to last him through the remainder of his journey. When he wrapped himself in his blankets and sat beside the half frozen water. A trout was plashed within a few feet of him, a sparrow sang its night a chirping in the branches of a tall tree above him, and sometimes far to the west he heard the signal boom and other bawling signals of the foe lines, and generally the serenade of some time timber wolf. A moment later his pony snorted in fright, and the young officer arose to his feet, and drew his revolver. When he reached the horse, he saw a form of a man slinking away into the snow windows. Not wishing to fire as the pistol would make too much noise he picked up a large stone and hurled it after the retreating form, and then not being able to get him, returned to his fire.

At sunrise the young Angelinian officer crossed the stream, and rode away away toward the west.

He saw far from the distant suggestion of composition of the "Mollie" taken fortifications large cities of gray tents, and many moving bands of glandelinian cavalry, and garrison and other dragon dragon squadrons, but as he was far off from them, and not seen, and as he was anxious to reach the foe lines he made to attempt to go in hiding now. He however traveled with the greatest caution, and was also in the disguise of an Angelinian officer for he realized that at any moment he might encounter a party of rebel cavalry. The day was far spent when the young Angelinian officer crawled to the crest of a ridge to reconnoiter, and discovered an immense cloud of dust far to the south of him. He watched it with considerably anxious anxiety, and in a few minutes he saw what appeared exactly to be a tremendous sea of rebel horsemen galloping across a large plain and over two meadows their horses making a great continuous galloping noise that was heard from there. They were riding toward the west toward ivian picket or one of the other fortresses, and the young Angelinian officer believed from their appearance in their uniform and hats they were the

"Mollie" soldiers and garrisonians together. He watched them for nearly an hour before they passed out of sight over a high rise of ground, and then he counted his own pony and continued on his way. He rode until dark, and camped again for the night on the open plain near the little stream. Early the following day, the young Angelinian officer discovered smoke of great volumes rising above a long line of pine and tall evergreen trees some distance to the southwest. He believed the trees marked the course of the little stream, and he felt sure the smoke rose from some section of the glandelinian encampments. His heart bounded at the thought. Having actually come within sight of his goal, he became greatly excited. However he soon stifled his emotions, for he knew that to be a successful in his daring exploit he must remain calm. He estimated the hostile encampments to be at least a days journey away, and for a moment his confidence weakened as he realized indeed the extreme peril to which he must expose himself to reach and get into the foe lines to accomplish his rescue of the children. He knew the number of guards, very road and bridge toward the foe lines would be guarded, every company street had had guards, and even the child slave pens were more strongly guarded. When he thought of the plight of the many child slaves may be in and it gave him new courage. He realized however it would be foolhardy to attempt to get into the foe lines before dark with so many sentries about and so many foe cavalry roaming about like herds of hungry wolves, and he looked about for a safe hiding place. He knew also he must avoid the foe searchlights the following night for if one of them detected him he would not know what happened if any cannons got his range. Several hundred feet away he saw a narrow ravine, and when he reached it he found out it was a portion of the water course for the Gunbeas Creek for in the bottom was a clear stream of sprouting water not as yet frozen as its current was too swift.

It stretched away toward the southeast, and the young Angelinian officer believed that that by following it he could approach a part of the immense rebel encampments with little likely hood of being discovered. But he had to look out for foe cavalry also. The young Angelinian officer followed the bed of the beautiful little stream until it turned abruptly toward the west running toward the direction of the horseman's river, and then he picked his pony and crawled forward to the top of the ravine to again reconnoiter. He had covered half the distance to the foe lines, but he saw the immense clouds of smoke was not from there, and were further off than he had looked. The smoke rose from somewhere in Julian Gallo and hung over the city in thick wreaths. There was a big fire burning in the city no doubt for the smoke appeared as if a whole block were burning. One more of the besieging guns work no doubt.

He had known just where the many child slave troop was held and the brave Angelinian officer had determined to rescue them single handed, not only to win

seeing the nearness of the rebel encampments however he trembled with excitement, as he saw the immense city of tents and barracks, and then the immense flaming fortresses far to the rear. The sun was far down now near the western horizon; snow clouds were appearing from the northwest, and he determined to wait until dark and then move. As soon as night had once more settled upon the mountains the young Angelinian officer though a little troubled by the numerous enemy flash lights scotching the sky, and surprised at the excessive red glow over Julia Gallo led his pony from the ravine, and rode cautiously toward the main bed of the Auburn river. He made a detour toward the southwest, for he had seen a sea of horses grazing near one section of the glandelinian encampments and he wished to avoid them. He feared they would exchange signals with his own men, and thus arouse the suspicion of the rebels who would begin a search and make it impossible for him to even get near the lines. When the young officer finally reached the fringe of the many trees which bordered the water of the little stream, he dismounted and tied his pony. Then he muzzled it with a piece of heavy cloth, and set out for the city of glandelinian tents and barracks. The young officer made his way through the timber as cautiously as a wolf for the woods at a certain portion seemed to be teeming with glandelinian guards. When he had gone for some distance he stopped to listen. The night was hush was broken however by some outcry of a glandelinian signal man, but not being suspicious that he was seen he cautiously continued his advance, a few moving forward as cautiously as some blackfoot Indians. When a hundred feet further on, he heard something moving through the bushes directly ahead of him and became most suspicious. His heart pounded against his ribs, and his hands trembled violently as he silently drew his sword and sought shelter behind the nearest tree. The unseen prowler was advancing directly toward him, and the young Angelinian officer wondered if he had been discovered by one of the rebel sentinels in the outer outskirts of the forest. He peered cautiously around the tree trunk, but the darkness was still impenetrable. Then as the sounds drew nearer he looked again and saw a small human figure moving toward him from the bushes. He next instant had the object by the throat whatever it was so tight that it could not let out no outcry and pulled it violently toward him. At the same moment he heard the low long and dismal wail of a glandelinian coyote, a short ways out on the plain, and also signal reports of the rebel lines going on and continuing for several minutes without abatement and the searchlights began to flash with greater fury.

After having pulled the unknown creature toward him and letting go had placed one hand across the mouth he took out his own little flash light and flashed it a moment at his prisoner. It was a ragged terrified little girl. She looked at him with unspeakable terror, but instantly seeing it was no rebel he changed.

Terrified as she was he had however no difficulty whatever by preface to show her he was no enemy but an Angelinian in disguise, and then she having confidence in him he told her how to get past the guards, and promising she would remain in hiding where she was he said:

"I'll go on ahead then but to know where you are in case I return I'll leave with you my flash light. If I happen to fail to come back this way make your way to the Christian lines by following the banks of this stream. Go north not south or you'll run into the rebel lines."

She promised to follow out his instructions and after an embrace from him he went off again toward the foe lines. He knew right then the little girl was a child slave who had made her own escape. Soon afterwards after passing about three hundred guards, he saw the glow of many glandelinian camp fires, and he sank to his hands and knees and crept forward until he was within sight of the nearest trees when he concealed himself in the bushes to watch. As he saw many figures moving about the camp fires, he heard a sound behind him and was surprised to see the little girl had followed him.

"I came back," she stated timidly, "to ask you what you wish to do within the camps of the glandelinians. Are you going to spy?"

"No," he answered and he cautiously told his mission. Now dear reader if it was not for the child as advice he would have failed to accomplish his mission for it would have been impossible to enter the foe lines. With the aid of the little girl he had no difficulty in identifying the glandelinian warriors as they strutted to and fro in their uniforms with shouldered arms. He saw also a number of blood hounds slinking at the edge of the encampments, and his heart filled with misgivings at the sight of them. The Angelinian officer knew that if they once caught his scent or the scent of the little girl they would instantly alarm the enemy, and the woods would soon be an inferno of rifle shots for him as he ran for safety. Through what the little girl whispered to him as he helped her in his embrace for all the time he realized the difficulty of entering the foe camps without arousing them. And also through what the child told him he realized it would be useless however to enter the camp until he had located the child's slave internment camp.

The child told him that there were 10,000 children boys and girls confined at the camp and were worked like horses. A sudden grip of a fear came over him.

Perhaps the ten thousand children may have been massacred by the glandelinians. This horrible thing usually happens when the rebels fear that the children would be rescued by Angelinians or agents or spies, or during some desperate attacks. The child's eyes indeed flashed threateningly at the thought. If the ten thousand little children had been massacred, he knew his bet was not won and so he was prepared to forfeit his own life to avenge the little children. Having made his bold decision he offered telling the child to keep out of sight of the rebels and after giving her one tight embrace and asking her to pray for his success crept stealthily through the undergrowth in the hope of reaching a spot in which he could see the portion of the encampment where the child had pointed out, where the child slaves were held. When he finally gained a position which commanded a view of the enemy encampments and the city and even the fortresses nearest to him, his heart filled with joy for he saw the shacks where the child slaves were kept and many children still were working though it was still dark. Except for their almost complete nakedness or ragged clothing one might have supposed them to be members of rebel child scouts for there was nothing except the work they were doing and the guards over them to suggest they were child slave prisoners.

They would have appeared apparently as free as the foe soldiers themselves with whom they were if it had not been for the work they were doing and the guards and overseers among them. They were helping in the erection of high sentinels and breastworks and the placing of cannons. The young Angelinian officer looked at the numerous child slaves with amazement. For one moment a sickening doubt entered his mind. Had the child slave really renounced renounced the Christian soldiers and nation and pledged a allegiance to this hated rebel troop? He knew that this choice was sometimes offered to any number of child slaves, and he wondered if the child slaves had accepted the terms to save their lives. The young officer weakened at the thought and almost felt not going to their aid. However his confidence in the child slaves however was too strong to be shaken by such unjust suspicion, and the young lad felt thoroughly ashamed for having permitted it to enter his heart. But ever was the reason for the apparent loyalty and restraint of the Rebels to the child slaves, the young Angelinian officer was convinced that it had not been earned by their sacrificing their God and his blessed Mother by betrayal through cowardice.

It was not long however before the young Angelinian officer learned the true significance of the most unusual procedure. He saw twelve glandelinian officers emerge from a large labour or circus like tent near the center of one of the encampments, and walk slowly toward a group of other rebel officers about a table near a camp fire. They were led by a tall broad shouldered man, who wore a wonderful hat almost in the fashion of the Mexicans, and a spid splined uniform fit to kill a king of a blue gray color. The young Angelinian officer knew at once from his dress and manner that he was a glandelinian general. Behind him came a short older man who wore a hat similar to the generals, and a uniform of a colonel, in his hand he carried a walking cane. The young officer believed he was a courier or an orderly.

The other warrior officers all wore black round hats of sailor fashion but larger and carried coupes sticks, and the Angelinian officer felt sure they were also head officers of the division glandelinian of that encampment. He believed they had been sitting in the headquarters tent in council, and as they formed in line before the main leader, the lad realized that it was to be an inspection of the child slaves for they also were being lined up by hundred per rank. He feared the fate of the child slaves were in their hands, and then too he began to dread it was an examination to find out which of the children had become sick from overwork or something of the sort, or defective from accident for all those who did were massacred as no accounts.

A terrible fate indeed for the poor child slaves. At a word from the chief commander the other rebel officers rose to their feet, for some moments the two lines of officers and generals looked at each other spoke few words and then faced the line of children. The rebel generals appeared indeed to be superb specimens of fine manhood, and the young Angelinian officer gazed upon them with interest. Then the rebel general began to talk. It was impossible for the young Angelinian officer to hear what he said, but he gained some idea by watching his gestures and gestures.

He saw him sweep his hands about the circle of general officers and point toward the barracks and other buildings holding the child slaves, and the young Angelinian officer believed he was intending to remove the child slaves to some other portion of the camp or at least put them inside of a wooden shack where all hopes of rescue would be gone. The lad fixed his eyes on the chief general of the Angelinian rebels and sought to read the emotions which were battling in his own heart. The rebel veteran warrior general had been too well trained however to display his thought thoughts on his face.

He required himself came back into circulation possession and so the Christians had reappeared. Not a moment later all the ground they had lost

He showed no more interest than any of the fierce and stolid "landelinian general officers who stood watching him. His splendid self control filled the young Angolinian officer almost with pride for though an enemy he could not help but have admiration for the landelinian general. When the main landelinian general finally ceased speaking, the Angolinian soldier felt his heart beating wildly, for he realized that the situation of the ten thousand child slaves depended upon his reply. For a moment or two the rebel chief was silent, while he glanced scornfully at the child slaves lined up before him and then defiantly toward the direction of the besieging christian lines. Then he made his reply. At his words the warriors about the table near the camp fire sprang to their feet and stood in double rank with shouldered muskets. The Angolinian officer fearing now something was really going to happen to the child slaves, drew his pistol and cocked it, preparing to send a number of shots toward the direction of the Angolinian rebel lines. The latter however he realized were beyond pistol shot range, and as he watched the generals, he heard the chief leader speak in a tone of authority, and the rebel soldiers moved forward in defiance glaring fiercely at the child slaves. Then the chief general called three of his under general officers, and they disappeared into a nearby tent.

A moment later they came emerged with rawhide thongs, stepping up to some of the child slaves, they bound their hands behind them, and led them into the tents. Then the landelinian general again called all his officers into council and the young Angolinian officer dared not think of the penalty they would impose upon the child slaves. His one hope was that the Angolinian rebels might from some cause or other delay the execution of it until the following day. Otherwise the Angolinian officer knew he would be powerless to save them, and not only would he lose the bet with his Angolinian comrades but he would be unsuccessful in saving a large number of children and win fame for himself. He watched therefore in breathless suspense, while the landelinian general addressed his officers. The young Angolinian would have given much to know what he said then, but nevertheless he felt sure he was seeing the fate of the ten thousand little children held as slaves within the rebel lines right in sight of the besieging christian encampments. While one of the other general officers also started speaking and when he finished one of the other generals worked himself into a great frenzy of rage, and all the officers and even thousands of the privates great grunted his remarks of with approval. When he finally exhausted himself in his exciting harangue, a number of the landelinian generals arose to their feet and started toward the tent in which the two children were confined. The chief general called them back however, and a great hope entered the heart of the young Angolinian officer. He believed they at least intended to wait until the following day before the child slaves would be transferred to the city of Julio Gallo. When the landelinian generals finally ended their council the night was more than half gone, and the sky was rapidly being clouded over and soon it began to snow as heavily as snow could ever fall in the vorse of mountain blizzards. The young Angolinian officer trembled with eagerness, as the last officer and soldier entered his tent, and the great landelinian encampment became quiet. He watched the fire smoulder to embers, and finally go out as the snow wetted it, and as the city of tents was soon blotted out in darkness he turned his face to heaven and thanked god and his blessed mother. Still he waited, fearful of the dogs, and landelinian sentries. He heard them snarl at the edge of the camp which he could not hardly see now on account of the snow shower. The snow was falling in the biggest flake flakes he had ever seen. The Angolinian had known it would be fatal to move toward the encampments until the dogs had gone to sleep. When they became quiet, the lad realized that his opportunity was at hand. After seeing to it that the child would be comfortable, and not be exposed too much to the sudden snow storm he rose to his feet, and advanced cautiously outside toward the hostile encampments. When he reached the outside section of tents and barracks he stopped to listen. Hearing nothing to rouse his fears, and seeing nothing of the sentries who he felt sure could not see him also on account of the thickness of the falling snow, he drew his long army dagger and pistol, and continued boldly into the encampments. He moved as noiselessly as a fox, and after an hour of crawling he reached the section in which the child slaves were confined, and then sank to his hands and knees, and of crawled forward with his body close to the ground. He approached one of the guarded places from the rear, for he believed if the sentries had been placed to guard the buildings they would likely be stationed at all the entrances only.

The Angolinian officer then lingered some moments on the outside of the building, and then as all was still he managed to pry open a window, and thrust his head and shoulders through the lower opening. He saw many small figures lying on the floor without beds apparently asleep, and his heart beat wildly with excitement. Cautiously an inch at a time he finally managed to crawl into the building. A guard at the moment inside the building happened to see him, and the young Angolinian officer crouched with knife in hand ready to defend himself.

An instant later he saw the child slaves arouse themselves and look at him as he crawled to the middle of the floor.

From his queer and peculiar actions something told the child slaves that he was no

SEE PAGE FOUR HUNDRED SEVENTY EIGHT.

#### CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE...

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE DOWN THE WIDE RUMBA RIVER.

he showed no more interest than any of the fierce and stolid "landelinian general  
officers who were watching him.

From his queer and peculiar actions something told the child slaves that he was no enemy, and they were all around him eagerly and unafraid in a moment hopeful however that he was a deliverer.

"We must be cautious," whispered the Angelinian. "here are guards all around the building. I have come to try and bring all of you ten thousand children out of the enemy lines if possible and if you in this building can lend me a helping hand we can all make the break. I can cover your retreat with my pistol and besides there is a blinding snowstorm raging outside and the snow is falling so fast that nothing can be seen at all now. So the snow will make it impossible for the rebel guards to see you as you children make the break for the rear of the lines." and then he cautiously gave the eldest of them instructions what to do. so numbers of them managed to enter the other building and the many children there aroused and hopeful determined to try their break for freedom being confident as they realized they were to be led by a spy who had entered the foe lines. The eldest of them decided to take the youngest children into their care and lead them through. For so many children as there were it would have been impossible on any other time. But the snow storm outside had grown in fury coming down so thick that nothing could be seen except without lying for even fifteen feet in big flakes as large as ostrich feathers mixed with heavy hail and sleet and this gave them poor children the opportunity they wanted. Most of the children had slipped out of windows and through cellar ways, taking with them what they could and soon the Angelinian officer was in command of a troop of ten thousand little ragged half naked children. Fortunately being so long even from almost infancy exposed to such roughness the children did not feel the cold at all, and it had no effect upon them, but it did seem difficult to walk through the snow and especially if it grew any deeper. The Angelinian officer had in the meantime when went to the tent where the other children had been confined and bound and he cut the thongs which bound their hands and feet and telling them his mission he motioned them to crawl carefully from the tent. At that instant the guard near the tent saw the motion of the soldier and he approached the Angelinian officer. When he was within a ten foot distance the Angelinian officer sprang to his feet and hurled himself upon the astonished rebel.

He had him by the throat in a moment and in the struggle he choked the rebel to hard that he could not cry out, and then the Angelinian officer bound him, ah hand and foot, and tied a rag in his mouth. A moment the three crawled from the tent, and meeting the column of children he gave them all instructions what to do and so all were back to the plain having made their way to there safely, not being seen on account of the thickness of the snow. They tramped through the deep snow all the rest of the night and toward morning when the storm began to abate they suddenly came upon a column of Angelinian cavalry, and so the remnant remainder of the time the Angelinian officer and his number of friends and refugee refugees whom he had rescued had little difficulty in getting to the christian lines. They had gotten away in triumph and the rebels discovering the children gone were furious.

"It's good you are such a brave warrior," said the Angelinian officer in charge as he brought them all to the barracks within the lines. "General Hanson 'Avian shall hear of this thing. why a single man rescuing by a clever move ten thousand children. why it would seem impossible. Yet the children and even the first woman you befriended in the woods are witnesses."

"I did it for two reasons," said the Angelinian officer.

"You did?"

"Yes sir."

"What are the reasons?"

"I made a bet with my friends that I would dare enter the foe lines and rescue a few children. The second reason was that I had a desire to do so from a longing to set them free."

"How many did you say you were going to rescue in your bet?"

"About as many as there were in the rebel lines."

"Well you won your bet tremendously!" said the general. "and you can thank god that you did for it was a most dangerous undertaking."

The soldier got more than a reward for winning his bet. He received not only the money he won but also an ever a good kiss from nearly every one of the children. In token of his love he held him in his embrace a long time for he loved child slaves more than any one else. Another good account written of the great bravery of Angelinian soldiers.

christians had recaptured the captives and so the  
captives were all the ground they had lost

George Pauler, a German an Abissinian soldier, from the country of beautiful tropical  
contending, had been agreeably surprised in the town of Pierre (Gervardin).  
a short distance, a miles away from the bn being the river line at the Gervardin  
valley. The general command of the Abissinian division No. One had sent him out  
with another man called Pierre Henry as his helper to make a small expedition  
down the river and learn the intentions regarding general Hanson's operations  
toward Entabara and to make a tour of the distant enemy positions, a survey of the  
extensive fortifications of Lucille, Fickson and Gedermehe, he had objected on the  
ground that he was not conscious of the country of the enemy and of the fact that portion  
of Gervardin would make his attempts to do so doubly hard and dangerous. But the  
very little Abissinian-Gervardin had been always a constant surprise to him  
for the few days out, his memory was indeed very excellent beyond measure to boot  
for he had never been needed to be told a thing more than once. At meal  
time Pierre services to his Abissinian companion had been perhaps most appre-  
ciated, the exhilarating of the winter region and of the Gervardin woods in  
that early winter time had furnished the Abissinian soldier Paul with a prodigious  
appetite and he admitted himself that he would so surely have fared poorly enough  
without the cooking done by the Gervardin-Gervardin.

Without the cooking done by the Udvigsmann, Angelmann, Williams, Jackson and Gesserdine we had to follow in a general direction the course of the mighty Norman run, now swollen by the snow and the December thaw. The river intersected the line at regular intervals and it had been impossible to carry the camp stuff by boat or canoe since the end of the days work of carefully spring and scouting never found them very far from the stream. Several lines already that they had been discovered by Rebel soldiers and they had to make a dash for the mountains and the snow escape.

They had thought that in coming back to the Christian lines if they ever do return after their mission it would be easier to run down stream with the current.

Paul was new at the paddle, but very enthusiastic, and eager to learn the trick of it himself. He suspected, however, that his Angelinian comrades might find him none too apt a pupil, and in crossing the stream at certain parts or in being pursued by foe boats in the river he had never in entire animated Paul with the stern paddle.

to Paula suggestion they that they change ends for a while, and Paul had taken the hint, though a little resentfully. Despite several times of exhortation with few persuaders they had not yet needed to use any of their weapons. And in some ways Pierre was an unsatisfactory companion. Keatonia admitted, though rather guiltily that the very tactfulness of the little Angelinian-galvardenian got on his nerves, especially in the silent hour of the great night when the woods were so dark and the moon so full and the fire and the soldiers, was not a thing for which Keatonia could ever well find fault with his companion however, so he made

when the chieftain could very easily have killed with his bow about noon on the 11th. Anne Jane was the object of his spleenfulness. Jane, the dog, a husky haired girl, a few years younger than the large, dark-skinned, red-haired man, had bravely insisted on this, and she kept him from reaching himself at the Athabaskan encampments and not go on the dangerous expedition down the river of porcupine. There was easily enough room for him in the boats below, and as Pierre pointed out, he really helped steady the craft when going for '11 speed while pursued by the enemy. Jane was sensible to the fact that he was indeed persona non grata with the head of the expedition; but like his master, he perceived a dignified alliance in the matter.

frankly admitted," but he's got lots o' sense." And that was all he had to offer by way of apology for his dumb companion.

may or apology for RAB dumb companion. The heavy island falls close to the region of Macille, Jackson portification fortification. The my across the south side of the great river, which for two miles back formed the actual boundary line of the fortresses of R Jackson and Gerdernine, and were crossing in the canoe or boat to resume the survey of the great fortresses at the point designated on the chart. The swiftness of the stream above the small falls made busy work of paddling and also they were careful not to be spotted by the foe in the fortresses or they would be blown to kingdom come by the gun fire from ashore. The current however bore them down stream somewhat, despite their efforts. Three quarters of the my across was down stream, with a narrow pass separating it from the north bank of the river. It was my opinion that if there was a way, it would perhaps be a wiser plan to make around the island in darkness of night and carry the boat over to the north passage. The island they knew had a large fortress on it also.

In the middle of the wide stream known as the Norma Ru gun River the Angelstein soldier pierree had decided on this course, and had headed the canoe diagonally down the current. As they had went a short distance they were surprised and horrified to see three Mandelmin gunboats pursuing them at top speed. Ahead of them a little to the right was a wider section of the stream. As the canoe swung close to the shore of the Island Paul reached out with his paddle to shove the bow off as at first he did not wish to land at the island. When some from the pursuing gunboats the reports of guns and pierree shouts of warning came too late. The bow was cleaved for several feet by a solid solid shot, and the stern of the canoe swinging in toward the lodge, was hit by another shell which glanced off and despite pierree frantic and desperate efforts, the little craft was captured the next instant by another solid shot. A poor swimmer even under the most favorable circumstances, Paul came gasping to the surface, and after a few desperate strokes managed to grasp the bottom of the overturn canoe but it sank. Upstream pierree was attempting for the moment to maintain a foothold on a ledge of rock which showed barely above the surface of the stream, but the currents was too swift for him.

He was swift off the next instant, with the dog abreast of him, and endeavoring as though awfully frightened to clutch his shoulder. The gun boats were coming fast and the two Americans decided to rather drown or be shot than allow themselves to be plucked up by the scruff of the neck. Pierre started desperately toward the shoote shore of the river of Norman. The dogs heavy paws reached out for him again and again, and shots were striking the water. I all about the man and his struggling dogs-- either to avoid them, or because he could not help himself. Pierre went under several times. Finally with a desperate yell of impatience he turned over on his back, and raising one foot to the surface kicked the dog in the chest, pushing furiously to drive him off. The dog was forced a little to one side and Pierre seizing the opportunity, swam with all his might for the shore. Again bullets whistled about him and the dog and the enemy of the leading gunboat was aiming a swift swirl gun to open for fire. In disgust and impatient at the dogs action Paul reached for his revolver and took deliberate aim at the animals big snout.

"No, no," shouted Pierre excitedly as he sized up the approaching gunboats and knew their distance by this time. "Don't shoot the poor sog dog, wire at the pursuers if you cannot they will get us. Ha V!

He at that moment saw the gunner preparing to fire the gathling gun and mittering mattering. "The worthless brute of a landolina found he fired his pistol at the rebel and saw him stagger from the gun and pitch headlong to the deck where was a yell from the crew of the boats at that and a volley of rifles were crashing but the bullets though they rained all about the three swimmers did not hit any one.

"That worthless damn dog is interfering without any sense," growled one of the Glendelinian officers in charge of the landing gunboat. "Aim properly and get the dog first. Do you want him to allow our fugitives to escape as the damn apes!" In a moment the dog had again overtaken Pierre and again Pierre's head was forced beneath the surface just as a number of rifle shots rang out. With a feeling of horror Paul watched the struggle that ensued between the raging swimmers and the rebel gunboat. As he dug was doing that to his master purposely not for any reason known to prevent the rebel bullets hitting him for Paul saw that every time the enemy killed a swimmer the dog ducked his master under the water. He himself was powerless to render assistance, for the dog was often so close and moved by the way possible and kept himself under water as often as he could. He was so close that Paul saw he had all he could to maintain his hold on the rocks in the rushing water, the river current, finally with a great gulp for air Pierre came again to the surface, within a few feet of the ledge. As he grasped the end opposite Paul, the dogs paw suddenly reached out once more for his shoulders and the animal attempted frantically to pull himself out of the water. In the struggle that followed when several of the rebel soldiers dived overboard to capture them, the fighters were forced beneath the surface. Paul being the victor and having strangled strangled his assailant to death under water came up clogging, with Pierre's hands still clutching the shoulder of his own assailant, and after dislodging of his enemy he had got a fresh grip on the rocky ledge but in a position so that the fire of the rebel gunboat was directed upon him.

the fire of the rebel gunboats would not hit them as the rocks protected them. He heard several speaking soothingly to the dog who was evidently recovering from his surprise and fright, and he began to hang a quarter of a mile up the river beside the sheltering side of the rocks. Mentally the current was carrying the boat on to a more terrible place than the steam engines could make them go. A quarter of a mile below them was the bend in the river where a portion of the Micajollistindian fortresses could be seen, the prospect of all three being captured by the desperate rebel warriors was imminent. The shore of Beaver Island was but a hundred yards away, but the chances of reaching it when exposed to the fire from the rebel gunboats, looked very slim. The Micajollis saw the current of the river was rising too swift, that they would be killed at its mercy if they dared to swim across. They cursed the rebels who had brought them to this plight.

Christians had recaptured after that horrible fighting all the ground they had lost.

In the full relaying sweep of the current, the boats had rushed down stream and were now pounding the ledge of rocks with gun fire, first on every side around with howls to give in broadside of snarl, now stern first and again side on, and all their efforts to prevent the rebel gunboats from getting nearer to them was futile, more than once, but for Pierre Paul wounded in the arm would have lost his hold of the rocks as the end that he was clutching too was sometimes submerged by waves lashed by the movement of the gunboats that were only twenty feet away now. And now downstream there came up to them the roar of many cannons. The two young christian soldiers looked at each other without a word. The poor dog, too with his animal instinct also sensed the peril of the situation, whimpering plaintively. A little ahead of them and on their right, they saw to their joy that a point or a larger section of the ledge they were clinging to jutted out into the stream from the mainland shore toward the christian side.

"There's an eddy upstream a little below the point," said Pierre. "And the rocky ledge is so high we could work out our way and not be exposed to the rebel fire if we can keep our heads under frequently enough."

"Will if you can make it," returned Paul between a chattering teeth go. "Go ahead." The dog Jane began struggling, whimpering pitifully, and trying evidently to get away from the rocky ledge, but Pierre held both big paws tightly and powerfully tight grips.

"Can't do it," admitted Pierre, and then after a moment's pause "Due Jane she can..."

He reached in his pocket, and brought out his coil of army steel tape. In an instant he had slipped the end of it under the poor dog's collar and had made it fast. Paul looked on in numb indifference. He suffered miserably from the cold of the ice filled river. Jane had evidently had more than enough of such cold water. The point seemingly offered him a chance to escape. Freed from Pierre's grip of his paws he started across the ice roaring current with a powerful shove from Pierre to help him on. The thin metal ribbon whirled out of its case as the dog rapidly neared her point of the rock. The landmen aboard the boats seeing this at once opened a fusillade but the swift motion of their boats made their aim very poor and not a shot hit. Clinking and splashing deeper to force their own way across the current and seeking protection of the long line of tall rocks from the rebel fire the two were borne on at an increasing pace, irresistibly toward the shore of the river. A very moment a solid shot began to splash about them in the water and bullets also and one of the lads was hit but he struggled on. "Look look," bawled Pierre who was the one hit in the shoulder. "Jane has made it. Good doggie!"

Paul had already devised Pierre's plan of escape, but looked on with faint hope of its success. At the dog's shaggy head and broad chest emerged from the water unharmed by the fire of rifles and artillery from the boats, Pierre shook the tape line, and gradually it grew taut. The dog slipped backwards a little in the water. Pierre's lat out still more of the line, and then held it again. The enemy kept firing not daring to approach nearer for fearing of running aground on the rocks. The rocks were the shelter of indeed of the two christian spies. Jane now was nearly clear of the water. Feeling once more for the tug at his collar, he braced himself against it, whither whether or not he fully sensed the situation, it was evident he had no idea of being dragged back into the current if he could prevent it.

Foot by foot the two christian lads were swimming their way toward the island under heavy fire from the gunboats, and artillery now on shore, but for the moment the strain on the tape was a little too much for the dog.

Struggling fiercely he was again pulled into the water, and again Pierre was obliged to let the line run a few feet more. Paul cast once quick glance back of him toward the distant fortresses and saw artillery manned upon the rocky ledge.

"It's no use," he decided presently. "Let go of those damn old stones Pierre and you and I can make it."

A grunt from Pierre was his only answer. Things happened quickly during the next few minutes. Cannons thundered on shore in perfect salvoes, shells roared in loud explosions above them in the air rattling the rocks with bullets and fragments, great geyser of water shot up about them as solid shot and shell landed in the river, and bullets from the attacking gunboats became thicker than ever. Despite the din Paul heard the click as the tape line ran out to the end and the next moment another shell exploded with great force in the water, making a gigantic geyser which in dropping made a sweeping wave, and Paul was dragged under by the fierce downward swirl of water produced by the shock of the bursting shell in the river, and the water closed over his head. A portion of the rocky ledge was blown completely to pieces and a gap was in the line of rocks now. Even in his despairing struggle to reach the surface, he was conscious of a fierce clutch at the neck of his sweater. He was conscious too of the rushing of the current, and realized vaguely that the big dog still held his ground and was working at the roaring cannons on the opposite shore. The thought aroused him to use all his strength toward saving himself, and with arms and legs he beat wildly against the steady and unrelenting pull of the rushing current. In a moment he had reached the surface again, with Pierre who had been drawn under by the wave also, unyieldingly grip at his neck, with a gulp of relief he expelled the air from his seemingly bursting lungs, and got a fresh breath.

"Easy now," Pierre was saying. "We are in the eddy." As his dazed senses cleared, Paul realized they were being borne gently across the stream, close to the christian side of the shore along the jutting point of the rock. On shore were lines or swarms of purple and red coats. A dozen strokes brought them safely ashore, though nearly as unaided, both of them not to say the poor dog also, from the numbing cold and their exertions. Jane rushed down the shore to greet them.

"The rebel pursuers have given up their chase," grinned Pierre indicating the retreating rebel gunboats with his finger. Jane he could not see could never have held us if it was not for the help of the rescuers on shore!"

"I was dead wrong all along about the dog," confessed Paul. And Pierre grinned delightfully at the young christian officer's shock. "They had failed utterly in their expedition but it did not matter. It was sure they knew if they could report without lying that the Gorn River was impossible to be explored by simple rowboats and by canoe men. If it was to be explored it must be done by battleships and gunboats."

But so desperate on account of his failure Paul decided to make the trip once more, with Pierre but to have some other lads with him. So in the morning leaving behind on boats the boys had a good opportunity to examine them and the crew. It was an old story to one of them called Bob, yet he took a delight in pointing out to one of his comrades all things like the foe positions and the fortifications especially to a lad called Everett True. The enemy soldiers were strong in numbers and Bob said:

"The rebels are desperate now with the tightening of the siege, with the arrival of general Hanson's armies, his brothers and Zimmerman's, and with the coming on of the galverindian winter. Next years all these rivers approaching the Gorn will be filled with war crafts of all kinds. And for the next month general Hanson's plans to swarm pontoon bridges across the rivers. Trees by thousands even will have to be cut down and peeled and logged to be used in the construction of the pontoon bridges you know, but we ourselves do not need to go in very strong for it as yet unless we are commanded to do so. The outfit they had consisted of an eighteen foot boat, weighing about three tons, and four big calfskin kumpanaks. The latter were capable of holding some three tons each, while Stanley and Bob and Everett True carried seventy five pounds each each. The boat was to be used only when we were required to carry about fifty pounds each. The boat was to be used only when possible for the expedition was going to be made this time with the greatest care, and as the frequency of the rivers rising permitted no navigation for its full length the packs were only to be carried when rebel gunboats, crafts, and music from fortresses, and other obstructions necessitated leaving the water, or when from more caution inland trips would be made if you please."

The supplies Everett Everett True noticed, were limited to salt pork, potatoes, bacon, flour and other materials, salt and coffee and a generous supply of tobacco and ammunition. They had a number of grenades aboard also so they could sink rebel gunboats and other small craft should they persevere when discovering them.

Christian had captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christian had recaptured the fortresses and the ground they had lost

"Our bill of fare for this darn trip will get a bit monotonous," whispered Everett True as he took his place in the middle of the big rowboat. "You will find that it tastes mighty good, and when we add a trout or partridge you will say it is the best you have ever ate." "Declared gob," Truest Abner to keep supplies. If we run short we will supply ourselves from the enemy."

"Where will we camp tonight?" Inquired Everett True, hungry for information, and beginning to feel that he was really a veteran scout. "Here would you advise?" Drawled Abner, who overheard the inquiry.

"Not to be caught," Everett True took his time in surveying the rugged snow covered landscape. The black growth of trees of different description close together, mingled with cedar, pine, and hemlocks, and tamarac trees in the lowlands, extending up to the spruce and fir and evergreen was interspersed at intervals by hard wood ridges. Near the banks of the stream patches of ghostly birch grew tall and slim. Unknown to him this was one of the nearest trench and encampment positions of the lines of Angelinian rebels under general Manley himself.

"Well he finally decided, 'I'd go up between those two hills to the right, and camp on some high dry spot where we would not encounter so much deep snow.'"

Charlie made a peculiar sound in his throat, and dug viciously with his paddle, while Abner in a voice trembling with impatience and surprise, asked "Why would you?"

"For two things," replied Everett True now confident he was answering correctly. "I would camp where I could get a fine view of all the enemy positions to the west, and northwest, of the fortresses also, and where I would not get cold from sleeping near the rushing water of this river."

"By Jingo if we were nearer the christian lines I'd go back and jump on one of the officers and tell him to keep you chained to a tree for fear you would commit suicide," exploded Abner.

"Woodie," endorsed Pierre.

"Why what have I said now that is wrong?" cried Everett True.

"What are we out here for to scout on the enemy or give ourselves up to them?" Replied Paul sullenly himself resting on his oar. "Are we here for view, views or for scouting? Why do we go down the stream so cautiously... because the enemy forces are tearing the banks of the river. Those hills you mention are enemy possession and on their summits are great lines of rebel artillery. I'm surprised at you. We go in among the enemy for sleeping quarters and we shot down like dogs or be made prisoners. It don't seem as if you lived long enough to see show so much ignorance. I and my comrade Pierre had enough experience with the foe yesterday and to day we wish to keep clear of them if possible."

"Good talk," muttered Charlie.

"Will camp on the stream until our mission or expedition is over, cause the enemy are swarming their position on both sides of the river at this location," added Abner. "Try and remember that. It ain't no good to try and find positions of the foe and then surrender ourselves in it."

"Then I'd camp under those birches on the bank to the right and have a guard ready to warn us the first thing so we can slip down to the river again."

Everett True sought to mollify. Charlie's goodhead was as in heat as angry tattoo. "Keep it up and you will go overboard," muttered Pierre under his breath.

"Is it possible?" murmured Abner, appealing to the back of Charlie's head. "To think of I Abner Whillie taking a young you for out in the river board on both sides with woods in possession of rebels, and a youker who even don't know that no one wearing the christian uniform can dare camp on those grounds. Why in the name of common sense do you suppose those rebel troops have their positions there for?" He continued now raising his voice. "And then before Everett True could attempt to reply he ran on. 'It's because we would be suspected as spies, and because no one can approach their shores without being fired on by rebel artillery. You can send a whole division of troops into those woods younder, but you can't drive them on if they are half moved down. The enemy positions are too strong.'"

"I see," muttered Everett True hanging his head.

"Don't see," corrected Charlie, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"You are right, Charlie he don't see nothing," cried Abner to whom the young Angelinian soldiers lack of knowledge seemed incredible.

"He saw himself in a glass," Weekly reminded Abner.

Abner half opened his mouth then swallowed as swallowed convulsively.

"I beg your pardon young man. There's a first time to everything. Maybe you will learn a few things after a while..."

"Why don't you tell him that a body of Angelinians and Abyssinians together won't go through those woods to scout, any more than a chicken will go and jump in fire," indignantly demanded Abner. "You are the worse man to pick on a fellow that I ever see..."

"I'll tan your purple jacket some day when it rains," mildly promised Abner lighting his cigar. "Then kindly," what Abner says is correct of course, only I supposed every one of us Angelinian soldiers know it. Very little handfuls of christian soldiers will try any such stunt I'll tell you, and its only committing suicide when any one attempts to do so."

"I don't see what you mean," interposed stern Stanley himself.

"I mean no number of troops without the support of artillery can save a successful assault upon those rebel positions which we are cautiously passing."

The assault upon those positions means a great loss of troops and for once through our argument with Everett we have nevertheless discovered something. We know how the foe positions lay. "Patiently explained Abner.

"All boys learn when they are old men," grunted Pierre.

Thus far the six scouts had been rowing swiftly but noiselessly through the darkness of night through dead quiet water watching carefully the flashing back and forth of the numerous rebel searchlights, but now the guides keen ears caught the sound of rushing water although it was sometime before the lands on the expeditions came to an obstruction. It was Everett True's first experience in making a "garry round obstructions, and he dimly realized that life of every one in a wooded region might under certain conditions during a expedition through enemy territory have its physical drawbacks. At this portion of the river they could go no further. There were floating barges fifteen hundred feet long covered with cotton bales, and really with an oil, there were swarms of gunboats and steamers, and the river teemed with floating mines, and worse of all heavy chains stretched across the river in a perfect network of snags and the river here was impassable.

Not only the trucks and rifles had to be toted for a considerable distance in land under cover of trees and bushes but by foot cautiously through the fringe of every territory, but the boat also had to be carried as they could secure no other. After a considerable distance they managed to pass this first dangerous obstruction of the river, and above it having not been discovered by enemy sentries, they were again on the river, and rowed up the swift water. Then came more "Garriss" around island fortresses, around more chain obstructions and the like, around the big foe encampments teeming with campfires, and around many trees that had fallen or been cut down and thrown into the stream a maze of floating logs. This proved the enemy strove by these obstructions to bar the advance of christian fleets which any attack, like Whilthor by river and sea.

It was when about to enter the larger portion of the great obstructed river that the lad Everett True received his second lesson in scout life. The canoe was floating idly by near a broad expanse of woods where by the help of searchlights the man foe positions could be seen near an extensive bog, when there sounded a cry that was suggestive of the oak cackling of a number of hens at once. In the domestic environment of the farmyard, Everett True would never have paid any heed at all, but out here, with the region scoured and occupied by enemies, with no sign of friends anywhere but rebel positions and horrid looking fortresses and glaring searchlights, and campfires and looming cities of tents in the distance and only the outcrops of sentries every now and then to break the monotony of the woods and water, the noise caused him to start nervously.

The others in the boat lifted their heads quickly on having heard it. "The being unusually grave of face. Everett True with Abner's searooms fresh in mind, did not venture to seek any information just then. He thought the rowers quickened their strokes, and from this finally decided that this must be a strange danger signal in the harsh note. From the tail of his eye he observed that Abner was gazing apprehensively toward the bog, and he wished that he might be given anchor and be allowed to aid in some degree in making from shore. He also wished that those who were rowing would turn out into the open water, and not hold a parallel course, but he said nothing. If danger confronted them, he would prove he could meet it in a manly fashion. Then the oars were held motionless and the men seemed to be listening intently. The strain was beginning to tell on Everett True who was a stout strong fellow, when the cackle seemed to explode right at his side, and with a half smothered cry he almost started to his feet with rifle in hand gazing at the water.

"Sit down, gunt. It won't do no good to shoot," thundered Abner, as the boat tilted to a dangerous angle. "No you want to give us all a lesson in swimming when foe encampments are on both sides of us. That is the matter with you anyway."

"What was it?" whispered Everett True, staring at the water and discovering nothing.

"Maybe it was a ghost," said Charlie.

"Keep still," commanded Abner as the sound again seemed to rise from the side of the canoe, and Everett True was about to capsize the craft from sheer terror and excitement. "O hear something and not see it was beyond comprehension. He feared not the enemy but an unseen enemy who would let out such a peculiar cry was too much."



"It's only a porcu-pine or something like it," growled Abner-ton. "It walks heavy and probably sounds like the approach of a devil, but it ain't. No go to sleep jolly fish or I'll put you to sleep...."

"Hark was Everette True's reply. "Can't you hear it. Hundreds of men talking in the woods and tramping of feet and the sound of bayonets clinking together." As he paused there suddenly came a muffled note indeed resembling the voices of many men conversing in low tones, and also the sound of tramping feet and the sound of bayonets.

"Those may be only racoons," impatiently informed Abner-ton.

"Please quit Everette please do," begged Bob. "I want to go to sleep."

"Yes get to sleep before you are put to sleep," growled Per Pelree. "And when you hear a sound as of many people scolding under their breath don't rouse me up by jumping on my chest like you did before. For it won't be nothing but a signal from a glandelinian scout somewhere indicating that of a skunk. And if you hear a pumping sound, don't grab for a rifle, for it will be a signal like the noise of a stake driver of hitlers. And if you hear a ooo, its bye sound like the black bear, but there is none around to bother us. Here has been too much shooting around here of late and all animals and birds are afraid to come around. And I guess that is about all you will be afraid of to-night. Now keep shut and let us sleep."

"It's going off and down to the river for a while," said Everette True quietly.

"Why?" gasped Abner-ton sitting up.

"Because I'm afraid," confessed Everette.

"He must be a good desperate coward indeed," remarked Charlie, as before he could be prevented, Everette True disappeared in the darkness.

"I guess it all," growled Abner-ton, "who ever see such a cowardly fellow. I suppose one of us must go and fetch him back before the rebel scouts see him and start a trouble. If they see him they will suspect where we are and we will be taken in short time, and if he is fired upon by the glandelinians he will either go insane, or get lost and not be able to find his way back to us."

"Wait I'll go him bye and bye," said Charlie. "Let the rebels give him a good scare. I don't like cowards and I'm afraid we may have to drop him and send him back to the lines. He may queer us yet...."

In the meantime Everette True cautiously felt his way down a slowly to the edge of the mighty river, and seeing moving figures in the darkness far off here and there he was palpitating in every nerve and hid himself behind every tree he came to. He was however trying to punish himself for intertaining any such sensation as fear, yet the sweat he stood thick on his forehead as he advanced. Abner-ton said the voices were from racoons, his nerves told him it was rebel guards or prowlers talking in stealthy voices, probably talking about him. And what in the world were all those moving figures going back and forth, flashing ever and anon lights of red, green, blue, yellow, orange and all the colors the very artist knows. That looked mighty suspicious and the sky at times was lightened to dazzling brightness by large beams from searchlights. He dropped to the ground as he again heard the cry resembling the great horned owl, but which to terrible cry seemed to sound directly over his head, not nevertheless as he stole his courage, and doggedly advanced, he became conscious of a new note, a note seemingly of sweetness and love. It sounded to him like the night lullaby song of some woodcock, only he could have given credit to six or seven birds for the music. First came something like a beautiful twitter, then one changed to the pure strains of the canary, followed by a slightly nasal, clarinet like "b-z-z-z".

He therefore forgot the distant proplews, the possible-hoo sound like a bear, and the hoot owl similar signal call. The sound as of the barking of a fox passed unnoticed, and the thrilling booming chorus near at hand was unheeded, for now the beautiful night sounds seeming to approach him were flooding with a wonderful melody and the harsher notes were as if they had never been. Out somewhere in the darkness it seemed as if some Old Ben Frabody bird, or white-throated parrrp, warbling with the beautiful Phoebe bird, and it seemed as if waves of music rippled across the lake, and smothered the bog in harmony.

But the sweetest of all was something like the good night song of the hermit thrush. It indeed came in lull as if in the evenings a program place of honour had been reserved for this in comparable songster. Everette's eyes were filled with tears as the end sweep sweet notes seemed to be poured forth. It indeed seemed as if the beautiful singer were telling about other days, when all was pure and true, and a shadow of homesickness fell upon the youth as he sought to interpret the sound. Once or twice he thought he saw figures as of little girls dancing by and it seemed as one of them stopped and looked at him and then disappeared as if in empty air. With bowed head he stumbled along the bank, tripped over a canoe and then picking himself up and with an any particular purpose groped his way back to the leanto wondering how it was that at times the rebel sentries could indicate such lull, and then such beautiful sounds for signals among each other. But it was so indeed the rebels as no birds were in the woods the sound of so much heavy firing having scared them and all animals away.

Charlie the leader was re-arranging the fire, seemingly; in reality about to set forth in quest of the com comwardly wanderer.

"Get your nerve back at last!" asked Charlie very gently.

"I heard the most beautiful songs," cried Everette. "It will ring in my eye ears at nightfall as long as I live, I hope."

"See hear! See planter or dragon or fiend!" gravely inquired the guide.

"No I saw nothing. I was so absorbed with my music and by the figure of little children passing me that I nearly broke my neck in tripping over a boat. When I fell my hand fortunately struck one of the oars and I saved myself."

Noisy Charlie straightened with the little ease and quickness of a pan phanter and picked up his rifle and tied on his cartridge belt and pistols. Abner-ton too and the others awakening, seemed electrified and rose quickly, if awkwardly, and reached for their firearms. To Everette True's surprise, Bob rolled over and seized his weapon.

"What is the matter?" whispered Everette.

"Don't you see? I found a boat with oars. Its some of those glandelinian persuaders all right snooping around to do us dirt. They may have found our hiding place or are looking for it. If it was a friend he would come up to the fire, and take pot luck." Rapidly explained Bob examining his rifle and pistol.

"Why, it was our boat I suppose," muttered Everette True.

Not Bob despite his excitement, found time indeed to smile whimsically. "We brought our boat and paddles up here. If you lugged the oars and I and two others helped Paul carry the boat. Don't you remember?" He reminded.

"All stay here. I'll go and cautiously investigate," harshly commanded Abner.

"Abner-ton has the best head for this sort of thing," murmured Pierre, lying flat and pushing his rifle ahead of him. Everette rubbed his eyes as if in fresh wonder. Noisy Abner-ton had vanished. One moment he was one of the group of Angelinian spies, the next he was gone. And no sound betrayed the course of his going.

Then with staccato sharpness and abruptness, came the report first of one rifle, then a score all at once, followed by several more, single shots.

"By jig they have jumped him I'm afraid," cried Charlie rising to his feet.

"Let us run to the rescue," said Everette, his teeth chattering, even as he was truly willing to advance as he did not fear an open fight with an enemy. Only the horrid sounds had terrified him.

"You six keep quiet and stay here. If they mailed him Abner-ton won't need any help as he will be beyond our help. If they had missed him he will take care of himself."

At that moment came the sound of more single shots and answering fusillades.

"They missed him," murmured Bob. "Some glandelinians discovering him fired at him and he has returned the compliment."

A few minutes after he finished they were surprised to see that Abner stood up with them again, coming as silently as he had gone.

"The swarms of Angelinian rebels searching for us, searched all the time since they drove us from the river in the evening," he quietly informed. "I came to tell you they have destroyed the canoe. I fooled them. They started firing at me but I dogged behind the tree and answered with shots from my rifle and pistols. I confess I dropped a man for ever, shot. Despite it all I routed them to the river. But maybe they may come back again. We got to watch out they don't find us here or otherwise we are trapped."

"Was the rebels alone?" queried Charlie to Abner who had returned.

"Alone. No. Cautiously with them," replied Abner-ton. The river is swarming with rebel gunboats. Leaders bring parties of pursuers here on shore. We thought we had come to rest here alone without pursuit and find out ourselves hounded. But I must have scared them off for they did not expect to be fired on in the dark. They have gone to get help. Had places for little girls to go roaming about. I have three of them, runaway child slaves. And he produced them.

"Finally after comforting them he ordered all to go to sleep again, and he quickly fell asleep while Charlie resumed his guard work. Abner-ton and others were soon all asleep. But Bob and Everette True, remained awake for more than two or three hours, conversing in quivering whispers.

"There's going to be trouble," declared Everette for the twentieth time. "Those rebels are surely searching for us closely."

"Charlie and Abner-ton have not talked so much in years as he has to night," said Bob. "My song son you wanted things exciting. I'm going to say that I'm sorry but you are going to have your wish. This is war you know and war has all the excitement that would satisfy an angel at that."

Abner-ton repaired himself back into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the most sensitive feelings all the ground they had lost

When Everett True opened his eyes the next morning, he was surprised to behold the Angelinians and Bob up and busy around the fire.

"We let you sleep this morning, but here after you must be stirring at sunup," informed Bob sternly.

"Very well," said S. Everett weakly. "No I'm awake, what shall I do?"

"Wait first before anything else," said Charlie his eyes glittering as he saw as he poked from the coals, two blackened balls, that once were moist clay.

"Thank you but I prefer salted pork, or bacon, and a cup of coffee," replied Everett True, writhing up his nose, as he recalled the guides preparation of the two boids.

"A cup of coffee," mimicked Bob, daintily switching to the coffee pot, and filling a tin dipper. "Wait a moment and I'll get you a fresh bakkin'."

"Stop kidding," said Everett True shortly. "I meant a dipper-----why?"

The exclamation was evoked by Charlie breaking open the two clay balls, and exposing the grouse, skinned and cooked to a turn, with all the feathers adhering to the clay, leaving the flesh as smooth and clean as if it had been carefully plucked. And the odor was indeed very pleasing.

"Fix some salt pork and potatoes for the younger Charlie, while I awaken the three children," ordered Abner. "He don't care for fowl."

"I beg I---I beg your pardon," Abner, and yours Charlie," stuttered Everett True. "But I have changed my mind. I'll have some of the bird if you please or there is liable to be a scrap...."

"You should have said what you meant at the go in," rebuked Abner, eyeing the breakfast very gloomily, as he feared on account of the three children now with them there would not be enough to go around, however when he felt he ate but little at that, and while the others all ate heartily Bob winked luxuriously at Everett True.

"Hurry up it is soon time to go now," said Charlie very sententiously, beginning to pick the ham-packs and everything else. "You know we are within the foe lines and cannot remain here too long for it is not safe...."

"Here are we bound for now if you please to say!" eagerly asked Everett, recalling the excitement of the night before.

"You and Bob will go to a place we have picked out for you. You are to stay there, till me and a Charlie comes to call for you. You are to have your weapons fully loaded however, and have plenty of an untimely union...." said Abner.

"Here is it please!" asked Everett showing no surprise whatever.

"Charlie will show you the trail," replied Abner. "He did a little cruising this morning before you woke up. It's a small deserted shack but still within the rebel lines. Many glandelinians and officers of the rebels have been stopping there, but they are away by this time. We are going to take these children back to the christian lines. Charlie overheard that the rebels are going to bring little children three girls and four boys to the shack with the purpose of murdering like they do and I wish you and Bob to be there so you can interfere and rescue them. You know how to do it Bob."

"But the glandelinians won't come there in too great numbers and find us there, will they?" Ann loudly inquired Everett True.

"No indeed they won't, and if they do it will be only because they are bringing the children, and it will be those who you are to be looking for," cynically reminded Abner. "If it had been those three little girls we have with us instead of ye swooning down by the half frozen river last night, they would have met with excitement enough to bring them to heaven in no time I'm a thinking...."

"I ain't afraid of any glandelinians for one," said Bob stoutly. "But why allow this man to accompany me? I'm afraid indeed he is so cowardly that if a party of rebels would approach us now he would faint."

"Boy foolish!" observed Charlie. "I see he shows a cowardly streak you know what to do."

"Well I guess there will be no danger at that," slowly decided Abner. "Not so much as if you were with us. We will be between you and the rebels, and we are certain you two will accomplish your work successfully, and the rebels won't come in too great a numbers to the shack with children who were too helpless to get away. The rebel leader however knows Charlie would pick up their trails and by this time no doubt the rebels who had been looking for us last night have went back to join their own comrades and not one of us will be bothered if we are careful enough to keep ourselves concealed...."

"Who hired them to do the dastardly trick?" cried Bob his mouth opening in great curiosity.

"Never you mind; leave that for your elders and betters," discouraged Abner.

"No glandelinian rebels ever come here and tries to spoil our way of retreat of their own idea. Some officers put them up to it I'm sure. Of course any of the rebel officers are glad to pay off any wicked scores they believe they owe us so called 'Christian dogs, but they in person would never monkey around even a camp

of spies and fugitives less there was a jug of rum or whiskey, and a few hundred thousand dollars in it for pay. I don't give a rap about their trying to find us, I'm only anxious to return these three little girls to the christian encampments before we are hard pressed by too many rebel prople prowlers."

Everett felt but little confidence as the men made ready to leave, but Bob did not display any loss of spirits. "Have he did not have any spirits with him," "see that bunch of red spruce?" a shortly inquired Abner, pointing, as Everett thought, in a very indefinite manner. Bob did not suspend his brilliant but nodded cheerfully.

"When you strike it you will find a bla back blaze to the north. The way is so plain a child could not get lost. Two or three miles will fetch t you to the shack. It must have been put up in the old days, when the Galverinians were cutting through the old growth. Ah this was the days, of peace and happiness...." And Abner sighed, as he contrasted the giants and happy days of his boyhood, when one spruce might scale more than fifteen hundred feet, with the horrible war scenes of to days. Please go away.

"All right," said Bob. "Grab your duffle and a rifle Everett, and we will be moving. So long folks."

Everett truly had expected a different parting indeed, a shaking of hands, a show of regret, and for a moment he felt hurt at the seeming coldness of their leave taking. Charlie even gave them no head whatever, while Abner returning to his task of rolling his blankets merely nodded his head in dismissal. Bob shrewdly diagnosed his companions emotions and smiled whimsically.

"Got strong on sentiment whi?" he grinned. "You will surely get used to that my son if you stay with us Angelinian troops long enough. Once about five months ago when I was only a green recruit, I got mad with Abner up north near probably pondina, and while out on an expedition quit him in the night. I was lost in the enemy's territory for four weeks, and after being captured four times and finally escaping, at last saw his smoke, and got to him. I did not even have a hat then and could not make my two smokes. Then I staggered into the clearing of the forest and he was smoking a cigar. All he said was: 'Guess we need a little more wood Bob.' Never mentioned my running away to this day."

"That sounds very harsh," condemned Everett True. "Then folks part in the city or country, they are civilized enough to shake hands and say goodbyes."

Bob fired up at that for sure. "And I guess one of the city folks or country folks will quit his work or his city life and go up out and hunt out a stranger or tramp through the woods with the barrels of the army, or paddle down the river facing enemy batteries, or paddle down a river if a neighbor is sick shi! As for being harsh, there was never a minute Abner would a put a hand on me. He knew I would not starve for a day or so, and he let me have my sulks out. If your city or country friends were so mighty nice to you why did you quit them and join the army to fight against this bloody rebellion. Why did you not get one of them to find you a job or give you money enough to make you rich so you would not have to work and have good time and all the pleasure and easy life your heart desired?"

Everett True's face drew down pitifully, and his lips trembled, as he struggled to frame some reply. In a second warm hearted Bob had seized his hand and was crying:

"I'm a brute Everett. Just kindly give me a few kicks. But you riled me by knocking the army folks. We are so busy and in such hurry especially when within the very foe territory that we have not any time for sentiment. It does not mean that we don't tell it, but it does not fit with the rough life of the army when in peril. Say say you forgive me, for I'm mighty glad no one got you a job in the city, and kept you from entering the army and coming up here. If you survive you may not regret it."

"It's all right Bob," said Stanley winking his rapidly at eyes rapidly. "It hurt because there is a lots of truth to it. I had to join the army and come up here to get a chance."

"Now here is the spruce, and here's the trail," cried Bob wishing to divert Everetts moody thoughts.

"Trail," blankly repeated Everett True staring about. "I don't even see a thing you would call a path or a roadway."

Bob's fresh laughter rang out loudly causing two gossip gossiping crows on a dead pine to scold furiously. "Why you poor innocent," did you expect to find a road. We cannot use the roads. We would be spotted by the rebels sure enough. There's the trail dead ahead."

"I see nothing, not the sign of a footprint," stubbornly insisted Everett most stubbornly.

"If there was a path you would not need a blaze," explained Bob, still hugely amused. "Now look. See anything on the trees?"

"You mean the trees with the pieces chipped out of the bark?"

"Sure that is just what I mean," "See you can count a hundred of em all in a long line. As we go on we will find more and more and still more. As long as you continue to pass pass blazed trees, you will know you are following the trail." Encouraged Bob....

had captured himself came back into christian possession and so the christian had recaptured the rebel army. Finding all the ground they had lost

"Whoever came this here way, first stopped for some purpose and made those marks!" Inquired Everette True, much interested.

"Not me when coming back." Returned job. "He had been a fugitive and did it so he would not be lost, or to prevent himself from being captured by the glandelinians who were after him so you see what I mean." Returned job.

"I admit my ignorance, why try to fool me all the time this way." Reproached Everette True sternly.

"He, he, you are an awfully good man and comrade Everette True despite your immense plumpness, but you are certainly funny. Now wait I'm not fooling you at all. When the fugitive came in here he wanted to find his way out again didn't he?"

Everette relaxed, relaxed his lips and nodded, a bit coldly.

"As he passed a tree he chipped the side he would see when coming out. Take this tree. Look on the other side. See he made that blaze going in. Now when he got in and decided he would want to come back after again after he eluded his pursuers, to build the shack or hut, or for any other purpose, he followed his trail back, and chipped the trees on the side we now see."

But why did he not chip or blaze both sides at once when going in if you please to mention mention? Asked Everette his brows frowning.

"Because he did not know when he went in if he would when pursued so desperately over come this way again. If he wanted to come back this way again he made his back blaze. That would lead him out. But he would not when pursued spent time blazing both sides till he knew if he was safe enough to go over that same trail again."

"That did he make the trail for a road?"

"Oh no indeed he did not. When you blaze for a road you blaze a tree on each side of where you want the road to go." Answered job.

"Well decided Everette True button my shoe." "I can see how Abnerston and Charlie and the others, have an easy time finding their way back to the christian lines with the three resumed kiddies."

"Everette you don't mean that?" "It's too good to be true." Roared job, now convulsive with laughter and ulth.

"Say Robert Hardeur Thompsona we have been good friends but you annoy me." Exclaimed Everette True. "What have I said that is so confounded and dogmated amusing?"

"I must laugh if you kill me." Gobbed job. "The idea of the group of christian soldiers with the children in trying to get away to the christian lines, stopping to kindly blaze trees to show his rebel pursuers where he is bound for."

"I'll admit it does sound rather silly." Gossiped Everette True. "Yet Abnerston said that the rebels would find his trail."

"My dear boy he meant that Charlie our leader and guide would find a foot print, the mark of the boat against the shore, a broken branch, a stone turned over and the like. He meant that Charlie would see signs of the former presence of the rebels who had been searching for us last night where you and I would see nothing!"

"Then all the trails are not like this, and a road trail?"

"I should say say not." Say one of us men wants to hide something in the big woods, something important has got when pursued by the rebels, or wants to keep secret, a pocket where he is getting or haven't having secured plans and the like, he makes a trail no one else can find. Once when pursued by rebels and having escaped I found a runaway hive full of honey bees, and knew the hollow tree was half filled with honey. I wanted to wait until it got cool in the fall, when the bees would be numb, and not wanting to sting me. So I took some red cedar lichen, and fixed a trailer here and there on a tree. Some of it took root and finally grew, some died, but retained its color, and no one would imagine it meant anything. And I got the honey."

"Job you are indeed a great wonder." Admitted Everette True eyeing his taller companion with a feeling of awe. "I suppose you will soon be studying up something entirely new in trails before very long a horn."

"I have already." Replied job complacently. "I got the idea from a piece of an orange peel peel."

"By could why how could you do it?" Cried Everette True.

"City chip insisting in the army asked me once to accompany him on a ride toward general Johnson's lines. He some some oranges along and as he ate it he threw away the skin. I noticed that a bit of that peeling stuck out into the landscape like a sore thumb. I never saw a color that would beat it yet. If the peeling fell or was side up you could not go anywhere near it without noticing it. Its the only thing that I have ever saw in the color line that seemed to jar nature. So I told Abnerston that if I could have some paraffine chalk, orange color, we could save blinding trees, save the bark as well as the time, and have a trail you could never miss. The paraffine would never wash out, when on ledges and rocks, where you have to depend on small piles of rocks and stones, it would be just the thing to make your trail with. They have it at the encampments, in all colors for marking lumber and trees, but then colored with the rebel scouts around so thick won't do just now. I want an orange for my part."

"I wish I knew what you do."ighed Everette True button my shoe. "You are ahead of me in books of all kinds even."

"Oh no I ain't, and I guess I'll never get so I can talk properly." Lamented job so dolefully, that Everette True himself burst into a laugh.

"Here we are at the great stream in the possession of the enemy called the orna gun flowing in branches or outlets or something like that through the biggest and most strongly fortified city in the whole world, and fortresses by hundreds by jinks so strong as to be able to hold back the whole heaven to say." But do you think of that for a seige like this one now going on my son? And job danced enthusiastically along the banks of the half frozen stream.

"Here the nearest portion of the Lucillis broken fortifications!" Asked Everette True peering about. "Could it be dangerous to go and see it?"

"The first section of these fortresses are quite nearer than we think, and we passed them twice before we got here under cover in the foe lines." Said job.

"And he pointed to a long forbidding object in the form of high stone embankments apparently made of concrete and iron extending partward within sight near the banks of the stream to the southward, the concave side being upstream fairly teeming with bulwarks, towers and long lines of gigantic cannons of all sorts. Now follow me cautiously Everette and we will find their runways, or sluice ways, but we must be careful that no rebels see us spying so near them or we will receive a volley."

Everette True followed him across a pontoon bridge not guarded by rebels but probably abandoned, then walking on what appeared to be a dam, and soon mounting a high hill opposite was soon gazing at many great fortified paths leading up toward the fortresses and could see immense shore batteries extending in whole lines, great stretches of encampments and swarms of Angelinian rebels moving about within the lines. Far off could be seen the walls and the city itself of fortifications known as the Odegrina fortresses.

"Where's six of them in this location or at least six sections of them?" counted job. "See their immense fortified towers two hundred feet broad and eighty feet high above the forts ramparts." And he indicated several neat buildings that appeared to be forts above the fortress itself, measuring from two to three hundred feet in width. "I tell you the rebels wicked as they are are mighty cute and clever fellows to have known how to get the chance to trick the Galvarinian governments so they could get hold of Vivian Wickey. And it appears that the wicked glandelinians know the war game better than we do, even if we can master the largest armies, have the most supplies, and can fight so fiercely."

"But how could they do it?" queried Everette True, studying the immense ramparts and towers and the size of the forts and encampments and river and bay shore batteries almost incredulously.

"They did this because they knew with Vivian Wickey in their possession and the forts also they could maintain the rebellion. They have also builded extra fortresses with the purpose of holding back us christians. I do hate the glandelinians but nevertheless for their cleverness I take my hat off to them just the same."

Declared job.

"I suppose in the recent battles a horrible number of glandelinians have been killed." Said Everette True.

"Hardly." It was for assaulting them ourselves that we received the heaviest losses. Besides these fortresses there are many others, salients and many land positions the enemy have, and we are going to have a hard time to recapture Vivian Wickey even if we do succeed."

"Everette drank this in with avidity, and begged his companion to wait a while on the top of the two thousand foot hill, and see if any more large swarms of rebels would not put in an appearance within the rebel encampments which seemed to stretch as far as eye could see even at that height. It appeared as if the whole world was holding out against human mansion so immense was the rebel positions indeed."

Bob smiled. "We will not see too many rebels just now, but no reason why we should not loaf a little bit anyway way. Almost sure to be something coming here. Only you must keep quiet and motionless as they have attractors which can detect the slightest noise for the distance of a mile and if we do not look out shells will be dropping among us up here."

An hours silence however revealed no new secrets of the distant fortresses, except as a bird tried to catch an orange after a wall where rabbit and failed and laughed hideously at the youths as they jeered him. On the rest of the journey through the gloomy woods, in ing cautiously and leisurely, job pointed out a king bird successfully attacking a hawk, and several winter silver-bird woodpeckers telegraphing to their mates on the surface of dead trees, just before they emerged into a clearing in the forest of trees. Job suddenly seized Everette's wrist, and gently but quickly drew him back behind a wide tree.

"It's something suspicious." He whispered, holding his rifle in readiness.

"It's something big. It's a bear or some animal." Trembled Everette True, as a large number of forms creaked toward them through the underbrush.

"No stress." It must be about twelve hundred rebels approaching us."

Cried job under his breath. "See they have rifles and bayonets and hoods and regalia. They are Gargolians. Good God if they see us good night."

He ventured himself came back into christian possession and so the christians had reconquered the fortresses and the rebels all the ground they had lost

The Gargolians at this point all being on horseback and there being fully two thousand in number at that, turned sharply following through the trees in swarms and soon rode away without seeing the Angelinians behind the tree.

"Those Gandelinians are never as dangerous as the others except when aroused to fury," Announced Everette True.

"Wrong my son, those Gargolians there on horseback with carbines and bayonets might have charged us and slew us right where we are if they had seen us. I can never tell what the Gargolians will do for they are one of the fiercest of the lot. I have been pursued five or six times by them, either on foot or horse horseback, and I would rather have a bear or a tiger even moccasins and wild reindeer after me any time than those. A Gargolian squadron are the only things I am really afraid of at any place and I always take good care they see me not. No--I'll take that back, take for instance those ferocious Mis-pollastinian forces called the Zammer wiggins and Turmeramians, and when they attack they are tough enemies to meet with. They are so desperate and so determinate and also obstinate that they will fight to the last drop of blood in their bodies."

Soon they came within the sight of the old abandoned shack. This shack bore mute evidence of being recently occupied, and Bob's eyes wandered often to the edge of the thick woods, as he realized that these Gargolian squadrons had just left this region, maybe their leader having occupied the place, and he had a score to settle with them. He kept his rifle near at hand, when ever leaving the shack. An old cook stove of Franklin style, heavily rusted and broken in several places, did for a fire place, and Everette added to his small store of woodcraft, when he came to build the fire.

"Want to burn us out?" Asked Bob finally as his friend stooped and placed new fuel on the blaze.

"You said it was all right for me to build a fire in the stove did you not?" Remonstrated Everette True half angrily.....

"I forgot you are a new recruit," Apologized Bob. "But that cedar and hemlock you have there will send sparks of great size flying every which way and set the shack on fire. Get some, beech, maple, or pine. The pine will smoke but it won't spark."

"It does not seem that I can do anything right here," said

Everette True.

"Not the first time," Readily agreed Bob.

"Is there anything Hemlock is good for besides to burn?" sarcastically inquired Everette True, throwing the offending wood aside..

"Sure," gravely returned Bob, refusing to detect any irony. "The bark is used in tanneries. In the old days especially before this great war they chopped down hemlock and after peeling it they would lean it to rot in the woods, pig trees to at that, nowadays during the war when needed to build pontoon bridges or make obstructions they saw them into logs or make strong abutments with them, even use spruce and other kind for the same purpose...."

"Bob," Cried Everette despairingly. "Is there anything about the woods you do not know?"

"What do I mean--I?" Exclaimed Bob in complete and genuine amazement.

"Why my son I know nothing about the woods. I'm simply trying to learn like all the soldiers do if you please to know my dear son."

"Then what chance do I have to master that information you gave me?" Asked Everette True in amazement himself.

"Not a chance in the whole wide world to master it," quickly replied Bob now speaking earnestly. "In the first place you or I are not cut out to become woodsmen. You or I must be born in the woods to know the timber. You or I might handle the office end but I doubt that. You or I are not cut out for this sort of thing. I'm sure you will pick up a lot--lots what I am telling you. Your suggestion to general person several days ago about the number of foe fortresses was a dandy, I'd never have been enough to think of it in a million years if this world ever exists that long. But you or I are not the st. simon pure article as a woods man. We are only soldiers and on a spying expedition and camping like the dare devils as we are within the very foe region and close to their positions. But cheer up there are lots of drawing good salaries, who don't know the game any better than you or I."

The last was meant to soothe Everette, who did not relish this plain speaking.

"Maybe perhaps I made a great mistake volunteering to be one of the spies and coming up here after all," He bitterly remarked. "What's the use of camping in the region of the enemy if we don't know much about trees and the lay of the woods. We are as good as lost in the region of Hades itself. We'll never get out alone together unless Abnerston and his gang returns and maybe they will not find their way here. And...."

"Not a bit," fired Bob clapping his shoulder. "Don't get huffy because I tell you what I believe to be true. You needed to come here and learn something about spying work so you could become a member of the Gemini-like I want you are the type

that goes back to town and makes a red record. You needed to come here especially in the army to fill out that scrapbook from yours. Once you have done that you will be able to make your way almost anywhere even without guides."

"Sometimes I'll tell you more about myself," Everette True slowly began, when Bob interrupted him, almost curtly.

"I have not asked you to tell me anything about yourself. Nor am I a bit curious. I took you to be a good hang up fellow--and I know you are that kind of a fellow. Now let's forget all about everything, but something to eat. Get out that open bake sheet, and I'll show you how to make real bread. When we will go to the river and catch some trout, and have a snack."

Bob's idea of a snack was a meal sufficiently hearty to satisfy the fears of Abnerston. That night being a snowy one, after everything had been put into shape, the two remained seated before the fire for more than an hour, loathe to go to sleep. The fresh boughs in the corner used for a bed invited sleep or slumber, but not Abnerston, Charlie and their companions and no rebels had appeared at the shack with any kiddies. Ordinarily Bob would have thought nothing of living alone in the woods for any length of time, but now because he knew he was in the enemy territory he did feel a strong sensation of uneasiness. He almost wished he was in the open, with only a couple of machine guns for protection.

Finally in an effort to cast off the strange spell, he bolatoriously challenged:

"I'll dare you Everette True to go outside."

"It is very dark and stormy outside and the enemy signals are on again," countered Everette True.

"You don't dare to go out and only walk around the shack dark and stormy as it is."

"But what good will it do? There are many rocks and stumps covered by the new snow, and it is so very dark nothing can be seen and we may stumble and fall. And it is not comfortable in here at that."

"I dare you to go," Persisted Bob earnestly. "You don't dare to and I indeed do."

"Now I have not admitted I do not dare to go," Slowly replied Everette True smiling in deep amusement at the persistence. "I simply say I do not want to go as I do not like to go out in the cold and snow unless I have to. You say you dare to go, you are on record as daring to go ahead."

Bob grinned ruefully, but did not hesitate to rise and reach for his rifle.

"If there is nothing to harm you, and you say you are not afraid, why take the gun with you?" Asked Everette.

Bob dropped the rifle and slowly opened the door. It was very black outside and a cloud of snow blew in. As he hesitated there was a sudden flash of lightning or what appeared to be lightning, and a dreadful crash as if a part of artillery exploded, and a mouse taking fright over the detonation scampered across the log overhead, and with a startled exclamation he slammed the door, and leaped back into the room. Everette True gave way to a hearty burst of laughter, it being the first time he had found an opportunity to smile at his own expense.

"With my son," finally Bob quieted raising a hand. "I don't blame you or for laughing. The mouse made a fool of me, and the explosion of the shell overhead scared me it was so unexpected, and I have felt uneasy all evening for fear those dreadful gargolians might return. My darling you was merely an excuse for us to leave here. Now listen I'll hear it again soon. Hark,-----there."

"A regular whistling of the wind."

"A regular whistling, and not the whistle of the wind or the sound of snow on the roof either," muttered Bob reaching for his rifle.

"Something in the woods, a bird signal probably like before," suggested Everette his wrists developing goose flesh.

"It's two men signalling to each other and nothing else," murmured Bob. "They think we are here for the night. They may be the leaders of the Gargolians returning with their squadron. We will make our quick exit through the window."

Bob was half way through the small window when suddenly Everette true caught him by the leg, and soon easily pulled him back, and relieved him of his rifle.

"We remain here," He quietly announced.

"Let me go. I must get out out!" I'll face them Gargolians and the others out in the open, but won't be cooped up in here if you please to know." Cried Bob in a frenzy of fear.

Everette shifted his hold to Bob's shoulder saying:

"Abnerston said we were to stay here at least till he came back. Here we stay Gargolians or no Gargolians...."

"Don't you hear them--you loony!" Whispered Bob his eyes gleaming with fear. "Don't you remember how big a kick of the Gargolians hates us christians? and you boob don't you remember we are spies, and if we are caught so you not not the fate of spies."

"We can hold them off," Answered Everette. "We have plenty of ammunition. If we leave we are cowards."

Abnerston had captured himself and had taken into christian possession and so the christians had recaptured the most valuable of the ground they had lost

"I can't escape from here any how Everett. Let me go please."

"This is our place," slowly replied Everett passing around his companion, so as to block the window. Abner and Charlie said to us to stick to the shack even if we have to go through hell to do so. I can be of little help in the woods, but I have got brains enough to obey orders, and so show the rebels a thing or two if they come here and start something."

"I'm going out of that window," He snarled, violently endeavoring to break clear of the iron like grip of Everett. But Everett's experience in handling heavy weights, and loading trunks, and slabs of stones and also handling all kinds of wet lumber for making pontoon bridges and erection breakwaters and so on for army so crossing had made his hands and arms so many hooks of steel, and with a grin smile he pressed Bob into a corner, and held him powerless.

"Now you listen to me Mr. Thomas Thompson. We are going to obey orders if we die doing it," Forthrightly Everett in a low voice. "You can take the lead at all other times but not just now. For the next few hours until Abner's return I'm the boss myself."

"Let me alone, and get away from me will you please," hoarsely commanded Bob, struggling in vain.

"Yes I'll leave you alone now if you wish," said Everett True stepping back quickly.

"For I know you are mad clear through now, and would not leave here if a dozen demons were about to enter the room. After you have cooled off a bit you will thank me I know."

Bob sat at his jaw and picked up his army rifle his eyes glaring. An Everett had said, he indeed was ugly from top to toe, and no number of pig-tinged lake could frighten him now. He had been suddenly the victim of a spasmodic fear, and now he was all the more ugly and angry to know he had given way to the evil emotion, and had now appeared something of a coward in Everett's eyes. This very realization for several minutes also caused him to feel strong resentment, toward his companion. Everett true on his part, seeing that he had now won his point, quickly subside to his former self, and studied Bob anxiously. He knew Bob's feelings were hurt, and he was only desirous of renewing their old friendship. To accomplish this, he counteracted a feeling he did not feel, and coldly remarked: "I'm waiting to be thanked, I said to morrow. I've changed my mind. You may thank me now."

Bob glowered at him for a moment, and then as a whistle sounded nearer and nearer he sighed in relief, and the old sweet smile suddenly illuminated his face once more.

"Forgive me, Everett. I was mad clear through at you for not letting me go out. But it's all gone now, because we are to have a bully good fight, and I shall have a chance to show you I am no coward. Keep back in the corner. This is my row, and I'll go through with it alone with the gargolians."

"You know that is impossible," calmly replied Everett True, clasping the other hand. "His face was pale, and he believed he indeed was about to face a very desperate situation, but there was no tremor in his hands, no unsteadiness in his voice." "I told you back within the lines that your troubles with the enemy are also my troubles, just as you made my troubles yours. It is our duty to defend one another."

"Well the rebels will have a fine time getting in here," Decided Bob, half grinning. "But a ninny I was in trying to get outside where the rebel leader and his band would have run me down in a few minutes. We are in enemy territory and I ought to know it and—"

"Be quiet, rap, rap," and the door shook.

"I'm going to shoot," cried Bob throwing forward the rifle.

"Wait," I Charlie, "informed a voice."

"A careful you young tyke," bellowed Abner. "You shoot and wound me and I'll skin you alive."

With a hysterical laugh Bob dropped the rifle, and sank to the floor. It was Everett true who unfurnished the bar, and greeted the two Angelinian soldiers.

"What do you think you two are doing," rebuked Abner picking up the rifle and standing it in the corner. "Want to murder us your comrades?"

"One of the boys afraid we are enemies," said Charlie rearranging the fire.

"One of the boys afraid we are enemies," said Charlie, rearranging the fire.

"I'll admit I was quite frightened," generously admitted Everett true.

"He was not doggedly denied Bob. "I myself was scared out of my boots, and wanted to climb through the window and get away. I thought it was general Nicholas gunner and his gang of gargolians for I met them in the woods on our way here though they did not see us. Everett true bent me here against my will. said it was your orders and he would obey. If he was killed."

"Good for him, he braver indeed than I thought," Gried Abner.

"Both good boys indeed both good soldiers. It was good for one boy to get scared," added Charlie, over his shoulder.

"Well I'm sorry Bob could not take our word for it, that we would keep between him and rebel persuaders, and even pick," said Abner."

"the boy was a fool to try to leave the cabin. And yet he was wise to get a good word scarce," said Charlie.

"We did not expect you to night," defended Everett's True just as the others of the boys entered. "We both thought it was the enemy returning for the cabin."

"We followed the trail nearly to the north Bend of the river and felt sure the rebels were headed for the tangled swamps of Orma Run about Wansel Pond. Guess the rebels under general Nick at least will not bother us for a while as long as we keep in hiding." Explained Abner his tongue beginning to loosen as Charlie deftly prepared fresh coffee, and a spider of potatoes and bacon. "When they are gone for good," gladly exclaimed Everett true.

"I looka that way but I cannot be sure about it," said Abner. "If they are gone, you know there could be other searchers looking for us."

"They are not gone," said Charlie. "The rebels may come back to look for us by and by."

"But did you find?" Asked Bob now eager for details.

"Well—," slowly began Abner. "We found the rebel gang of searchers has cut the lots of trees through in the town of Garbondale where we had the battle not long ago. The persuaders seeing they had been outwitted had burned over a stretch of trees expecting to start a forest fire toward us and run us out, but they could not succeed as there are too much snow on the ground and only tree tops here and there burned for a short distance and went out. They could not even cover up the stumps."

"I guess the rebels were trying to cut off our way of escape and prevent us from drifting down to the Christian lines."

"Can you prove it against the rebels under Nick himself?" Asked Bob his eyes flashing.

"Not very well, unless I can locate his rebel troop. It was destroyed only two hours ago. I probably got his troop up gigantic lake way near Ardanok, already already floating with mines, and he took good care to get only foreigners who could not speak our language or tire him. After he had finished he had hustled them across the river. If I could only capture one of them and take him up there it could be proved so close that he would surrender in no time to avoid a massacre."

"How much did he burn?" Asked the practical Bob.

"From a hurried look at the extent of the burned stretch I estimated the conflagration to have burned have burned some two to three thousand tree tops. General Nick is so desperate on account of the siege of Ardanok wicker that he could not afford any spies to escape his lines if he could help it."

"But how could you tell it was he who started the small conflagration, and what did he mean by doing it?" asked Everett True's double barreled question.

"I usually have my pocket maps with me," replied Abner, helping himself generously to potatoes and bacon.

"A two thousand lot of trees is a lot to burn," Completed Bob. "But then its nothing compared to a real forest fire when one one gets started. None of those fires have ever happened yet for fifty years. Everyone is so careful that no woods have been burned."

"Hard work to see forest fires when snow on ground," gravely suggested Charlie, but with a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"I guess the rebels found the line of fire did not progress far on account of too much snow," sourly replied Abner. "At first sight you would say it was an old burn, but just talk a slow walk around, and there are the charred thousands of tree trunks and tops. Don't doubt he cleared up fully twelve thousand trees to burn against us, figuring we would be routed out of our hiding place by the fire, but too much snow made him unsuccessful and he saw it did not pay to try to make forest fires at this time of the year."

"How do you suppose they first noticed the started blaze?" Bob slyly asked of Everett true.

"By the stumps and the ground blackened by fire of course," answered Everett. "Wrong my son," chuckled Bob. "They first came upon a swarm of trees extending for several acres which shows the appearance of having been fired, and this was what we call covered a burn."

"Everett looked queerly at Abner, who nodded between mouthfuls," and continued. "After the foe burn our trees they usually try to make a general forest fire because spruce and birch are the worse trees to start ablazing."

"But what about the birch and poplar?"

"It is the same case," answered Bob. "That's the reason the enemy make forest fires to rout out spring Nationals if they cannot find them or to run them down any other way."

"What do we do next Abner?" Inquired Everett.

"I have polite when you want to learn our secrets and other concerns," smiled Abner, pushing back his tin plate. "But I have no objections to saying we will arise down the river to the east cant of Mt. Evangelina Grand and go back to the Christian lines. I have found out the information I wanted to know and wish to return as soon as possible and report it before it is too late."

Christians had captured himself came back into Christian possession and so the Christians had captured the ground they had lost

"What what?" asked Everett True.

"He means a jogg, innocent boy," explained Bob.

"A jogg?" repeated Everett with no idea of the word. "What jogg do you mean, a jogg for older?"

"What? You learn anything about?" explained Abner. "A jogg is a watered usually beside a stream. Part of our trip will be up northward, and we will follow the west and east cant, and go down the river. We must reach the Christian lines, so far we have made the expedition without much excitement except of which you met the night before with all the noise you were scared of."

"Let's go to sleep now," advised Charlie rolling himself in his blankets, and dropping off at once. The others followed his example, and this night Everett prepared the breakfast as usual, and then suddenly snaked into the woods.

"After that?" inquired Everett.

"He is going back to the lines first with the news," informed Bob.

"When did Abner tell you?" wondered Everett.

"He did not tell me," snickered Bob. "Don't you see Charlie has his rifle and his blanket?"

"I say he is going to deliver a message to General Johnson, or any of the Christian generals he can find first," supplemented Abner. "I want the general to know about our success, and about some intention of the enemy under General Hanley himself. Hanley intends to concentrate heavily near Evangelina's grand, and frustrate Hanson's purpose to reinforce General Hanson's army and increase the tightness of the Indian's defense. As soon as he receives the information he will send great forces up to General's camp, and spies and engineers to make a careful estimation of the whole region outside of Evangelina's grand, while they are doing that, and working all purposes General Johnson will himself concentrate upon the enemy in overwhelming numbers and force him to fight a general battle."

"Can do we start?" asked Everett. "Time button my shoes." "I will cruise it Evangelina's grand till Charlie returns, then we will push right through to the lines," said Abner. "Both have missed Charlie's foot keenly, 5 Everett more than Bob, because as it was his first experience in the woods with the soldiers' spies. He had learned to depend upon the silent leader, and feel no apprehension from enemies while near him. Abner too missed him, but missed his cooking more than anything else. On the first day after Charlie's departure, Abner was intent on account of the snowstorm retaining its wild fury to remain in camp as he feared no enemies as long as the storm would continue, and he was preparing the packs and studying the maps. This allowed the other boys considerable leisure, and resulted in Everett learning, indeed a most valuable lesson. He had wandered about half a mile from the camp, and had succeeded in seeing a lynx chasing a rabbit through the deep snow, and this excited a conviction that he was rapidly becoming a well good soldier and spy, both discounting opinion to the contrary. Near the base of a towering ledge, carpeted in front with a mass of leafless bushes and trees, he came upon a low dark opening. He might have passed it if not for a strange crying noise as if little children weeping. He smiled as he remembered his first experience with forest and enemy signal sounds and unhesitatingly approached the spot to see what was in the dark opening. It was his surprise and joy to inside the hollow rock two little human beings cuddled up in fear in the dark corner cold and shivering and half naked. His bosom swelled as he pictured the envy of and Abner's pleasure at his noting a hero. He believed he could make a statement he deliberately rescued them from rebels."

"Just what children they were he was undecided. He observed the clothing being in rags, that they were two little girls, and this caused him to suspect they were two hooded homeless little beggar girls lost in the woods on account of the raging blizzard and having taken shelter on account of the storm and the cold. In describing children as child slaves he had not thought of, and yet they looked different, healthy and plump more unusual for child slaves. And yet they were, child slaves, and children who had run away and got lost in the woods with glandelinians scouring the region for them."

"Probably they are beggar children," he murmured to himself. "They are awfully cunning and sweet-looking anyway, and I'll take them where they will be warmer."

After he had encouraged them not to be afraid of him, and after he had proceeded only a few rods in the direction of the camp, however, when he was startled by a snarling roar of rifles behind him and bullets whistled a screaming tumult all around him and followed by a yell and shout and volume of curses. He wheeled behind a tree with drawn pistol, and beheld a large gray column of about two hundred and fifty Immarians making toward him with rifles at the ready, with usus unsuspected swiftness. For a second he was paralyzed for he realized what had happened.

They were the searchers after the children and seeing that with him they had tried to shoot him down. For a few moments more he had dropped one of the children and from behind the tree he belted the rebels by shooting them down continually until he ran out of ammunition and then the next moment for the sake of the two children with him he was running from tree to tree as for dear life, over protrude tree trunks, and rocks with the number of lumbering human brutes behind

him growling in fury and gaining a fast. About thirty shots were fired simultaneously but though the bullets whistled close none hit him but he was unworried by never the less he would not give up. He had the children now and he was not going to give up or let them be recaptured now. He dared not look back, for fear of tripping and falling, and only could gauge the distance between him and his pursuers, by the increased volume of cursing and swearing and the ting behind him and the louder reports of the shots fired at him by the rebel pursuers. For did he dare drop his rescued prizes. Even in his frantic haste he told himself it would be cruel to drop the poor shivering little bunches of humanity nestling so close to him for the cruel rebels to destroy. But as he reached the edge of a denser growth, consisting of alders and young birch, he found it necessary to stand behind a tree and drop the two children for a few minutes and throw stones and hard snowballs to confuse the rebels who had gained on him at his very heels. Then with a pang of regret he stooped low and gently picked them up and started on his way again. His throat was parched and burning from the unaccustomed exertion, but he maintained his pace, till he found a small opening, in the snow covered thicket, that promised easier traveling. Plunging into this he was dismayed to come upon the half frozen stream, which to escape the pursuers he saw he must cross. He feared it marked the end for to swim in that cold water seemed impossible at least the children could not stand it. Behind him now each nearer thundered his implacable foes in gray. With a groan of despair he decided to follow along the banks toward the camp, and as he started he slipped, regained his balance, and with the hot breath of his many enemies seemingly about at his very back made a heart-breaking effort to increase his lead. On and on with the swaged yelling drawing nearer he raced, clearing obstacles in a manner that would have won him such applause on a hurdle track. But at last exhausted nature rebelled, and with a low moan of despair he fell over to the ground with the babies under him, his living face downward. Then he believed it was all over for him and the two little girls as the bushes crackled behind him. He turned his head and to his great joy, beheld Abner and near a hundred Angelinians with him.

"Oh Abner! look out," he gasped. "The rebels were chasing me. They are upon us."

"If I had a good chance I'd larrup you so you would remember it to your dying day," cried Abner with voice shocking with anger. "Of all the trying simulators I ever met you are the worse. Why did you want to fire at the enemy for and make them so mad? Get up and hand the children to me and see if you can drag yourself back to the camp. On account of this we will have to leave before tonight and I wished to remain till Charlie came back." Painfully Everett staggered and struggled to his feet casting almost a frightened glance over his shoulder. "The stormy approach of the human cruisers were gone and Abner's stormy reproach sounded very sweet to his ears. He and the little girls were saved."

"Here are the rebels who were chasing me!" He whispered keeping close to Abner's side.

"They have been driven driven back by the Angelinians with me," gruffly replied Abner.

"What were they? Gargolians?"

"They were the worse of the lot. They were gismmarians," exploded Abner.

"Now what did you mean by snooping around too near the foe encampments after you had taken those little girls with you where we ever you had gotten them. Did you not know it a snowstorm does not prevent them from seeing you you poor boob if there ever was one."

"Was I near their camp?" gasped Everett. "I did not see anything. I ran so fast and I thought the rebels would kill them if I dropped them. I thought the enemy camps were far away."

"I might have suspected it," cried Abner. "If there is room to make a full mistake I guess you can be trusted to come along and take advantage of the opportunity."

"I thought you would like to have me save children from the rebels," meekly apologized Everett.

This added but fresh fuel to Abner's wrath, and he added:

"What inarnation did you go so near the enemy lines then for. You was only about a half fifty feet from their tents half hidden in the snow. They saw you sneaking and opened fire. It was a miracle you were not shot."

"I supposed you would like me to rescue children," politely responded Everett's true.

Abner stopped short in his tracks, and wheeling Everett's true about grimly inquired:

"Young an where will you have your body shipped, when some fool monkey shine like yours results in your death?"

"I'm sorry," humbled Everett. "I did not mean any harm. I thought I was doing right in rescuing the poor children and you oppose it. And I was so awfully obliged to you for saving them and me."

He had captured himself came back into Christian possession and so the children had recaptured their father. All the ground they had lost

"You can thank God and His blessed mother and all the Saints in Heaven even and all the stars, that I was on the ridge, and see you start to run after they fired at you. Even then you would have been overtaken and cauled or bayoneted and shot to death and the kids torn to pieces and me too probably if it was not for these hundred Angelinians who saw the occurrence and came up and routed the rebels after a hot skirmish. If it had not been for them the rebels would not have given after the chase and I did not have my gun. And I don't expect the children you did a little girls, you did not understand me. In rescuing the children you did a service to God. At I mean your confounded recklessness to pass to within fifty feet or less of the very enemy encampments where all the gosh darned bloodhounds in any uniforms could see you. It was only by the mercy of God that the rebels did not shoot you and I was dumfounded at that for over two hundred opened fire at once and you did not drop."

"Please take good care of the two little girls." Pleading Everette. "They are not to blame for what I did. And if she is living their mother needs them. But I'm awfully thankful to you for coming to my aid."

"Drop that praise." Partly commanded Abner. "I owed you that for pushing me away from in front of the foe machine gun during the battle of Lightburg landing. Remember this. I will not always have the chance to pull you free of danger. I don't see where you got together so much ignorance. And our Lord says 'Those that seek danger shall find it. And those who seek the sword shall perish by the sword.' So put that into your noodle before it is too late." And he rubbed his brow in perplexity.

"Or do I?" sighed Everette. "Then brightening and his eyes dancing with mischief, as the shaft danced in sight through the mist of snow like some faded away object. But could you take a squadron of soldiers about twenty yards from the enemy lines and scout on them, and get away before they fire?" Abner paused and then scratched his head thoughtfully. "I've been on many a scouting tour hundreds and hundreds of times, and have camped several times like this in enemy country. But I never did go so near the foe lines. But I'll say this surely, that even if I was a stranger in these parts, I would not go to a fool of myself, even if they were orphaned children and hiding. That hole in the rock was only fifty feet from the foe camp and its a damned fool thing you did not look first. It was like leaping from the frying pan into the inferno. I'd just sit tight till I learned some sense. That is what I expected you to do up here. Get become reckless. First you acted like a coward, even afraid of a little noise in the night. And now you become utterly reckless as if you really wished to kill your own self."

As Everette suppressed a smile at Abner's interpretation of the heroism of men, but was satisfied to drop the question. He had seen encampments looking up through the snow shield but had forgotten entirely about rebels and though he saw the red and yellow and blue standards of rebel ensigns he had thought they were Angelinians until his exciting experience commenced. Abner was not it seemed for on hearing what he told him all about it, adding much detail that was indeed very strange to Everette and showing the two frightened little girls to him and having them wrapped in blankets and placed near the stove in the shack and giving them something to eat.

"Don't Charlie be tickled to hear of it when he gets home." Dried Bob snatching his life in his hands to rescue two children—and setting them to day taking his life in his hands to rescue two children—and setting away with a fit."

"Please don't tell him please." begged Everette. "By Abner won't and I don't want him to think any worse of me. Goodness knows my many mistakes have already given him a very poor opinion of me already."

"I'll keep my mouth closed." Forth of Bob. "But you are wrong about Charlie. He admires you for your goodness. He can't be never saw any one before in all his life, or even in the Angelinian army who could take so many mistakes in no other way. You are certainly a great revelation to him."

"Let him be content with what he already knows." Urged Everette. And I don't want him to know I rescued the two little girls either."

Bob nodded good naturedly, and caught up his rifle.

Abner raised his brow in mute inquiry.

"Going to see if any of the rebels are approaching the shack." Informed Bob. Everette glanced at Abner, his eyes pleading. Abner cleared his throat and diverted his eyes as he shortly said:

"Guess I need you around here to attend to these two poor little girls who were out in the cold hiding in a small dark cavern half naked. Let the rebels go. They are leaving in a short time anyway. When I want to shoot any Angelinians I'll do it myself."

"But you promised me I should see any who come near." Reminded Bob, much surprised.

"I know. I know. And you shall see when we go into another battle." Testily replied Abner. "But it seems your friend here has struck up a friendship with those two particular children and wants them well taken care of as he wishes to adopt them as his own if he cannot trace their mother. Has so fond of little girls that he goes over to the enemy and visits them, when he ought to be catching trout for supper."

"If you had seen the plight of the poor little girls." Dried Everette True. "And why do they are the pitiful little humans you ever imagined. Abner promised me he would do as I wished allow me to take charge of them, find the mother who needs them, and if she is dead or cannot be traced to keep them myself. They have done nothing a human mother would not have done. I am the one in fault for I thought the girls belonged to a Christian encampment."

"Of course if you say that way, I'll have to do as you say." Dried Bob. "But I will bet you a million dollars you will never find their mother. All child slaves then mister Everette's true."

"And I'll make it up to you at the double the value of anything I can get." eagerly promised Everette True.

Bob grinned and Abner whined slowly. Everette flushed to his ears and mumbled. "I forgot. It may be sometime before I can square it off."

"That's better." Said Abner. "Never promise anything what you ain't sure you can do. You may die in battle for instance."

As Bob was relenting and wishing to spare his friend, began asking a volley of questions as what would be the next problem.

"We will start this very evening and make the east jog of St. Evangelina. Granda." Said Abner. "Don't know how long we will have to stay there but we got to move from here after this late experience during his focus of his two little girls. Ordinarily I could put three days in to profit my experience of spying; or in making that particular cant, but as things be and a battle night rage soon, I shall put only a day or two, then drop in to see General Hanson on top of Hood mountain where he has his batteries, and then go on north to Angelina lines, where the real war business awaits me. It all depends on how soon Charlie overtakes me."

"Can't he find us?" Incredulously inquired Everette True.

"He can see Abner's dry response. "If we keep going for miles up north of the Ivan iskey where General Underline is placing big lines of batteries, Charlie would follow close enough to cook our second supper or I guess. I wish he was here now to fix the fish."

Indeed a cold winter day deep in the galvian wilderness so near the banished city of Ivan iskey, the blizzard however had passed. Over the whole region the moon was rising indeed like a red pulsating ball, lighting up the vast white silence of the night in a shimmering glow. Not a sound broke the stillness of the desolation through which the same Angelinians trudged lost in the foe region after tramping two days and failing to get out. They had failed even to find the river. It seemed too late for the life of the day, too early for the nocturnal rumblings and voices of any creatures of the night. Like the basin of a great amphitheatre a frozen lake with an outlet toward the gorge, on a river lay revealed in the light of the silvery moon, and a million stars of a clear cold night. It was ten below zero. Beyond it rose the spruce forest, black and forbidding. Along its nearest edges stood huge hushed sails of mighty tamarak, bowed in the smothering clutch of the snow and ice, shut in by the impenetrable gloom.

A huge white owl flitted out of this rib of blackness, then back again, and his first quivering heart came softly, as though the mystic hour of silence, had not yet passed for the nightfolk. The extensive blizzard of the past days had ceased, hardly a breath of air stirred the ice coated twigs of the trees. Yet it was bitter cold, so cold that any man remaining motionless, would have frozen to death within an hour suddenly to the swiftly moving fugitives there was a sudden break in the strange silence, a weird thrilling sound, like a great sigh, but not human to them—a sound to make ones blood run faster, and fingers twitch on rifle stock. It came from the distant gloom of the tamaraks. After it there fell at once a deeper silence than before, and the owl like a noiseless snowflake, drifted out over the frozen lake. After a few moments it came again, more faintly and terror than before. One warped in woodcraft or even any life, would have slunk deeper in the rim of darkness, and listened, and wondered and watched, for in the sound he would have recognized the wild half conquered note of a wounded member of soldiers living divine in the cold and snow, suffering and in agony.

Slowly with all the caution born of the others days experience, the permitted trudged out suddenly into the glow of the full moon. Their magnificent forms loomed in the distance, and one of them had their head turned inquisitively across the lake toward the north. In both was open his nostrils distended, his eyes glaring, and he left behind him a trail of blood. Half of a mile away he caught the edge of a spruce forest and the distant fortresses of Ivan iskey and beginning lines. "Here something told him he would find safety. My Angelinian would have known he was wounded unto death as he dragged himself out into the two foot deep snow on the surface of the lake."

He captured himself came back into Christian possession and as the Angelinians had rechristened the place, naming it after all the ground they had lost

[illegible]

As the swirling snow crossed over the lake, and then|||-----  
 And he stopped ----- so suddenly that he almost pitched into the snow. This  
 time from the direction of the rebel pack pursuing, there came the ringing reports  
 of a large number of rifles and then followed the signing of bullets about him  
 whistling a perfect concert and he was struck and wounded in three places. He  
 shot fired from an unseen direction was probably not far from five hundred yards away  
 but distance did not lessen the dreadful force of the blow brought to the wounded Angelinian  
 who was lost with his comrades. They left the black and Everette was not the only one  
 pursued by the rebels since Wagoner and Fierce was also wounded but not as  
 wounded. As of his men, before the beginning of the pursuit he had heard the same sound,  
 and he was brought to him the first wound. With a supreme effort he brought himself  
 to his feet, once more looked toward the north saw the sky pierced by a thousand  
 searchlights, and then turned and buried himself into the black and frozen wilderness

Stillness fell again with the sound of the rifle fusillade. It might indeed have lasted five or ten minutes; when a long artillery roar floated from across the lake followed by seven or eight shots in succession; it ended in the sharp quick noise of some falling over the trail, and in an instant was taken up by others, until the rebel pursuers were once more on the full cry. Almost simultaneously a number of figures one after another disappeared from the edge of the forest, as if they had started running back at the distant woods, and then rushed through the undergrowth to strike their blow at the rear of the pursuing army. The rebels paused and turned around, and there came the report of a dozen muskets fired in rapid succession.

"Are you coming Paul? And Charlie. Hurry before the rebels come too near!"

'A voice answered from the woods.  
'Yes: hurry up---run.'''

These hurriedly -- run, the others turned their face once more across the lake and the others tried to comfort the screaming children plunged on. One of them in his right hand carrying a clubbed rifle, another in his left arm a child badly injured, was done up in a blanket and covered with heavy snarl. His face was scratched and bleeding, and his whole appearance showed that he was nearing complete exhaustion. For a few minutes he ran with the rest through the snow, then halted to a staggering walk. His breath came in painful gasps, the rifle slipped from his nerveless fingers and his consciousness of the deadly weakness that was now overruling him, the consciousness of his wound, he did not attempt to regulate it, took any fact but the consciousness of his coming from the woods was another fusillade of shots, and suddenly his knees trembled and he fell, and he sank down into the snow.

From the edge of the spruce forest two young Anglinian soldiers now ran out upon the surface of the lake after stopping for a moment to fire two shots: his breath was coming quickly, but with excitement rather than with fatigue.

was coming quickly, but with excitement rather than with fatigue.

behind him less than three hundred yards as away he could hear the rapidly approaching wind and yells and curses of the pursuing Glandelinhans; and for an instant he bent his little form close to the snow and did not stir again. He had received a mortal blow that he must have where the other had fallen tripped, and he was not motionless. He knew he placed his hands there, and he got up, and resting his rifle on top of his head, the other pursued gone on ahead with the two children, and gave a signal and a whistle like that one was carried for a mile.

At that cry the exhausted mortally wounded and lying in the snow struggled desperately to his feet, and with an answering shot which came out faintly to the ears of the Angelinians, tried to resume his flight across the lake but died on the spot before he got three yards and he was abandoned two or three minutes later the rest of the party upon Everett who was almost overcome from his wound and exertions:

"You can make it Everett!" He cried. "The rebel persecutors are coming like  
hmd. They want to annihilate us if they cannot overtake us.)  
He then made an effort to answer, but his energy was hardly more than a gasp  
before Abner or, Harris could reach out to support him. He had lost his little  
remaining strength and fallen for a second time into the deep snow.  
"I'm afraid I can't do it--- Harris--- please---" he whispered. Little hands  
shot in four places. "Harris--- please---" he whispered. Little hands

shot in four places." "He is dead," Hurley said. "He whispered: 'I'm crushed, I'm crushed.' He dropped his rifle, and knee knelt beside the wounded Angelinian, supporting his head against his other heavy shoulder." "It's only a little further ahead," Hurley said. "He urged, 'I can make it into the black rammer a tamarack forest and a tree to a tree in the dark. We ought to have taken a good chance to make camp, with three out-rides left for the open lake.' "Only three." "Only three."

"That's all, but I ought to make two of them count in this light; I could single out two leaders of the Aztec Angelinian rebels and bring on some confusion that would delay the Fox progress. Here take hold of my shoulder quick!" He doubled himself into a jackknife in front of his half prostrate companion. From behind them came the sudden x-ox of the glandelinians, louder and is clearer than before and the sound of more fire reports.

at least: "He ordered us to hit the open and we'll have the on the late now within two minutes must be quick: give us they use us out here in the open they will now us down we He straightened himself up. Everette. There. Can you hold the gun?" off on a half foot prot for the distant tomorrow, comparing a under the others weight, and set young body was strained to its utmost tension. very muscle in his powerful what it was to realize the peril at their backs. If they were fully than his helpless v women or boys it could not be so bad, but here out in an open exposed only by with rebel soldiers all attackable situation indeed. "Three minutes, four minutes they were. It was a terr terrible situation approaching and able to shoot them all down where were, and then--"

A terrible picture burned in Garfield's brain, a picture he had carried from scenes witnessed in yorn California. Of children by the thousands torn and mangled before his eyes by these outlaws of the rebel ion, and he considered as he thought what the fate of the other two children with him comrades would be should a volley now all the men down in the open lane. Un can he spend those three minutes should a volley now all the unslain the risk of tal men--he was reached in time, he knew what their fate would be. here flashed into his mind one last resource: He might, perhaps, and find another

This was not the first time that these two Angelinians had risked their lives together, and that was morning at the start of the permit despite all his live actions of that first night. Everett had fought valiantly for the other and the two children killing twenty Angelinians and wounding sixty, and had been the one of the three to be wounded. Even if they died it would be in company, Gluride made up his mind to tint, and slatched the others as in a firmer grip. He might escape the glandolinians, but the refuge of the others was in a firmer grip. He might escape meant only a more painless and by cold. Still while there was life, there was hope, and he hurried on through the deep snow, listening for the oncoming rebels behind, behind him, and with each second feeling more keenly that his own powers of endurance were rapidly reaching an end.

the rebel pursuers had ceased to give tongue, not only the allotted two minutes + 1 soldiers on the lake, was it possible that the rebels had lost the trail when it occurred to the Angelinian that perhaps he had wounded one of the rebels the time he fired at them, and that the others discovering his injury had been delayed by confusion. Heavily he thought of this possibility when he was wistful past but failed to hit him or his companion though a bullet carried away

to hit him or his companion through a bullet carried away





511  
together, but the rest of you can--if you want to."  
"here was a silence; then another officer who was a general asked from his position  
of an old stump:

"You mean the three intemperate men Jeffries and Cal, Wood, and Johnston?"  
The general nodded. "I mean just those very men." He replied diffidently. "It  
is not that they were not neighborly men--I'll bet not one of you general have set  
foot in any of the tents they met in. The new comers seem to think they are better  
than any of us are..."  
This direct accusation seemed to alarm the other officers--so much that some  
of them stood up presently and shuffled out for fear that their own horses may  
be the next victims and they wished to go and see if their horses were safe or not.  
The talk veered, too, into less exciting channels and so the young Angelinian officer  
lost interest. He went back to his own part of the lines and stood watching the  
concentration of artillery and the erection of high breastworks and so on. He  
tinkled of strange bells like Christmas bells came to him (maybe they did) through  
the air of approaching winter, and the boy felt the air of action hunger in  
his blood. After a moment's consideration, he buckled on his sabre, and mounting  
his horse made his way expeditiously out of the Christian encampments and down into  
the tangled valley near Gunboat Creek, it being the Evangelinia grandis mountain  
front stream.

The water of course was frozen over now, and many of the pools and springs which  
had been so beautiful were also frozen solid to a great depth incapable of holding  
old any trout now. The Angelinian officer looking out carefully for dangerous  
glacelandian snipers and sharpshooters, made his way on horseback with considerable  
difficulty along the banks of the frozen creek. High waters of the summer before had  
piled up hills of mud and mountains of brushwood and hood rat foot used by the Christians

for breastworks, and in places he had to dismount his horse and climb finally alone  
laboriously and cautiously up one side of these immense barriers, and down the  
other, while the stream had filtered through its base, or welled up into a  
dark deep pool above the obstruction, and dug a way out for itself at one side.  
It was dangerous going however for he was in the enemy territory, and the young  
Angelinian officer realized this but he wanted to see if the enemy intended a new  
movement to break the Christian siege of Vivian. A long log  
rubbed smooth by long contact with the sand and gravel, of the creek bottom, rolled  
under him and all but precipitated him from his perilous position, at the top of a  
mound when he would catch himself and crawl down, feeling for each foothold, before  
trusting his weight to it. And then when he had imagined he was just a left the last  
of the many obstructions behind, he heard a dozen shots, and felt stinging pain  
in his leg and ankle and found himself sprawled upon the ground, with a sharp  
stinging pain running through his instep to his knee and pain from his left leg  
shoulder and arm. He tried to pull himself erect to draw his own pistol, but the  
effort turned his side sick and faint. For a while he was only partially conscious  
of his surroundings. He awakened to find the sun sunk below the level  
of the pines and tamaracks on his left and no glacelandians were in sight. The  
cold spell of a cold wave was setting in, but it brought with it little consolation  
--his leg and arm were swollen so, that for his foot his shoe top seemed to  
be cutting his flesh, and his coat sleeve seemed a about to split, and in spite of  
himself he cried out when he tried to remove it.

Next moment he forgot all of this, from the underbrush the sound of  
cracking sticks came suddenly to him. At this time of the year during this part  
of the siege the enemy were busy with many scouting parties and foraging parties  
together besides prowlers and spies and cavally scouting parties, and many of those  
rebels Conifer Conde Confederates of Angelinian frequently came down this section of  
the valley to secure all booty they could as far toward the Christian lines as  
possible. Most of these glacelandians apparently were harmless toward wounded  
Angelinian soldiers, and may run back to their comrades or lines at the sight of  
one Angelinian probably but some of the glacelandians may be pious-glacelandians or  
Zimmermannians. The boy turned upon his side, on and again tried to pull himself  
erect. Then he cried out with relief an Angelinian officer had stepped out of the  
underbrush and was standing peering about, not ten feet away. He was a tall broad-  
shouldered man with heavy whiskers and wore the uniform of a Calverinian but the hat  
of an Angelinian general. He recognized the soldier as Colonel Jeffries, who had  
taken command of a number of regiments just two weeks before. Suddenly the stranger  
perceived the wounded Angelinian lieutenant, and came toward him.

"I thought I heard someone call." He commented looking down with kindly  
interest at the wounded officer. "What's the trouble? Fall and hurt yourself?"  
"No." The wounded officer whose name was Kack explained. "I was out  
scouting and I got shot down by hidden snipers in a bush. I receive the worst wound  
in my ankle I guess. I don't believe the bullet broke it--I hope not anyhow. My  
arm and shoulder is also badly hurt I'm afraid and I'm helpless to get out of this  
ravine."

General Jeffries stopped and took the injured bleeding ankle, into his strong broad  
hand. For a moment he twisted the bones gently but firmly. The officer winced with the  
pain but said nothing.....

"Nothing broke broken. I'll take you up to my tent and have the army  
surgeon bandage it and treat your other wounds, and a few days after I  
presume you will be all right."

He lifted the wounded Angelinian officer so easily, he that he almost felt  
indignant; he was not a baby to be carried about in this way. But the severe pain of  
motion, even even such easy and guarded motion as this, made him shut his eyes, and  
grit his teeth to keep from crying out. When he next looked out into the world of  
smoke and batteries and fortresses and Christian positions Colonel Jeffries was carrying  
him across a neatly fenced yard, toward a large tent of tabour fashion. Near  
by was a small house of logs which a small porch built of small planks, and as  
they entered the single room, the Angelinian officer saw that the logs were hewed  
against the wall. The Colonel laid him on the bed and summoned a surgeon, and  
the young officer unfastened his shoe. He built a roaring fire of pitch wood,  
and soon had a kettle of hot water, into which he made the young Angelinian officer  
lower his foot. At first this was almost unbearable, but gradually the hot water seemed  
to stop the pain. Afterwards the surgeon bandaged the wounds in his ankle shoulder  
and arm, and pulled a lumberman's sock over his wounded foot. When he took him up  
into his arms again, and carried him to his own lines or camp. He placed the  
lieutenant on general Mansions headquarters door step and turned away.

"Pound on the door or porch when I'm at the gate lad." He commanded  
briefly. "They will hear you and come out."

Astounded but obedient, the wounded Angelinian officer obeyed. Five minutes  
later he was seated in general Mansions own great chair, comfortable rocker, and  
was telling his adventures.

"And this man Colonel Hank Jeffries did all this for you." The great  
Christian general asked gravely. "Stran o there are many ugly rumors around about  
him--he is apt to have some explaining to do before long I'm afraid, and some more  
of these strangers also."

The young lieutenants eyes flashed with sudden excitement.

"I don't believe there is anything in all this gossip and talk of his  
being the poisoner of our horses and women and children refugees in the protecting  
encampments and also so many of our soldiers." He explained. "He's--why he is  
so kind. When a man looks at you when you are hurt like he looked at me, and is  
gentle I don't believe he would poison innocent women, soldiers and children and  
horses. I know he or his friends would not do so--Colonel Jeffries never did it."

Surprised but not convinced by this line of arguments the general  
suggested that bed was a good place for a young lieutenant who had put in such an  
exciting afternoon.

So by the great Christian general the young Angelinian lieutenant was soon put to bed  
but did not fall into his usual dreamless sleep. For nearly an hour he lay there  
in the bedroom of the general's headquarters, tossing about, moving this injured  
ankle cautiously from side to side, and thinking. He had not served in the Christian  
army out of these months past if you please without knowing something of the danger  
which probably threatened not only his rescuer but his friends also and  
the belief in Jeffries' innocence which had come to him was as absolute as was sudden.  
He knew that he and his strange friends were suspected as glacelandian spies within  
the Christian lines by staying there with the purpose of doing some dirty work by  
poisoning the army's cavalry horses and men also to make an effort to paralyze the  
great siege of Vivian which was going on. A deadly he sat up in bed.

"I must help him and his friends." He said aloud. "I've got to find out who  
the ones are who are doing the mischief."

After that he managed to fall asleep. The Angelinian horses were the  
chief item of the Angelinian cavalry forces in those stirring times. Horses being  
principally cayuse and other stock and ponies and so on and also steeds were not  
of course worth much money, but the cavalry forces needed horses bad, and so even  
in the Angelinian armies a horse thief was looked upon as a pest beyond  
the pale of the Angelinian law, and so was dealt with in a way not pleasant  
to think off when caught. These mysterious persons who were poisoning Angelinian  
horses by the scores of thousands, and many soldiers and even women and children  
refugees also so indiscriminately, combined the bad points of the Christian generals  
and the soldiers also of the cattle rustler and the horse thief. At first it was  
seen that the work of the suspicious persons who ever they may be was only confined  
to certain localities, but gradually they seemed to gain confidence and to extend  
their horrible operations by the whole sale, and once nearly a thousand children  
died of poisoning and 10,000 threatened with death or very ill and weak, and  
despite investigations, the witching of every strange person and so on the wholesale  
poisoning continued unabated, the whispers of suspicion became rumors of  
accusations, then threats and curses.

Spies by hundreds were set to watch the stranger and other strange  
soldiers within the Christian lines and public feeling among the whole army especially  
among the cavalry and those guarding the women and children rapidly mounted  
toward a pitch where the necessity of proof of even evidence would be forgotten,  
and violent remedies would be sought.

The Angelinian lieutenant knew this and he had not for one moment relaxed his determination to find out who the real culprits were. Time only strengthened his belief that the Angelinian soldier who had been his rescuer and others were innocent, but he knew that his unsupported opinion would not be considered by the angry men and the generals of Mansions army. He began to hunt the scene of each new deposition, and to look for clues. To a boy or any one trained for the tricks of tracking and woodcraft, it was the most natural thing in the world to think of studying the footprints about the crime scene. He soon had learned to read this record written in the sand and dust, and was able to identify many thousands of the soldiers and even women and children by their tracks. Whoever the culprits may be however, they were playing their part with wonderful skill. At the gathering of generals during a rigid investigation every general was present and all spoke with the old eloquence of apparent conviction and earnestness. To the young lieutenant sitting with the gathering and studying faces as he studied footprints, this was a matter of deepest concern.

He had hoped that some guilty look or an expression of hidden cunning might betray the criminal soldiers to his watchful gaze, but nothing of the kind ever happened.

Instead he read indications of a coming storm, every general in the community came to Mansions headquarters sooner or later, with the single exception of the strange soldiers, and they all agreed that his indifference to the army's calamity was highly significant. Something of unspoken mastery in the strangers had his hitherto protected them—every man who had met them had felt the baffling magnetism of his presence and the presence of his friends, but now the time was fast approaching when when this intangible protection would surely fail. And the young Angelinian lieutenant knew it.

"I've got to do something," he said. "I've got to use my eyes and ears better—the real culprit is right here among us, and I can't see him or them—I've got to—"

And then there came to him the rumor from another camp of Angelinians and one from an Abyssinilian encampment near Gorma Catherine far up toward Mansions right wing which set him to thinking immediately. A scout from the higher positions positions dropped the casual word in the gathering of generals one morning during the time Hanson was beginning his engagement at Lieghurg Landing, and that afternoon the young lieutenant had saddled his own horse, and set out up the valley trail, a blanket and three days provisions tied to his saddle. It had been no difficult matter for him to secure Mansions permission to make the trip, the young lieutenant had never been coddled, and the general believed in the army and frontier training which teaches a boy and all men to look out for themselves, by allowing him to do it. He had been gone for two days facing all perils on the

trip by being under fire from rebel batties and chased by rap rebel soldiers and he had thus been gone for two days when the storm he had foreseen loomed blacker and still blacker blacker—and then broke. Soldiers from many points of the inactive section of the Christian lines had gathered in the company streets and fields and conversation had turned as usual but more excitedly upon the mysterious attack upon the live stock and persons. But now no more horses were victims, soldiers, and women and children were the only victims.

"I've been thinking lately, the glandelinians themselves might have something to do with it." One of the assembly said hopelessly. "Of course things look bad for this man Jefferys and his strange friends, the thing started right near his own tent, and it spread from there, he and his friends are the only men we don't know anything about, and he has neither children or horses, looks like he had a grudge against them. But the men we had sent to watch him and his friends don't seem to be able to catch him or the friends of his at the work, and darn it it not only keeps up but has left the horses alone and went to the women and children refugees within our lines with tenfold fury. Now the glandelinians—"

The glandelinians don't like the idea of our millions of cowardly men scouting all around, I mean picky that's a fact general Frank Bishop agreed hopefully. "In spite of himself the young lieutenant's confidence in the stranger had affected him, and this looked like a loop hole. "It might be—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the front door and general gazed on himself strode into the room and he seemed unduly excited.

"What's in the name of Heaven and the Saints has let loose around in this valley and throughout the whole Christian army under my command!" He demanded aggressively. "You men don't have the investigation made more rightly at all." "There are some persons within the lines and no where else doing it dirty work!" I took a thousand two hundred little children toward another section of the lines this morning

and they all had complained of illness and even vomited. And now near half of them are dead. Now I want to know—"

He was interrupted by half a dozen generals who had sprung to their feet.

"And we want to know," cried a general who had been among them and who was to Mansions surprise Hanson I mean himself for he also was suffering the same disaster as well as his brothers army. "Where did you cross the valley general Mansions!"

"Crossed just below Chishney rock town."

The rest of the mass meeting was a foot. Nothing more was said, but the stranger and his companion strangers found himself strictly guarded by soldiers, and then as the sun crept down toward the ragged purple mountains half covered with snow uniformed and scattered masses of enraged soldier mobs were forming and passing down the company streets with the purpose of lynching the strangers even without the permission of the generals.

Five miles further up the valley, the young Angelinian lieutenant was riding hard as possible, beside him rode a cavalcade of soldiers and two officers who sat on their horses as if they were a part of them. Neither of the eighteen horsemen spoke, but they urged their horses forward, minute after minute, riding as if to deliver a pardon to one condemned to death. The young lieutenants face was tense and seemed with weariness and anxiety. The faces of the others expressed nothing, but their somber eyes glowed like coals. And then as the miles fell behind them one of the officers of the squadron suddenly stood up in his stirrups, and peered ahead, through the haze of the already reached Christian lines. Next moment he dug his heels into his horse's sides, and he and the whole cavalcade dashed forward at breakneck speed. Neither spoke, words were not necessary.

In the opening of the big labour occupied by Jeffreys and his friends the men who had so long been an enigma to the Angelinian forces, stood erect and fearless. Before him and completely surrounding the tent surged the mob, for a wild raving mob it had become by this time beyond the control of the officers who had tried to cool them down. Suddenly Jeffreys had raised his hand and spoke;

"I and my friends are one against a large multitude," he said. "But before you commit this crime, I demand to be told of what I and my friends are accused of!"

A murmur of fierce anger ran through the crowd of soldiers who were brandishing their weapons and looking fierce indeed. When someone among the crowd said suddenly;

"Tell him and his friends before we pay him and they for what they have done."

This was the first direct statement of the general intention, and as if emboldened by it the furious crowd of soldiers making a scene almost like the Reign of terror in the French Revolution, the crowds of soldiers about the labour contracted, and began to close in upon the single man fearless figure in the doorway of the big tent brandishing rifles and bayonets at him and looking like a swarm of Christians suddenly transformed to fiends. Another voice shouted above the tumult;

"You and your friends are not only accused of poisoning the horses of the cavalry but also of doing the same to nearly twenty thousand women and children. We know you and your comrades did it. We traced it to your tent. You are not Angelinians but dirty speaking glandelinian spies and evil criminals in disguise."

Mr Jeffreys raised his head and looked pityingly out over his thousands of accusers.

"Men he said—"I am sorry for you. You are talking of something I and my friends know nothing about, but evidently you are angry, angry, and have lost the power of reason now over some strange disaster that had befallen you. And now you who are Christians and Lovers of the Sacred Heart are trying to harden yourselves to do a cowardly thing!"

But the crowd of soldiers were in no mood to listen. The men nearest the doorway of the big tent made a sudden rush—

The young lieutenant and his squadron were on the last lap. Lying close to the necks of their horses, they urged the fiery steeds along with shouts and heels. They skirted a bush fringed turn in the trail and dashed down into the open company street. They were soon upon the big crowd of angry Angelinian Angelinian soldiers and were pressing forward, heedless of the angry protests of those menaced by the horses' hoofs.

"Stand back and let us pass— and let that man and his friends go. He and his companions are not the ones who poisoned our horses and women and children."

The young officer stood up in his stirrups and shouted as fiercely as those around him had done. Silence greeted his declaration/ silence and then wild anger.

"What do you know about this lieutenant Halsted? Get out of here. This is no place for you," shouted one of the superior officers in the same mob who had stove to break up the riot.

"This is no place for the rest of you either," Lieutenant Halsted repeated hotly and excitedly. "I tell you Mr Jeffreys and his companions no know nothing of this serious affair--any more than the rest of you do. Listen--"

General Hanson rode up at this moment at the scene of the excitement with a squadron of his generals and having heard the young lieutenant words pushed forward from the middle of the company street and approached the lieutenant who was really his son.

"What do you know about this Halsted?" He demanded sternly. "If you are talking without knowing--"

"I'm not," the young lieutenant insisted to his father general Hanson. "General Williamsberger Zimmermann who is concentrating armies upon Jennie Vivian near Gunbeam Creek has captured the real culprits-----, Charlie you tell them." He added to the lieutenant who had come with him and the others. You are from Zimmermann's army and know it all. Why Zimmermann sent you with the report to Hanson. The Ange, Angelinian officer for the moment said nothing but slipped from his horse, and began searching carefully along the trodden ground. And the immense crowd of soldiers realizing that something it did not comprehend was now happening, made way for him. Suddenly the Angelinian officer stopped and plucked what seemed to the mob of soldiers an insignificant bush from its place in a mass of tangled foliage and grasses something which had not soon been seen growing there at the beginning of the siege.

"Here boys-- you see it now. It's a plant called 'Death gamas gonnie gonnie. It grow up sometimes within the christian lines and it is no doubt probable that foe spies and unseen planted the seeds here so it we would grow up with our vegetation upon which the army sorely needs and no one being experienced with these deadly plants plucks them with the entables and so the reason of the destruction among our ranks. This is bad indeed and Zimmermann having discovered it has issued orders for all these plants to be looked for and destroyed so a general policing is going on within our lines. General Zimmermann lost his own horse and over fifty thousand horses but no person was killed there like here. 'U

"Death gamas," Halsted repeated from his position of vantage in the saddle. "I heard the soldiers under Zimmermann were losing their horses by the scores of thousands faster than we were, and I went up to investigate it also and general Zimmermann whose scouts had discovered it told me what it was and here is his proof." And he handed the note to Hanson's this valley seems to be a favorite growingplace for it spies and enemies have been within our lines disguised as women and sowed the seed among our growing vegetables and fruits and even among the grass with the intention of poisoning the whole army to break the siege we are making. The situation has never been so bad as it is now."

So it proved. Mr Jeffreys was freed and his company companions also with many protestations of shame and regret of their mistake but from that day onward he began to get acquainted with all the soldiers who were first his enemies.

Perhaps the lesson in which death gamas had played so important a part was a good one for the entire community, although it might be a fatal one, but for the insight and determination of one young Angelinian lieutenant. The real culprits who had been captured in Zimmermann's army were hanged for it, and the investigation started soon made good riddance of all the deadly plants that had been sowed by the rebel spies. Some desperate move to break the siege it was indeed. No doubt when the Angelinians go to get excited they would go through even hell to break the siege (see battle of Gunbeam Creek r Jennie Vivian. Next volume." ))))

SPECIAL.

SEE PAGE FIVE HUNDRED THIRTY.

SPECIAL.

## CHAPTER THIRTY SIX.

A COLD BLOODED MURDER OF CHILDREN. .... ARNBURG DISCOVERS THE VIVIAN GIRLS SPYING ON HIM. .... HE IS INFURIATED AND THREATENS THEM, ONLY AS DEMONS WOULD THE LOST SOULS. .... VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS MAKE A TRYING SACRIFICE. ....

ARNBURG SEES WHAT IT IS TO TRY AND MEDDLE WITH THE VIVIAN GIRLS. .... IS ARNBURG BECOMING CHANGED. .... A LIVELY SCENE. .... KIDNAPPED. ....

THE STOLEN CHILDREN ARE FOUND REALLY ASSASSINATED. .... THE HEDIOUS MAN SHOWS UTMOST CRUELTY TO THE HELPLESS CHILDREN. ....

K OTHER ACCOUNTS WRITTEN, WHICH

HAPPENS BEFORE THE SEIGE OF EVANGELINIA CRANIA.

~~CHAPTER-XXXXX~~  
~~CHAPTER-XXXXX~~

A SHORT ACCOUNT ABOUT THE MIC- WHIRTHIAN FORTIFICATIONS OF  
V V VIVIAN WICKET. EXPULSION OF CHILD SLAVERY IN SMALL TOWNS  
AND CITIES AROUND EVANGELINIA CRANIA.

A ACCOUNT OF ABSTRANIAN WARS OF PAST YEARS.  
THE BL N BLINDING BLAZZARD.  
AND THE KIDNAP KING OF ALL CHILDREN FROM ORPHAN ASYLUMS.  
THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT SEIGE OF CRIMER AMERICAN.



"What shall we do with these children?" asked the guards.

The hardest kind of work will be to go good for them  
transport them to Bardon's Iron and Steel mills. See to it that

He saluted and forced them toward the asylum where the civilian

switches. The pain made them scream, and weep, but one girl  
screamed. Several of the little girls were taken roughly under the arms

The enr entrance to barracks area and  
it is girls being rushed up the steps or fairly dragged and thrown before  
as he heard why they were brought

into a fearfully hot room where steel and iron were made. Immense  
that fierces heat, and the

then, here, now there, anywhere, leaving one in a state of great distress, praying, begging God to help them. Others were crying and others in great distress were praying, begging God to help them. One of the foremen

about so that they hurt the poor child, and even threatened to throw her out.

revolting horrors witnessed by many in this factory in the  
is not writings. Not far from their hiding place violet and her sisters

All the way to the machine room; they bent him roughly throwing him to

the heat roiled and fell into a vat of molten steel his death  
 instant ending. Two little girls were strangled within sight of violet and

harder at the dangerous machines. The noise of the machinery  
and violet and her sisters could hardly stand it, and the smell of the pla

"Oh dear god," moaned y islet "Have pity on these poor children. And

hiding place with clenched fists. Who told you Kimo to come here. CLEAR out now or I'll make you share some of this and kill you be-

managers beating up a little girl.



Page 10 of 10

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mobile over there, and the tires have no print at all.

opening in the tire, and as the child grabbed the rubber tube to the small, the boy said another.

the poor little girl began to pump and found that it was tremendously hard work. She could not pump very fast and that

11PUMP HARD!!

"Pump you rascal!" The boy snarled. "I don't care if the work kills you, you've got to pump hard on this!"

the kept on slowly, the more frenzied the boy became. Stamping his feet furiously he fairly screamed;

really defied him he completely lost his temper. Violet and her sisters in

bull, and drew nearer to her at every step. He g had just nearly caught her when he tripped over a rock wedged in the ground.

along with him. Close to a donkey engine was a large black pit. The

he grabbed her by the shoulder, and placed the noose around her head and over over around her wrist and tied it to that.

the ugly brute climbed over the boom, and with a terrific

fallen himself into the awful pit. The same time he had fallen the lever of the engine by some supernatural means.

"Unfounded" yelled the boy rising to his feet.

He now grabbed her by the arm and dragged her swiftly toward the factory  
sitting and hiding her all the time.

...and the girls hid themselves in a safe place for there was danger of them being captured.

its on his body.

The poor child was taken away, tried, and sentenced.

they would rather stand the cruelest suffering and die the cruelest death.

...the soldiers do not put you children to death now, is because  
they cannot think which is the cruelest death to m put you to, to put you

both imagine, and we, and we, and we, are the ones to make youse suffer  
hat.')

up back the tears, and at last many burst out crying as if their hearts

...the hearts of these wicked

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26



188  
When on a spree the overseers were more cruel to the children in order to  
gain his favor and prevent his own ferocity upon them, I've said when one of  
the children would stop to blow their hands to warm them, the laundress  
Indian overseer in charge of her or him would give them a cruel beat ing  
and put the child outside in the floor. I told for several hours. This was the  
cause of many children freezing to death. All day long violent and her sisters  
had him among the machinery watching proceeding proceedings untill spied  
by Aremburg who drew them from their hiding places, and dashing their heads  
together he violently threatened to place them at the machines if he caught  
them spying again. He noted like a wild man throwing them out rudely  
and kept up a stream of im swearing and blaspheming, and even scolded and  
called the children slaves for two hours.

The next day being sober the storm and strife seemed to be  
early over, though he several times scolded the crew and foolishly rimed  
the children more carefully. Violet and her sisters and foolishly rimed  
ished it again being concealed behind a cotton loom. It happened to be  
that the factory was closed again early that day, and o unknowingly the  
virian dirle were locked in the hall to stay there all night, with their  
parents have having the heart combed for them, and the next day violet's heart  
pant within her, and she heard Armstrong who was drunk again stagger up to the  
door, shouting, blaspheming and enflaming and swearing because he could not  
down, reaching to the office door.

door, snatching it from his hand, and heaving it back upon him. He found the keyhole to the office door.

"One of the child slaves sprang forward to open it for him and after she did, he rushed in, and began storming at the overseers for not having things in co operation, and making such a noise that all the children crouched in the corners and among the main machines. One of the overseers tried to quiet him but the enraged man would speak savagely against him striking the man in the face with such force that he went sprawling against a bench and fell over it upsetting it and a pile of wood onto the floor with a crash. Staggering toward the cotton bolls and swearing and singing loudly to himself he discovered the African girls again which made him frenzy stricken. He dragged gathering from the loom and men swearing like a mad man sent her to the floor, and then scattered a large group of children from him and dashed three overseers to the floor with one shove. Just then a small white robed figure came between him and them, and poor little Jennie White and trembling with just anger, stood glaring defiantly at the drunken man, while she gasped in sobbing sobs.

"I don't care what you do to me, but my poor sister. I don't care

little Jennie saw, while she gasped in sobb:  
"Oh, you mean wicked man to hurt my poor sister. I don't care  
if you are a gladieloidin, I don't care if you would kill me, but I say to you  
that you are as much a brute as the rest of them, and I hate you."  
She added stamping her little feet, and clenching her little fist.  
At this the gladieloidin was furious. He advanced and reached upon her like

As this the gloriole of his furious. "EACHMENT O" He screamed and rushed upon her like a maddened bull striking her a furious blow in the chest, and grabbing an Angelina nearly choked her to death. Then he stormed at them fiercely picked up a mending then furiously to help in the work, but Violet and Jennie picked up a large stick and belabored him over the back and head with it too knocking him down, and breaking some of his teeth. This still more infuriated him and he strove to lay them low by throwing a heavy chair to hit them. Drunk as he was the manager really knew what he was doing but their defiance and resist-  
 ance, not like usual usual children was terrible to his way of think-  
 ing and he was crossed with rage and anger. He was only enraged because he  
 a suspected, and knew that they were spying on him. But he was some-  
 what cowed because police had produced a fine shining dagger and defied him  
 to come on. But he did not but staggered away, while Violet gathered round  
 sobbing. Gathering to her breast, and when no one was looking sneaked out  
 while Jennie too was sobbing as if her heart would break. It took the  
 while an hour to get home. Her father saw an ugly lump on Violet's head, and  
 that the eyes of her sisters were red with weeping, while great dark rims  
 under them told of their sleepless night, while Jennie looked pale and  
 frightened. Throbreath was a different one and after it was over and while  
 his mother cleared up the dishes, the governor their father, Robert  
 told them the truth. Their father told them that it  
 had been foolish on their part to go into such places and begged them not  
 to go again. Nevertheless the little girls trembled as they heard their  
 father go out having taken a gun with him, and heard the door slam behind  
 him. Their mother hurriedly got the dishes washed, then she and the  
 little girls said their prayer, asking not to let their father do anything  
 rash, cautiously listening for his retreating footsteps. They dreaded that  
 he would kill Armburg. After finishing their prayer they swept up the floor  
 praying silently.

282 In the meantime, by questioning people the governor learned where Aronburgs  
slave house was. As he reached the place and entered a fearful snow storm  
broke loose on the wings of a fiercely rising gale, and the governor as he  
strided and noticed the children shivering and naked all the while at their  
shivering, he felt from the cold, and once in a while trying to warm their  
half frozen hands. He inquired from one of the overseers where the menagerie  
was, and he got the answer that he was outside looking for a number of  
beauties who ran away after spying around the place.

answering look. "I have important matters." Answered the governor with

At this time unseen by the governor another overseer ordered several children harshly to go out and buy him something for his dinner. The children feared to go out in such a bitter storm with the few clothes they had on but they dared not disobey. They started to put on a ragged cloak and old stockings for mittens over their bare arms, but the rasoul took them away forcing the children out as they were.

When they got outside the poor children were nearly hurled to the ground by the force of the windblast, the blinding snow swirling like clouds in all directions. The snow was blown in deep drifts here and there, and the bare feet of the children began to smart, as they trod in the cold all snow. The snow was whirled into their very faces as they heaved in the direction of the sweeping gale, and the children thought that they would never reach the store. They took good care not to lose the money, and after nearly five minutes they bought the things that were listed, with all the no money given to them by the overseer. When they left the store it was snowing worse than it had been snowing before. They could not see anything a hundred feet ahead of them, and when they had at last reached the factory they were nearly half frozen. They could hardly see the house it was snowing so hard. The wind howled like a stricken gull, and blew the snow down their necks and into their faces and eyes. Sadly they entered the doorway, and shaking the snow from their cloak and shoulders, brought the things to the overseer who scolded saying that they had been too long in coming back. The overseer was impatiently waiting for Aronburg, and now striding over to the overseer said:

"Will you tell the manager to step into my house here," was my cry. "With this he went out. I noticed that the snowstorm was fiercer still the wind blowing like a hurricane, tearing up roofs and shingles, and blowing down signs and fences. The countless dinner cases for the poor child slaves, who got scanty food, and plenty of castor oil, which made them vomit after every dose. The whole afternoon passed dark and dreary outside, and it was snowing fiercer than ever, the flax plants at times being as large as a man's eye. It became terribly cold in the factory, and the snow found itself in through the cracks, and underneath the doors, and many places on the machine shop little drifts of snow lay on the floor. All that afternoon the wind blew fiercely making such a howling wolf like sound that the children felt the place a little uneasy. That evening the snowstorm reached its highest fury, the ground already being covered with two feet of snow, and the highest snowdrifts were three or five feet high. Ward supper time other children were ordered to go out and buy something to eat for their overseer. The store they had to go to was twelve blocks away."

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS MAKES A TRYING SACRIFICE.

The vivian girls had happened to be there again and these little girls did not wish to see these poor little children to suffer, but the poor children we were forced to go out and there was nothing they could say. After putting on what they had the poor children went out in the swirling snowstorm, but were stopped by Violet and her sisters.

...Where little girls, change clothes with us. Mr. Curry or you will be frozen." Said joice who had planned this sacrifice. The children bewildered, averted, and astonished at first refused, but Violet and her sisters forced them to come into a vacant house which they knew happened to be heated by a fire in the grate made by themselves, and fifteen minutes later Violet and her sisters emerged again, the vivian girls in rage, the others warmly clad.

"You say that we will get the things," said violet, and off they went. It was awful fatiguing for violet and her sister to plough through the deep snow in their bare feet, not that they could not stand it, but because it seemed beyond their own strength. So they did their best to avoid the deepest snowdrifts. The little martyrs suffered terribly from the fury of the wind, and buffeting of the sudden gusts, and the whirling snow, though being able to stand the cold as they had been practiced into this so that no cold could daunt them, but it was the exhaustion that they

They suffered. They were almost blinded by the snow whirled into their face by the wind, their feet and legs were getting more numb from fatigue every minute and they felt as if they could not hardly bore it any longer. But what of the others who could not have even stood the cold itself. Yet the brave little girls did not give up, and at last they reached the store, and bought the things necessary, and with their own money. They wished to stay in the place to get rested but fearing that if they were late they would make it worse for the other little ones, they hastened out. Their sufferings from the exhaustion was worse now more worse than going to the store.

For on their return they now faced the wind. Jennie alone could not speak from the pain and nearly overcoming numbness, so Joyce had to help her. When they reached the alley where they had left the other children, they found them standing in a corner sheltered from the wind. Violet and her sisters said: "We will take the bundles to your master, as we are high exhausted, but don't follow us as it will make it worse for you than for us. We mean to shield you from the place altogether, and bring you home with us."

With this Violet and her sisters staggered into the factory, and entering gave it to the overseer, who came for it, and the change. In the darkness he did not recognize them, and next wanted to send Violet alone for a bottle of whiskey, but she refused to go despite all the threats, and so did her sisters, and he tried to give them a beating but they held him at bay for an hour with implements they had picked up and which they meant to strike him down with if he dared to lay a hand on them, and so not being able to call for help as he was the only one in the place, he had to go out for it himself. At his absence the little girls seized some quilts lying on the floor, and wrapping themselves in them stole out by one of the windows, and made for home as quickly as they could bringing the little children with them. However they were discovered by Aronburg, who failing to capture the vivian girls he knocked the other children down, and raising a hue and cry to attract the overseers who came on the jump also capturing Violet and her sisters. Violet and her sisters were seized and dragged into the factory and thrown on the floor. At this the overseer who had went out for the whiskey returned unable to face the furious storm warning that as he was being half frozen. All night long the little girls were locked with the rest in the factory their father and many police looking high and low for them. The next morning Aronburg was the first to arrive, and was again drunk and as furious as a wild man.

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ARON ARONBURG SEES WHAT IS IT IT IS TO TRY TO MURDER WITH THE VIVIAN GIRLS.

He forbade Violet and her sisters to come near him, and even compelled one of the overseers to take off all their clothes and make them work while stark naked. The little girls struggled fiercely, and even screamed but they were overpowered by five men and stripped. Even then Aronburg was drinking a bottle of whiskey as fast as water, and draining it drove one of the men out to get some more, and so he drank and drank, until he was so drunk that he could not hardly stand up, but went sprawling to the floor at every step and sick and crazed, he crawled to a bedroom, while the overseers started work as soon as the machinery began to run. The vivian girls were crowded around one of the machines but despite the fury of the overseers they forced the children from every machine, and proved themselves to be so wild in their defense for the children that the overseers literally afraid of Violet and her sisters actually left them alone. At this moment the superintendent and manager Mc-Hollester, governor of all the child slave concerns operating in Galvernia came in with a couple of children. After shaking the snow from his overcoat he called one of the overseers ten times.

"WHY IN HELL DON'T YOU ANSWER WHEN I CALL YOU?" He blurted out to the overseer when he arrived. "I wish to order manager Aronburg, and see if he can place these children here as there is no room in any of the factories."

The manager took them without a word, and Mc-Hollester strolled around on inspection. Several of those brought in were left with Violet and her sisters when the overseers were afraid to approach, and when these new children saw the horrors of child slavery they cried as if their hearts would break.

Violet and her sisters looked upon them with great pity, and declared that they did not care what the wild villains would do, and did their best to comfort the children saying that they were watching a chance, and will compel all of the slaves to make a break for freedom. They also declared that they had a good father who some day will put an end to all of this slavery. This stopped their crying. Mc-Hollester stayed until noon, and Aronburg not so drunk now staggered into the room. Mc-Hollester had noticed that some of the children were stark naked and though he was really the worse of all the child slave masters, and worse than a thousand gibion [negroes], nevertheless he did not approve of this especially when so many children were girls and he said sternly:

"Manager Aronburg: What in hell does this mean? Have you no modesty about you at all?"

Aronburg glared at him but did not give any answer, and Mc-Hollester grabbed him by the shoulder and said:

"Speak man! What means all this?"

"Aronburg did not say a word but tore himself loose roughly and passed on looking daggers and his knives at Mc-Hollester and grumbling something to himself. At this moment another of the overseers who was late and who had not seen the other scene between the masters and Violet and her sisters staggered up to the vivian girls and said:

"Why are you not working? Hurry up and tense the cotton. The more you tug the colder you get. I'm telling you for your own good as I cannot help it. Be wise and work as fast as you can and you can warm up a bit." With this he went off. The little girls then felt like working but then they were bound to defy the other overseers and so they continued to remain idle until another of the wicked ones becoming braver at the sight of Aronburg and Mc-Hollester in the building came up and grabbed Violet by the naked arm with one hand, and her throat with another and said:

"You naked little brats, beautiful as you are we will open you up if you meet any further defiance at us. Go to work now or I'll take out your insides."

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IS ARONBURG BROODING CHAINED?

The overseer at once discovered that they were the vivian girls, and dragging them before Aronburg and Mc-Hollester said:

"These naked beauties are the children who encircled around here yesterday. I remember how the cause of their being locked in last night. I sent seven children to get me some cats, and these brats to save them from the misery took their places. The nerve of them. What shall we do with them sir?"

Aronburg partly sobered now had come to his reason and could not hardly suppress a sneering smile as he said:

"I never saw these beautiful beauties before I'm sure. Then grabbing Violet suddenly he said:

"What in the name of common sense because of your clothes little girl? Don't you know that you will catch cold undressed like that?"

"One of the men took them away."

"Go and get the clothes." Aronburg commanded to one of the overseers.

"What do you think we are?" Roared Aronburg. "No you think I'm a monkey. These are not the clothes. They were dressed well, and now I believe I did see them before. They are the vivian girls."

"This is all they had protested the overseer."

He glared at the little girls and said:

"Is that so?"

"The little girls could not find word for answer, and so Aronburg said to himself:

"I believe the overseer who seized them tore their clothes himself so they could not have them on. If so I'll kill him for his interference of my orders."

Violet and her sisters were compelled by one of the overseers to tell what they had done, and Aronburg was touched in spite of himself. The overseer handed the clothes to Aronburg.

"I don't want them he said sulkily. 'Stick them in your mouth if you are too lazy to hand them to the children yourself. You took the off so give them to the little girls to put on or I will change your shape.'"

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the overseer obeyed, the little girls putting them on quickly. At this moment the Glandelinian came in with twenty more children, one a boy and the rest girls. Violet and her sisters were almost struck with terror at the appearance of this man, but he only handed the children to several of the overseers, and said about to walk out of the place when Aronburg said:

"Here, here, wait a minute. Do you think I own a nation for children?"

And he grabbed the man by the collar, and ordering the overseers to take the children out, threw the Glandelinian head first into a deep snowdrift. "Bring out more children in here and you will have to go to a hospital," he shouted at the man who ran off greatly frightened.

The superintendent Mc-Hollister turned to the little Vivian girls.

"I'm sorry but you will have to stay here for the night or until tonight at least. Then Aronburg can let your children go home. But don't come spying around here any more, because you may get caught by the wrong party, and become slaves for real, and never see your father and mother again."

With this he went off with Aronburg.

Dinner was now prepared for the children, all getting scanty food, while Violet and her sisters were compelled to bring the meals in. One of the Glandelinian overseers was very drunk, and he always staggered around the fore house bench, bumping at times into the terrified children, and against the same bench where the managers, and the chief foremen were sitting, spilling the chairs where the managers, and the chief foremen were sitting, spilling whiskey on them, and making them spill their coffee. At last he rushed into Mc-Hollister's, making him upset a platter of meat and gravy all over himself and the others as he was preparing to pass it down to one of the men who had asked for some meat.

"Confound you why don't you stagger up the walls and up to the roof, and the sky?" The manager snarled shoving the drunken man accidentally against Violet, and making her upset a pile of dishes she was bringing in. Both fell to the floor with a crash, the dishes cups, bowls and knives and forks rolling and flying in every direction any one could imagine.

#### A LIVELY SCENE

"He ought to be fired for drinking at working hours," said a foreman.

"It's a wonder where he gets the whiskey anyhow," said another foreman.

"I thought the fool Angelinians did not have whiskey in Galvernia or not least had it concealed. Where the fool bought his whiskey is a mystery."

"If he don't stop his drinking he will have to work somewhere else or not at all," said Mc-Hollister. "How they got the whiskey I don't know, and neither do I," said Mc-Hollister. "How they got the whiskey I don't know, and neither do I," said Mc-Hollister. "How they got the whiskey I don't know, and neither do I," said Mc-Hollister.

The drunken overseer was indeed in a blinding rage, and attempted to draw a bowie-knife as he staggered to his feet. But he was quickly disarmed. He now started a volume of clamor, and while this dispute was going on Violet who had recovered from the fall, went toward one of the machines where the drunken overseer came down upon them like a thunderbolt for being his way and not picking up the broken crockery and knives, and then turning and forks. In the meantime the wild dispute continued, and then turning again toward the little girls the raised attempted to give them a fearful clubbing, and order them to pick up the broken dishes, but they defied him and once shoved him down over a small bench with a great crash. The enraged brute then made at the little girls with a roar like a lion, but he slipped and fell tripping Mc-Hollister who was about to interfere on top of him. Violet and her sisters picked up the broken dishes as fast as they could being annoyed by the quarrel which waxed fast and furious.

Twelve minutes passed, then there was a curse a rush of feet, and throwing themselves to their knees the little girls just avoided a powerful swing made by the drunkard, as he rushed at Aronburg, who had intervened for Mc-Hollister. Aronburg dodged and then let out a left swing, that sent the assailant crashing full tilt into a table covered to the top with dishes, upsetting it with a tremendous din, every dish knives, and forks, and spoons, and scores of pans of hot water crashing everywhere with it, making a deafening and frightful din heard all over the factory. The overseer as he charged furiously for Aronburg met a blow in the eye that sent him sprawling head over heels into another table which was overturned with a crash that shook the floor, and by his queer fall he sat down with full force into a dispan of ice cold water, which Violet and Jennie had set down on the floor a few minutes before, and the water splashed in every direction, and all over the poor children, who stood looking at this sort of circus accident in silence.

When the Glandelinian recovered from the shock and staggered to his feet with the dispan still adhered to him he was in a frightful rage and storming at Aronburg furiously, and flourishing his arms wildly like a demented being, with his eyes flashing like coals of fire, he again rushed furiously at Aronburg, but received a blow in the left jaw that sent him sprawling flat on the floor senseless. Mc-Hollister himself examined the Vivian girls in a voice like a roaring bull to pick up all the broken dish dishes, and the other things, and also the overturned tables, and all the while they were working in silence he cursed and swore frightfully. Then when all was clear up, he ordered them out telling them not to dare to darken the doors of the place again.

In another child slave factory and to say, many of the children were while being worked hard were made to go without any sight of food for days days their hunger being terrible, and many weaned at their machines. The little girls alone begged god to send them some food, but he did not seem to hear, their piteous prayers even being stopped by the brutal Glandelinians. Violet and her sisters hurried home and were greeted by their parents as ones who were lost and who returned again. They inquired how they came to be dressed in rags, and the little girls told the whole story of their brave deed, and of what they went through and witnessed in the factory, but did not mention any names as they did not want their father to do anything reckless....

"What suffered worse than we did," the said. "So why not us also, as all these poor children suffered in this cruel country, swarming with the wicked everlasting life and happiness in heaven...."

Violet and her sisters could not sleep a wink over their experiences, and so they prayed all night on their knees, for the stopping of the child slavery, and without any feeling that god did not hear them. During the day however the dear little girls had a peaceful sleep and beautiful dreams. Joice who was better now, was crying when she learned from her sisters that afternoon of the child slave horrors....

"Oh, I wish god would do something for the poor children," she sobbed. "It's a terrible thing to be treated that way."

In the meantime the child slave conditions continued to spread with terrible rapidity, and also the rioting and rebellions. The Angelinian governments protested vigorously, but the child Glandelinian soldiers, declared that they had a full correspondent right to continue the child slavery under any conditions, as long as possible, and that if legislations were started, and made and increased, the Angelinians trying to put down child slavery by force, and even again and again advised and pleaded to the Calvinian governments the Calvinian governments had failed to do so. This angered the Glandelinian soldiers especially as plots had been carried out in which thousands of children had been seized from the places and swept into trains going to Abbacunia, and as the Glandelinians sent a note threatening to make another general massacre of the children....

To this the Angelinians replied stating that they will continue so, and that if any massacre of children were at again made or even attempted, or if that any invasion was started, the invaders would leave mighty quick and those caught in the act of butchering children would be shot, or crucified. After this it was reported that legislation had ceased, and this made the Glandelinians believe that the Angelinians had given it up. The readers cannot conceive the horrors of the child slave conditions. Hundreds of children had been taken into captivity, from nations conquered during the wars and sold into slavery. They were continually sold to one from one boss to another, and if any of them made a break for liberty they would be hunted down with bloodhounds. If they were retaken they would be hewn to pieces or given to the dogs to tear up. They were made to work in the factories or in the fields under the lash, and the hardest kind of work whether it was cold or hot weather. Many overseers looked over them armed like guards, and the children feared indeed to take any breaks for liberty....

The child slave conditions first started in the glandelinian country, and in the most important cities first. At the beginning the child slavery was mild, and the tollers did get fifty cents a day. Yet as time passed, the glandelinians the most of them at least were becoming hardened, and the slave conditions of this but it did not good. A year passed and the whole glandelinian country was swarming with child slave houses, and the children only got four hours sleep, and many were worked to death during the rest of the time. Nothing as yet could overrule the child slavery which was worse than death. It drove many to insanity, and also hundreds to commit suicide. Mothers even fearing the horrors of child slavery, and that their own children would be victims murdered their own children, and then themselves. After a while the glandelinian government governments by the order of their king started child slavery in Calverinia which then belonged to Abbeannia. This caused four frightful wars, especially that of 1847. Glandelinia could not prevail in either war, the last two lasting from three to four years, but the fourth war lasted ten years, and in this the glandelinians received a sound thrashing, but she would not withdraw her bloody child slave horrors, under no conditions whatever. This filled all the nations with indignation, for they knew that Abbeannia was just in her cause, and demanded of Glandelinia to suspend their child slave trades in Calverinia, but Glandelinia dared them to come and interfere. In a few years the city of Calverinia Calverine, and Andean were the centers of the child slave trades. These two cities were hells upon earth. The world had heard of these natural massacres and slavery occurred there. The world had heard of these massacres, through correspondents, and after this the glandelinians forbade the correspondents to come in. They did a case alright but in disguise as p peasants, but a good number were suspected, seized as spies, and banished to the glandelinian island prisons. Priests and nuns were also seized and banished to those horrible island prisons.

The whole world was in horror, and wondered why Angelina and Abyssinia like the sister states of Abbeannia did not do something to stop it. In 1881 the child slavery was in full sway, the glandelinians seizing hundreds of orphans out of orphan asylums, and sending them to the poky islands which they had seized as their own property as slaves. Scenes occurred here which are too appalling to relate. It is quite high impossible to escape those islands, for typhoons occur frequently the seas are always stormy, and poisonous snakes infest the fields outside the prisons by the thousands. Yet many children did make a break for liberty, and the snakes getting them crushed them beyond recognizing. Many other children were banished to Calverinia, and made to work at machine shops, and even in boiler rooms, blast furnaces, steel mills, and cold and hot dingy mines. Soberia, with all its horrors was nothing. The child slave conditions increased tremendously, and started to spread along the Abyssinkilian boundary, the Abyssinkilians protesting vehemently but to no use. Then child slavery spread with increasing rapidity, and at last in 1897 war broke out between the nation and Abbeannia's northern state. The length of this war is not predicted but it was simply terrible. Glandelinia was about to win, when Abbeannia, Domobla another state, and Proteston the sister nation put an end to the war by making a swift and destructive intervention. The glandelinian government complained bitterly about this and made short and series of general wars on these states, mastering the strongest armies that could be drafted. The renewal of the war was begun but something occurred that prevented its progress and the glandelinians worsted severely withdrew her armies.

It was believed that had they continued the war at this critical time glandelinia would have come off the victors on all her enemies, but she failed to strike them a single blow, and worse for them the fiercest interference of the plengiglonenon creatures at that time which committed more havoc than the battles drove the glandelinian soldiers out of Abyssinkile in a panic.

The cause of the sudden withdrawal was a mystery. On account of these serious situation, the child slave conditions in Calverinia slackened, but it spread to southern Calverinia nevertheless. Terrible were the disputes that occurred at this time between Angelina and glandelinia. King Procid then reigned over glandelinia, and general helly was made general of all the glandelinian armies, with him came the series of glandeo-Abyssinkilian wars, the child slave conditions at slackened everywhere, and most of the nations thought that it was abating, but it was not. It was only a sign of more greater trouble and more cruelties.

The Glandelinians after the first most extreme war took advantage of the war raging with Consentina, and Angelina against the country called Me-Hollistonia, by starting child slave places by the wholesale. Big powerful Consentina another state of Abbeannia suffering from her losses in the big war could do nothing to stop it, and soon the child slave conditions were again in full sway in Calverinia, causing the Abyssinkilians to even lose heavily in millions of dollars. In the Abyssinkilian glandelinian war of 1899 the child slave conditions appeared to reach its crisis and though successful Abyssinkilian abyssinkile could see no way to put a stop to it. The Angelinian committee held a long council and the magistrates decided that the child slave conditions must be put down by force. Yet when this movement was started, the other nations fearing the outbreak of one of the terriblest kinds of wars wanted Angelina to mediate. The Angelinians at first refused to mediate and threatened to arrest mediators if they came into the Angelinian country, but soon after they did mediate, and the child slave trades seemed to continue on without any hindrance. Hanson Vivian at last held a meeting with all the council men, and speech about child slavery in a manner that would thrill anybody if they heard it.

"Child slavery oh ought to be halted despite the mediators, as it is ruining us as well as the state of Calverinia," he said in his speech. "Haldwin has gone to see what could be done, and my brother Robert Vivian has went to see the Pope to complain to him of the action of the glandelinians and see if the child slavery evil cannot be checked by main force."

Child slavery was indeed an evil. The slavery in Soberia is very terrific in its ways but nothing exceeded the child slavery going on in Calverinia, without it being in the power of the nations to stop it. Protestants protested thus and again but of no avail. If they could get to stop it no nation could. Was their thoughts. The Pope offered masses to end to end these sad conditions, and hundreds of sad incidents like little "Wee Wee" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" occurred. To be a little fresh the glandelinians now started to annoy the trou tourist that they came upon and to kidnap the children found with them. The tourists were then full of apprehension and avoided the regions where the glandelinians were likely to be. Later on the glandelinians had set various fires in the Calverinian cities to annoy and apprehend them. The great glandeo-Abyssinkilian war was remarkable for the numbers of children taken by the glandelinian soldiers. They were shipped also to the many Boy King Islands, and this aroused the world once more. During the last part of the war the conditions of child slavery seemed to abate, and most of the conditions were withdrawn from Calverinia for several years.

In 1911 however it began again, gradually at first, then in full full sway. Calve Calverinia had the worse scenes of the child slave slavery the world had ever seen, and this spread along the Angelinian border. This had aroused the whole nation, and many a child slave plantation or firm was at the mercy of a fiendish mob. Threats were made by the glandelinians, but she had suffered severely from the glandeo-Abyssinkilian war and was not in the mood to make war on Angelina just then. At this time general Free Masonia a societies formed among the wicked glandelinians, and these made declarations that all the children not able to work, ought to be massacred. Yet the massacres did not occur, as the world threatened war if they committed the slaughters. The Free Masons felt very bitter over this, and they held a council over this debating on what they should do should do. It turned out that they intended to slay the children in secret, but there was too many correspondents around in disguise, and the world learned of the secret attempts, and again threatened war. Yet it did no good, for many children were put to the knife and the world did nothing because it could do not. Threats were only a folly, and they realized it to the quick.

passed, and Angeline and many other cities were torn by a terrific storm, which killed thousands. It also struck Galverinia, and laid the poor Vivian dead for weeks. Wreckage was seen everywhere for hundreds of miles. Not long after the rioting at palm Mansions by the child rebels at Andress, thousands of children were found missing from the orphan asylums, the glandelinians having been victorious against the child slaves. The two governments, and scores of mobs searched for the missing children, but every one who came to the search was exhausted, the children having been found missing, since the child slaves conflict. One day governor Hanson received a letter from some Angelinian near by telling that the children had been kidnapped by the Glandelinians. The letter declared that in the glandelinian child slave factories near the gigantic city of Norma Catherine hundreds of strange little boys were held prisoners. The morning before Hanson received the letter Robert Vivian thought he had found the children, but instead he saw that they were other children, many who had the same description of the children missing, and they were rescued no however. At the orphan asylums at Pounesse-Wells little children had been seen resembling the children who had been stolen, by their descriptions of clothing. When a score of Galverinian or cavarly men under Jimin went to the asylums one by one the Mother Superior of each asylum quickly produced the children, and to the amazement to all it was found that a great many in their clothing were just dressed exactly like the children reported kidnapped. Many had beautiful white bonnets, white dresses and waists, black shoes and red stockings. Scores of them either boy or girls had blond hair blue eyes, and chubby cheeks. Many were like those of the missing children but the Mother Superior explained that no glandelinian had appeared here as yet, though she had heard that they were in the region.

The general asked the name of one of the children, and one of the little ones who was five years old, answered in a bird like voice; "Birdie Ruthie."

Following a statement made by the Mother Superior that she had seen the day before hundreds of children carried off by the Glandelinians the christian general went back to his camp gathered about fifty thousand soldiers, and made a raid on a string of child slave factories, and towns, and plantations; and searched every place, but could not find a trace of the children, as the glandelinians in fleeing at the approach of the Galverinian soldiery had probably carried the children off with them. Simultaneously other Galverinian soldiers under Fredrick Nance, had attacked a small string of factories, and after dispersing the managers and overcooking the desperate overseers had searched in vain for the children. The governor himself with over ten thousand of his dashing Angelinian soldiers had attacked a large force of armed glandelinian citizens superior to his own at Glades lands lanes where thousands of child slave rebels were defending themselves against the Glandelinians, rescuing fifteen thousand children, bringing via very hundred fold to the little rebels, destroying the plantations, and mills, and capturing the defenders, but the missing ones could not be found. Colonel B Zimmerman got news that a crowd of children looking just a exactly like those described to be missing had been lured from the asylums by disguised glandelinians, and strangled till senseless, and then were carried away to the factories. Zimmerman galloped toward where he was told the children were last seen, when before an attack of some party of soldiers the glandelinian citizens, and overseers also had fled. He soon found the children, many who were frightfully mangled, but all were dead. It was predicted that hours afterwards many other little girls were approached by glandelinians and became frightened and fled, but many of them were shot down. The whole neighborhood was aroused by the firing, as the Glandelinians had killed over five hundred children, and angry mobs, and angry fathers together with Angelinians, and soldiers, pursued the assailants, but they escaped, after shooting down six or seven of the Angelinian soldiers themselves. The governors now gave chase and though they discovered some of the children among a band of glandelinians they could not rescue them as these Glandelinians also escaped.....

After Hanson had advertised, and then advanced for two hours, governor Hanson or Vivian I mean came back and told Hanson that he and several of his cavarly men had pursued and stopped a caravan of glandelinian wagons, a seventh one being hidden in a most clever manner. Dares-not-like another officer with them believed that the children had been mistreated by some glandelinians, and then brought to the town or city of Catherine (Galverinia) and as the demand for the children was refused hurried them, and their bodies were either placed in slaughter houses, or burned to ashes to conceal the crime. General Jennings told Hanson that he had seen the children carried off by regular Ovarians, a and beaten for a good distance. Governor Hanson sent a regiment to see follow a party of glandelinians and wrote to every leader of the local armies to follow scattered parties of glandelinians and ordered his own generals to have their forces advance steadily, as now he intended to put down the child slavery by military force. That evening one of the leaders of the christian forces sent a telegram to governor Hanson saying that he and several thousand men had attacked all the Glandelinian child slave factories about the region of the Norma Catherine Metropolis but could not find any children. In a round up of the Glandelinian districts in the vicinity of Norma Catherine, Angelinian spies searched factories in pretense that they were child executioners, and questioned hundreds of glandelinians and their officers and masters during the search for the children.

The spies even walked through the tenement houses where child slavery was also going on, and talked to every glandelinian manager, but all those questioned refused to give any information of the children. In the meantime other details of Angelinians were searching for clues leading to the glandelinian factories and plan plantations as there was strong beliefs that the children were really hidden away in the city of Norma Catherine. Impetuous was given in the trailing of the glandelinian factories by the statement of Jennings, that the children would be treated very cruel, and butchered, and their bodies hidden the moment the glandelinians suspected they were being followed.

"The Glandelinians will surely butcher them and turn them to ashes if they discover your advance," Jennings had warned the two governors declaring that they must be very cautious. One more vain clue was followed up. "The children are out in a string of child slave factories south of great Norma Catherine." Was the message brought by a bird carrier. "They were seen there to day."

Sergeant Gallo hurried out toward the city, and assailed the string of child slave factories with terrible fury, scattering the glandelinian soldiery who came up to oppose in which after a fierce conflict in which over one thousand fell on both sides, but the lost children were not there. In a few weeks the Angelinian governments started a movement to bring 1,200,000 men into the greatest search ever known with the hope of recovering the children, but the Pope fearing that this would incur a great war with Glandelinia tried to cancel this movement, but in vain and vague reports came in that Glandelinia was now watching every movement with evil eyes, and had started to mobilize armies, and this made both Hanson and his brother in edately sternly order the Galverinian governments to fortify the fortifications of McWhirther, Hanson stating that a heavy penalty would come if his orders wasnot obeyed. With the declaration of a little child rescued with 10,000 others the day before who had been enslaved by the Glandelinians for more than a year that the children would be killed and their bodies burned unless haste was made in rescuing them it started the searching anew. The child who had been rescued said that the glandelinians were frightful brutes, and if they found out that the Angelinians were making movements to crush child slavery by means of military force they would butcher the children, burn their bodies so they could never be found, and send an appeal to the King of Glandelinia for help.

CHASER-RESCUED...

#### THE STOLEN CHILDREN ARE FOUND REALLY ASSASSINATED...

"I am so afraid, oh so terribly afraid," Shuddered the child as she sat beside governor Hanson. "I know the glandelinians. I know how terribly cruel they are to little girls and boys, and they are child butchers too. They like to strangle little girls, girls and boys. I hate and dread the sight of them, and even the sight of their covered heads makes me want to scream, but they will take you to the factories if you think I can help you any. If the glandelinian managers find out that your soldiers are coming to stop the children from being made to work, or to make a fight at Norma Catherine with them, they will surely strangle the poor little girls and boys to death alive up

Christian had captured himself came back into christian possession and...

their bodies and burn them. "Continued the little girl her blue eyes showing her fright. "I will never forget how I felt when I was with those horrid glandelinians. The children had been kidnapped by the glandelinians. The children had indeed been kidnapped by the glandelinians this being the fate of many children as revealed the next day through a letter to the Angelinian governor, and also a letter from the glandelinian governor of child slavery in Calverinia demanding that if the Angelinians would not leave Calverinia the kidnapped children would be destroyed, but if they left the children would be returned safely to the asylums. Robert who got both the letters first turned them over to his brother Hanson who immediately ordered general order to search for the children, at Norma Catherine thirty miles away. News had been found it was believed that Norma Catherine was the place where the children had been held captive, and that the glandelinians were preparing to entrain them to Andrean the Calverinian Capitol. By the long grief and search the two governors were on the verge of physical and nervous exhaustion, and was nearly prostrated by the letter.

The governor after reading the letter flew into a great rage, and refused the demands despite the warnings and threats, and then started off with one third of his force of horsemen to follow a clew which had come from near Catherine, while Hanson himself prepared to attack Catherine. In formation regarding the letter obtained however indicated that this was the first clew and the strongest lead developed in the wide search. In which the governor had already started out on, and more than five hundred thousand were already on the search. The letter according to governor Adrian directed also that over fifty thousand dollars be sent to the glandelinians by scouts, and it promised the safe return of the children, and also of the scouts.

"But don't bring any of your force, for if you do you will be liable to incur a war with glandelinia and Angelinia. Was the warning. "And it will also keep you from getting back the children, who will be massacred."

"They are in Catherine." It went on. "But what part I will not tell. You Angelinians have caused us trouble over the child slave causes, and so we have kidnapped the children who will not be harmed if you pay the fifty thousand dollars."

The letter was turned over to Greatheart who was working faith fully on the case and who soon after went to Catherine with Gindernine, the where there were many glandelinian child slave factories. Although the letter was looked upon by many of the christian generals as the most valuable developments on the case, others declared so, and so did Hanson that the children had not been kidnapped for ransom, but were captured and held for the purpose of being brutally treated and murdered. Another letter was received by governor Hanson as he was already on the advance. It demanded that he must not send any spies, as it would be useless. Kinder nine and Greatheart soon returned from the dangerous search, with only four of his spies.

"My men have been searching the glandelinian factories and plantations at Catherine, without success, and many of my men were captured and shot as spies. It is impossible to get near their factories and plantations, for positions there are well strengthened."

"He'll dislodge them." Said Hanson with a scowl. "And massacre them if they don't give up the children."

And also the search became more strengthened the theory and they found indications to strengthen the theory that the kidnapped children were carried away by the glandelinians under governor Giacomo Mosco, and the search through the factories of the human demons has become the most dangerous part of the wide search. Many of the Angelinian generals when the search commenced believed that the children were being held captive in the outskirts of Norma Catherine, and that the glandelinians were guarding them from the christians like golf gold. Others had worked on the theory that the children were being carried across into the city child slave factories. Following the receipt of the letter demanding money another scores of spies and detectives made an investigation of Norma Catherine to ascertain if any children with the same description were there. But they never returned. In the meantime, came cavalry men, infantry, and dragoons and Frederick soldiers had been searching every glandelinian child slave factory at Norma Catherine and had a heavy search. General Richardson kindred commanded one half of the governors force sent a telegram to all local detective forces to help in the search and that the poor children would be found in the city of Norma Catherine.

All of the glandelinians no matter who they are always mean to little children and every day they have always whipped and even choked them. They made them do the hardest work, carry heavy boards, and wash an awful lot of dishes, and thrashed and choked them when they did not get their work finished in time.

The glandelinians did not care at all what happened to any of the poor little child ren children, and many indeed were afraid that something had happened to the little children that were kidnapped by the glandelinians for it was always reported that the glandelinians even killed little children for the pleasure of it. And to make it worse the glandelinians fearing the success of the searchers were getting well prepared, having rifles shot gun, and a whole lot of cannon they had stolen out of the ammunition factories. Not long after the search was in full swing several Angelinians discovered a child lying dead in the grass, and brought the dead child to governor Hanson, then scores of more came in with a dead child. (It was a similar scene like this at Crowley that started the fiercest war ever experienced)

At once Hanson was so surrounded by many of his soldiers and detectives, to view the bodies of the dead children, who were kidnapped and slain, while a doctor made a close examination of the dead children. Hanson stood amazed while over five thousand men vowed revenge. The dead children about forty in number were put in small coffins as quickly as possible which were covered with the palisades of the valley, roses and carnations, and all kinds of flow flower flowers flowers. While the big throng stood tense and eager Hanson lifted his bowed head and said:

"Here lies forty little innocent children, who were strangled to death by the heartless glandelinians. It is the duty of all of you to bend every effort to drive child slavery out of Calverinia, even if it brings a war. This is the most shameful slaughter I have ever witnessed, and I say vengeance is Angelinia's for the murder of these these helpless little children who were slain in a cowardly manner."

While Hanson was making his plea for vengeance upon the merciless glandelinians, all of the men and women broke into weeping. While from the tension grew so strong, that women fainted and had to be carried away from the scene. The governor Robert Adrian, the father of the Adrian girls, now approached, and he collapsed from the strain and grief, and sat near the bodies of the dead children, and wept, while all listened to the description of how the little ones were snatched up by the heartless glandelinians, held captive for a time, and then killed in cold blood, when the glandelinians learned that the Angelinians were searching for them. Tears rolled down Hanson's cheeks. Two days later the funeral of services were very impressive, sixteen sixteen little girls dressed in white, and carrying flow flowers stood in a group, at the head of the small coffins. The children were some of the rescued ones during the search. The caskets the caskets were carried in front while the weeping women and children filed past and took a last look at them. Some of the women were overcome with grief and soldiers had to take charge of them, and lead them out of the throng. The children were now buried and indescribable was the grief everywhere. Hanson then told them all of a nephew who was serving in the glandelinian country but who had returned and was seeking to be a general among the christian armies. The children were captured and butchered, the glandelinians also having choked the children to death, and many times the glandelinians would smother the children, by tying flannel rags around their mouths and nose until the little ones were almost black in the face. The glandelinians would always beat them with a heavy broom handle, and a stiff strap, and also would occasionally burn one of them with a red hot poker. The children were indeed captured by the glandelinians, and carried off to Norma Catherine where after a day at hard labor they became the victims of the cat-o-nine-tails, the marks of this whip being visible on their backs long after the beatings. The glandelinians drove the children out into the cold to beg, and for days they were forced to spend their time, roving through the streets and alleys begging for money to give to their masters, and as if they came back without the money they were forced to remain outside the building in the cold snow all night though it was zero weather. Many of the helpless children were crippled by the glandelinians hired to do these things. One child whose name was Violet Hiebaum suffered a dislocated arm the result of a wrenching given it by her glandelinian master. One of the children was lame because of a badly bruised left leg. These injuries were caused by the glandelinian master, who as also beat another across the arm with an iron rod. The beating was so severe that one of the child's arms was seriously injured. The poor child was obliged to carry it in a sling. The face of a little girl whose name was Jenny was continually scratched and swollen. The glandelinians even had continued to shower blows upon the children until they fainted. One day the glandelinians caught the children saying their prayers during working time, and in a rage grabbed the children by their throats one by one and threw them against a fence so roughly that they were partly stunned.

Then while the children were lying helpless on the ground, the glandelinians seized some heavy boards one by one, and hurled them especially at the poor little girls. Then they dragged them into the factory, and roughly threw them into the floor where the villains left them to recover for themselves. Day after day the glandelinians cruelly mistreated the poor laboring little children, especially for not committing any sin. The glandelinians one day because they feared at their machine tied several of the children to a tree and rubbed poison gum on their faces and built fires under their feet to try to force them to commit some sin. Also the glandelinians when this was unavailing decided to burn them to death, but a severe thunderstorm came on, and the sudden downpour of rain saved them, and gave the glandelinians a good wetting in the bargain.

On a rage the glandelinians cut them on the arm with a sharp knife. After this they often left the children locked in a sweat shop under guard for many hours at a time, where they were compelled to work hard no matter how much they suffered from the heat, and they were not even clothed properly and despite their hard toil often went without food. So our gentle readers can see that the children Hanson, and the others who were not in the children that had been captured or kidnapped children to toil the captured and slain and then dressed like the kidnapped children to foil the christian persecutors, and turn them off their trail. Most of them had the exact description, nearly the same looks and beauty for their righteousness. The glandelinians had strangled them to death, put other clothes on them and then brought them to the place the christians were sure to find them. They did deceive Hanson and her sisters had been surprised when she found trouble nevertheless. Violet and her sisters had been surprised when they learned of this occurrence, and having found where the children had been brought had went there themselves to see if they could do anything to rescue the poor children even if at the cost of their lives if need be. They had seen concealed themselves in a baggage wagon, where they were brought to the horrible factories, where they also concealed themselves witnessing all the child slave horrors at the city of Andean where it was going on. As they came within sight of the city Violet and her sisters had seen a frightful looking string of factories resembling more like great prisons being on the outskirts of the large and beautiful city. The city was surrounded by very high walls, and also were the prison like factories, which were very large and tall buildings, made of huge stones painted black. The walls were over one hundred and thirty six feet high, made of large heavy rocks squared like cubes, and not painted. It had many towers, and was armed with one hundred forty eight cannon, and ninety gatling guns. The walls surrounding the city of Andean was also armed with cannons and gatling guns, and a large army of glandelinians about one hundred and fifty six thousand in number were on camped near the city. Every building in the city of Andean were made of marble brick and the capitol was very beautiful, the most beautiful building in all of Calvernia. The streets were broad and long, like in Chicago here, only were clean and of cement. The city was full of people unsuspecting that the glandelinian child slave factories were in their midst. Violet and her sisters who were carried off toward the city were nervous when a glandelinian came up and halted the driver. He said something in a low tone that Violet and her sisters could not understand, but after a short conversation the glandelinian officer blew a shrill whistle, and a score of glandelinians came rushing from the camp as fast as they could run. They approached the wagon and two of them ran to the rear and pulling aside the covering seized the children and binding them hand and feet with ropes carried them off toward the factories while the others following abused the children fiercely. Violet and her sisters watched the glandelinians take the children before the general manager who ordered the glandelinians to unbind them, and bring them into the horrible looking factories.

Violet and her sisters knew how bad these factories were, and felt miserable as they saw the poor children fall on their knees and begged the glandelinians as pitifully as they could, not to take them there, but these glandelinians were very cruel ones, though some of them were handsome in looks as they were, and had not the slightest pity on them, and was greatly angered at their pleadings.

"Hurry them into the slave houses!" The manager ordered to several of his foremen "They go in there if they want to or not! It's not what they want. It's what I want."

The glandelinians obeyed this wicked order and brought them into the awful factories inside where it was now awful dark, so dark that the children could not see their hand before their face. One of the glandelinians lighted

SEE PAGE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SEVEN

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN.

THE REDEMPTION.

Then while the children were lying helpless on the ground, the glandelinians piled some heavy boards one by one, and hurled them especially at the poor little girls. Then they dragged them into the factory, and roughly threw them

The glandelinians obeyed this wicked order and brought them into the awful factories inside where it was now awful dark, so dark that the children could not see their hand before their faces. One of the glandelinians lighted a candle and proceeded on through the hall way whose bones were strewn with the bones of little children. Violet and her sisters who were following what they saw, the bones of murdered children, were almost frightened at they saw the skulls and bones and the floor of the hall way fairly red with the red blood or dried blood of the poor children who had been murdered there. The glandelinians were holding a conversation, as they walked through the eerie darkness of the hallway but in such a low tone that Violet and her sisters could not understand them or what they were saying. Violet and her sisters shuddered at sight of the children bones strewn about and along the hallway, and the more they looked at it the more appalled they became, and felt like leaving the place immediately. They were sorry that they came into the horrid place, and found it sad and lonely, and yearned to be back with her papa and mama. The place smelled like a regular slaughter house, and so sickening was the stench, that the little girls nearly vomited. It seemed as if there was no end to that long hall but at last the glandelinians came to a room, and one rushed open a wide door made of iron. The glandelinians carrying the children walked into the room which was very large and full of half naked children working like slaves at the machines which were making a deafening noise. Though the door had been open, the other children could not escape for two guards always stood by the door fresh ones coming to relieve them every hour.

Violet and her sisters saw that the children were left standing in the rooms, the glandelinians going out instantly. The whole crowd of children drew back in indescribable terror as another fierce glandelinian entered carrying a large butcher knife in his right hand. He was indeed the ugliest looking glandelinian that Violet and her sisters had ever seen. He was dressed in cloths resembling tight beeing of ink black color, and had a devil's tail tied to his back. He looked like a real fiend, and had a children, who crouched backwards from him in the greatest fear. Violet and her sisters had never seen such terrified children in all their lives. Tied around his waist was a braid of human skulls. Violet and her sisters then saw that they would not be seen, always keeping their eyes on him with drawn knives, to defend themselves in case they were seen. They were not seen however and the rascal only stood there like a statue grinning continually and still holding the appalling butcher knife in his right hand. Around his neck also was a braid of human hearts, real fleshy hearts, the blood dripping from them and onto his clothes.

THE INDIVIDUAL A MAN SHOWS UNMOST CRUELTY TO THE HELPLESS CHILDREN.

He now advanced slowly toward the mass of badly frightened children brandishing his awful knife. Then he rushed forward grabbing a half naked child, and sticking the knife between his waist band, seized an implement which closely resembled a sand bag, of the type used by tugs, and gave her a terrible beating. Then the glandelinian forced the helpless little girl on her knees with her hands extended above her head and tied to the low ceiling that way, while he beat her with the most barbariously constructed cat-o-nine-tails ever made. She was also beaten on the head with the handle of the cruel whip until her scalp was broken, and she was rendered unconscious. Then he dislocated the little girls arms, and jerked her around. Several other glandelinians then came in and rushed upon four more children and gave them a terrible beating because they were not working fast enough, and caused them for praying for the cruelly treated little girls. They inflicted upon them any sort of punishment that suited their fancy. The other children were keenly sensitive to the pressure of impending harm and timidly huddled back to the other end of the room. Many of the children whose bright faces formerly spread a vivid light around about them, moved as if in a dream, their cheeks pale, and their eyes red with weeping. Every loud sound made by the cruel men convulsed them with fright, and drove them to madden sobbing and weeping. The glandelinians left the dead children where they had been tied, and proceeded to try and make some of them kill each other for praying for the other children. Grabbing two of them one of the glandelinians brought them outside the factory, and took them toward a row of calibre cannon which was placed at the foot of the walls.

speaking in an angry tone the glandelinian said to one of the children: "I'm going to make you blow one of your friends to pieces."  
The glandelinian tied the little girl to the muzzle of one of the cannons, while another at his command rapidly loaded it. The glandelinian then placed the rope in the little boy's hand and aiming a loaded revolver at his heart commanded him to fire the cannon. Meanwhile a tortoise grabbed hold of the rope which fires the cannon, and the little boy seeing a chance made a swing at the glandelinian, and the hard shell of the turtle landed right on his head putting him down and out. Then the brave and fearless led his sister to the gun. It was a pleasant surprise to his sister and she hugged him. Through this occurrence they got away and though they were persecuted for a long time, and seemed in danger of being overtaken, a young longlimb man suddenly swooped down upon the children, instantly threw them on its back, made the glandelinians scatter right and left, and flying away with the children.

## CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN

## THE REBELLION.

GIANG, GIANG, GIANG, KING, DONG. Over the big city of Andream on a bright afternoon of November traveled the sudden warning notes of the glandelinian alarm bells. In every part of the big city of Andream glandelinians and child slaves paused at an instant to wonder what they could mean, and whether it was something startling. Was a large force of Angolinians approaching to put down the child slavery unchecked, and would the beautiful and brilliant city be under a siege? Must hundreds of thousands of glandelinians give up their lives in an effort to overcome the conflict? There were others: must all the child slavery perish during the conflict? There were others: who listened to the pealing notes with a joyful and startling expression. These were the child slaves in Andream, and all other poor prisoners, including Violet and her sisters who were spying around the factories at the risk of their lives. Only for an instant did these officers listen, and wherever they were, whatever they were doing, they dropped everything, turning at once to run to a common center, the glandelinian council house. At that grand building eight glandelinians changed to be present, and these eight in the main council room, at the moment of the alarm, ran to the staircase, swiftly descending to the floor below. Yet as fast as they were, they were barely ahead of six others, who dashed up from the lower stairway. After that glandelinians and their officers, seemed to arrive about every second, while there was a quick quick scramble for the telephone, calling for King Proclie who had come up from Galverinia for the present, to see if he could successfully stop the interference of the Angolinians. From there they received news that a good number of child slave factories were besieged by over one hundred thousand child slaves rebels led and helped by Galverinian citizens, and they were allied to the king's headquarters were already burning, and now was becoming very serious, as it twenty factories were already burning, and nearly a million children set free by the rebels. The order was obeyed quickly, and soon the glandelinians were at the main door of the headquarters, and were brought before the wicked glandelinian king. The highest officers in the ranks bowed before the great king and said:

"General our city is in danger from a mob of over five hundred thousand child rebels under the personal leadership of a thirteen year old child by the name of Gertrude Angolinia, though I have heard that their main child leaders are two little girls by the names of Anna and Angolinia Aronburg who are ten and nine years old. And I believe that the Angolinian governors daughters, called the vivian girls are at the bottom of all this, as they have been spying on the child slave managers, Mc-pollster and Jacob Aronburg. Our scouts say that even Beppos court house has been captured by those beastly child rebels helped by rebellious Galverinian citizens under the command of Angolinia, and Aronburg, and that their position seems impossible to be carried, and fatal to attack, for the reason that the Galverinians themselves have seized the munitions and have plenty of arms and ammunition."

The king then said:

"Stop forward please Galloosa and give an account of the capture of Beppos Court House."

Out of the crowd of glandelinian soldiers came a tall star-musted man, some what handsome looking being six feet tall, broad shouldered, his eyes which had had in them a look of fury and murder were flashing with excitement as he said: "I was out visiting a friendly foreman of a child slave factory, when the child insurrectionist floating on the flag staff, also many large wooden breastworks made from fences torn down by the rebels, but nothing else just then. After what I was watching for a while saw a great number of boys armed with sling shots approaching toward me, and to my surprise one of the boys was the grandest looking little girl that I have ever seen. She seemed to be the child rebel leader Angelina Aronburg. After some time they discovered me and gave chase as I ran yelling furiously and demanding me to stop. They even let fly at me with their sling shots, and I had a narrow escape when a grenade was thrown at me by Aronburg herself, which burst within a few feet of me my hands being struck by its fragments, as you can see that they are wrapped in bandages."

"Did you discover anything else?" Asked King P. O. Proclie.  
"I certainly did but it was after this had happened. After wrapping my hands in these cloths, I took shelter behind a tree, and held my persuers at bay by opening fire upon them with my pistols. As the rebels retreated, I discovered the advance of hundreds of more child rebels, girls and boys together, and under the leadership of some men, all to my surprise armed with repeating rifles. They looked like the advance guard, and soon more and more came, their ranks seeming to have no end. I had to be very careful not to let the advance guard discover my hiding place, for if I did I would not be here now. The rebel forces were advancing fast, and brandish their small rifles, and cutlasses as if they meant business. The chief leader of this advancing force seemed as it was Aronburg, who was talking excitedly, and as they came within six rods of my hiding place and halted, the only thing I did was skidoo. Fortunately I was not discovered by them as I was the others, and when at a safe distance I hid again, I saw the main leader giving some orders, which of course I could not make out. However many of the children mostly boys eleven and twelve years old with flaming torches set all the scattered shanties on fire. There was a big shanty not far from where I was in hiding, and I saw a score of the child rebels, thrusting in the torches through the doorways, and almost instantly I heard the crackling of burning wood and the shouts of the boys. From that the rebels ran to another wooden shanty, which had one of our best and new factory machines in it, and set it on fire. One of our old Shriners of gates was dragged out with shouts of derision from a barn near the burning shanty, then the whole mass of child rebels, formed a "Ring Around the Rosey" as they called it, and danced mockingly around the beautiful shrine, and mocking me as I bowed down before it, and insulted it, and then set it on fire, and joked among each other how he himself was tortured in hell. Many of our priests clubbed rifles ran at them with wild shouts and beat them over the heads and shoulders forcing them to retreat... The child rebels had set all the shanties on fire by the time one of the nearest to me caved in, and I had a narrow escape from flying sparks and embers. With my pistols loaded and ready to fire at any moment I slunk away again, and it was high time that I did, for just then a considerable number of the child rebels swarmed about the tree I was hiding behind, and looked around the vicinity to see if anybody was watching them. After that I discovered the enemy surrounding the child slave factories. A terrific conflict which I witnessed rage all that afternoon the rebels worked up in a frenzy to rescue the other frightened child ren, and helped by the citizens also made one onslaught after another, but were beaten off again and again with frightful losses. However there were too many and as the factories were already windowless and on fire the defenders about five thousand in number were forced to abandon the factories, though they had not suffered a single casualty in killed or injured, although the rebels suffered over two thousand in killed or injured, although none of them were killed. Some had been retaken during the conflict, but as the victorious rebels taking the child slaves out of the burning buildings and compelling them to join their ranks for their reward."

"It's an infernal outrage!" Stormed Proclie brandishing his sabre. "It'll be pretty risky for them to capture any more factories. Can't you get the soldiers to put down this unjust and foolish rebellion?"

"I have tried time and again, but as most of them are galverinians and have children of their own they will do nothing, and only side with the rebels to the last, and have joined them. The rebels of both sects have ammunition to last many months. The only way to worse the child rebels is to seize all the stores we can, and starve them into submission, and increase the tortures of the children, who are still in our power." This was agreed by all the officers, but Proville was nervous as he knew that if this was attempted Galverinia would be torn by a frightful war itself assessed by the Abbeismians.

"Are the child rebels threatening to make an attack any where around here near the headquarters?" Asked Proville of another officer.

"There is no signs of them around here, though they are besieging manager Mc-Hollester, and Aronburgs factories, and p, plantations in strong force, and threatening to storm the places if the managers do not give up," Said the officer.

"But were so of all they are in possession of Zimmermanns committee committees courts, and have burned them to the ground," Said another officer.

"It was once the homes of that traitorous glm glandelinian we executed several days ago," Said a soldier.

The glandelinian officers were now dismissed and they returned to their commands. Every one in the city were excited when they heard the news of the rapid progress of the child slave rebels. And violet and her sisters were overjoyed when they heard the news, and prayed more faithfully than before. One day when they were spying around another child slaveplace violet and her sisters saw that some glandelinians had captured or caught three children saying their prayers at working time, and looked at them in a way that would have killed had looks been kin knives.

"Now then!" Asked the glandelinian quickly. "How did this seige and the success of the child rebels turn out or come about. You three children were the cause of it all. I'll bet anything." "We were not the cause of it," Stammered one of the children turning a bit pale. "We did not know that it was going on. Maybe you men were the cause of it all."

"Can't you find nothing better than to blame it unto us you contemptable little demons?" Said the glandelinian. "Why you children did it yourselves, and so you are the child rebels who first work for us to spy on us, and then bring the child rebels onto us care you. Way that is our outrageous you lit tis ours and you know it." Denounced the glandelinian his eyes flashing with scorn. "You rascally little rebel children don't seem to understand how quick we can execute such bold children, and already many of our beautiful factories are in ruins, and we trace every bit of that outrage to you children, and it won't be long before we will have a chain of evidence that will show how you caused this unexpected success of the childrebels, and the destruction of our shanties, factories and Shrine. Oh we are getting a complete case against you littlestriplings, and I'm doing more than think ing too." Snapped the glandelinian in a bitter rage. "Now then you can come along with me, and we will get this matter straightened out in the slaughter room."

"Go along with you in the slaughter room to be murdered in cold blood!" Gasped one of the children turning a few shades paler while the others their faces white with terror, and their knees trembling under them cried out.

"We are not bring this on officer. You ought to know that I'm not telling /is. Please don't butcher us. Oh please don't." "I'm afraid," Replied the glandelinian officer. "That I can't understand any thing except the crime against our god Saten by causing the child rebels to burn and besiege our expensive factories, to destroy and seize our property and risking many lives at this rebellion. Now then you little culprits are you ready to go with me to the slaughter room?"

"Are we going to be slaughtered?" Asked a little girl with a shudder.

"I don't have to put you children to death unless you refuse to come along in any other way. Take your choice you young rebels."

"Oh we will go!" Agreed the child. "But it's an awful mistake officer, about us bringing on this rebellion---an awful mistake."

"Two of you can walk on either side of me," Proposed the wicked glandelinian. "And don't either of you little rebel girls make the mistake of trying to get away. We will talk this over in the slaughter room. I'm bound to inform you young rebels however that the evidence is too strong for me to have a mercy on you."

Four unhappier little children it would have been found too hard to find just then. On the way toward the slaughter room neither one of the children had anything to say.

SPECIAL ..... SPECIAL

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT.

MANAGER MC-HOLLESTER INTERVIEWED.

PRINCE GANNON INTERVIEWED.  
VIOLET AND HER SISTERS DEFEND MC-HOLLESTER,  
AND GAINS HIS FAVOR.....

ren had anything to say.

They did not care to talk about their innocence just then, but once inside the slaughter room, one of them came out boldly and strongly.  
"Officer, this is one of the cruelest things you ever did."  
"Oh M. H.?" asked the cruel old glandelinian tartly.  
"We were only praying to our god in the thankfulness, and you are trying to make up a crime caused by us, by saying that we brought on the success of the child slaves."

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT

MANAGER Mc-HOLLESTER INTERFERES.

"Do you girls call it innocence by praying for your deliverance, and causing the child slave factories to be beset, besieged and destroyed, and to set the little rebels on to the destruction of our property and lives?" Thundred the glandelinian in a bitter rage.  
"But we did not do anything of the sort. All we did was to say some prayers, the prayers we always say."  
"And you don't consider it a crime to pray for your deliverance so you would not only bring the child slaves on to victory, but to bring all the christian slaves down upon us also?"  
"No we did not, and it ain't!"  
"I do not believe you rebels," Thundred the glandelinian. "Yet admitting that you are telling the truth about saying your prayers, what was the sense of saying that that dying child by baptism baptism the other day that you knew in advance would anger us?"  
"Why we wished to see her die a happy death, and see God as she wanted to, and we are glad that we done it, and will do so again. We don't care if it would ruin your child slave cause, or your old army."  
Then you thought that when you saved that child it would cause trouble to our child slave factories?"  
"Yes," admitted the children. "And if it happened I'm glad."  
"It did cause destruction to more than one child slave factory," said the glandelinian grimly. "And we have fairly upset the glandelinian governments in our efforts to suppress the rebellion. Then you now claim that this destruction of thirty four of our child slave factories as you try to call it is now directed against the whole glandelinian nation and to us in Calvernia?"  
"We did not suppose that the destruction to your factories would cause this progress of the child rebels, or one of them at least," said the children who could not help shrink a shrinking before the fierce look the glandelinian officer gave them.  
"Oh you didn't!" growled the glandelinian in a fury. "And you tear up our governments which are already overworked in these many disputes with the Angolanian and Abbeemian governments. But you'll find, you young rebels that we are not too busy to run down the whole of your affair. It was you little girls who caused the factories to be attacked and destroyed, until you deny it until you're as black in the face. We'll fasten that evil job on you never fear."  
The other children had not said a word since entering the slaughter room and they even were more frightened, so frightened that they had to cudge their brains for anything to say in their self defense. The boldest of them tried in a most petulant manner to set matters straight. Yet it seemed as if the glandelinian had never been so hardened, or so hard to be convinced of anything, no matter what it was.  
"But youngsters like you are hardly trusted around loose," the glandelinian went on, looking at them with a most deadly scowl. "I don't know what I'm going to do with you so I'm going to keep you chained here until I can get some of the executioners down here to put you girls to a most frightful death."  
"We are to be murdered?" One of the children asked with an uneasy start. The poor children had reason to be afraid of any glandelinian when he got started on the path of wrath. Now these four little girls begged pitifully for their lives.  
"You don't deserve to live at all," said the glandelinian. Then after he blew a shrill whistle several glandelinians came in bringing a man that violet and other sisters who were hiding, recognized as the manager Mc-Holleston. The glandelinians left him with the terrified children, who huddled in a corner.

"Good god where am I?" He gasped. "What kind of a place is this? A slaughter house, then?"  
No one at first answered but one of the children who was frightened out of her control gave a loud piercing scream.  
"This is indeed a slaughter room of helpless children, and owned by that governor Federal who tries to rule Galvernia in spite of the Angelinians, governor Arumgray, Raymond Richardson federal." Howluttered in a sulky way to himself..... and faced the children with a scowl.

to himself..... He then swung around, and faced the children with a scowl. "Among landelinian butchers" He belooored drawing a fourth foury revolver. "Vamoose evet every one of you. Vamoose I say." The frightened children scattered like sheep, and Mc-Mollester in a rage strode toward the door way just as a landelinian appeared and shot him down without hesitation. Then aiming his smoking revolver at another landelinian he demanded in a stentorian voice: "Halt you damn fool in your steps. Don't advance any farther or you are a dead man." (111)

The glandelinian only laughed and dashed at him, but he fell sprawling with a bullet hole in his brain. Then several more glandelinians made the same appearance, and Mc-Gollester said angrily:

"You rodents can't have business in life that worth while.

"It was your duty to enslave children only, not murder and assassinate them without my knowing it."

"I'm getting weary about it," asked one of the "glandelinians."

"What's the fool getting mouthy about?" Asked one of the "landelinsians" with a grin.

"I was just giving a hint, that decent men, or an innocent child youn wouldn't need, and that is thrown awy on you 'landelinsians'."

Retorted a nigger keeping a good grip on his gun. "You can't find nothing to do that is not wicked enough, then you have to capture innocent children to a nigger them is it not you contemptable curs!"

"Say 'I'll knock your-b-oe block off if you can't look out." Warned one of the main puffy looking 'landelinsian with who with officers now joined the others, and Ma Hollister looking at the whole score with great scorn writ ten on every line of his face.

ten on every line of his face. "I don't suppose that you glandelinians know anything about square and : honest honest fighting do you?" He challenged. "What do you mean?" Asked one of the glandelinians gruffly. "I was pretty sure that you did not know what I meant," leered Mc-olister. "Well I'll try to explain in easy words. You soundreels were hired to be hung-I'm fully child drivers, not hitmen, and for your offense deserve to be hung-I'm fully in favor of child slavery, but not child assassination. You call that fair fighting when you destroy lives of children by cruelly murdering them? Well Well I can tell you that I don't. It's merely the work of devils just like you men are. But you will not slaughter any of the children in this building, and if you do I'll turn over to the child rebels myself."

"What's that you, impudent old fool? Dare to talk to us like that who are soldiers, and we'll run t you through the heart." Said the puffy looking glandelinian in a rage. "Sure I'll talk like that and worse." Answered Mc-Hollister angrily. "Every one of you devils are too u ugly to look at, and I dare you to try anything you like towards."

you big cowards." One of the glandelinians made a rush at him but McHoller  
eater quickly discharged his pistol, and one of the glandelinians fell head  
first to the floor. Then as the rest rushed at him he struck his pistol in his  
belt and leaped straight at the glandelinians, landing a stinging blow on  
the eye of one, and across the nose of another, sending them both spraw  
ling. With a roar that was like that of maddened bulls the rest of the glandelinian  
soldiers swung their swords furiously & hurled themselves at them. Two more  
glandelinians each got a bang in the ear which sent them down and out, while a  
third an officer a stinging blow on the chin and another glandelinian a sh  
arp blow in the belly also sending them sprawling. Another glandelinian  
soldier got a heavy blow in the back which put him out of business. But  
the rest of the glandelinians piled onto him, McHoller being on one  
midst of a whirlwind of fists, and though he ducked in under them down and to  
guard, and gave him a blow on the side of the jaw in the line of his sabre, saying that  
sleep, the glandelinians began to strike him with their sabres, saying that  
he had to give up as he was under arrest. But McHoller, dropping the child rebels,  
Then McHoller managed to draw two pistols and shot ten of them down,  
he was at last disarmed. He was in a rage that was something terrible.  
As the enraged mob around him saw violet and her sisters standing  
against the wall looking on with consternation, while the captive children  
were nearly overcome with sorrow, and then facing the grinning glandelinian  
soldiers, he noticed the officer who had spoken on the child rebels, app  
proaching evidently in great excitement....

Violet and her sisters who were unfriended saw that the "Glandelinian officer" was evidently excited about something, and wondered what it could be. They soon found out, for the wicked Glandelinian officer pointing at McHollester with an awful scowl cried out: "Hold that man now that you've got him. That man is a murderer and a -"

"You are a liar I have never been in your army. I was only a child slave manager and I'll prove it." Hissed Mc-Hollister. "I have a mind to make you eat your lying words, and I will yet."

"Don't you dare to threaten that officer," said the soldier. "Or I'll shoot you you rebel."

"Have information that this man McJolleston after joining our child slave cause, went off to the camp of the child rebels last night." Said the officer to his staff as McJolleston stepped back. "And I also have information that he is in favor of the christians who are trying to crush child slavery, and that he has a paper to use as a decoy."

"Where was he when the child rebels suddenly appeared and besied our beautiful factories?"

R'Right among their lines to lead the child rebels right to the factories, and that man is a traitor and I can r prove it." The Glandelinian officer fairly shook with rage as he uttered this sweeping accusation.Violet and her sistersxwore fairly thunderstruck, as they heard the Glandelinian thus accused.

"Your excellency," said Mc-pollster to the main commanding officer with this lying fool will make. know that the spirit of wickedness and of great villany that your excellency have always shown, will allow this charge to go undefended. I may not sit at stake but I'm not afraid of anybody, and if I get into trouble I will really side with the rebels, and even start an uprising of the whole of Galverinia. To hell with child slavery after this. I resign my job."

"He can't defend it, and he knows it," thundered the accusing landolinian officer brandishing his sabre as if he was about to strike at the accused one. "I will admit," said the angry officer again, "that all landolinians who had trust our own god made are traitors, but that fool of a manager is the worst traitor of all, and I have papers to prove it. That is why - ordered his arrest as soon as I saw him enter this building, unseen by others."

' PRINCE CANNON INTERFERS:

Part two of

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT.  
Suddenly a small chubby faced glandelinian dressed in the uniform of a price appeared, and hearing the dispute threatened the accusing glandelinian officer himself with arrest himself/ if he did not come forward and prove the charge he had made against McJollister.....

Me-Hollester with being a traitor!"

"So he is," snarled the officer who seemed to be in an unusual temper that day as he had been worsted in a fury of fighting with the child rebels at Bastinado! And I can prove it. He preposterated that he was a child slave manager, a driver of child ren, but he went over to the child rebels and got instructions, and then caused the child slave factories to be attacked and destroyed, and these four children that I brought in here to be executed I caught praying for the child rebels to succeed in their rebellion, and then went he enters with other land Indians he prevents their punishments and chooses the other children from the melindas."

"You must furnish more proof than your own general parius." Said the prince. "More statements are not sufficient. Where are your witnesses that you have?"

"I don't have to have any. I myself saw him go over there. These four sneaks I caught praying to their god to increase the infernal child slave rebellion are his friends."

"What were these children doing before they were seized, or when they were living with their parents. Can you tell me that?"

"Spying on us. At least the little girls did. They got full instructions about our lines of child slave factories, and when they were discovered they tried to run away, escaping even when pursued gloomily."

"We must have proofs of this. It is true that those children, and the <sup>vivian</sup> girls whom I recognize also have spied on us but that does not bring evidence against Mc-Hollister. If all I have to say, those vivian girls are the real spies, but as this man being a traitor would not necessarily prove anything against him as he is not a glandelinian but an Abbeisannian who just aims at being a manager of the child slave factories. And if you say that this man is a traitor, and that the children are spies, how can you prove it with any witnesses?"

CHAPTER THIRTY NINE

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS DEFENDS Mc-HOLLISTER! AND GAINS HIS FAVOR.....

"Because I do not need any witnesses I tell you. I know it because I saw it all myself. Even if he is an Abbeisannian, he is not on our side, at all as I thought he was."

"I ask you if you have any witnesses?"

"I don't need witnesses I tell you, because I heard him say to the seven vivian girls that he was going to the camp of the child rebels to make a bargain with them."

"What little vivian girls do you mean?"

"The Violet and her sisters the daughters of the christian or Angelinian governor Robert Vivian. These are the ones over yonder." Pointing to Violet and her sisters with a black look in his face.

"When was this?"

"The night before the destruction to our factories, and before the child slave rebels came to besiege Aronburgs and Mc-Hollisters factories, where our side lost of the one of the fiercest conflicts of the rebellion with the loss of over 23 \$23,456,789 worth of property, and losses of over twenty six men killed, while the rebels lost nothing."

"Where was this?"

"About two miles from this factory...."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"For the conflicts I have, but for the accusation I have not, but is not my word good enough. It always has been. Everybody knows me."

"Johnston Mc-Hollister, have you any question to ask the name's accuser?" Asked Prince G Cannon.....

"No but I have witnesses to prove that he is not so truthful as he seems or claims to be. I will say that now matter how or what he says or where he may get proofs, that I never was among the child rebel camps, and neither have I any information from or for them, and that I have witnesses also that can prove for me that I was besieged for three days by them, and had to yield the children up to them, and escaped with my own life. He is just telling this lie because yesterday I accidentally killed some of his men who were attacking me to force me to butcher some children who had been in my child slave factory."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"Yes Yes and my witnesses are summoned for the purpose of proving that the person who makes these charges is an enemy of the glandelinians as well as of the christians, and that the charge is a plot against us all as well as those against the christians. It is competent to bring this forward. The accuser is not on trial, but he had said that his word is good enough without corroborative proof. I wish to prove the statement false, and to show that the person is not a credible witness, and that hence his charges have no weight."

"General Darius glared at Mc-Hollister, and then Mc-Hollister said quietly:

"Violet and your sisters come forward...."

"Violet and her sisters did so without any fear of the enemy....."

As they came forward Mc-Hollister said:

"You seven little girls were witnessing all the horrors of the child slavery in my factories, and also in the others, also seeing the kidnapping of the children, have you not?"

"We did." Was the answer.

"Who were at the glandelinian committees you saw the children brought before they were brought here?"

SEE PAGE FIVE HUNDRED FORTY FIVE

SPECIAL.....SPECIAL.....

CHAPTER THIRTY NINE

THE FINE AND OTHER THINGS.  
VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS HELP IN THE INSURRECTION.

have proofs of this. It is true that those children, and the livian  
 SA PAGE FIVE HUNDRED FOURTY TWO.

"General Darius is the only one we know. We stole to this place and saw the poor children put into a room where those other crowds of frightened children were. The floor was rotten and broken in places, and even in one corner there was a hole as big as the bottom of a barrel where awful smells came from."

The glandelinian officer was observed to turn suddenly pale.

"After we were seeing these things one of your glandelinians came in, killed a little boy, and attempted to make one of the frightened children kill their comrade slaves, but as she would not I heard they cut her inside out while she was yet alive..."

The glandelinian general in a terrible rage shouted: "!!!!"

"It's a lie the whole of it. Where are your witnesses little girls? You can't take the unsupported words of these little Angolinian dogs. If I had my hands on them now I'd kill them in a way that would shock the very devils themselves themselves."

"Every one of you are dismissed to the main council room where we will hear the full of this concern." Said the glandelinian prince. "So are you officers. I don't believe a word of this."

McGillester then seeing himself free on account of the testimony of the vivian girls turned to violet and her sisters and said:

"You were in danger and are in danger of being held here as spies, or on the charge of being spies, but this cannot be proved about you as there are no evidences, and so you are free to do as you like as long as you do nothing rash. I will be glad if you go about the factories, and see that the children abandon their work and join the rebels. I'm through with child slavery for my part. If you succeed report to me. If not it doesn't matter to me. You understand!"

"Yes said violet. 'I'll do all I can and so will my sisters...'"

Two days after Violet who was lying asleep on a hard bench was awakened by a sense of suffocation, and she cried out to her sisters that she was choked. Her countenance felt livid to her, her breathing to was hurried, and each respiration was attended by a crowing sound. Violet had a fit of coughing, and the more she coughed the worse was the suffocation, and she made violent struggles to recover her breath. The cough became so severe that violet's face became purple, and she gasped for breath, and presented all the symptoms of suffocation. A sense of impending danger seemed to seize her, and she grabbed the bench as if for protection. Suddenly as she managed to stop coughing the room was filled with a peculiar shrill sound like a characteristic whoop, which once heard will never be forgotten. It certainly scared poor violet, but now she began to cough, and sneeze together, and her voice became hoarse. She seemed restless, and was very much oppressed, her coughing ceased to be loud and hoarse, and she became very pale, as her lungs pained. Her voice seemed almost gone, her face became thrown back, and she felt like coughing for want of air, and her head was thrown back, and she felt like coughing from her tongue out. The suffering for air became unbearable, and a staggering from the bench as the room appeared in a thick choking haze, she grouped around in the darkness for the door thinking that she had the croup, and knowing the best medicine for it. As she reached the door she heard the crackling of burning wood. Not knowing what it was she threw the door open...

A great sheet of flame belched out at her followed by clouds of ink black smoke. She discovered that the walls on her side of the room were already hot, the inside of the door and part of the flooring was already smouldering, and the room beyond was a seething furnace. With an untold horror violet knew the meaning of that shrill scream. A little girl trying to escape the flames had been burned to death in that awful furnace in that room. She quickly aroused her sisters and got out of the smoke filled room and went into another which was clear from smoke. Violet and her sisters raised the windows, which were without bars and looked out. The whole upper part of the factory on the western side seemed to be a mass of seething leap flames. The hose of one of the Galvianian firemen ran to the roofing flames. The hose of one of the Galvianian firemen ran to the roofing flames. The hose of one of the Galvianian firemen ran to the roofing flames. A long ladder was leaning against the wall, seeming in danger of catching fire at any instant, and six streams were playing on the flames. Another hose crew had directed its stream of water up to a window on the top floor. It was the window out of which the fire poured the most, and through this the hose crew poured the stream bravely.

The coupling of another hose line was being finished at this moment and after the children were taken out the fire was put out, but not until half of the building was badly gutted. Violet and her sisters were on their way to another child slave fact ory when they met the glandelinian Prince Cannon.

"Where are you little girls going?" He asked sternly thinking they were escaping child slaves.

"We are going to another factory, the one we are in is burning." Violet answered.

At this moment Mc-Hollister came up with several men, and striding up to Cannon said:

"Your excellency in that factory over yonder the managers are going to murder some children, because they rebelled from overwork. I thought I'd tell you though it is no affair of mine."

"No indeed they don't if I can get there in time." Said the glandelinian Prince with a scowl, and he at once went over to the factory, and stopped the murderers just in time.

"Bring them to me and I will take care of them myself." Said Cannon. "You men will not kill anybody if I know it."

The glandelinians showed signs of resistance though he was their main commander and the son of his father King Proville. He was not to be trifled with however as they soon found out to his sorrow.

"Reset at your peril." Urd Cannon as he and the other soldiers drew their guns. There was a moment of dead silence. The glandelinian soldiers kept their eyes on their ruler and saw a cloud of perplexity. Then the glandelinians turned to go in another direction.

"Stop there." Urd the Prince leveling his revolver at the wicked glandelinians. "Move an inch and I will fire."

But he had scarcely uttered these words when there came a report like the explosion of a number of cannon. When Cannon and his body guard went to see what it was a blinding flare of flame burst out from a house close by Violet and her sisters, like another explosion and a volume of pungent smoke rolled from one of the win windows. On a treacherous slope of treacherous rubble not twenty feet from the edge of an abyss, not far from the hose house dropping a thousand feet sheer to the rocks below, violet lay on her back, sweat strained and staring, heels and hands dug desperately into the yielding surface, as she measured the inches, and reckoned the moments between a her and death yawning in the abyss just below her. She had been hurled down this slope by the concussion of the explosion.

Slip, slip, slip, slip an inch or two at a time, she slid. Clutch as she would with her bleeding fingers, and strain as she did she could not prevent herself from rolling down, down, down with slow but heart sickening certainty. Death seemed inevitable, but at the hazard of her life little Jennie launched herself onto that death slide, and with courage indescribable carried a rope to her frightened sister, and saved her life, just as her feet reached the brink of that awful dark abyss. Guided by the light of the fire which was now burning the whole house Prince Cannon managed to rescue the two imperiled children by lassoing them. After they recovered from their scare they went with the pris prince into another child slave factory inside of where they came upon an overseer who with others were whispering together about something.

"Is your majesty ready for the strag strangling of these children who rebelled at their machines?" Asked one of the glandelinians. "If so let us do it right now."

"I don't know as yet. You two have been whispering together about something, for a while." Answered the glandelinian Prince nodding to violet and her sisters to leave the room for the present, and scowling at the men at the same time. "Why do you want to strangle them?"

"Mind your own business" Retorted the soldier.

"It's a pretty young guess that it is my business. Do you intend to murder those harmless children?"

"You bet we do." Said one of the soldiers with a snap. "They are impudent little snips, and we have a right to take the pleasure of strangling them to death, and we will do it at any risk."

The Prince took no notice of the remark but smiled and lighted a cigar.

"Well can we do it?" Asked an officer.

"If you are going to shoot them to death I'm not." Said the Prince with a most sorrowful look. "They are the sweetest little children that have ever been captured and brought into slavery, and if I were you I'd let them live. I love them even if they are Angelinians."

"Do you wish to stop us Prince Cannon?" Demanded the soldier with a wicked oath.

"Don't swear like that." Pleaded the glandelinian Prince coaxing as if he was afraid of the "You quiteshook me."

"The chief shook has to come yet. Can we strangle those four children?"

"When I was a little boy I did not like to be murdered." Said the Prince coolly. "These helpless children would not like to be killed either."

Please let them live a little while longer at least two days, and I will plan how cruel a death they deserve. Hanging them will cause them to suffer from worse strag strangulation than the strongest hands can."

The poor frightened children now fell on their knees and begged him not to let the soldiers kill them, but he said nothing.

"I want to kill them now." Said the glandelinian soldier.

"No not to day. Oh will if you are a mist you have got to wait until to night anyway at least." Said the Prince mockingly.

"We want to do it now." Urd the soldier. "And we will, or do so by force. These children caused the fire, and you want them to live. If you won't let us strangle those children we will fight for our rights."

"Though grieved the glandelinian Prince. "I've had enough of this now, and you had better be care careful. I finally say that as long as the children are with me they are under protection. If you mean to disobey me, or offer any resistance you may do so at the risk of your lives."

Oh what a scowl he gave them.

"You infernal traitor." Urd one of the glandelinians.

"Traitor-Traitor." Echoed the Prince looking at the soldiers timidly. "If it comes to being a traitor it is something that I know about children, and of protection the innocent ones need, and if you hurt them why then who then all right, I'll stand and howl like a baby who wants its mamma. I'm too much afraid of you as you are awfully big men." He continued with a sneer. "You are not fit to be called child drivers, but blood thirsty wolves."

The four glandelinian soldiers jumped to their feet white with rage and consternation.

"It's my opinion that he means to save these children and carry them off to the Angelinians," cried one of them fiercely. "I'm not going to be set at defiance by him even if he is the king's son. What do you say Child Kill?"

"I should think that we can make him allow us to shock their heads off," Child Kill said, scowling fiercely.

"And you Hate Innocence?"

"I'm with you," was the reply.

"And you Dumbhead?"

"The same."

"You impudent Prince you see we all agreed," said the first speaker.

"Either let us shock their heads off, or we'll make you."

"Either let us shock their heads off, or we'll make you," said the first speaker. A hot altercation followed, between the four ugly looking Glandelinians in which Child Kill declared that none of them were safe, while so many of the captive children lived. While it proceeded the poor children fell on their knees again, and begged Gannon as best as they could to save them from the brutal Glandelinians.

"You little devils will never leave this place alive," declared one of the four whose name was Gruel-den-Hoff.

"KILL THEM!"

At this the Glandelinian thus named went to the door to prevent the now terrified children, who were crouching together in the corner from escaping. It was a mistaken tactic on their part, because it left the Prince to deal with them singly. But Gruel-den-Hoff was still of the opinion that he could tackle the Prince alone, and get at the children, as he loved to strangle children, and this overconfidence was probably the reason why he did not at once draw a weapon. He saved his life by that forbearance. The Prince's hand was on his revolver in his hip pocket, and had the Glandelinian drawn any weapon the Prince would have shot him without showing any pistol. As it was he answered a last protest from the prince, and letting out a wicked oath made a rush for one of the children, but in the way of the Prince, who met him with a blow from his fist in the rascal's face and sent him staggering back against Hate Innocence. In a moment the scene was one of lively confusion.

Child Kill who was by the door and behind the Prince fired, but in the confusion missed his aim, and before he could fire another shot the Prince flung a heavy chair at him, and while he was dodging it the Prince rushed on him and tore the revolver out of his hand. He was a much smaller man than the Prince who flung him away into a corner like a small bundle of clothes just as Gruel-den-Hoff had recovered himself, and was feeling for his own weapon.

"You won't draw that Gruel-den-Hoff," the Prince snarled covering him with Child Kill's weapon. "I shall fire if you try to." His reply was to whip it out. But before he could level it a bullet from the Prince's pistol broke his arm. He cursed the prince furiously as he rushed forward and kicked the revolver out of his reach, as he was striving to pick it up with his left hand.

"The children must not live," he called and the latter having plenty of pluck came at the Prince again like a vicious bull. But he was unarméd. So the Prince allowed him to come close up and then caught him by the throat so tightly that his eyes bulged and his tongue protruded, and hurled him back again Gruel-den-Hoff who now held an ugly looking knife in his hand. Then the Prince picked up the other revolver, and stood with his back against the wall.

"Don't try any more of your tricks with me," he said. "I can use these guns better than either of you. Put that knife down Gruel-den-Hoff unless you want another proof that I can shoot straight." He hesitated and scowled at the prince threateningly. The prince leveled his weapon and with a curse the wicked rascal threw the knife away. Seeing that his subjects were cowed he left, Violet and her sisters following him outside. Not long after his departure a Glandelinian captain entered followed by a squad of soldiers in handsome uniforms. They were amazed when they saw a number of children saying their prayers, and with awful oaths the soldiers surrounded the children, and one of the fiercest soldiers who had a coiled rope upon his arm gave an order, and the soldiers led the children out of the house, and to a tree laden with blossoms which stood against the wind on the sea front. Glandelinian officers were collected about it smoking air cigarettes and talking. Violet and her sisters knew that the wicked Glandelinians were going to hang the poor children, and their faces became white with terror, and the little girls longed for their friend by Glandelinian to come and save these children.

A tall lieutenant came forward with the air of a man who had no time

SEE PAGE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY EIGHT.

SPECIAL

SPECIAL

#### CHAPTER FOURTY.

ANGELINIA AMENDING TALLS HER STORY.  
FOURHEAD ATTEMPTS TO BRING HIS VENGEANCE ON  
THE VIVIAN GIRLS.

A tall lieutenant came forward with the air of a man who had no time to waste. The chief leader gave his orders, and a squad of soldiers swarmed up the tree and arranged the noose over a branch and before Violet and her sisters could utter a word dropped the noose from above and around the necks of one of the children. The officer then cried an order, and Violet and her sisters were conscious of a burst of laughter as the children were dragged horribly from the ground. The poor children were aware that they were swinging, swinging. The tight grip of the rope seemed to force their tongues out of their mouths, their necks pained fearfully, and unbearably, and their eyes seemed ready to fall out of their sockets. They could see the merciless faces looking up at them, then something like a red curtain seemed to drop before their eyes, and their hearts seemed to beat violently. Bells seemed to be ringing in their ears, the wind seemed to become a tempest and howled screeching in their ears, then they knew no more. Something like cold water splashed into their faces. The sun seemed to dance, a vast ball of fire which was being rolled up the slope of blue ether by strange black figures of Ghouls or Gnomes. Their eyelids fell again. Then they remembered that they must be dead. They remembered the soldiers with the rope and imagined them staring up at their little bodies which swung among the blossoming branches above them. Suddenly hearing came back to them, then sight, then afterwards pain. They became aware of two men, one of whom was sprinkling water in their faces from a bucket and murmuring:

"And they would even hang three poor little girls."

From all of which the children now believed that they were not dead after all. Their necks were swollen and bruised, and one of the men in a general's uniform was rubbing their necks with herb oil. In an hour they were able to get up and two men carried them to a place where they would be safe from the glandelinians. At the same time this happened Violet and her sisters had set their gaze on a horrible scene before them in a long and serpentine form its face livid with baffled venom and snarling and roaring like a wild beast. It was a young glendelmonian creature who had attacked the men who hanged the little girls. In one instantaneous moment it had turned savagely upon the nearest glandelinians striking blows right and left with its two wing wings, and though missing them sent an officer to the floor with a crushing blow in the chest then grabbing him in its claws tore his throat and abdomen open so that his entrails were exposed to view. Then this creature sprang over the dead man and charged toward a number of the overseers who were about to hurl pieces of lumber at her hurling them to the ground with broken skulls, jaws, and ribs. One of the officers seeing the commotion drew a revolver and fired at the creature, but missed, but nevertheless dodged into the bull building where the creature finding it could not get at him flew away. When the other glandelinians recovered from the scare and excitement the dead man lay on the floor face downward with his entrails half out of him or his body, while the blood was dring a muddy brown upon his face, body, and head. All the men were startled by the look in his half closed eyes.

#### VIOLZ AND HER SISTERS HELP IN THE INSURRECTION.

Two days afterwards the child rebels had captured a child slave factory under the management of a man called Boobhead. Little Angelina Aronburg, was backed by several friendly glandelinian soldiers who had he, helped her to capture the place and she recognized Boobhead as the glandelinian who had caused her more sorrow than all the child slave horrors combined.

"S" "Ha. So you have gotten the best of me after all at last I see." Said the prisoner as the officers crowded about. "You were slaves at your own free will, and now you are grumbling because you have to do a little work for your living."

Little Angelina Aronburg who recognized the man stood forth before them all with blazing eyes, and struck him in the face with the palm of her little hand administering slap after slap.

"Liar." She cried shrilly her eyes dding with tears. "Liar, and coward, and thief. I have a mind to put you in a place where you put me when I was in your power."

For a moment the glandelinian officers stood dumbfounded, staring at the wrathful little girl, and equal amusement was seen on the faces of Violet and her sisters who were there at the time witnessing the capture of the wicked child slave boss, and the glandelinian overseers at this sudden and violent denunciation.



"You shall pay dearly for this Angeline!" He shouted in a threatening voice. "It would have been better for you to have been drowned with your youngest sister." A torrent of abuse broke from him but his voice was drowned in a roar of execration from the officers on shore, and within half an hour the boat came alongside Boohenda ship. Violet and her sisters without giving a second thought to the wild threatnings of their friends bitterest enemy, went into the house with the good glandelinians who sought the Prince, and related to him what had happened.

"That man is a cruel glandelinian!" said the Prince shuddering as the memories brought back by the story came to him. "He will do us all the injury he can for revenge." The little girls as spent a couple of days with the good glandelinians he, helping them free as many child slaves as possible, and also heard that another siege of some child slave factories was already being effected. The children had enough food, help, and provisions to keep up the siege for a long time without suffering from want of hunger, but those besieged could not get a bite and the starvation of the besieged was something awful, and they had to give in or die.

#### CHAPTER XLII. BOOHENDA ATTEMPTS TO WRECK HIS VENGEANCE ON THE VIVIAN GIRLS.

The next day the Prince told Violet and her sisters that there were several gay seats near the city, and decided to show them where they were. It was a long days walk along the seashore, and they had to start early to get there before night. They walked on steadily during the cool breezy hours making only brief halts to rests. As they neared the main beach Violet saw the dark flanks of precipitous hills upon whose summits sometimes there showed huge columns of steam from volcanic matter rising into the still air like the smoke from mysterious altars. They met many cruel looking men, but they did not offer to do any harm, except grin and make sport of the poor Vivian girls. At the foot of the hills a cloud of steam arose from the ground and swayed weirdly this way and that, with the cool refreshing breezes, from the sea which was getting rough. This was Fyran fountain the bed of the greatest geyser in all the country of Glandelinia, besides which was a rude hut of wood, and turf which they walked up to and entered.

The next moment a stunning blow laid the Prince senseless. Then two hard powerful hands closed around Violet's throat so tightly that her face turned fairly purple, and her tongue stuck out as she uselessly gasped for air. She tried her best to tear away that awful grip that seemed to be crushing her neck but the grip tightened so much that she fainted. When Violet came to herself again she experienced a horrible sensation of sickness, and pain in the throat, and an oppression in her breathing. She seemed in the grip of some night mare, and did not at once recognize her whereabouts. Until suddenly it came back to her, and with a shock of horror and alarm she struggled to arise. In vain. Her feet and hands were fast, each of them separately tied with cord, and the cord fastened securely to a short stake that was driven in the ground. The ground itself on which Violet and also her poor sisters lay was warm, almost hot, and a choking sulphurous steam arose from its damp surface. Violet and even her sisters who had not also recovered recognised with a pang of despair that they lay helpless upon the very brink of the awful geyser. Raising her head without an effort Violet saw the cement like silica that formed the geysers bed, slope away at her feet to the wide boiling pool, in whose depths lurked those mysterious forces of the underworld, which periodically hurled from the well of the geyser vast white columns of scalding hot water and clouds of foam to the height of three hundred feet. She could even see the shining surface of the pool itself less than thirty yards away. A harsh laugh sounded behind her and turning her head she saw the gaily figure of Boohenda. If she had felt despair before, her heart now sank lower than ever, to know he herself alone in the merciless hands of the man, whose savage anger she had so recently provoked. Now noon was advancing, but this time there was no hope of friendly rescuers to snatch her and her sisters from the doom which started them in the face. Boohenda's first few words increased her fears. "It's my turn this time Jennie via Vivians! And there are more ways than one to the shore for a man who was born on this coast. Perhaps you had thought you had frightened me out of Andran, when you saw my boat hauled alongside my ship!"

He stood staring down at his victims who lay without answering.

ALL PAGE FIVE REWRITTEN  
FIFTY THREE.

(SPECIAL.)

SPECIAL

CHAPTER FORTY ONE.

VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS SET ON GOOD FOR EVIL.

CANNON SHOWS A THING OR TWO.

The little girls were tugging unavailingly at the restraining cords, and Boobhead laughed again. It was four o'clock now and he continued;  
"It was four thirty if I remember rightly that this geyser used to spout. Well its now five minutes after four so you will not have long to wait. If it does not spout by four thirty I shall force it to, but I am very much afraid she will Jennie, very much afraid. You will notice." He added with a horrible smile "That I have placed you well on the leeward side so that you will not have to shiver long, when she spouts. You will be boiled all at once--- done to a turn Jennie. And so will your sisters. What do you think of it?"

The perspiration stood in great beads on the faces of poor Violet and her sisters, while their breath labored painfully in the sulphuric fumes.

"Murderer!" Gasped Jennie. "They will crucify you for this."  
"Oh no they won't said Boobhead cheerfully. "I'm not quite a fool Jennie. After the eruption I shall untie your body, and those of your sisters, and if anybody should come this way, which you know is doubtful, it will appear that you and your sisters have been unfortunately surprised by the geyser, which is a thing that might happen to any one. Upon my word I'm inclined to envy you."

"Why so?" Asked Jennie.  
"It seemed to her that the stake which held her right arm pinioned, moved slightly under her tugging, and a faint hope sprang in her heart, that by holding her enemy in talk she might yet with a sudden and swift effort release herself, or at least win a swifter and less awful death.

"Why so?" Said she.  
"Well" Said Boobhead "You know the old rhyme;

"Wash in Freyas Fount,  
And know what is weal  
And what is woe."

You are about to wash in this geyser, and I hope it will make you wise. You will also learn how it is to die."

"You will also learn wisdom wisdom here." Cried Jennie in despairing-wrath. "When you who also robbed my own poor father, when you wounded in the battle of Adrian wickoy, and slaughtered Angelina Aronburgs sister in cold blood have cruelly murdered his daughters, will you dare to pass the night besides our bodies? There is another verse of the old song which says:

"Sleep by Freyas boiling bed;  
And hear the whispers of the dead."

"I do not envy you, the whispers that may come to your guilty soul, Boobheads, coward, and thife thief, and murderer."  
"Hold your tongue, and don't be yelling so loud or I'll check you again." Cried Boobhead.

He waited for a while staring gloomily at the geyser, then peering close in the fading light, and toward the direction of the besieged glandelinian armies.

"It's after four thirty o'clock," said he with a cruel smile. "This old geyser is quite late this afternoon."

He came up to poor little Jennie and without any signs of mercy, cruelly and deliberately kicked her in the side as she lay helpless on the ground.

"That's for sticking up for that little Angelinian Aronburg spy and rebel when she called me a liar the other day, and that-----" He kicked Jennie cruelly in the face. "Is for that lump of rotten fish they throw at me."

Then he took from his pocket a piece of flannel rag, and tied it around her nose and mouth. Instinctively struggling to free herself at the cowardly attack, and to tear the rag away for she was suffering for want of air, Jennie felt the stake wrench quite loose at her right hand. Another pull and her hand would be released. Boobhead turned and dragged forward an open box of soft soap. If turf or soap is thrown into a geyser, well it produces an eruption artificially, and for this reason it was formerly a practice of guides to throw great masses of turf into certain geysers for the amusement of tourists. At any moment now, Jennie who was suffering terribly from suffocation caused by the flannel around her mouth and nose, knew the already overdue fountain of boiling spray, might spring hundreds of feet into the air, and could her and her sisters to death with its fearful flood.

In the awful tenseness of her emotion and suffering for want of air she fancied she could hear the furious preliminary bubbling that heralds an eruption and she prayed inwardly. Boobhead came staggering back under the weight of the turf a whole armful. Keeping carefully to the windward side of the boiling pool, he flung it in, and retreated to a safe distance, and stood and waited. There was an angry bubbling, and suddenly the whole surface of the pool seemed to be thrown up several feet. The waters subsided again but a vast cloud of suffocating steam rolled across the spot where Jennie and her struggling sisters lay. Fiercely, wildly he struggled, and her right arm came free. The steam passed away, and her enemy saw her striving to get off the rope or rag that had now smothered her until she became weak, and her lungs pained unbearably, her face being fairly purple from the suffocation. The pool continued to bubble ominously, and now as the suffocation was about to overcome her, Jennie had got her clasp knife and cut off the rag, gasping for breath Jennie strove to cut out her bonds while the geyser still remained quiet. Jennie now got free, and helped her sisters Violet and Joice nearest to

her as quickly as she could. Boobhead realized that Violet and her sisters might be on the point of escaping through the cords with which they had been bound were tough and not to be cut in a moment. As Jennie fell flat on the ground gasping for air which she had not wholly recovered, Violet went to the aid of Angeline. Running up the slope, and to the box of soap he hurried back to hurl it in the pool. Violet striving desperately with the last of Angeline's bonds but gave herself up for lost. Boobhead was within three yards of the pool, when there came another warning splash from the center of the pool, and in the gathering dark, a momentary white turmoil showed on its white surface while a thundering noise proceeded from it. With a cry of fear, he dropped the box of soap, but in the very moment of turning to flee, his foot slipped on the smooth surface of silica, and falling onto the slope he rolled downward toward the pool, clutching wildly but in vain at the treacherous surface of the slope.

Angeline her last cord severed, staggered to her feet, and stood horror stricken, with her sisters watching with bated breath, unable notwithstanding their imminent peril to withdraw their eyes from that struggling figure. Lower and lower slid Boobhead, and suddenly a frightful yell told violet and her sisters, that their enemy had reached the boiling pond. At that horrible, almost inhuman cry, the sea spell that bound Violet and her sisters was broken. Snatching up Jennie who was still lying down gasping for breath, they ran at full speed up the slope to the safety of the windward side of the geyser. Was it the echo in their ears of the dreadful cry, or was it possible that Boobhead was still screaming, in the awful pond. Violet and her sisters trembling at the narrowness of their own escape, told themselves that no one could fall in the geyser and live. Yet the screaming still rang in their ears. It must be that Boobhead had gotten out of the pool again, and lay helpless on its hot edge.

In the darkness Violet and her sisters stood still where they were, torn with conflicting impulses. It seemed too much that they should be called upon to throw away their lives for such a heartless glandelinian officer. Again came the frantic screaming of terror and agony. Rarely before had they known the geysers daily eruption to be so long delayed. When it came it would come in a moment.

The struggle with Violet and her sisters was fierce, but short. They except Jennie who was still gasping for breath, descended the slippery slope, but with care, and seeing a dark mass huddled on the edge of the pool, they seized it, and began dragging with main force. So hot were Boobhead's clothes that the hands of violet and her sisters were almost scalded as they pulled at them. It seemed to them an eternity of terror, as they slowly dragged their enemy up the slope.

"Ah how I suffer!" cried Boobhead in a voice made unnatural by severe pain. Suddenly there was a rumbling like loud undergrow underground thunder followed by a long hissing noise. The geyser had at last broken into eruption. A long white column of hot water towered high into the air, rising and falling, splashing fountain like in a cloak of foam and steam. With a loud splashing it collapsed on itself then sprang again from the pool, to its full height foaming and hissing. The spray

was flung by the incessant wind in masses over the spot where a few minutes previous Violet and her sisters had lain bound. Boobhead lay shouting and groaning in agony on the top of the slope where violet and two of her sisters had laid him. Violet was at a loss. She knew that after such a scolding as he had received, the glandelinian would probably die in a few hours, if not within a few minutes. In the lonely hut within their view there was no remedy for such an emergency as this, but they half dragged, half led the wretch to the hut, and managed to lay him on a low army cot.

"Listen!" said Violet standing by him. "I and my sisters are going to the christian lines for help. I will leave this food beside you, and you must stay here." "Oh don't leave me Violet, my dear, and your sisters. I ask you all to forgive me, I am a dying man. Ask it of you."

Violet and her sisters looked down upon their former enemy, a man, a glandelinian who was enemy no longer. Pity was in their blue eyes.

"It is little harm you have done us," Violet answered. "Though much you have tried to do. We forgive you very willingly, but if some of us at least do not go for help, you will certainly die."

"I dare not die alone in this dreadful place," groaned Boobhead. "Stay by me for mercy's sake. Stay by me."

He besought so earnestly, and in such fear and pain, that Violet and her sisters decided to stay, though one of them should go for help. Violet was going to fall on her knees to pray for the injured man, when the house was shaken by a volcano of flame and din. A suffocating odor threatened the little girls and the man with swift destruction. Angeline went flat to the floor, where she lay gasping, and she could not speak, but seemed to be strangling. Violet had all but fallen, but managed to keep her feet. She was dizzy though as was her sisters behind her, from a sweetish sickening smell that was in the air. Violet and Jennie both dizzy from the scattering fumes of ether were about to lift Angeline when Joice cried:

"Don't lift her. Haul her walk!" And she herself sprang forward to support Angeline on one side. They led Angeline outside, though the poor little girl was still gasping as though she would strangle to death.

"Anything to make her breathe to make her fill her lungs with air," said Joice, and they began to puphandle Angeline's arms. Joice at the same time slapped her back as hard as she could without hurting her, to make her cough. Under this combined treatment Angeline soon began to feel easier. Violet and Jennie also finding their dizziness vanishing as they expelled the ether from their lungs and replacing that stifling stuff with pure air looked around to see what had exploded. Angeline was now leaning against a tree, and taking deep breaths, while Joice explained briefly what had caused the trouble when the ether bomb went off.

"Ether is the worse stuff to catch fire, that there is outside of gun-cotton or anything like that," she stated. "Just the instant ether catches fire it explodes with terrific force. When it explodes wither breaks up into water and Carbonic gas acid gas. It was the Carbonic Acid gas that strangled Angeline. She would have died if she had not gotten air into her lungs soon."

"What?" muttered Violet. "I never knew that Carbonic Acid Gas could travel like that before."

"It would not," said Joice. "With anything less than the force of the explosion behind it. But the explosion just drives the Carbonic Acid Gas into a person to stay. It's a mighty easy way to kill anyone, and Angeline had one chance in forty in coming through alive. It surely scared me. I'm sure the besieged glandelinians are hurling ether bombs upon the christian batteries, and that one exploded near here."

"But what did we breathe in, that was so sweet and sticky the ether?" Catherine demanded.

"Yes, some of the ether that was blown away before it had time to explode. The enemy are probably hurling ether bombs upon the christian lines." They now went into the hut, and finding that the man could walk a little, now took him out of the hut which was blazing furiously. By bravery and efforts they managed to bring him within the christian lines a portion of which was also besieging Cromer Andean now, and he was sent to the soldiers base hospital.....

It was one hour later that Christmas Eve that general Cannon appeared his head wrapped in bandages. He was very angry and wanted to know who struck him on the head and carried them away from the christian lines, but the little girls not knowing the man's name said they did not know. He suspected that they were shielding something, for he knew their gentle nature, but as he only intended to punish the man for their sake, he did not say anything more. As Violet and her sisters again entered the enemy's lines, and were going about in another factory in their hiding corners and nooks they were suddenly startled by the sudden beginning of the most heavy firing, and yelling, and screaming of children, and believing that the foe had attacked some portion of the christian line at Eva Grania the little girls listened, expecting that it would soon cease, but instead it increased so fiercely, that the little girls began to believe it was something worse than a battle raging. However it did soon or cease but gradually, and at last the thunders of cannons roared to add to what had been slackened in musketry and so loud was the clamor that the little girls realized that there was no sleep for them that night. Then as they were listening closely to other sounds as well they were suddenly aroused by a series of loud crashing detonations, yells, screams for mercy, and rushing sounds, or noises, as if a series of assaults were being made against the doors of the factory. Springing up they ran to one of the windows, forgetting that they were recklessly exposing themselves to the view of either the glandelinian slave drivers or to the assailants themselves who may shoot them down by mistake. Along the window fronts there was a constant rattle of rifles and pistols, the men inside the building firing upon the assailants who had already been repulsed a number of times with heavy loss.

The christians were in the streets of Evangelinia Grania having broken through the barriers, and were storming all the factories simultaneously. Violet and her sisters soon realized that the factory they were in was being attacked by soldiers led by child rebels, but who their leader was they could not ascertain. Staying by the window for a minute Violet and her sisters saw a swarm of Abyssinkilians led by young boys and even girls make a desperate assault on the doors, with axes and market butts, but scores were shot down some of the child rebels with them.

Hastily stealing away without being seen the Vivian Girls went down the hall to see if they could make their way out of the besieged place, before the Angelinians began to bombard it with cannons and grenades which they were preparing to do, but in vain as every door was securely fastened by the glandelinians against the assailants.

"Where is that infernal din coming from?" "Asked one of the glandelinian officers coming up the hall at that moment. "Sounds like the child rebels were leading the christian upon the factory."

"They are and by the sounds I hear there must be other great fights somewhere, but what is going on I don't know" "Add another officer.

"The way it sounds I believe the whole streets of the town is swarming with Angelinians who have broken our lines at one point, and they are attacking all our factories" "Was the first general's rejoinder.

Suddenly three more officers came in and ordered some of the men to follow them, saying that the assailants were going to cannonade the factory. Violet and her sisters realizing the danger decided to follow these glandelinians and slip out unseen if possible, and before they went they gave a pleading look toward heaven asking god to help them to escape the frightful turmoil if possible. As the little girls followed the glandelinian officers secretly one sowed at the assailants who were trying to force their way in the windows but said nothing. It was the same old glandelinian called Aronburg, and after they were outside and away from the turmoil and far from the shrieking conflict, the little girls went off somewhere else, hearing some officers blaming them for the failure as it seemed of the glandelinian rebellion, declaring that the vivian girls helped the rebellion of the child slaves. Fortunately they did not see Violet and her sisters. The man now had his intention on his own officers, and soon they were talking together in a low whisper, but Violet and her sisters who were listening in hiding could not understand what they were saying. Below under the factory was a cellar, which was used in case a typhoon would arise. Aronburg was always called a city of hurricanes for they came often and were unusually severe. To this the little girls had went, but before they reached it the distant conflict seemed to increase, then came a fearful and tremendous roar of hundreds of explosions incessantly, and for several minutes horrible shells hovered over the factory screaming like demons, and bursting with heavy detonations. It was fifteen minutes before they reached the cellar and then heard the conversation of the officers. Then there was three awful volleys of grenade explosions, which seemed to roar like violent thunder, only to be succeeded by three others, which seemed to unite into one prolonged roar that seemed to make the very city of Aronburg tremble. Just as they entered the cellar, Violet and her sisters saw a most horrible sight. The place was filled with murdered bodies of little children. Violet and her sisters saw that the Angelinians and child slaves were in awful peril for the glandelinians knowing that the assailants were on the point of winning the victory, decided to put as many to death as possible before they won.

Violet and her sisters were horrified to see innocent children killed by such wicked men as these, or even in such a way as these dead ones. But for the poor children, escape seemed to be utterly impossible unless God alone with his heavenly ones came to their rescue. A great screaming suddenly filled the air and a grenade approached the cellar door this being thrown by one of the child rebels. A horrible detonation told the awful truth that it had missed the cellar door, and burst inside the factory killing a score of the glandelinians inside, and injuring a score of the frightened children who had tried to flee from the missile. Six glandelinian officers had also been killed, who had been with the helpless children on every side. Another screaming told that more grenades were roaring over the factory, and these extraordinary grenades, threw the children in the factories into a panic. In such danger from the violence of the attack the proposed child massacre had to be abandoned as too vigorous defense had to be made to hurl back the desperate assailants. There was excited cries and yells, and curses seemingly in every direction, and in a moment with no thought for the helpless children every glandelinian soldier or child slave boss were now bring themselves upon the rebels and Angelinians, and the conflict became terrific. The terrific cannonading of the bursting gun grenades was increasing and coming more often crashing through factory windows and through walls in quick succession, and producing a thunderous roar. Violet and her sisters had now left the cellar as a grenade had crashed its way through, and yet they feared they would be killed by one of them yet and regretted they had left the christian lines on such a bloody night. At each violent detonation the streets seemed to tremble.

For here Violet and her sisters were in peril from the storm of grenades, and when they had reached a safer quarter whom should the little girls meet but King Cannon who was leading up a troop of Abbeismians. Oh how glad Violet and her sisters were to see him on such a noisy night. He told them where he had been, and why the factories were in such peril. The Angelinians and child rebels lost three assaults or battles that they had fought on that one evening, and now several factories had been recovered, and Angelinia Aronburg with three other leaders wounded with over 6,789 killed and nearly 10,657 injured, while over 56,789 of them were taken prisoners, their total loss being over 74,235. Many of the children who were prevented from being rescued were sentenced to be massacred on the charge of being traitors as they can't get away from their dangerous enemies, but such massacres had not occurred as the foe relieved no opportunity to do so as Violet and her sisters horrified at the results had told general Cannon all about it.

"Do you really believe in God?" "Asked Violet in something of a whisper.

"Yes indeed" "Answered Cannon. "King King glandelin of glandelinia though he is my cousin is my bitterest enemy but as I am King of Abbeismia and under the instructions of the Pope, I will make the whole war deal heavily on glandelinia as soon as I can I will for the sake of your father, and because I love you, and will protect you children from the foe, and if you ever get captured by any of the wicked Calvinian governors, and threatened with slavery like these other children, I will do all in my power to force them out with the help of the Calvinians. I love also the faithful Calvinians, and as I know the glandelinians have caused the Calvinian people great sorrow because of the child slave horrors, and they must have gone crazy with rage that is the reason they are swelling the angelinian armies to overwhelming numbers. The Pope had advised Calvinia to make war on Glandelinia at any cost for the whole christian world is in favor of Angelinia's cause as none of the nations stick up for child slavery."

Violet and her sisters knew that Calvinia was not a foolish nation, and decided that she ought to punish glandelinian good and proper, as she was more responsible in her efforts to down child slavery than even Angelinia was.

"Why do the glandelinians Butcher the little girls and boys?" "Asked Violet sadly.

"They hate the children of their enemies, and also they cruelly slay or brutalize them for pleasure. I find fault with that alright, and I fear it will bring on some great events in this war yet. For I can feel it in my heart. Even though the war had sprung into existence, the child slave horrors are worse now than they were before the war broke out."

"I know the real cause of the child slave rebellion that existed before the war itself" "Said Jenda.

"What is it?" "Asked King Cannon, looking down into her pretty innocent face. "It was because the child slave masters disturbed their peace" "Answered Jenda sweetly. "They also tried to make hundreds of thousands of the poor unhappy children work day and night, without any sleep or anything, i. out for days, and the elder children being mostly of the fugious Concoctinian race, started a furious rebellion. They also have set many of the glandelinian schools on fire, and destroyed a whole lot of property."

So then gave the full account of the child slave rebellion as Annie Aronburg had told her, and Cannon seemed to realize this. He always disliked the glandelinians on account of his misfortune when he was a little boy, and also knowing their awful cruelty to little children, and knowing that they were enemies of God.

One thing good about them was that they were mostly all crazy for hard labor, and seldom a weak or lazy glandelinian had violet and her sisters overcozen. All of the glandelinians, men or women, were very powerful in strength, nearly like small giants or prize-fighters, some yet stronger than Jim Jeffries. Gannon himself was a very tall and strong man, so strong that he could carry violet and her sisters all together. But also he seemed to be the boldest of all the men they had ever seen, and was often cruel in his dealings with the child slave cowboys who were enemies of Abbie Anna. He had no faith in the cruelty of children, or child slavery, and was cruel and merciless to the men whom he caught striking them a blow. He would have them shot sometimes, or would do the work himself in good and short order.

"Well!" He said frowning. "If the rascals are going to keep up this child slavery I will not stand it. Either General Robert Vivian, or his brother must put a stop to it, or I will myself. But as long as you little chubs remain in this region of horror, I'll have to remain to protect you myself. But don't say anything about it to General Jack Evans, or that I'm the King of the Abbieannians for it will only induce his jealousy. I'm sure, and if I'm known around here by the foe it may increase your danger of being suspected as spies, and you may meet your destruction, for the glandelinians would do anything in their efforts to hold me from committing any rescue. If once the wicked glandelinians know that I'm King Gannon of Abbieanna, and that you little girls are under my protection, and are spying about their factories to night, they will seize you from me in a cautious manner, and then you will surely be lost, and I may only find your mangled remains."

"I'll not say a word!" Declared Violet. "But the cruel men I fear might find out any way I think, and I believe that if you-----" Suddenly five hideous men rushing upon them, and not seeing Gannon in their blinding rage as they had heard the conversation, and with their guilty feelings of strangling the children, made a dive at violet and her sisters. Gannon swung around in a rage and standing between the children and the furious glandelinians folded his arms.

"What do you want?" He demanded fiercely as the glandelinians drew back in utter dismay at seeing him and a squadron of cavalry at his heels.

"We have heard your conversation, and now know why these children are here, and we want to kill these seven little girls." Said one of the wicked glandelinians with a snarl. "And we will have to do it despite the squadron you have to help them."

"Well do it at your peril!" Cried Gannon drawing his sabre and brandishing it furiously in their faces. "You are my prisoners instead and if you make resistance I'll order my men to cut you down."

The glandelinian soldiers in their guilty rage and temptation, were at first utterly reckless there being about a score of them entirely, and one of them made a rush at Gannon with his own sabre raised to deal him a blow, while the others with wicked impressions went again at the little girls. Gannon managed to wave his sabre so furiously in front of him that they were held at bay, until Gannon managed to draw his pistols.

"Now advance at your peril!" He cried fiercely. "You are my prisoners."

"But if General Manley knew of this, and found out that his King's own cousin was refusing to allow us to put the spies to death he would."-----

"Fiddlesticks!" Interrupted Gannon. "I don't care what King Glandlin knows, says, or wants, and I'll have my wish if I have to kill you men for it. You are prisoners and don't dare offer any more resistance. And tell Manley to go and hang himself also. Now then attention, right about face, ad march between the cowardly soldiers double quick time, or I'll order them to shoot every one of you!" The Glandelinians saw nothing else to do but to obey, and they wheeled about after surrendering their weapons.

"March!"

They marched single file between the two columns of cavalry, and Gannon put back his sabre with a clang, and then turned back to where violet and her sisters were standing and said sternly:

"Onto some of my men's horses and follow us back to the christian lines. This is no place for us. We will return to the lines for the enemy's attack upon your fathers' lines is quite rough to night. And it is already nine o'clock...." Violet and her sisters were helped onto seven new horses, and then the whole squadron with the prisoners went hastily for the christian lines. Gannon noticed that the sound of distant firing was stronger than before, and he believed that a general battle of the siege was breaking out. The more he gazed into their innocent faces the more he loved them even better than himself. In fact he forgot himself most of the time. Violet had a picture of Jesus Christ in concealed in her waist, and she showed it to him. Being in such a bad section of the enemy infested country, he had never obtained any good books or seen Holy pictures, and he at first did not know what the picture was of.

"Quite a sweet faced man." He said looking at it with simultaneous overwhelming awe, and love. "Is he your father, Robert Vivian?"

"He is my heavenly Father!" Answered violet. "Don't you know him! Haven't you ever seen this picture before?"

First time? Was the brief answer.

"It's Jesus Christ!" Said Jennie looking at the picture with overwhelming love filling her heart. "At least it is a picture of him." "Could you spare it?" Asked Gannon. "It's the only picture I have ever seen, and besides I have never observed a man as handsome looking before." Violet offered it to him, and not long afterward the christian lines were reached. The waves of assault upon General Vivian's lines was quite strong, and violet thought she saw a yellow streak far out on the horizon in the darkness, and looked at it closely. She remembered the yellow or ruddy color she and her sisters had seen at King Gannon's attention to it, but he knew not what it was, but believed that it was a long reflection of a strong string of camp fires far out in the distance.

"I never saw it there before!" Said Violet. "Maybe a big fire is burning, for it glows, and is getting larger." "Maybe you are right, and I don't doubt it the way the snow and wind is increasing!" Answered Gannon. "But I'm not a speculator on fires and do not know anything about that glow, although I must admit I have not seen it there before. It's nearer too I believe." Added Gannon.

"I believe it is a great fire!" Said joice, getting somewhat excited, but not scared one bit. "Once before I saw a glow like that, and it turned out to be a forest fire, and one I would not like to see again." The fury of the blizzard storm was now increasing. Violet and her sisters decided to come as near to General Vivian's fighting line as possible, but was stopped by Gannon.

"Be careful!" He said. "The enemy's attack is getting worse and worse every minute, and the firing is beginning to extend somewhere else too."

Violet and her sisters were however quite close to the scene of activity, and once had to go further back as they could not stand the din of the heavy firing. However from curiosity they did become a little reckless, and going too near to the scene they saw a large wave of glandelinians rushing like a wild king of furies almost upon a portion of General Vivian's right wing with irresistible force. Already the snow was coming down at the rate of swirling clouds, and fearing that the hurricane of battle was about to also break along General Hanson's lines, they again started toward the rear of the christian lines. It was so dark and the snow mark was so thick that they could hardly see their way, and though it was snowing to beat the blizzards of the north-pole, the shells overhead began to flash and thunder in a way that alarmed Gannon himself. Suddenly there was a sharp puff of wind, which nearly carried them off their feet, while at this sudden increase of the wind, the air became fairly white with snowflakes, and steadily the wind became so strong that they could hardly stand up. They had to lean to the lower parts of the swaying trees which twisted and writhed fearfully, the wind at times tearing the bare branches from the trees, and carrying them away like chaff, and flinging clouds of blinding snow at the storm victims. The storm increased, the wind howling like angry wolves and now began to get so strong that violet and her sisters could hardly stand up, and had to cling to some of the strong trees for dear life. Even the snow fell now so thick that violet and her sisters could hardly see anything, and the trees around them were torn of branches by the by the wind that increased furiously making a tremendous howl or screaming roar occasionally, while the great waves of glandelinians frustrated on account of the storm were seriously handicapped, and they rolled forward through the woods, seeking shelter and abandoning the attack for the night. Where King Gannon was Violet and her sisters did not know, but they knew that they were in great peril, for the wind seemed to increase every moment, making a din that became deafening, the snow seeming to hide objects at the distance of a few rods of feet.

Suddenly the little girls were startled by a tremendous roar sounding like a thousand cannon going off in one crash. Violet and her sisters in their terror, glanced back, and saw a great wall of smoke, earth, and snow rising high into the air, and then some of it descended toward them. The cloud seemed to have risen two hundred and thirty five feet high, and the cloud descended toward the ground with the speed of an express train. Violet and her sisters surely knew that they were in a region mined by the enemy, and that they were surely caught in a deadly trap for the enemy were exploding the mines to prevent the christians from advancing which they might do despite the wild fury of the snowstorm.

Violet surely knew that if a mine was under them, and one exploded it would be the last of them, and they said some prayer. The cloud of smoke still hovering so near looked through the snow shroud like some waterfall. Then a big wave of confused glandelinians rolled through the forest at an opposite direction being joined by the first, and then they broke away into the darkness, and receded out of sight without one glandelinian seeing the children. But the next wave of coming glandelinians was more than forty deep. They swept fully through the entire length of the woods hollering, cursing, and swearing, making a horrible roar to add to the howling of the storm. Some of the glandelinians passing had a full chance of seeing the children but fortunately they did not look that way.

552et and her sisters at the time happened to be close to the banks of the great Mo-Holleston Run River and wave after wave of water nearly reached the children as they even poured beyond the beach and beyond, carrying away blocks of ice, tons of rocks, and snow as they receded, but as they did not as yet reach the children, although they were ten feet of them the little girls were as apprehensive. It was not long after when a big surge of water did strike upon them and they were then swept fully into the roaring river. The next wave was not so high but it did not carry the children all the way up the beach, but back further down the river. Oh how cold the water was, but the children did not cry out as they were accustomed to it, and the next moment they were riding on the crest of a higher wave, which carried them toward the shore with the speed of a racehorse. Then they found themselves under hundreds of whirlpools of water of grounded ice and slush on the sandy beach, and being half drowned, shivering with the cold, and gasping for breath, they were again carried out down further by a bigger billow. Choking almost to death by the pouring of the water down their throats, they coughed violently, only to cause more water to flow down, which choked them frightfully.

The wave carried the choking children with tremendous speed, and dashed them against a high pile of rocks, bruising them badly. Before the next furious wave came they clambered to the top, which seemed high enough to be out of reach of the waves. The rocks were slippery with ice and snow and it was hard to take a hold of them. But they simply had to cling to the rocks, the jagged parts, to save themselves from being carried away by the wind. Still choking from all the water that had poured down their throats, they coughed until they were nearly hoarse, and shivered from the cold effects of the ice cold water. Violet had a sink skinned knee, a bruised arm and chest, while also Jennie's chest was badly bruised, and suffering pain in the heart caused by the blow she received against the rocks.

Jennie had a bruised leg and forehead, while Angelina's head was badly bruised, cut and bleeding. Daisy and Hettie escaped minor injuries, but were half drowned from the water they took in. The other little girls escaped unharmed. It seemed now so dark now as the whiteness of the snow pall seemed to lessen it, and the children half smothered by the dashing spray, and blinding snow, saw that the reef was just a part of the rocky shore, where a Galverinian lighthouse stood.

Oh if they could only get out of reach of these awful waves, but it was impossible unless rescue came. Though the snow seemed to be making it lighter, now the storm was not ceasing at all but increasing in fury. As each wave struck the edge of the rocks, the children were enveloped in great sheets of slush, blinding spray and wet slush, the coldness of the water and wind making them shiver like a leaf. The river seemed fairly white with wrathful foam, the spray being carried through the air by the squalls of wind, like blinding showers of icy rain mixed with the flying snow. All around the rocks the foam was boiling, and as each wave struck the rocks they made reports like cannons.

The wind was now getting so strong, that it tore to pieces the clothing of the children, and the clouds of spray was sent by the dashing waves to the height of a hundred feet or more. Violet and her sisters could hardly breathe in the spray and clouds of waving snow, and dreading to smother, they gasped for breath. They could hardly stand it without air any longer, and as they started to crawl up to the still higher rocks, they suddenly heard a great noise, and saw a great mass of water approaching, that was just as high as the very rocks themselves. It approached with a booming roar, and when it reached them, it fairly streamed over making them tremble, and again carrying away the children.

In the meantime King Gannon was surprised when he or any of the searching Angelinians could not find the children after the commencement of the blizzard hurricane, and staggering toward the shore of the wide river in the face of the heavy wind, and blinding snow, he reached its foam flaked beach, and searched the foaming mountains of water for the children by the help of strong searchlights from the Christian lines and with his glasses, but could see nothing but high walls of water! He was three times hurled to the snow by the force of the wind blast, and was forced to crawl along the edge and to the top of the beach, but out of reach of the heavy seas.

The wind screamed shrilly at each squall, and many times Gannon had narrow escape from a falling tree. The wind fairly took his breath away, but with his soldiers he proceeded on his way, but keeping out of reach of the highest waves, which now and then reached far beyond the beach. They always covered the beach with long lines of white foam which was revealed by the following searchlights and the waves appeared to be a block long and twenty feet high and the continuous roar of the surges was deafening. He believed that the children were almost dead, or caught by those great waves. He prayed to God asking him to bring their safe return, or their rescue in time. Getting to a part of the shore where the wind blast was out off by a high bluff, he staggered to his feet and went along a little faster at times mounting a high snowbank. As he approached the high line of rocks nearly hidden in the dashing spray a prey, he came upon several Galverinian life savours.

"Did you see anything of seven little girls?" Asked King Gannon.

"Yes," Answered one of the Galverinians. "They are, or were on those rocks over there at the end of the river, but are not there now. It's impossible to save them by boat, and no one can live on those slippery rocks already coated with a thick sheet of ice."

"But they have got to be saved, and that is all there is to it," thundered Gannon furiously. "I suppose just because you think they are not there you are afraid to chance it and would rather let them drown. Now come and help my men get them out for they must be saved."

The Galverinians made hasty preparations to do as told and one of them decided to go to their rescue himself even if he got drowned for it. Clambering upon the rocks, he crawled along slowly, but at nearly every move he was deluged by clouds of spray. Waves after waves rushed alongside the rocks with a continuous and fearful roar, but he paid no attention to his peril. Once in a while a bigger wave would stream over the rocks, and he himself had great difficulty in keeping himself from being swept away. Now to go back to Violet and her sisters. They had been so exhausted when the big wave streamed over them, that they could not hold onto the rocks, and so again had to yield to the mercy of the wild seas. But the next wave again hurled them on the higher rocks, beyond which the life savor had just passed. Still they were so exhausted now that they believed that they would have to yield to the angry seas again, and be drowned for sure.

There they were, every wave swept over them threateningly, trying to tear them from their grasp grasp on the jagged rocks and still the dashing spray fell on them incessantly, nearly smothering them. Violet was so exhausted now that she could hardly hold onto the rocks any longer, when she saw a rope coming toward her, she front and tied into a noose. Before the next wave could sweep it out of her reach, she grasped it with both hands, and the Galverinian for it was he who had thrown the rope, hauled her to a place of safety. Then as the soldiers left for a while, Violet and her sisters sat on a bench, and shivering with a thick blanket over their knees. One of the Galverinians called Violet over to him, and began to question with terrifying solemnity, punctuating each question with a twist of her arm, and reduced her gradually to screams of pain. He flung her from him with a terrible word, and turned her his unreasonable fury upon her sisters. Then the Galverinian dashed an empty brandy bottle to the floor sprinkling it with ugly fragments of broken glass. He recovered a large fragment, tested it with the ball of his thumb, and ordered Jennie to come over to him. She knew what he wanted to do or proposed to do and filled with great horror, she tried to make a dash for the outdoors, but the man who appeared to be a Galverinian, got her, and placing his rough hands in a death grip on her tender throat choked her so hard that she fainted. He was about to cut her throat with the fragment of glass, when some of the other soldiers unexpectedly threw open the door, and hurled themselves upon the lander in man who really was running his heart with their bayonets. He had gotten in the house without being seen by the former Galverinians and had laid in wait for the children, and made his appearance when the soldiers had left. Then carrying Jennie, he ordered her sisters to follow, and while the others were

grumbling to themselves about the wicked glandelinians, the soldiers went out into the dashing wind, and swirling snow. Then one of the soldiers espied another little child, who had been washed up by the waves of the river, which no doubt was doing it's best to wreck the shore with the great mountainous waves. White faced, the little girl was the hue dulled now with the pallor of death, but her face stream with black hair was a mass of cuts and scratches, and her hands looked as if they had went through a meat chopper. But the next wave carried it back to sea, and the soldier lost sight of it.

"She's in heaven anyway," J muttered. "Poor innocent child."

A few minutes later Violet and her sisters bid good bye to their best Abbeismian friend as he started away on duty, for he had to go back to his country for several weeks, as Angelina was in terrible anger over the situation, and the two Governor generals were holding a debate to decide whether to force the raising of the seige of Ev. Evangelina Crania or not. Violet and her sisters took a last wistful look at their friendly Abbeismian, as he started toward the door of general Haxons headquarters, giving some commands to several of his officers. He was going back to Abbeismia to work for the legis Monato and the child slave conditions, a work of which he had to do, thus compelling him to leave the unhappy little girls behind, among the vicious glandelinians. He had left them their documents a case they would be seized outside the lines and taken as spies, and gave instructions and warnings to a certain Abbeismian officer, for the care of the helpless children, and at heart started on his journey to Abbeismia.

Many of the poor captured children, had been deprived of their mothers, to be cruelly worked to death or slain, the wicked glandelinians having deprived their bodies of warm clothing, and also trying to make them sin, and then kill them afterwards. This brave Abbeismian general in chief, who took care of the little girls kept his word as we will soon see.

"I'm going to make you blow the three other children to pieces before I cut you to death."

"Pull the string." Violet Viryan who was nearest, aimed her pistol at the nearest glandelinian and shot him dead. The other glandelinians with wild oaths made for Violet and her sisters and got shot down by the cavarly men. Then the brave and fearless child, with the help of her sisters, went to the muzzle of the cannons and untied the cruel ropes that bound the poor children to the guns. Other glandelinians who came plunging through the deep snow just then did not do anything to the viryan girls but attempted to seize the rescued children with the purpose of dragging them out of the way of the Angelinians but in vain for the cavarly let go their rifles with perfectly good aim and the children were taken by the christians themselves who then forced their way into the factory <sup>as</sup> in time to see other brutal glandelinians grabbing several helpless children who reeled at their machines, and binding them hand and foot carrying them outside the factory laughing heartily to themselves. They did not go far for they were captured and the children rescued.

as soon as possible. It was still snowing fiercely outside and violet and her sisters had hopes that they would easily see an opportunity to escape the enemy before it was too late. But this time violet and her sisters were so closely guarded that it evidently seemed impossible for them to make their escape, and thus they decided to spend their time in sleep or whatever they could do. So believing that nothing would happen the little girls laid down in the darkest p corner of the place, and fell asleep.

1251  
1252 "Protect these helpless children, while I'm away and if you allow harm to come to  
1253 them in any way or let them be taken from you in cowardice, general Hanson vivian  
1254 on this factor will cause you to pay the penalty of their lives.  
1255 But despite their threat Violet greatly dreaded the Abhismanian officer, for he looked  
1256 very cruel and fierce like a landolinian in disguise and a child intorher. If his  
1257 looks told the truth, they would be in terrible danger of a sure death, or slavery  
1258 first, and death afterwards. But as I have to say everything cannot be depended on  
1259 looks. He had promised Gannon that he would protect them until they reached general  
1260 Evans lines, even with his life, but indeed in a tone that sounded cowardly and  
1261 dishonest. But Violet and her sisters had been fooled again, and it was only his  
1262 habit in answers. He was as brave as a lion, a true true Abhismanian, and as honest  
1263 as a saint, and there was no man who had ever gotten the better of him yet in any  
1264 scrap over the protection of little children. Not many minutes after King  
1265 Gannon had left violet and her sisters starting out with this Abhismanian had not  
1266 been even touched by him, who had even let them take food out of the pantry before  
1267 leaving, or anything else they liked to w eat without their asking per fession. It was

"These children and your men have been spying around our factories too many times already, and stayed despite our telling them to go-home. So we have reported this to general Johnston Manley, and he has ordered us glandelinians to slice these little girl spies into minge meat, and cut out their hearts, and show them on pikes to the child rebels."

of course when they heard that they were in danger of being massacred in this way, they and their hearers put out the little girls did not shrink, as they knew that the more severe the deaths the Christians did the greater the reward in heaven. Jennie a little more tender than her sisters was a little more frightened, and prayed the more harder. The Glandelinian holding Jennie now grabbed her by the top of her head drawing it back so that he could cut her throat. But to his utter amazement his sword flew out of his hand, as the Abbissennian officer struck it with his sabre.

"Well you are- -----"  
 "You are not going to kill these children." Interrupted the officer drawing his pistol and ordering his men to show resistance if possible. "Put up your swords and surrender yourselves, and stand in line. We outnumber you glandelinian hell hounds thirty to one ad resistance is suicide."

Another glandelinian again lifted Jennie's head, and was about to run the sabre of his arms her throat, when the officer losing his temper at thus being put to shame before his own men shot down Jennie's assailant, and drawing his sabre sprang furiously among the other glandelinians xwinging his weapon furiously about him right and left. He cut some of the butcher down, but in a moment as his men took part in the fight there was a lively mizup. Enraged beyond endurance the Glandelinians piled onto him and his men furiously striking at the Anglianiens and fighting a desperate duel but many received a blow from sabres that sent them sprawling in the deep snow where they lay dead and bleeding. It was a terrible scene of carnage over Violet and her sisters.....

FINALLY they fell asleep, and before they did awaken more glandelinians entered, but without children, and observing the dead bodies of the slaughtered children, dragged them out of the way, and went over to where Violet and her sisters lay. Seeing that they were not out up like the others were, and that they were clothed, the glandelinians knew they were really alive, and not dead at all. However they had thought twice, the foolish glandelinians would have left the vivian girls alone. "Let them lay in this place," said the glandelinian commanding the others. "and we will kill them to night if they are really alive, and only sleeping. Well never mind he suddenly added. "We will open their bodies right now, to make sure they don't live."

The other wicked glandelinians were very willing. They drew their ugly knives, and went over to Violet and her sisters, the main commander putting the point of his sharp sharp sabre toward the middle of Jennie's abdomen, to rip it open, but suddenly changed his mind and got up.

"I don't believe we will do it until we have proofs that they are really alive," said the officer. But the bloody thirer blood thirsty glandelinians fearing they were alive wished to open their bodies, so after some debate the glandelinian commander yielded to their wishes, giving his men the command to do it quickly.

But Violet awoke just in time, and when she saw the glandelinians trying to kill her, and her sisters in such a cruel way, she jumped up, giving a shrill scream that quickly awoke her sisters. The glandelinians laughed as the prettiest of children ran from them, and giving pursuit, tried to catch them but it was in vain. Suddenly another glandelinian came in with three more children this turning the attention of the other glandelinians from Violet and her sisters for a moment.

"Oh please don't kill us in such a way, it's cruel," pleaded one of the children in such a piteous way as to melt a heart of iron. "We did you glandelinians no harm at all, and then yet you kidnap kidnap us to make us work, and when we fall because we are sick or overtired, you want to kill us. If you want to kill us, please don't kill us in such a way. Oh please don't I beg of you."

"If we let you live, I suppose you would try to run away, and cause the whole world to know of this slaughter," said the glandelinian with a scowl that was deadly.

"Oh no, we will kill you all right. No glandelinian christian dog children are allowed to live long if they fail to do their work. The longer you can work, the longer you can live. The christian children shall go first. Now, this prettiest one who is known as Jennie, shall go first. She shall be made to mother to death."

That was all she said for Violet knowing that they or the other children would not receive any mercy at the hands of the wicked glandelinian murderers, plunged her own dagger into the officers abdomen, and before the others made a rush at her, she got the dagger out of the seriously wounded man's belly, and stabbed another. When the third was also stabbed, but still they were in great peril, for the door had been locked again by the guards. They left the seriously wounded glandelinians where they were, and hid in the darkest corner to avoid the other wicked glandelinians who would come in. Others did come in only to take out the wounded bodies or dead bodies of the murdered children. Hundreds came to do this work, and when the day was over all the dead bodies had been taken outside, and burned, and as much of the blood as could be was cleaned up. All day long Violet and her sisters crouched together with the three or four children in the bloodless corner, watching the glandelinians carry out the dead bodies, five or six at a time, that they were suffering from now was thirst and hunger. For two days they had, had not a single bite to eat, of regular good food, and even now when the glandelinians were filled with their horrible labor, which of course they liked to do, they locked the big iron door fast when they left. Jennie was still sobbing from the effects of her fright, and was now crying for food. Violet knew that the room would soon be filled with the bodies of other murdered children before long. They yearned for their own friends and country, or heaven and prayed all the rest of the evening but seemingly without results. But they did not lose their faith in god, and even believed if the rascals did kill them the next day, their prayers for heaven would not be answered.

They could not tell when night came in that dark room, which was only illuminated by a single gas light, which made the shaded parts of the room look very black. But they decided to lay down in the dark darkest corner or where they were hiding and go to sleep if possible, so that they may forget their craving hunger and thirst. Soon the blood covered little bodies were huddled in the corner fast asleep. In their sleep they dreamed that the child rebels were making a furious assault on the factories, and their surrounding walls, and that the places were captured, and they themselves rescued, but when they awoke they found they were still in that horrible room, and there were no signs of child rebels or christian soldiers, and they wished they had at yet asleep instead of awakening so suddenly but saw the fears of the enemy and the hunger and thirst kept them awake. Violet began to feel more thirsty than ever, and so thirsty she became that her tongue was sticking out like that of an overheated dog.

They began to talk excitedly in whispers as they carried the children outside, and they talked so fast that any one would have thought they were silly. Violet and her sisters who followed saw that the children were put into a stopping street car. Then as Violet and her sisters took another car, the glandelinians who were still laughing if the tears ran down their cheeks got on, and ordered the conductor at the point point of the pistol to ring the go ahead bell. Violet's car followed, but the glandelinians did not get off their own until the car stopped in front of a big building that looked like a big prison, and then the children to their sorrow, and terror were forced toward the gates in the walls.

"A-h-h-h," laughed a glandelinian glandelinian "King Cannon, and the so sniping vivian girls and their their guardian cannot save you now, and we will kill them also if they dare to interfere. We have got six hundred children when we wish to put you out of the way because they are not a little able to work any more, and if possible we will make you even do the killing, and also eat their hearts. If you refuse you will die a more horrible death than we have intended to condemn you to. You hear?" The children did not answer, and the rascal continued, "If you do not need to give me an answer now (now) but you will suffer some when I get you inside. You are to keep these keys a little alright whether you want to or not, and I'll make you do it too. Go if I don't."

They now entered the prison house or what ever a person may call a slave pen, and passed through the hall, that were as dark as the fabled caves of orobas, when they entered what was now a slaughter room forcing the children in with them. Quietly Violet and her sisters had followed all this time. Standing in a row, held under cover by fierce looking men were six hundred naked crippled children, most of them little girls. The glandelinians were standing in the rear of the children armed with horrible looking knives, and the more children were more frightened than you can ever think. Grabbing one of the little girls by the neck, with one hand, and nearly choking her, the glandelinian said it with a fierce scowl.

"Now you have got to eat the hearts out of these children, especially this one in front of you, and if you refuse, I'll just see you. You are helpless now with us for we are filled with the determination of having your obediences."

The poor child, overwhelmed with sorrow, sorrow and terror, fell on her knees and as pleadingly as she could, she begged the glandelinians to let her and the other children go. But the wicked glandelinians forced her to take off all her clothes, which she had to do, and drawing his dagger the rascal placed it in her hand and tied it fast so that she could not throw it down then after tying her to a post despite her bitter screaming and struggles, ordered another glandelinian who to bring a child who was going to be killed in front of the little girl. The little girl was utterly helpless, and the glandelinian grabbed the arm that held the yard with the dagger, and as the little crippled boy, struggling as best he could, and screaming, was brought near enough, the rascal's glandelinian decided to try to make the boy commit a sin before murdering him. It was of no use however. Then the wicked glandelinian thought to himself that this child must die of strangulation, before his heart should be cut out. He also decided to make the little girl do the choking, whether she wanted to or not. At this moment was almost escaping her bonds, and tried to make a struggle to get free, when the glandelinians discovered it, and the men overpowered her, and tied her legs together as tightly as they could, and re-tying her to the post. Then another glandelinian grabbed her by the arms brutally. If you my dear reader could have seen the look on the child's face and you had no desire of saving her or the boy then you would certainly be hard hearted. The glandelinians indeed observed that look but laughed, and showed no signs of mercy at whatever. He now placed the little girl's hands around the boy's neck, and then the rascal placed his own on top of her hands. Then the glandelinian pressed his own hands on hers as hard as he could. The little girl did her best to pull away his own hands, and finally when she succeeded the boy was already dead. Not being able to stand such a sight and being too helpless to do anything Violet and her sisters left the place but in going through another slaughter room by mistake slipped on something and were rendered unconscious from some one striking them down from behind. It was an hour before they regained their senses, and as it was now night, the little girls wondered where they were. They could not stand the stench of the bodies of the murdered children, which they had been forced to inhale again and again. All night long they were forced to stay in this place, the doors having been fastened on the outside, and they could not get out.

Again the vivian girls were suffering from the pangs of thirst. Jennie feared that her sister Violet would die of thirst, and so made a search for a drink. (If there was one) which she greatly dreaded she could not find, but it did not take long before she found one, and it had clear cold water too. And Jennie without thinking of taking a drink first, quickly rushed her sister to the sink. Oh how refreshing was that drink, that soothed Violet's thirst. Violet's sisters also took drink, and after they drank a little they wanted, they went back to the dark corner, just as eight glandelinians came in, bringing in eighteen children, and who were screaming shrilly of fight. Violet and her sisters were sorry for the poor children, and she and her sisters decided to save them even at the risk of their own lives. The glandelinians fury struck came rushing in, and tying the children's hands behind them, placed them in ranks. ....

christians had recaptured after being lost again. The children all the ground they had





Then Gannon gave Walter Jennings a roll of paper, and told him to try and go to the Angelinian governments.  
"When you succeed tell Governor Vivian that his daughters are in my care, and that were trying to abolish the child slavery."  
Walter Jennings proceeded to do this and was off without delay.

GANNON SHOWS A THING OR TWO

"They are sure no end of trouble, and goodness knows they ought to have been dead many days ago. Us Glandelinians have no more time to butcher children as the Calvinians or the Abbeinnians in this region will be hired to do it."  
"But these little ones are all right, and if you threaten them like this I will throw you out of the window. The poor little girls are angels to me."

As to say this was an interview with one of the main Glandelinian chieftains, and King Gannon, the Glandelinian chieftain having come to purpose Gannon to give the Vivian Girls up to the Glandelinian Governments so that they could be put to death as spies. The conversation ran thus as:

"Indeed then King Gannon, its angels enough. You have to look after your own armies in Abbeinnia, when I bring mine in on you to drive you out of Calvinia. But of course its no trouble to you as long as you side with all the christian nations and they back you up."  
"There now general Gannon," Gannon said coolly: "Talk to me as much as you like by and by. I do not want to argue with a you Omani as new. Some other time will be better."

"If you knew what a menace these Vivian Girls are to Glandelinda, you'd feel as I do and the great Glandelinian general. "They have spoiled from no one factory to another, helped the child rebels win too many victories and so on. For a fact I do not have any evil feelings toward any children no matter who they be but these Vivian Girls are spies and its the duty of all Glandelinians to take such children into custody. In fact I don't wish their death nor do I like to place them under arrest. Its fortunate for them that you are protecting them for it will be an excuse for me to tell the King that I could not get them out of your grasp. In truth you knew that I could if I wanted to but as you was one of my boyhood friends I will as a friend refuse to take them. But don't tell no body as I will get into trouble."  
Then standing up from his hardly finished breakfast, General Gannon, placed his hat on and went out after bidding good bye.

Gannon could see that Violet and her sisters were dear little things, so good, and sweet, and loving. Gannon though a born Glandelinian for real, was a man who ever adored poor children. He could have taken any tinkers child in his arms, and carry it home to his own heart and palace just for the sake of having it, and loving and holding it. To the Glandelinians the sight of their enemy King Gannon playing with Violet and her sisters, or holding Violet in his arms, loving her, caressing her and holding her protectively by her tender neck, was as gall and wormwood in their mouths filling them with senseless rage and revengeful feelings. Yet when Gannon had first seen Violet and her sisters deflected pathetic little little girls, in ragged clothes, he could not keep back his craving love for them. They were such beautiful and brave little children, and so wise looking, as though all the sorrows of their world was known and understood by them, and indeed their lives for five years were to be all of sorrow. First the deaths of some of their sisters the parting many times from their dear good hearted loving dady uncle and now. That evening King Gannon took the little ones up to their bedrooms, which of course was his own, spanning the wide eyed innocent faces and combing out the tangles of golden hair, with a feeling of irresistible desire to hug them again and again. He then put them each in a bed, and as there was an extra one, decided to sleep with them, to be aware of prowling Glandelinians whenever they might be. He feared that some Glandelinians would sneak upon them, while he was asleep, so he decided to play a wise game. In that bed room there were a number of empty soap boxes and these he placed on top of one another against the door. Then into an extra bed he went, but before he went to sleep he heard suspicious sounds and sat up to see if his pistols were loaded. As they were empty he hastily loaded one and waited coolly for the intruders. The suspicious sound ceased but he heard some whispering, and knew what they were saying.

They were plotting to steal the children while he was asleep. Suddenly the pile of boxes came down with a crash that shook the room, and awoke Violet and her sisters, she let out a scream. The intruders only finding Gannon awake with a loaded pistol pointed at them. Amazed and swearing the Glandelinians went out but an hour after they cautiously came back climbed carefully up to the transoms and started to pour a bottle of ether into the room but Gannon who happened to be out side at that moment caught them red handed and he pulled them down on their heads. The Glandelinians seeing that it was of no use gave it up knowing that perhaps a third attempt would probably arouse Gannon and then he would go at them like a rearing tornado.

Several hours later Violet and her sisters who were spying on the child labor firms again found that the thousands were at brain and body rack ing labor in the most horrible child factories in all of Calvinia, and that many were pillars. The room was filled or strewn with the bodies of other children and the sight of their gutted corpses filled Violet and her sisters with indescribable horror. Not far from their hiding place were two other frightened little girls whose names were Gertrude and Mary. Mary was the most badly frightened of the three even being afraid of the dark, as many little girls and boys are. It was so dark that Violet and her sisters could not see Gertrude or Mary, but when they heard Mary crying piteously and saw her reel at the machine when they knew that some one else had been over come by the hard work. "Who are you?" Violet called loudly for she knew from the shrieking of the machinery that the person would fail to hear her at the distance they were just then. The child stopped crying when she heard Violet and answered in a piteous tone:

"Its me. Please take me away from this awful place. I don't want to be here where they kill you with hard work. I want to be with the good sisters."

Gertrude was not much scared as she loved to die any death to go to heaven, no matter how cruel it is. When she heard Violet call she also said:

"I'm here in this awful place too. The bad soldiers got the Glandelinians little girls too, Violet and her sisters?"  
"We haven't," answered Violet. "And they never shall. We are Governor Vivian's daughters, and we are not afraid of the Glandelinians either and afraid of no quick cruel deaths either though the death the child slaves die here are worse than cruel. The Glandelinians are all butchers and there is no telling what they will do when they get worked up into a frenzy. If King Gannon of Abbeinnia would only stop this cruelty some way I'd be glad."

Gertrude was checked but before they could utter another word a swarm of wildly yelling children rushed in flourishing long knives and rifles. A WHOLE MASS OF THEM rushed in yelling and screaming fiercely and right toward the children and the slave masters. Mary was too frightened to scream. FIERCER and fiercer they yelled, the din also mingled with the deafening crashing reports of the muskets of the Glandelinians who tried to shoot the child rebels down. At the same time furious black objects swarmed about the children seeming to strike in all directions with their long knives. But the mass of black objects seemed to press forward in a body toward the door again brandishing their weapons fiercely, striking against each other or other their sabres making bright flashes or sparks. Despite the dark darkness Violet and her sisters could see yellow objects rushing toward the black ones, brandishing sabres so furiously that they recoiled. All around them, again flourishing their sabres wildly the child rebels swarmed by the thousand, and one by one a black object seemed to fall but the conflict which it really was seemed to grow more fiercer than ever, and the black objects began to hurl grenades. Masses of black objects swarmed into the circles like rats, while a score managed to deliver a volley of grenades whose explosions in that large room made deafening echoes. The place was already on fire at several sections, and hurriedly the Glandelinians who were not in the action hurried the child slaves to the fallen then to the rear exits not hesitated yet and as soon as they were out of the room the loud booming of grenades, and the roar of musket explosion exploded the fiercest attack the child rebels had ever made and all only a few of the Glandelinians with some of the children escaped through the rear despite the bloody conflict raging in the halls which was fairly lighted by the flash of sabres and the black of steel, grenades and the roaring flames.

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But on the exit side they also had to use their sabres on scores of desperate boys and girls who rushed forward with the frenzy of demons to rescue the children and they captured many of the rascals only two of them getting away. The two men who had occupied left the scene of the conflict and proceeded on their way to Governor Federal's headquarters. Mary was screaming with fright when the Glandelinians drew ugly knives and threatened to cut her with them. It took them a long time to reach the Governor's palace, but when they reached it, they were admitted through the guard gates by the guards, and unceremoniously the Governor. How glad he was to see the helpless children and how glad he was to get them into his own palace where he thought King Gannon could never make any interference.

"How did you manage to get them out of the besieged factory?" he asked. "We will try to put all the children who refuse to work, or who are not able, to death, but first we will make them suffer. You know about the furnaces don't you? Well rub that powerful lotion on their bodies, and then throw them in."

Gertrude and Mary were quickly stripped of their clothes, and the powerful stuff rubbed on their tender bodies. The furnace itself was in Governor Federal's palace, and in the room next to his. It was larger than the one than that Daniel and his two companions were thrown in and was of tons of white hot coals. It was about two rods wide inside, and seven rods long, and eighteen feet deep. From the sill of the floor to the ceiling. So much coal had been thrown that it reached even higher than the ceiling, and was hot like a small hell. The Glandelinians who went near this furnace, had the same lotion on them that is used to save human beings from suffering from the intense heat. The lotion put on Gertrude and Mary, only protected them from death but not from suffering. Down on the hard stony floor Mary knelt placing her frail little arms tightly about the Glandelinians' knees and cried bitterly:

"Let go of me, you little slave, let go of me," he cried. "I can't I can't," screamed the frightened child. "Oh sir I don't want to be thrown into that awful fire, and if you do it will kill me, it will surely kill me. I don't want to die and neither do you. Oh you mustn't you mustn't throw me into the awful fire. Please don't." And then unable for further utterance the child broke into a pitiful fit of weeping. The cruel Glandelinian had been looking down at her with a frown, and half comical look on his ugly countenance. But at the sight of her tears it was strange to see the frown and half comical look, a dead in the Glandelinians' face. From the drawn and half comical look, a dead deadly scowl was in its place and mercilessly lifting the child by the throat he carried her struggling toward that awful furnace, choking her as hard as he could. Then despite her kicking and beating at him with her hands, he cruelly threw her in. He then threw all the children in except a little girl called Jennie Sanders, who was appalled beyond description at this horrible sight and the deafening screams that the children made. They tried to get out for their suffering was unbearable, but the Glandelinians only laughed, and stirred up the fire to make it hotter. The sight of the suffering children was something appalling, and their screams and pleas for pity to behold. But what mercy did the Glandelinians have the more pitiable the children screamed the more did the Glandelinians laugh. The children tried desperately to climb the walls to get out of reach of the cruel flames, but the walls were also hot and slippery, but it was useless. The children with all their vehemence tried to get out, and beat at the Glandelinians, for they had left the door open to see the performance as they called it. But the Glandelinians only laughed and moved back in laughing like fiends. At last when the lotion threatened to wear off from the heat, the Glandelinians pulled the children out with long hooks and flung them rudely on the floor, where they writhed in indescribable agony. The little girl Jennie nearly fainted at the sight of the suffering children, but to think that she was to be thrown in also filled her with indescribable terror. Jennie who was too frightened to move a foot was now thrown in. It was awful to see what happened to Jennie when she was thrown in. To see the others suffer was awful but when she had to endure this awful pain it was too much for her. While Jennie was screaming from the pain, and trying to get out, Governor Federal decided to have Gertrude and Mary checked. He liked to take pleasure in seeing children suffering from strangulation, and ordered a Glandelinian to do it right away. The Glandelinian grabbed Mary first, and though she slapped bit kicked and scratched and pounded at him, he managed to get her by the throat, and as he cruelly he did check the poor child.

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GET PAGE FIVE HUNDRED SEVENTY TWO.

CHAPTER FOURTY TWO.

JENNIE SANDERS INSANE.

ON ALL WEATHER LAUGH

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But on the wit side they also had to use their wits on scores of  
desperate boys and girls who looked at them with

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CHAPTER T WENTY TWO  
FOURTY TWO.

JENNIE BROOKS'S INBANE.

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He hung limp while her tongue stuck out as she gasped for air. The Glandelinian liked to look into her bulging eyes, and to make her suffer worse he checked her with all his might. Under the arid crushing grip her throat pained, pained fearfully, and though she tried to draw up protruding tongue in, she could not. Oh it was awful. Her face was ashen, her white teeth seemed to be ringing in her ears. But he did not slack the poor child for long. The very room was filled with a piercing, nearly unearthly scream, and like a fierce catamount, Jennie sprang out of the furnace, and landed on the floor twelve yards away. The suffering little Jennie with red foam running from her mouth, glared at the Glandelinians with rolling eyes, and crouched for a spring at the wicked Glandelinian, who was checking Mary yet. But he was on his guard and tripping Mary he sprang out of her way, while several Glandelinians rushed forward to overpower her. But she was too quick for them and fled away. Violet and her sisters who also witnessed all this were ever-ready with service when the little girl Jennie lost her mind. They would rather see any child dead, than in such a state, and though they prayed to God, and asked him to make the child Jennie recover, he did not seem to hear. The Glandelinian grabbed Mary by the throat and again checked her until she became senseless, while the other wicked Glandelinians did the same to the other children at the same time. When they recovered they carried the children into another room, where the stench of rotting bodies, came from, and threw them in lacking the life, after Violet and her sisters had slipped on unseeing. The dead bodies that were laying in that room were full of maggots and and the children were screaming toward the children who were stark naked. They were terrified, for to be eaten up alive by such horrible worms, would make any one tremble with fear. They screamed loudly and piteously while only answer from out side was a laugh. The children did all their best to beat off these flesh eating worms, and though they smashed many of them with their hands and feet they were quickly surrounded. It was a terrible sight, the maggots crawling over their bodies, and though they tried to beat them off, or stamp masses of them, it was useless to try to get rid of them. They now ran to one part of the room where it seemed clear, when the door opened and one of the Glandelinians ordered them to come back, where they had stood. "Oh these horrible worms will eat us," screamed one of the children, "I would rather die any other death than this." "Yes I tell you," stormed the Glandelinian, "I'll any think that I'm afraid to come in here but I swear that I'm not and will if you do not do as I tell you." Then in a rage he recklessly wounded in, and when he caught them he threw them on the floor, where the horrible worms were swarming. As with bare hands, he reaped up a handful of the wriggling worms, and forcing open the mouth of one of the children, he put the horrible worms, which he smothered into her throat. Oh how she did vomit after he did the same to the other children and dragged them to a corner, and checked Mary by the throat. "I'll kill you to day," he said fiendishly. "You are not so important as the other slaves, and so you will have to die." "Oh I don't want to die," pleaded Mary her heart beating loudly with fright. "Oh please don't kill me, let me live. Please do." "I will not," answered the Glandelinian drawing from his waist band a knife. "I'll kill you all right." "Oh please don't," screamed Mary piteously. "I have not done any harm to you Glandelinians, and you do oughtened to kill me." "I don't care what you have done," snapped the Glandelinian. "I'll kill you all right." He ran the knife through her heart, and threw her on the dead bodies. Then a shrill scream sounded out side, and it was as loud and unceasing that it even started Violet and her sisters with a start. The Glandelinians were themselves startled, and their actions were indeed comical. Again that unearthly horrible scream, burst forth being nearly deafening. "Maybe it's a demon," said a Glandelinian coming in with others. "If it is we do not need to be afraid, but if it's a demon--" Again and again the scream was repeated, more louder, then followed a shrill manicured laugh.



Nearly all day long their eyes were filled tears. Anath had already passed since they first saw the child labor horrors, and now she had the little girl called Jennie was a raving maniac, and never before had the Glandelinians witnessed such a crazy child. She was exceedingly dangerous, and always carried a dagger, seldom letting it fall from her hands. She was stark naked and once in a while she would chew at her arms or shoulders. The worse she got the crueler were the darts of her eyes that pierced the hearts of Violet and her nine sisters. It was a surprise to Violet and her sisters when the Glandelinians came running into the room with the cruel king Precille closely pursued by Jennie who came with leaps and bounds, screaming like a demon, and brandishing the horrible dagger, while foam fell from her lips. Violet and her sisters even ran for their lives, as Jennie changed her course, and came directly for them. Every now and then she would stop to chew her arm or shoulder, which certainly did frighten Violet and her nine sisters. Violet had a sudden impulse to shoot Jennie but she could not, as she wouldn't get time as it was too dangerous to face the maniac a single minute. Jeice only prayed for her recovery as though it seemed utterly useless. Nearer and nearer drew the demented child, then made a sudden spring at Angeline. But Angeline had been watching closely, and as Jennie made that spring, she dashed to one side, so that Jennie landed on the back of a Glandelinian instead. After a furious attempt to throw her off, but as he tried to grab her by the throat, she glided out of his way. He could not hold a naked child, for naked ones are very slippery. Jennie with a scream now made at the Glandelinian with her dagger, but he eluded her spring and struck her such a blow that it laid her flat on the floor, but did not knock her senseless though it only increased her fury. With a dog like howl she bounded from her feet like a spring, and grabbing a heavy chair she flung it at the Glandelinian, springing at the same time, so it seemed landing squarely on his back, as he fell when the chair struck him. But now the other Glandelinians rushed to his assistance with clubbed muskets, and struck Jennie unmercifully, which instead of hurting her only made her like a demon. With a pitiful whim she bounded from the back of the Glandelinian, and when the others found themselves fighting hard to prevent Jennie from running them with the dagger. They tried to stop her firing as fast as they could, but she seemed bullet proof, despite the wall aimed shots. But when at last they were about to overpower her, she jumped away like a cat, laughing in a blood-curdling manner. Then she dropped or disappeared as if she had disappeared right through the floor, but she went into the place where Gertrude, and the other children were hid. If one of them was about to speak, but Gertrude interrupted her saying that Jennie was dangerous as her mind was gone. Jennie suddenly looked toward them, but seemed to do nothing. They were afraid to move though, and they were woe that they did not. Jennie would not have pursued the children if they had not ran away. Jennie now began to make silly motions, and say such silly words that it made Gertrude and some of the others burst out laughing, despite their fear. Jennie seemed to hear the laughing for she suddenly glanced toward the children and made an attitude as if she was going to make a spring. One of the children was about to run, when Gertrude caught her arm, and said:

"Don't move and she won't do anything."

It was well that she did not run, but still Jennie began to crawl slowly toward them with her dagger ready for action. But the more nearer she came the more quite the children sat, and did not move at all. Jennie was now in front of them, and gazed into their faces as steadily as a statue. Gertrude had never seen a prittier child, in such a bad condition, and it gave her heart a twang when she knew what Jennie was suffering from. She was afraid to move, for she feared that she might arouse her, but Jennie still stayed right in front of them as still as they, looking continually into their faces. There was no fear in her mouth now, but the stare of insanity was in her eyes. They thought that Jennie would continue looking at them forever, for she never moved a hair bit, though once in a while she would frown and bit her lips, but the frown would vanish as quickly as it had come. The other little girl whose name was May, had to cough, which she could not keep from doing, but strangely Jennie remained just as still as before though she frowned again, and red foam appeared between her lips. They were surprised when Jennie spoke, in a half wail and scream:

"You're bad men," she said. "You have killed my brother and sister long ago, and now seek to kill my dear father and mother, but you can't for they are already dead. Your officers killed them."

"We are not bad men," said the other little girl tears springing to her eyes for she pitied poor Jennie, knowing that she was out of her mind. Then she continued to herself:

SEE PAGE FIVE HUNDRED SEVENTY SEVEN.

# CHAPTER FOURTY THREE.

NO MORE SUFFERING.

Nearly all day long their eyes were filled tears. Anonah had already passed since they first saw the child labor horrors, and now knew the little girl called Jennie was a living maniac, and never before had

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574

"We are not at bad men," said the other / little girl tears springing to her eyes for she pined for Jennie, knowing that she was out of her mind. Then she continued to herself:

"Oh please dear God, please make Jennie recover from her madness and save us from the cruel Glandelinians."

And now all she could say for Jennie continued in a mild tone:

"If you want your souls purified I can do it but it has to be done by fire. I have been through it and know."

"I don't want to die," screamed the poor little girl frightened badly by the thought of being burned to death.

"You won't die," answered Jennie with a vacant stare. "I've had my soul purified, and even there's no pain."

"But I'm not bad, really I ain't," cried the child beginning to cry.

"And I ain't a man but a little girl,"

"Are you a man?" screamed Jennie. "And I'll purify your soul if you want it done or not. Don't you dare to resist me!"

With that she crawled back to her lace and kept staring at them without giving for an hour. Gertrude and her friends prayed continually, and hopefully for Jennie's recovery.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters had seen scores of other poor children thrown into the magnet filled room, and in their horror the poor children fainted, but were slowly but surely dispatched by the terrible

horrible worms. Other children who recoiled at their machines, were taken with the Cat-O-Nine-Tails, and forced to work harder still when they came to though exhausted as they still were. They could not do the work long which enraged the Glandelinians and again they beat them with

the Cat-O-Nine-Tails, with all their might, and longer than they did the Glandelinians. They even kept on thrashing them that the poor children

were senseless to the floor. The Glandelinians only laughed at their plight, and brought them back to their senses by throwing cold water

laid with pepper and salt over their bodies. Then still laughing the Glandelinians made them get up, and again ordered them to work, and

though they tried they failed, for they were suffering so much from the scourging they received. This enraged the Glandelinians, still

more and again they thrashed them without mercy, and with the same

charge. They struck the children so hard that they again fainted and

did not recover until five hours later. Their little bodies were covered with bruises, scratches, cuts, and swelling sores, and their suffering was something horrible. One little girl suffered far worse than the others as she had got it harder than they. She cried all the rest of

the day, and tossed about in mortal agony. Violet and her sisters despite their exposing themselves to great peril, did their best to comfort the

poor suffering children but were unsuccessful. Their suffering was indeed unbearable, and Violet and her sisters knew that they would die

from the horrible scourging. Many of their wounds were bleeding continually, and when F. Violet and her sisters tried to stop the

bleeding, they only increased the suffering of the poor children.

It was a lucky thing that the Glandelinians were not there just now for if they caught them giving mercy to the children they would have

been given them a scourging, and they had just ducked to their hiding

place in time, when the same Glandelinians did come back, but the sight of the children's indescribable suffering did not touch their blood

hearts in the least, as they only laughed at the Glandelinians' threats

to strike them again, when they fell on their knees, and pitifully begged the men to have pity on them, but infuriated, the Glandelinians only

beat them again, and then enraged beyond endurance they again struck the

little girl who was in mortal agony, and the poor child who had been suffering so much before could not stand the beating without fainting

again. The Glandelinians tried to bring her to as she was suffering

more but when they kept it up for an hour and she did not recover

they thought that she was dead so they left again. When they were gone, Violet and her sisters went to her death, and Anselme, placing her ear

to the little girl's chest heard her heart still beating, but very feebly.

"She's alive yet, but the way her heart beats and the way she is breathing, I'm afraid she is dying," Anselme said sadly.

It was right for toward night the poor little victim of the cruel Glandelinian scourges died and many a silent prayer did Violet and

her sisters say as they wept over the still forms and when their cold

hands

## CHAPTER

The next day Violet and her sisters having been spying about governor Frederica headquarters saw hundreds of new children who were being brought before him. As the children were being brought in there was a great deal of excitement in the court. Governor had received a demand from little Angelina Arenburg to give all the child slaves their freedom or she would within two weeks lay siege to all the best factories on the outskirts of the city, destroy its defenses, and even set the city on fire. The governor was writhing a refusal, and the excitement in the court was more using. The letter had been brought by a special delivery boy who was requested to return his refusal without delay. Then he turned his attention to the children:

"They are dismissed for the present," said the governor. "We are a little upset by this demand." For a long time while incessant but huzzing and yells inside the court room told Violet and her sisters that

that the Glandelinians were discussing the matter. Accidentally the governor had thrown the other letter toward the hiding place of the Vivian O Girls he having intended to throw it away. Violet picked it up without being seen and unfolding the letter read it as her sisters looked on. This is what she read:

"This is the fourteenth time we have demanded you to give the other children their freedom, and we are getting mighty tired, and demand once more in the name of the children's God to free all the other children, or at least lessen their misery and work, and if we are met with a refusal, which we will count as an insult we will lay siege to all the main factories managed by Governor Arenburg and not only annihilate his men who defend the factories but will if possible set fire to not only the factories but to the city as well. This is the last demand and if you refuse you will find that within two weeks we have kept our threat."

Yours truly

Angelina Arenburg.

Leader of the children fighting for freedom."

Violet let her sisters read it, then folded it up and hid it somewhere. The next day the governor received a note from another desperate child rebel, whose name was Lerginia Zimmermann. It ran as follows:

"I've received the letter intended for my superior Arenburg telling her that she is a pighead and that you refuse during her to fulfill her threats. You know what you are! You are one of the butchers out of the wicked spirits heads. Arenburg had demanded your grating the freedom of the children and she means it, and this is your last chance now to make good as you have a more enemy than Arenburg to deal with. The attack will soon come, and on your headquarters first you old child butcher."

Linda Zimmermann.

Commander of rebels of men and children."

This made the governor furious and believing that the Vivian girls were the cause of all this he ordered the men to get them if possible.

To look for the Vivian Girls however was as easy as looking for a pin in a hay stack. BUT the Glandelinians decided to wreak their vengeance on four other children, believing that the governor would believe that they were the Vivian Girls. The four little girls that were to be picked were laying on the floor from overwork when the soldiers came in, and the looks in their faces startled the children. They were dragged from the floor, and carried into the presence of the governor who seemed at them asked them fairly and ordered them to be sent a letter to the two child rebels leaders, asking them to withdraw their threat declaring that governor Vivian's children would be burned alive in the destruction of the city in case the rebels set it on fire, saying that they would be responsible for their deaths. These children were already half dead from the suffering they had went through and protested that they were not to blame, and that if they themselves, pleadingly wrote to the child labor rebel leaders it would do no good as they knew Arenburg and Zimmermann long enough and that they had become merciless enemies of the Glandelinians and would carry out their threats no matter what the cost. Despite threats promises and the like the children would not write the letters as they were thrown down back into the factory where they were before. When the next day came the children tried to hid from the brutal Glandelinians but could not. A little girl was seized first, and the chief Glandelinian decided to strangle her while the others strangled the other children. He cruelly lifted the little girl by the throat and pressed on her neck so hard that for a moment she hung limp. The poor child could not stand such an awful checking that this Glandelinian gave her, and with all her strength she tried to pull away his hands, and failing she struck at him and kicked him in the belly with her feet, but this only angered him and he checked her with all his might. Her eyes were closed as if they were about to fall out of their sockets, while her tongue stuck out farther than ever. Her throat pained her, and an unbearable desire to cough seized her but she could not. The cruel Glandelinian took delight in her awful suffering. Her desire for air, and for him to let go of her throat could not be described, and also the pain in her lungs. In the mean time another little girl was trying to get away from several Glandelinians who were chasing her but she was also caught, and checked as hard that she looked just like the other little girl was. By that time the first little girl had died, and the second one was doing her best to pull those hands, which seemed to be crushing her tender throat. Then finding it useless, she put fiercely at her enemy's face, with her fist, and yet seeing that she was failing to make him let go by kicking him also, she scratched him furiously in the face. But he did not let go but also strangled her with all his might, untill her head was thrown back and she hung limp. Just as she died the Glandelinian dropped her letting her fall to the floor while as the other Glandelinians could not catch the remaining children the chief one did. If the other two children had suffered terribly from their awful checking the third little girl being killed suffered still worse. It was far easier for the cruel Glandelinian to check her for her neck was smaller, and he squeezed so hard that her eyes bulged badly and her tongue stuck so far out, that it looked like a snake. The cruel Glandelinian, as she got the hardest checking she could very quickly and the Glandelinian also let her drop to the floor. The other children were also strangled to death, while several children, who were about to run at their machines were dragged to their feet while a Glandelinian came forward with a worse whip than the fearful At-U-Nine-Tails.

"Have you no mercy at all!" gasped one of the children in dismay. "No mercy for christians." Snarled the chief Glandelinian. Then he ordered his three companions to thrash them. It was a horrible encouraging but the Glandelinians gave them. The children screamed piteously, but as more they screamed the harder the Glandelinians struck them. In the poor children pleaded for mercy, the Glandelinians only laughed. The harder the Glandelinians struck them the louder and the more piteously they screamed. Their bodies were already badly torn and bleeding, but still the Glandelinians continued to thrash them, and their suffering was worse than we could even think. At last unable to be dragged off to that horrible furnace. Their terror was indescribable. The last queer kind of medicine which saves them from death but not from pain was rubbed well on their bodies and into their painful wounds and then despite their piteous screams and pleas were thrown in one by one, and the door slammed shut. Oh how they did scream. It was indeed terrible and too much for any person to witness.

They furiously tried to shove the door open. The pain of all this was so dreadful that they made deafening screams, and vehement struggles, to force the door open. The suffering was so awful, that it was like the agony of a damned soul. There was no friendly face anywhere to comfort them, of or rescue them, and the looks in their faces told how they suffered. In their intolerable pain the poor children piteously begged the Glandelinians to open the door and let them out, but the answer they received was a laugh. Again and again they tried to shove that door open, and clutched at the walls but it was useless. For three hours the children were let in there, and when they felt like it, the Glandelinians took them out with long hooks. Then they made large cuts on their eyes, nose, and on their painful wounds. Then they made large cuts on their bodies, and after further torture, the Glandelinians decided to make the children work for a week, without a bit to eat. Even without water. To suffer from thirst is a terrible thing, and the sufferers would die a slower death from starvation, than from thirst. After one day of hard work in the sweat shops, the children not able to bear their craving thirst any longer, and knowing that the men would not give them a drop of water to search the big rooms for a sink, but to their disappointment when they found a sink the water was turned off. However it was lucky that the Glandelinians did not intend to make them suffer from this thirst until they died. Only when they were almost about to die from the tortures of thirst did the Glandelinians give them a drink, and only a little water at that, not out of kindness, but to keep them alive until they felt like murdering them. They did not give them any food however until a week was up, and when they did they gave them the food intended for the hogs, and made them eat it or forced it down their throats. The Glandelinians at times even forbade the children to sleep, and did make them sleep, by placing strict guards over them. This was kept up for two days, and though their want of sleep was insupportable, the Glandelinians kept them awake for all the morning of the third day, but in the afternoon let them sleep. For nearly two weeks after they slept without awakening once, and all the attempts of the Glandelinians to awaken them were in vain. Some other children in a separate factory who were overcome from work, were also under going torture, the Glandelinians decided to throw them into a tank of hot water. The same kind of medicine was rubbed on them and they were all thrown in, all in a bunch. Screaming frantically they furiously tried to get out of the tank of hot water, but the sides were so high that they could not get out. Their suffering was horrible, and despite the medicine to the intense disappointment of the Glandelinians the children died, the Glandelinians drawing them out with fish-hooks, and throwing them into the room where their antiques would be taken out. Many other children had suffered terribly from scaldings received from bursted steam pipes, but even when their sufferings were not half over, the cruel Glandelinian soldiers dragged them to a barrel, filled it up with water, as cold as they could get it mixed it with strong Ammonia, and while laughing heartily, placed the first child into it head first, after tying a rag around his mouth so that he could not swallow any water in his gurgles for air. On account of his intolerable sufferings, and desire for air the little boy, made a vehement effort to kick the barrel over, but was unsuccessful. The Glandelinians only laughed at his struggle for air, and now cruelly made it worse worse by holding his feet so that he could not struggle. But then they let go again because they did not wish to drown him to death. His want of air and his suffering could not be only seen in moving pictures, if his tortures could be caught correctly. The more he struggled the more they laughed. Slower and slower he ceased his struggles, and finally ceased them altogether. Then the chief Glandelinian laughing heartily, took him out untied the rag and taking it off threw him roughly on the floor. Then taking a little girl they tied it around her mouth, and also threw her in head first. Oh how she did struggle. She could not hold her breath as long as the little boy did, and furiously tried to breathe in the water, but the water went up into her nostrils the ammonia torturing her frightfully, and yet she failing to get air. Her head seemed to swim like a top, and her lungs seemed as if they would burn up. Her heart beat fast and loud, and the longer she was kept this way, the more intolerable became her suffering and the more insupportable became her desire for air. She also soon ceased her struggles, and for good, and the Glandelinian lifted her out and set her roughly on the floor. The chief one took off the rag, and tied it quickly across the mouth of another little boy. He made a struggle before the Glandelinian could throw him in but they did at last manage.

For a few minutes he could stand it without air but soon he began to show symptoms of suffering, and tried to lift himself out of the barrel but could not. The Glandelinian chief was saying some thing to no one of his companions about the boys struggles, when two stalwart Glandelinian officers came rushing in. "The child rebels are laying siege to all the strings of child labor factories on the outskirts of the city, so as soon as you get through with giving the children three more tortures, or when you hear the roar of battle, report for duty." By this time the little boys suffering was unbearable but the wicked Glandelinians laughing at his struggles saluted the two officers, as the they went out brandishing their sabres like drunken men. Fiercer and fiercer the little boy struggled but soon grew weaker and weaker and finally ceased altogether. The Glandelinians then took him out, and after taking off the rag also threw her roughly on the floor. They waited patiently for the children to recover and when they did the Glandelinians tied two ropes on the little girl's thumbs, and throwing the other end over a transom, pulled her up and held on to the ropes. The little girl suffered terribly, and piteously begged the Glandelinian to let her down. "Oh please let me down." She screamed. "You are making the ropes break my thumbs. Oh, Oh, Please let me down." "Why!" Mockingly asked the Glandelinian, holding the ropes. "I'm sure it feels nice to hang there by the thumbs, and ought to die that way, as all christians ought to die." "Oh let me down please do." Pleaded the poor little girl, her face white from the pain and tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh please please let me down. This is too much." A burst of laughter was her answer, and they jerked on the ropes to increase her suffering. When she was about to faint, they let her down, and untied the ropes they brought them toward the little boy while the little girl cried as if she had lost heaven. "Oh please don't tie me up like that." Pleaded the little boy, to best as he could. "It's too much for my me. Oh please don't." The Glandelinian paid no attention to him but tied the ropes to his thumbs and did the same to him as they had done to the little girl. THE little boy screamed and screamed but the Glandelinians only laughed. "Oh please let me down. Let me down." He screamed. "I would rather be checked than this. Oh have mercy on me please, please, please, let me down." "If these Glandelinians ever get arrested by the Angelinians and take us to us and ask us to save them we will not a." said Joice but by mistake. "They have no mercy on the poor child slaves, so it is our duty to see that they get their just punishments if caught." "What's that?" snapped one of the Glandelinians who had heard her. "Where are you little spies who dare to talk like that about us respectable gentlemen. Come show yourselves you little fools." Joice had meant what she said too as we will read by and by) as the Vivian Girls did not show them selves the Glandelinians did not press the matter and went on ahead with their cruelty to their victims. This torture was indeed unbearable for the little boy but the Glandelinians let the screaming child down before the ropes broke his thumbs. How oh he suffered. When the Glandelinians untied the ropes and shoved him to one side, the little boy with a piteous moan threw himself on the floor and cried as if he wanted to get rid of all his tears. They next went for the other little boy and also tied him by the thumbs. All the while he hung there in insupportable torture he screamed and screamed, but the Glandelinians let him down before his thumbs would be pulled off. After they untied the ropes, another Glandelinian came forward with a wet rag. The chief Glandelinian prepared to tie it around the little girl's nose and mouth. "Do they would smother the poor little girl!" cried Joice with some anger in her tone. "I know why you Glandelinians are so cruel to little children. You are doing this as an insult to God and Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for us and even you. God has given you many beautiful things when your nation was only young and even freedom from the ancient Angelinians when they oppressed you over the quarrel over the Pope, and this is your reward. If you are intending to kill the poor children, why don't you do it? Because you don't dare." And Joice and her sisters came out of their hiding place and boldly faced the awfully sulking Glandelinian who would liked to have snatched them down where they were but who didn't dare.

out off! I'm telling you only our own good!" answered  
 "Our uncle or father cannot stop the child rebels." answered  
 Jaiser. "And so what can I do? I can only stop them which I refuse  
 to ask him to do because the poor children deserve their freedom, and  
 besides I'm glad that the children are laying siege to the factories,  
 but I'm telling you men for your own good that you'll answer to both  
 God and the Angelinians for your cruelty to children, and there are  
 more dangerous spies around than us, who will tell all! you have done  
 and laugh in your faces at your misery, and that's more than we would  
 ever do. We try to save the children and do no little-scale work either.  
 We are not preaching either, only telling you men for a fair warning."

frank." He stormed. "By the name of Satan you Vivian Girls are too free the gutter-punks, and punish us eh?" He roared with a stamp of his feet. "There is no S Angelinian that could rescue the snipes, and who's the God who could save the children from us? I'd like to see you have all ready made thousands of the kids suffer unbearable tortures, and sorrows, for them." He roared again, his hands pointing to the sky, and then he broke hearted over the loss of their children. He seemed to their God for years for the return of their children, but without results. Your God is afraid of the Olandjanins, and we saw drive it."

"Many have declared 'if he went on, ' That his next timid angels could make us run for our life at one hare word. It may be possible that you Vivian Girls would like to do us something crooked, too if you dared, but if you ever try it once, I don't care how brave you little girls are, or how your parents and relations may be you would not try it again. We Omerian Gurses are too ticked to be trifled with and would sooner go to war against Angels than to be a snobby. If you girls are not with us, we will be the last team who will fight." He added with a gay tone much unkind to his ugly nature encouraged by the silence of the Vivian Girls he went on;

"I thought I'll tell you that I can make the child slaves suffer a  
 torture that a million times more unendurable than all those you Virgins  
 girls have ever seen the child slaves go through. You may not believe it  
 either, but if you don't, why I'll soon prove it."  
 The Glandelinian was not feeling for he meant that he could rub that  
 that kind of medicine on the children picked for the torture and th  
 threw them into a white hot lava filled volcano, which  
 the city, and out of way of all rescue. The lava was  
 the volcano selected at being sent to the  
 that the tourists had called the fiery mountain "The  
 its right name was Mt. Galverdis.

His volcano is more dangerous than Mt. Vivian, the Blongllessean mountain and nearly as tall as Mt. Everest, in our world. The size of the crater they knew not, but she is never snowcapped, and her sides are always sensibly warm except near the top where it is hot enough to burn almost anything. It does not erupt very frequently however though it always stay full to overflowing. The size of the crater, while which the Glandelinians do not know is as large as you cannot so measure it and that though it was only five hundred feet deep it could probably hold all the water of all the small lakes of their world. Its regular depth is never known, though King Kinnerline of Glandelinia has just explored it in 1872 claimed that the crater was nearly six miles wide, seventeen miles long, and of seemingly bottomless depth. In 1789 the city of Andromed had been destroyed by this very volcano, which had an eruption that filled the air with a cannoning thunder and for over a thousand miles. Before this mountain had become a mass her height had been 33,969 feet high the highest mountain in all this world. Her height was now now 21,645 feet high.

MR world. Her height was now less, her eyes were  
shades were always warm, on account of the intense heat of the  
sun, which was always boiling to even a greater heat than white heat.  
The Andean had been twice destroyed by this volcano and over 987,456  
perished in the ruins, and over 3,456,789 had been made homeless while  
508 had been injured. This is the reason why the Glacelinians had to  
when their God.

"Gwendolinn," explained it to the Virgin Girls, and then paying more attention to them proceeded with the torture of the other helpless children. The rag was placed around the nose and mouth of one of the girls, and tied into a knot in the back of her head. For a while it was without air, but soon she began to suffer. She frantically tried to untie the rag, but the Gwendolinn had fastened it so tight, she could not remove it. She could not stand the suffering, and tried to breathe through the rag, but found it also useless. "Oh, I can't stand this! I must have air," she thought to herself. "Oh I can't stand this any longer. I must have air or I will die."

it any longer. I must have air or I will die." The Glandelinians only laughed at her sufferings, and also we quite ignored her. She was interested. They liked to see how an child suffered when she was not get any air and how one looked when it get a bad choking. They let her stay the rag on, the worse the child suffered. She had never felt such tortures but she was not and her nostrils felt hot, and also she felt. Soon she became dizzy but before she fell to the floor, someone took the Glandelinian quickly out the knot which was also too tight for them. She, and took off the smothering rag. It seemed as if she could not breathe any harder, for every moment she took in deep breaths, and she was coming, nothing like a dying child. The Glandelinians laughed at their plight and turned their attention to another poor suffering child who also was a girl. She had seen with indescribable pain how the other little girl had suffered, and she dreaded to go through the tortures of suffocation, knowing how bad it was. "I shall not die another one," she screamed. "I can't stand it without air. Here, here, on me."

"I cannot give mercy," laughed the chief Ulandolinian. "There is no mercy in my heart unless you forsake God, which I know you will not do. It is the same to her men."

"PLEASE DON'T..." She screamed, as the Glandelinians seized her. "I don't like to be smothered." "I'm sure if you don't..." Answered one of the Glandelinians as he pulled his companion to tie the rag around her nose and mouth. "Will have to be smothered if you like it or not."

He suffered, and vehemently tried to untie or pull the rag off, his pleading look in her face could hardly be explained, not on even living pictures. But it did not in the least touch the cruel hearts of the Diandelinians, and the more she tried to tear away that smothered

ing from her nose and mouth the more the Gländselinnsuut laughed. Then she laughed until the tears ran down, though the poor child knelt on her knees, before them, and raising her hands in token of supplication, making signs to them to take it off. It was horrible to see her suffer, and Violet and her sisters would have rushed to her rescue, were they not in the danger of utter failure. For what chance, did little girls like them, have against such powerful men? But the little fairly got on her feet and the room, frantically trying to catch the rag, until when she sank to the floor gazing with a sad look toward heaven, did the Gländselinnsuut cut the rope and take her. Just like the other little girl, it seemed as if she could not stop breathing! But it was a great relief that she could breathe and she even thanked God.....

The other little girl was still breathing hard, though not as hard as before and the look in her face and that of the other child told that they were still suffering from the effects of the suffocation. But the Ulandeliniuns only laughed and only shook and slapped them roughly.

"It feels nice to go without air, don't it?" asked the chief Glandelinnian. "Well the next performance and to the last for a while will be hanging by your beautiful necks. But I forgot. The little you has not had his time to smother yet have you you little christian feel." Though he was at once filled with great terror s he was too frightened to answer, and the sight of her frightened face made all the Glandelinnians soldiers rear out with laughter. The other Glandelinnians were already preparing a gallows for the short hanging. The rag was too small now, and while one of the Glandelinnians made him run to get out of breath, the chief one went to get another rag. The poor little boy tried to struggle as they made him run back and forth as fast as they could but could not. By the time the chief Glandelinnian returned with the rag, he was badly winded. Quickly as possible the Glandelinnian tied it around his head and nose and mouth, dose pite his vehement effort to get away, from around his neck and mouth, dose pite his vehement effort to get away, from his cruel tormentors. His suffering was at once unbearable. AND like th the two little girls he tried to unfasten the rag, but he might as well have tried to take a piece of plaster out of the wall with one finger. Oh how he did suffer. Though going through a number of an indescribable pain he suffered so bad as he did now. His lungs pained in an indescribable manner, and his face became the color of black and blue. It also caused him to have the feelings of an indescribable strangulation and hid his face painfully terribly, walls seemed to be ringing in his ears,, and he became so dizzy that he fell to the floor. The Glandelinnians then cut the knots in the rag, but for more torture , took it off slowly. By this time he became unconscious, but not dead. The gulls were now ready so one of the little girls was dragged under the rope. She fairly hammered away at the floor with her heels, and tried to strike at the cruel Glandelinnians with her fist, but could not. The noose was placed over her head and around her tender neck. Then two Glandelinnians quickly pulled her up and struggling as she was never felt such an awful pang hang there. S he thought that she had ne ver felt such an awful shaking. But it was too severe for her and she became unconscious, with her pure tongue still protruding. Seeing that she was senseless, the Glandelinnians quickly let her down while the chief one dragged the other little girl toward the gallows despite his struggles and screams. The noose was thrown over hi her head and drawn tightly around her neck. Then she was horribly dragged from the floor and the higher he s she went the more her tongue protruded, and the more her eyes bulged. This horrible checking not only caused her tongue to pain, or caused an unbearable desire to cough, but also produced a headache. She too quickly fainted, and the Glandelinnians then let her down. A As the quicky fainted, and the Glandelinnians set about to bring her to life by roughing to the floor floor the day the temperature being about thirty below zero, and how small they had suffered. Many other children that had been captured by the Glandelinnians were being cruelly put to death by the Glandelinnians, who were aroused by the advance of the revolutionists. When the Glandelinnians were gone, Violet and her sisters separated to see if any more of the room which was something more like some dark and lonesome corner of a penitentiary Gertrude sat sad and like a forlorn child. As the screams of the butchered children outside in the streets drew nearer the factory reached Violet and her sisters, they saw Gertrude press herself down on the hard floor, and bury her face in her hands, burst into a piteous passion of weeping. For a long time she lay there, regardless of the time and feeling utterly forsaken and forlorn. It seemed as if all the children tortured by the butcher Glandelinnians were being killed, sliced up and burned alive, or being sliced open alive and their hearts taken out by the sound of their death screams. It indeed was an unearthly sound outside. Suddenly a gentle hand was laid on the tumbled golden hair, and Joice said in a pitiful sweet voice;

"Why Gertrude, what is the matter. A Are you sick!"

Gertrude though she could not see recognized the voice of her dearly beloved friend and lifted her sad and tearstained face to her's.

7) "Ho, Joice dear, I'm not sick, but the Glandelinins have been so cruel to me and God seems to have forsaken us. But I know he hasn't though it seems. Oh why do they treat us so cruel and make me blind. I cannot see the beautiful blue sky or the sunshine or the flowers any more.. Oh why do they kill and work the other children to death for and in such a cruel way and what will my papa and mama say when I do go back and they see my me blind, and my sister Jenny crazy! Uh, oh, oh, oh.."

Joice, victim with tears briming in her own blue eyes, placed her arm around her weeping friend.

he blind, and my sister Jenny crazy on, and you, I know, are all  
Jaice vivian with tears brining in her own blue eyes, placed her arms  
around her weeping friend.  
"Listen to me Gertrude." She said brushing the tangled curls from  
his hot forehead. "We know that God seems to have forsaken us, but he  
has not. He still loves us, and loves us so much, that he has sent his  
only "Babette Son" to die for us all. Would he have done that if  
he did not love us. And his Son, Our Dear Lord, into whose presence  
all us christians went loves us more than any one can compare or even  
conceive. I know its hard hard to be blind my dear friend, but that makes  
God love you all the more. Try to hear it. We all have to suffer as long  
as these Glandelinians are in full sway with their wicked child slavery,  
but some day there will be something happening which we are dreading  
very much as Angelina will not put up with this much longer. You may  
be able to see again some day, and the first thing you will look upon  
will be the face of Jesus Christ, himself."  
Gertrude had grown very quiet and lay still on the floor. When she had  
finished Jaice Vivian saw a sweet expression come over Gertrudes fair  
face.

"I will try to be brave," she said, "But oh Joie its so hard to su  
suffer among these cruel Glandelinians." and the tears again filled  
the wistful eyes.

the wistful eyes.  
"Jesus will help you dear Gertrude," said Joice. "Let us pray for  
him to help us."  
When they had finished the prayer which was quite long, Gertrude said

his to help us." When they had finished the prayer which was quite long, Gertrude said earnestly with a sweet beautiful expression on her face "Joyce when I asked Jesus to let me see sometimes if it was his will he seemed to answer me. I feel here-----" Laying her hand upon her holy breast----- "That I will be able to see some say even before I die or go back to papa or mama. His sacred touch will heal me." It was long after she fell asleep, and lay so still and white that Violet and her sisters who sat besides her, except Joyce who was kneeling before a cross praying silently, thought Angelina became suspicious. Angelina bent over the still white form, and Joyce awaited her verdict with speechless anxiety. Angelina could understand about diseases as much as a chief specialist, being learned in school. In a few minutes she arose and shook her head sadly.

"Is there no hope at all, Angeline?" asked Joice Despairingly. "U  
"Cannot something be done?"

"The end is probably near. She may not live until morning."

"The end is probably near. She may not live until morning." Casting a glance of sorrow at the still form, Angelina threw herself on a couch and cried in a heart broken way so strong was her pity for the poor helpless children, in the power of the Glandelinians. Gertrude had as also been like her sister Jennie, been overcome by the brutality of the Glandelinians. Her frail little body had not been able to stand it. She had been delirious after the prayer for the recovery of her sight, when she had fallen into a death like trance. The end seemed painfully drawing near. For a while after Angelina and her sisters controlled their passionate weeping, perfect stillness reigned in the room, and still the motionless form on the hardwood floor stirred not and an hour after Angelina examined her again and found that she was really dead. For a time Violet and her sisters wept passionately over the still white form. After controlling their grief Violet was about to recite a prayer out loud when suddenly she was interrupted by a tremendous roll of musketry and the explosions of hundreds of grenades. The attack which had alarmed the child labor masters all over the city had begun. For a long while they sat still listening, expecting it to disappoint them by ceasing, but it increased furiously and seemed to spread in many directions.

and seemed to spread in many directions. "Maybe the child rebels has made the attack at last," whispered Joyce. "At least. Hoope so. If the laundry will be put to an end." If the child rebels may have been the cause of the attack, at least the tension began to slacken down again, and finally ceased altogether, though occasional yells filled the air, and looking out of the window Violet and her sisters saw to their terror large forces of child rebels led by Lavinia Zimmerman, bearing toward the place they were in many flourishing large flaming torches in their hands.



586/587

They wondered how they could escape so easily but they as n soon found ou  
out. They had been wearing their scapulars, all through their spying  
tours of the factories, and it was these that saved them from the  
grenades, and also their faith in God. Also because grenades are not half  
so dangerous as the ordinary shells used in war. No more shells were  
coming now though they still kept heaving out side and around the fact  
ories. It sounded worse than the noisest "Fourth Of July". The reports  
of the grenades were fairly deafening, and more fires had appeared in  
the far distance, while the factory across the street was beginning  
to burn. Instead of ceasing the rear of battle was increasing very  
fiercely, and the grenades from the child rebels outside of the factory  
Violet and her sisters were in constantly made a continuous roar that  
was appalling.  
"May they are bombarding this factory, believing that the defenders  
are here." Said Violet I never have seen so many grenades thrown into  
a factory before. Why its fir fierce, they'll be the deaths of us yet  
if they don't see us and stop throwing the grenades."  
Every now and then the child rebels would set up a series of vehement  
yells a sound that their fury was only growing fiercer. Violet and her s  
sisters began to get nervous, and wondered if they would get rescued,  
or would they w burn with the building when the revolutionist would set  
it aba ablaze. The doors leading to the outside were all locked and thou  
though the windows could be easily opened, it was too high to make a  
jump into the street. And then the maniac crazy child? What if she  
she should get in some how! Then their case would be surely helpless,  
they thought for the maniac would surely turn them. But to think of poor  
Jennie being so made, filled them with indescribable sorrow, and they  
could hardly keep back the tears. Praying seemed hopeless for Jennie h  
had only grown worse and might stay insane as long as she lived, no mat  
ter how much they prayed. That's what they thought.  
Being insane is a terrible thing, at and most insane people are very d  
dangerous, though more a are quite silly. Jennie was of the dangerous  
kind which are always pronounced a hopeless case, though hopeless cases  
have after a long while proved to be not hopeless. But Jennie was  
really a hopeless case, and only God alone could make her recover her  
reason, by some mirical. Though the distant sound of the battle had at  
first cheered them Violet and her sisters again felt and ever the hopeles  
hopeless case of poor Jennie, and as did Gertrude and May.

586 109

587

THE BURNING OF ANDREAN, AND THE  
DREAM OF THE CAPTIVE CHILDREN, AND THE

CHAPTER FORTY FOUR.

SEE PAGE FIVE HUNDRED EIGHTY EIGHT.

SPECIAL.....SPECIAL.

CHAPTER FORTY FOUR.

THE BURNING OF ANDREAN, THE DREAM OF THE CAPTIVE CHILDREN,

AND THE RESULT AT AWAKENING.  
THE STRUGGLE WITH JENNIE,  
HOW THE BLOODY BATTLE OF DOOMER RUN BEGAN.  
SERIES OF DISASTERS AT VIVIAN WICKRY.  
THE BATTLE OF SANTA CALUS.  
THE BATTLE OF GUNDEAM JUNCTION.  
PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE OF GUNDEAM JUNCTION.  
THE STRONG BATTLE ON THE CENTER.

581  
582  
1240/  
587  
They wondered how they could escape so easily but they soon found out. They had been wearing their scapulars, all through their spying tours of the factories, and it was these that saved them from the

586  
109

585

587

CHAPTER FOURTY FOUR.  
THE RUNNING OF ANDREAN, AND THE  
DREAM OF THE CAPTIVE CHILDREN, AND THE  
RESULT AT AWAKENING.

What if they would surely be rescued, and Jennie wandering around this horrible, still a mummy, and die in the place if the city should burn. The thought of this almost broke their hearts, and they could not keep from crying. At every sound, they would give a start thinking that the Glandelinians were returning. Then too they dreaded Jennie for they knew that she is dangerous, and maybe worse than the wicked Glandelinians themselves. What increased their sadness was that they also dreaded that the child rebels would lose the battle or that some of their leaders would be killed. And also that they may never get out of the place and that they may be burned to death.

The other two little children, Gertrude and May, had no parents for they had been slain in the thypson at Jennie Terry only a few weeks ago. And they themselves had been captured by the cruel Glandelinians who did not love poor little children, and only loved to torture and kill them. To try and keep Gertrude cheerful who was more in distress than any of them Violet and her sisters played with her, and as there were pantries in their room, they ate everything that they could find and kept her Gertrude happy for hours. Finally being tired the little girls laid down on the rough couches, and sleep tried to, but for a while on account of their sorrow could not. They grew very very lonely, and for some reason it was getting very chilly inside the factory, and they were hungry in spite of what they had already eaten, but soon became very sleepy, and though they did not like to sleep on the dirty floor, with nothing to spread over them they lay down and fell asleep. In their sleep which lasted only a few hours without interruption, they had a long and beautiful dream. This was the dream.

They had been put into a very large cell, where they wandered around for a very long while, when finally they grew very tired, and sat down on the hard stone floor, just ready to cry, when all at once, a dear child of unearthly beauty, appeared before them, and asked what was the trouble, and why they were about to cry. So they told the celestial child all about it, and she said:

"Never you mind, we will all take good care of you. Don't be afraid. There is a golden carriage, waiting in the street for you. I'll take you to it, and then I'll take you to it and then I'll go on ahead, and see that supper is ready. Then dreamed that they followed the celestial child, feeling greatly awed into the street, where they found a carriage of indescribable beauty, waiting for them. It was made of a large beautiful golden flower but as before of indescribable beauty. There were two celestial children to drive it while five celestial boys were to draw it. The children who were to draw it were some of the murdered child slaves. Violet and her sisters laughed with delight, when they saw the carriage, and they were glad to take the seat upon the flower, as the first celestial child told them. Then she went away, and the children drawing the carriage, rose up into the air like if they had wings, the flower floating up with them, and the driver went behind, holding the lines, and flourishing his golden whip, which he did not intend to use at all. Violet and her sisters waved their hands and shouted with pleasure, while Gertrude and May clung to Violet and Angeline, a trifle frightened. Yet very much pleased with it themselves. On they went through the air with the sweet little celestial children, moving about them, and singing Sacred Hymns as they passed and the soft breeze kissing them, untill finally they came to the prettiest country they had ever seen, swarming with buildings made of real pearl and pure gold. The carriage now stopped and there in front of them was the most beautiful building they had ever imagined, and of immense size, and when they went inside they saw a table set with the most beautiful food that could be cooked. How beautiful and tempting it looked to the hungry children, and how easy. There too was the dear little celestial girl who had promised to take care of them, as the happy children sat in the chairs made of pure pearl, and were soon eating the delicious food, and drinking lemonade. The celestial children who had drawn the carriage, were also there, who kept the children laughing untill they had finished their supper, and could scarcely keep their eyes open they were so warm, and happy, and sleepy.

Then the celestial ones cleared the table, while a boy brought five nice soft pillows and beds as if by magic, and the happy little ones lay down in their cosy beds, with their arms around each other, and went to sleep, while the celestial children were covering them up, with beautiful blankets. How they did sleep. The moon came out, and smiled on them, the celestial ones sang to them, while the angels watched over them. When morning came the children thought they never have felt so rested, and happy before. The air was pure as the real heavens there, and the fragrance of thrillions of flowers was all about them, and they knew that the child celestials loved them. After breakfast one of the celestial children said:

"Now children, the people of the celestials country, are coming to see you, for they all love you. It's nearly time for them, so we will go and wait."

The flower carriage was brought around once more, the children stepped into it, and soon they found themselves in a lovely place with beautiful flowers of all kinds about, and green unearthly grass of indescribable beauty, and trees more beautiful still, and the air was still and sweet. There was no sun, but there was such a bright heavenly light, that it could have blinded us, and of many millions of unearthly soldiers. After leaving the carriage, they heard an unearthly horn tooting and many happy voices singing. How pure and pretty music was, and they seemed to hear all the beautiful music from heaven itself, without the least discord, and the words were as plain, as though each hymn had been sung by itself. They stood quite still listening, until a indescribable beautiful procession, came into view marching around a curve just ahead, and coming right toward them. The children started forward eagerly, as they recognized St. Michael, The Blessed Virgin Mary, and her Son Jesus Christ, The Holy Ghost, God and all the rest. The angel Gabriel sprang to the front with great gracefulness, and ran to them kneeling down, and offering the fruit of life on a golden tray, while the Blessed Mother came forward to embrace the children. The happy little ones ate some of the fruit of life, and gave some to the others, and Violet declared that there was no better fruit than this in all the world. The children wanted to have part of theirs for the celestial children, but the Blessed Virgin, taking Violet into her arms, said that they always have plenty. On to be embraced by the Mother of God. What if it really happened to Violet and her sisters, instead of in a dream. Then she asked the children to tell their story, which they did, while everybody listened with sorrow and anger, even the celestial children, on one side, and a line of celestial soldiers standing near them with blasphemous words, though how they managed to keep still so long, they themselves only knew. Of course they all know how cruel the Glandelinians were.

"But never mind," said the Blessed Virgin, pressing Violet's cheek close to hers, causing her heart to flutter more gently. "You will be much happier here than you could have been with them, and we will indeed take good care of you."

"Of course we will," cried the rest. When the celestial ones sang hymns of welcome, other celestial children told their own stories very prettily, noting out every one of them, and the happy children played with their dear dear celestial friends and had such a good time that they thought they would stay there forever. They had never seen such beautiful flowers, there were so many of them, and the perfume that was wafted up was indescribably sweet. The flowers even seemed to be alive, and the children stood about with wide open eyes. The celestial ones were already drawn up on either side, to make a passage, to the throne of the Celestial King, and such lovely creatures even, you never saw. They were more pretty than the most beautiful flowers. But at first the children, had eyes for the Queen, Son, and Celestial King, who smiled sweetly upon the awed and happy children, and told them that they were very welcome. Then the Queen Queen waved her hand, and the place was filled with such beautiful music that it was indescribable. The celestial smiled and bowed as they sang, waving their beautiful standards of gold. Peacock and silk of indescribable beauty, while some of them played on Lily horns, while all sang praises to the Queen, King, and Welcome to the innocents. The children could only stand and listen, and look until the Blessed Mother called them to sit on the steps of the throne made of the most pure pearl, where they rested, and enjoyed it all while the celestial children still kept singing began the most beautiful dance.

At this most important part of the dream, they awoke, and found that they were to their bitter disappointment that they were in the same horrible place and that it was only a dream. Oh how sad and lonely they did feel. A strange odor of smoke had come to their nostrils, the pungent reek of burning wood. As they shoved open the blinds of the window that they had closed before going to sleep a startling sight met their eyes. A dull red glow seemed to cover half of the sky, and black clouds of smoke arose from many houses in the far distances, making a night like darkness over the sky. The city of Andromeda was burning, and the air was filled with a fearful volcanic roar while countless bright flashes told them that many grenades were exploding near the factory and that now it was defended by thousands of Glandelinians. Once in a while in the far distance a large tongue of flame shot up making the lurid glow brighter than ever. Violet looked at Joice with eyes opened wide with great fear.

"We are in great danger," said Joice with a shudder. "And it seems hopeless for us to escape. It looks like if the whole western part of the city is burning up."

"Oh please dear God Save us," Meant Angeline in great fear. Oh my we slept too long. Many houses in the far distance are already burning like furnaces, and even whole districts. She was right whole districts were rearing furnaces, as indicated by the bright ruddy glow. They were in great danger for even if the doors of the building were open escape would be utterly useless. They were prisoners in a burning city. But despite the terrible danger, Violet and her sisters did not lose hope. They knew anyway that their dream would come true, and that they would really see God, and the celestial ones like they did in the dream. If they should die in the fire. But yet to think of burning to death filled them with horror for they feared such a dreadful death. They thought more of making their escape now than they did of running into crazy Jennie. So Violet pulled aside the iron rod, and swung the door open quickly.

"We must try to escape," she said to Joice. "But we will also have to take Jennie with us somehow."

"The only thing to do is to attack her unexpectedly, and overpower her some way," said Joice. "We cannot rescue her until she's overpowered, but it also breaks my heart to think of it. But it's the only way." They all went out of the room, and into the hallway, and ran toward the main entrance, believing that the Glandelinians had not really looked it, for they had not tried it yet. Violet reached the great door first, but when she tried to pull it open, she found it really locked. In bitter despair she and her sisters together tried to pull it open, but it was useless. Then they tried other exits but these were locked also.

"We must get out," meant Angeline piteously, impatiently. "Oh we must get out or we will be burned to death." She was too frightened or felt too miserable to cry. Poor May was trembling, and already crying, and so was Gertrude.

"I won't be got out," screamed May impatiently standing her feet. "Oh please let me out. I don't want to be burned."

Violet and her sisters looked at each other with despair written in their sweet faces. The lurid glow was getting brighter, making quite an unearthly or uncanny color.

"Oh there's no hope at all," cried Angeline. "Do we have to stay in this horrible city, and burn to death, within its smoldering ruins?"

"Oh please dear God aid us if thou wilt," cried Violet looking yearningly up toward heaven. Joice had got a big piece of wood, and all the little girls together tried to use it as a battering ram, to force the door of the main entrance open, but it was utterly useless. They tried the same thing on the other exits but with the same results. Brighter and brighter the glare of the distant fire grew, and the black clouds of smoke were fairly filled with the bright sparks. The roar of falling walls could be plainly heard.



Jennie was still bugging away. "You heavy motherfucker, regardless of the warning when I told you to get out of here, you didn't. Now you're in the burning beam, and that part of the ceiling bringing with it a mass of burning wood. One end of that beam which was not burning, struck Jennie on the head laying her mistretched on the 1st floor. Quickly, reckless on their own, Earl Violet and her sisters rushed toward Jennie, and lifting the beam dragged Jennie out of harm way just as one of the ceiling and the walls caved in with a roar like thunder, making the big factory tremble. They took her to their place of refuge, and decided once once more to find a 1 place of escape.



First of all he was determined to save Vivian and her sisters, at any risk; and he now ran through the heat from the blazing buildings on either side almost blistered his skin and made his clothes smolder. As he approached another child labor factory in front of which were more dead mangled bodies of children, he found that it was full of smoke and fire; he did not bother of going in: it appeared dangerous to enter any way, so he did not but ran as fast as he could looking at every building so that he would be able to see the right one he came out every building of suffocating smoke was already sweeping through the streets, hourly blinding. Gannon but he continued on his way undaunted. For a moment the smoke in passing by was so thick that he could see nothing; but he ran on and when the smoke which nearly smothered him passed by, he could see more fire approaching on his right. The building was certainly burning like strawberry leaves, and even every department in the city could not check the raging fire, which was sweeping everything before it; everything in the path of the fire being consumed like hay, and the big wall of fire behind Gannon was approaching so near that he could feel its fiercest heat very plainly. It looked like if the world was burning up the fire burned so furiously. Many child slaves who had been left locked up in the factories had been burned to death, and a on beyond where the full fugitives had fled from was consumed. Many thousands of Abbeismian women and children with their husbands fathers and others were fleeing from their burning houses, to the sea carrying what they could with them. Wagons were heavily loaded with furniture that could be saved; and though the fleeing fugitives got away from their burning houses, they never in their fears thought about the poor Vivian girls who were prisoners in the burning section of the city. But the districts where the fugitives were jammed together, burned so fast that other fires caused by sparks started elsewhere, and spread so fast that a part of these fugitives being lost in the blinding glare of the storm of fire, and almost blinded by the smoke could not see their way, and sent down the wrong streets, thus running into the danger they wished to avoid, and were surrounded by the conflagration. In vain they tried to seek a place of safety, or some street to get out; but it was useless, and they were all condemned in that horrible sea of fire. At other districts which were not burning yet, the streets were fairly packed with men women and children, and old people. Abbeismians: trains of furniture wagons fairly dotted the streets, while many fire departments, vainly tried to check the approaching hurricanes of fire. Hundreds of fire departments were put in indescribable numbers and over 100,000 fire men fighting furiously to stop the advancing flames, but they might as well have fought home, and to top, for it seemed, as one of the fire captains said: That the devil and all his legions could not stop that hellish storm of fire now.

Scores of firemen were killed, two hundred were injured, and nearly 1,000 were prostrated by the marching, singing heat, while fifty others were crushed by falling walls, and hundreds of others trapped and burned to death, over 2,000 3,000 firemen having perished in fighting the flames. Over 10,000 were injured, 1,000 of them fatally. As Gannon proceeded on his way he came upon a crowd of panic stricken men women and children, who were hurrying toward the sea, and I might as well say that the street was a fairly packed, with furniture, mattresses and wagons moving so slowly. This checked Gannon and prevented him from going to his destination as fast as he wanted to, but filled with desperation, he decided to force his way through that crowd even if he had to use violence. He knew, however, that that the only a stricken fugitives would not get away from that storming sea of fire for it was approaching faster than they could run. He faced toward the crowd, and hurried himself among them like a madman. This made great confusion among the men women and children, but he forced himself through as fast as he could, but the further he went the thicker the crowds grew. He was not violent to the poor frightened children, and even outstayed many of them. At last the crowds began to grow less thick, and soon he had all the streets to himself again. Then he sped on as fast as he could run, but soon found himself blocked by a big row of wagons across the street which were burning furiously. There was one that was only smoking, and he stepped down and crawled under it and to the other side, and proceeded on as fast as he could. It seemed as if the devil himself had been to know it would block the path of the panic stricken crowds. But anyway at the dead end they were going they would be ever taken down by the conflagration, and Gannon wishing to reach his destination before it was too late, proceeded on his way though he was already so exhausted that he could have sunk to the ground, and it was only his prayers for help that kept him from giving in.

He feared that he would never get there, and he also wished that his destination was not so far away. He could even see the fire in the direction of his destination, and he now hoped that God would check the fire as the fire departments were as helpless as if trying to drain the fire from the walls. As fast as he could run he sped, but to his despair, and already he came upon another panic stricken crowd. It is time that the whole street seemed crowded, and what a time he had to wade through it. They fairly crowded and jammed against him, and when a time he had a narrow escape from falling and being trampled upon. From the jostling and crushing many suffered from broken bones, and down children were smothered as thick the crowd was. All the panic stricken ones were trying to get away from that roaring fire storm, but as the burning wagons blocked their path, all their efforts were without avail. A thousand men women and children were nearly panicked and smothered to death, crushed in an instant in the terrible heat within the smothering streets. Sheets of burning smoke driven by a hurricane of hot blustering wind, swept down on the heads and bodies of the panic stricken men women and children, setting their hair and clothing on fire. While the dead children fled whistling through the flames and smoke, and the blustering heat hundreds of those condemned to show aside the burning wagons through many were burned to death for the attempt. The unfortunate nearest to the great wall of fire, rushed away for safety, shouting, wailing, and the fact the distant roar of falling walls was appalling. The panic stricken men women and children fought and tore each others' flesh, for as a crowd to break through the other masses. When they came to the end of the street the fire storm approached nearer and nearer, and was left far behind in their frenzy of terror threw themselves at those in front of them and killed many women and children, in being mad with terror. At still they could only make slow progress, and the conflagration behind was approaching with the deafening roar of some wild tornado. In the meantime Gannon was having a fearful time now. The pains being the danger seemed so near, saw their own children, in all the ways they could, to save them from the horrible fire death, while Gannon fought desperately to get through the crowd. Fortunately in his mad fury he was making swift progress, than the others, but still the stream of extricable tangled human beings seemed to have no end, and in his terrible violence Gannon used terrible violence to those in his way, leaving many dead and injuring others.

"If they were not such cowards and would go on more faster they would be able to escape," he muttered angrily. "Oh the poor Vivian girls, will I never get there?"

The city now looked very red, while the black smoke, from the light of the fearful fire looked very red, nearly like orange, while the noise of burning others, flew in all directions, the wind becoming a whirling gale. Gannon now wished that God would send some rain, for he could hardly make any headway through such thick crowds, which he knew could not be able to escape without thousands of them being caught on account of the rapid advance of the fearful storm of fire. It certainly did look like a hell. The air was getting more hot and stifling and the distant fires had increased to full furiously burning while districts. Gannon had only half a mile to go yet but he could move him there already, if it had not been for the panic stricken crowds. But in his relief far ahead he could see the end of the long line of people and he made greater efforts to force his way through. Staggering and pained and still he had to work his way through. But at last he came to the end of the line, and forced his way through with all his strength, hurling many to the ground. But not a single helpless child did he lay a rude hand on, though as many of the men or women fell, they bore the screaming children to the street where they were smothered to death or crushed and strangled. Being free from the mass, Gannon sped on, his way as fast as he could. This time he came upon some more children who fairly covered the street with their mangled bodies, but he had to walk over them as he was nothing else to do. But soon he left the dead snow, and continued on his way though exhausted as he already was. Far off the bright lurid glow met over the city by the sea as fire smacked Gannon to near his destination quite a short distance. As he continued on, buildings far behind him belated with a roar, and the falling debris and walls blocked the street, and the surrounding fugitives were cut off from escape. All along down the street on both sides where the panic stricken people jammed together, the walls of the burning houses collapsed, crushing hundreds, and the poor victims were consumed in a very quick of fire. My how it did advance! Gannon was Gannon's peril was getting greater every minute, and it seemed as if he would be caught by the fire before he could even reach his destination, which he noticed was already burning.

From the roof masses of smoke rose lazily, fell on the tar covered surface, and slowly died, while clouds of pink tinted smoke curled above the beautiful ferns. He dashed up the long flight of marble steps with a heavy club he had picked up battered away at the door and down it fell with a crash. A volume of black smoke belched out at him, but placing a wet handkerchief over his mouth he dashed into the burning hall of the factory. In the rear of the hall where there was no fire yet, was a winding flight of stairs leading to the floors above, and as Gannon dashed in, a shower of sparks floated lightly down, and fell through an open hatchway, to a small cellar on the second floor in which a heap of rubbish of dead bodies lay. He caught a glimpse of a man lying face down on the floor, and as he plunged up to the third floor he noticed that it was a roaring furnace. He threw one glance over his head, and perceived through a hole in the ceiling, the glare of a flame suddenly threw out a thin red tentacle which gently released a portion of the ceiling, and let it fall to the stairs once let that hole in the ceiling furnish a draft for the ignited rubbish in the cellar below, once let the flames eat the ceiling large enough, and the shaft would become a veritable flue, up which the fire would rush with a speed and force, that nothing whatever, could stay or check. Already another shower of sparks fell and he bounded down again, and when he reached the smoke filled hall, what he most feared happened. With a tremendous crashing and ripping a huge mass of ceiling above gave way and fell with a roar down the shaft to the burning basement, revealing a roaring mass of flames under the roof. As if stirred to life, the fire below sucked into activity by the draft through the aperture, in the blazing roof sprang upward quickly, and fixed itself on the staircases, staircases and the ceilings. Down the hallway ran Gannon stumbling over buckets and furniture, to the window at the end of the hall, jerked up the sash, wrenched at it until he tore it inward and threw it into the open court of a vacant room with a crash of breaking glass. Near him was that room where Violet and her sisters were. When he had just thrown the window away, that was the moment they became unconscious from suffocation. He did not know whether they were in there or not, but he went toward it anyway as the heavy cloud of smoke from burning wood swept toward him accompanied by the increasing roar of the fire. With a rush like an explosion the fire leaped through all the upper and lower stories and burned through all the windows with a jangle of broken glass. The street was partly illuminated before, now shone as light as day. Gannon snapped his teeth tightly together in dismay, for the human beings could be seen through that surge of flames. Down his own hall came more bursts of heat and flames. Dead for a minute by the sudden rush of searing air, Gannon managed to batter down that door, and seeing the children, he quickly dragged them out one by one. With his mouth smothering in gasps, that seemed to inhale molten lava, the veins in his forehead starting, and his strength ebbing with every moment, Gannon with a long rope tied all the children to a mattress, that was wet. The smell of burning cloth from the second room, the furnace like air of the place, and the stifling clouds of smoke, made the pause of a few minutes between the operations seem like storm-tides, and he fairly groaned in pain as he labored. But now tugging away on the rope, and suffocating himself, he dragged the children along the hot hall. The hall was now burning in many places, and as soon as he reached the entrance, all the hall became a roaring furnace. He quickly got them down the stairs, quickly out of the way of the belching flue, and untied the rope around them.

The encounters between the vivian girls in their spying in the city section of vivian wiskey called Andean, and the Glandelinians, and the child slaves had occurred during the months of December and starting into January but still they had just been rescued by Gannon and where he takes them will be seen in other section of volume after the description of the battle of Evangelina Granda. Throughout the whole month of November and December the early month which the vivian girls had their adventures with Gannon and so on great doings were also on during the siege of vivian wiskey.

At the moment of the arrival of general Hansons immense armies near the region of pleighburg andini landing admiral Jensinia Drakoonia had seized from a defenseless part of the rebel navy by sheer force and during severe conflicts a fleet of nearly a thousand vessels of draught form but longer and each carrying nearly a hundred nine inch guns and many others on turrents and the ships were also made fit to sent forth torpedoes. When he had also succeeded in securing this vast fleet and had it put into trim he having also secured a immense force of troops set out to storm the rebel batteries on the gorma gun shore near where it runs into the Krainis gun river these batteries being known as the Battery Line Junction and the river was called the Battery Line river. The expedition started on the 10th of November All Saints day and the main main flagship was called the little Julia Pm Francis and was commanded by the admiral himself. As fleet was divided into two sections and unluckily for him he did not know the strength of the rebel callants on which these batteries were, and his adventure with the rebels of Angelina did not prove so successful as he had hoped for. As his expedition was started it happened that on the ninth day of November in a blinding rain storm, turning to snow and hail later, he was pursued and overtaken by the Rebel Angelinian warships and cruisers and r transports, and in the conflict only two of his first fleet escaped destruction and he suffered an enormous loss in men. The battle was terrible beyond description, the cannonade having been so loud that a million of fish were killed in the river and bay and cities all around reported broken windows and shattered walls. The admiral lost everything he had in those damaged ships and though of course he had won the conflict and routed the enemy fleet with the loss of a hundred ships he had suffered the worse, and was forced to put in for shelter to the place he secured the ships and make a fresh start for the broken expedition.

This expedition up the gorma river was indeed terrific. On the twentieth of November being able and persevering he made other expeditions, go at times skirted the rebel shores as near as he dared and when ever it was possible for him to make a landing attack the rebels and take from them provisions and ammunition he did so and veritically staged a number of famous Gettysburgs and Antietams on the gorma river shore but most of his attacks were repulsed and the troops forced to this to the ship ships. It seemed as difficult to take vivian wiskey by water as by land.

The wicked glandelinian rebels however who had never held back from robbing the unfortunate galverinians now found out how it felt to be attacked and raided. One on one of his expeditions the admiral reached the nearest point toward the fortifications of juellie placken Rickson and was just in time to seize upon some rebel ships about to sail down the river with a vast number of a child slaves on board.

"At last I have had my revenge," said the admiral for more child slaves than he could manage fell into his hands, and he was obliged to abandon that expedition and take the children to the christian camps for transportation toward Abyssinians.

After his rescue of sixty thousand child slaves he again made it his object to attack the rebel shore batteries. He reached the object safely this time and succeeded in passing two fortresses after a storming artillery fire of two days and nights and shelled the batteries as the fleets proceeded on its course of bombardment. One of the ships during the duel of shore batteries and ship guns went to pieces under shrapnell and shell, fire rafts routed ten others, torpedoes and mines sunk a number and three others were lost and finally getting it worse and worse right along the fleet again was compelled to turn back.

It appeared that the rebellion of the Glandelinians was showing Glandelinia herself just now to be one of the mightiest powers in the world. Vivian wiskey was, she had already partly conquered Galverinia in the west by holding vivian wiskey, and had almost conquered southern and northern Angelina, and had destroyed a section of Angelina's navy a little after the battle of Ester Starring. But since that time at Hansons orders Angelina, Abbeaunda, Tripoligonilia and Bombobis, and also Goncentina and even Gormonina were or had been employing all men not in the armies by draft and conscription in the ship building and so within nearly eight months time had built so many ships that Angelina herself had soon a mighty fleet of warships to use against vivian wiskey and her sections.

It was Hansons purpose to open the gorma and Krainis rivers and blockade them so the rebels would not get supplies from the south on which they could maintain the wicked rebellion.

hair''

with practically the most terrible losses to both sides.

The cannonading was dreadful. The duel was ten miles in extent, the river was lashed into waves by the concussion, the explosions tore over and around the fortresses by the thousands per minute, the artillery uproar was deafening as the volleys vol vol volences blowing to pieces every minute, and fires made the scene an inferno. The fortresses suffered heavy damage, guns were dismounted and crippled parts breached but it held out successfully against the bombardment and smoke the Angelinian and Abbeismann fleet. The battered ships with masts and smoke stacks and gun turrets torn away, slowly drifted down the river, with two rebel fleets in swift pursuit. At length it encountered the fire of rebel guns on shore probably from the Battery Line river section and the inferno of guns was redoubled as the fleets fought each other. At length the most terrible part of the storm of firing broke out. Finally unable to do anything but to retreat to avoid annihilation, the crippled fleet of the christians was forced to go ground the south bend in an effort to get back to its source but ship after ship was wrecked, set on fire, of bloom out of the water, and sunk by torpedoes and mines, others were driven on the shore by attacking rebel ships and wrecked on the rocks.

While the retreat of the fleet and thing occurred. Admiral Hawkins of the first fleet died of his wounds before reaching his naval base. Drakemia the other admiral won a few victories on the pursuing rebel fleets, but sickness and discouragement broke out among his men, and at last the hardy Angelinian admiral was killed by the enemy fire on shore near Jennie. Ivanov on the north mouth of the Unbeam Creek during another engagement with the rebel fleet.

~~They~~ all the ground they had.

"Of such admirals as these, Heroes of god as well of Angelina and all Christianity, heaven never makes but one at a time, and if we lost lose like they did with such disaster again; Good bye to the luck of Angelina. We will be worsted by the rebels aurs enough. 'Thout ivian wickes being recovered we can do t nothing to overthrow this ruse insurrection of the southern states of Angelina."

whole garrison without giving quarter. General was enraged declaring this to be an outrage.

The rebel general was enraged declaring this to be an outrage. He indignantly tore the letter in shreds, and hastily ordered his garrison, and batteries to be prepared for attack, though he knew that there were ten to his one of the Nationals and their fleets had batteries which could blow all before them. But alas for the brave Glandelinian general. As troops feeling more in the favor of Angelinas cause and having been really force into the war by complete conscription, were willing to give up the water way of Carbondale. In vain did the rebel general declare he would rather die than surrender, the rebels could not find so many Nationals. They stood gallantly but the majority not in favor of the rebellion deserted or would not join the fight and the rebel general was compelled to yield. He put in his surrender but refused stoutly to sign a treaty and shot himself right before the Angelinian generals.

general. As luck befell many generals during the frightful seige of Vivian Winkey. From Lake Angelina general Frank Lassaler sent general Griffin with a troop of glandolins and ummeranians back to Norma Catherine from Androm, and instructed his generals to return with a supply of provisions and ammunition. With the remainder of his division the rebel general then worked his way through the gloom-obluminian forests to a section of the Sunbeam Creek way far from here he succeeded in capturing an unfinished christian fortress and drove the christian back to the main line, but the rebels hereafter were under fire for six weeks without giving in, and the rebels because of their hardships and suffering and frightful losses called it "Fort Damnation." General Griffin's division however met with disaster in an encounter with general Williamsberger's ummeran army into which it came into contact, and it was never known whether the rebel division had been captured or was routed so disgracefully by the Angelinians as to be unable to reorganize. The loss of general Griffin's army to Lassaler was indeed a most severe blow, but the rebel general was a man of utmost determination, and he began to plan a way out of the difficulty. Seeing he could not retain the fort he had captured from the Angelinians he abandoned it and began a retreat toward Frontonas run. In spite of cold, snowstorms, wild pursuit and harassed by insufficient food and provisions, he pushed bravely forward with his division with general under was his guide.

with general winter was his guide. Often they tramped for many miles in full retreat for miles through blinding storms, the uniforms frozen stiff, at other times in crossing frozen marshes and marshes exposed to fire of besieging artillery above the woods on high hills and fortresses, and in the cold and storms and sniped by snipers and shelled by water. The army in its they would be compelled to wade waist deep through snow and water. The army in its disgraceful retreat was almost exhausted when a familiar sight greeted their eyes: before them far in the distance loomed the gray sentinels of Fort Lucille, Jackson. A distance of thirty miles.

before than far in the distance. The distance of thirty miles. In the retreat they had in two weeks covered a distance of thirty miles. But continued misfortune continued to pursue this brave rebel general and his division. He found bitter christianian enemies on all sides who tried in every way to crush him and his division. Once he was poisoned and barely escaped death. He found even that christian agents and raiders plundered him, and that rebel troops in overwhelming numbers had seized his positions before he could reach the Lucille Jackson fortifications, and before he could rear retreat with the remaining provisions. Lsaaller heard further disastrous news. From two scouts or spies he learned that soon after his departure for the expedition he had made and met far failure nearly all of the other division under him had been forced from fort Monty and the fort destroyed. These Angelinian forces it was said were now fortifying themselves on the coast of Yor a river watching for a chance to cross over and attack a section of the great fortress in the rear. Lsaaller having been

heavily reinforced chosen nine trusted brigades and hastened to give battle to this section of the besieging christian army. soon his forces overtook the retreating nationals who were attacked and routed. lasallers thought now was of fort penty. Was it still intact or ruined as he received in the reports. and the handful of men who had remained true been able to survive the dangers of the siege. On the 1<sup>st</sup> of november 1912 lasaller once more set out for the gorma gun taking with him twenty five hundred thousand men. the long trip through conflicts, and blizzards was made successfully, but alas the fort was in ruins the camp destroyed, and the rebel general found that the Angelinians had swept over the whole region, spreading terror and destruction in their path in every direction far and near did general lasaller search for clues of so many of his missing men but none could be found. He was still determined however to beat the besiegers along his part on their own guns, and managed to collect another army from Mis-Allister stanek and supplies to carry out another expedition into the christian territory of the siege. Imagine his joy when on reaching the east bend of the gunbeas creek he carried a christian intrenchment and rescued many of his comrades who had been taken prisoner by the nationals. The An Rebels prisoners having been rescued the newly formed comrades traveled together toward gorma gun, when discouraging news came. General lasalle lasaller. A fleet of glandelinian war frigates and transports carrying several million dollars worth of provisions up the river for his own divisions had been wrecked by christian shore and hill batteries and everything was lost.

No ill amount of ill luck however could turn this heroic general of the rebels from the course he had determined upon and it was not long before the Angelinian generals discovered he was making another desperate expedition. During that fatal expedition Angelinian savorly men had hid in ambush and shot the rebel leader dead and destroyed half of his division in the blood massacre.

Other horrors also occurred during the bloody wivian like wickey siege. On a pleasant day in October 1912..... General Phillip Rhode a rebel general suddenly made a bushmacking attack upon general gunwasea division of Abbiannians and his encampments. He attack had come without notice for suddenly from behind scores of thousands of trees, every rock in the region, they were fired upon in Indian fashion by the glandelinians. Many Angelinians forced to fight the rebels in the same fashik fashion turned the region and the encampment into an inferno of firearms and small cannon, the tents and ammunition dumps were fired by the rebels and the scene was exciting indeed. During this one days attack believe it will you, a thousand great explosions occurred. During the battle many myriads of men on both sides fell. It was very seldom however that the enemy ever had this method of fighting for they usually come out into the open making a bold assault, but this time they had hid behind shelter of any kind, untill their victims were too near to escape their rifle fire. They had however during the night with horrible yells sprang like phantoms at the christians and destroyed all the tents of the encampment and committed deadly work.

News of the bloody attack had spread rapidly and the main division of the christian army here became thoroughly aroused. When the assault of the enemy however became very successful and the encampment was burned and the ammunition dumps blown up, the entire frontier of the christian lines at this section was terror stricken, even the women and boy refugees who had before this escaped to the christian lines armed themselves to help the troops repel the attacks and showed themselves to be regular warriors. Little girls even when an opportunity presented itself threw stones and mud at the attacking rebels and make them know that even little children could fight them as well as soldiers even if they could not handle rifles and cannon. During the attack which extended for ten miles no general Headquarters was even safe, for the rebel attackers in forcing the christian troops from the encampments rushed in, and stealing women and children, set fire to the buildings and getting away with important dispatches and letters, and dragging their prisoners into the forest.

On the morning the attack was resumed by the enemy with redoubled violence but now more openly and the battle raged frightfully. With about one million fifteen hundred glandelinians general Ohillip swept over a whole christian intrenchment, calling on his officers and generals to press on when his men received a withering fire that committed dreadful havoc. General Groton, Medfield, Harolborough on the rebel side were killed when the second desperate assault was won, and any other christian encampments with all stores and provision trains were destroyed, and the routed christian soldiers shot down by scores every minute by their foes fled through the woods to the rear in terror. General Brookfield, and perilled coming up with two divisions tried to stem the rout and check the enemy but could not make any success, but by a curious circumstance general Hadleys troops repulsed the attack along their own line. When the furious victory flushed glandelinians burst upon this portion of a rallied christian division, the Angelinians after firing for several hours became so confused by the pressure of the attack, and seemed unable to make any defense. Suddenly there appeared another division led by a very old general with a long white beard. Immediately he seeing the situation took the leadership and gave

a military command. The astonished Angelinian troops who which had been in confusion and were starting to retreat quickly recovered their senses, fell into fighting order and following their venerable leader rallied other divisions and soon the combined drove the rebels back at this section and captured three thousand glandelinians as prisoners. Toward evening most of the whole section of christian troops that had been so disgracefully routed were rallied by force, some beaten back to the firing line, and shown discipline that would terrify the devil himself till they finally were shot down mercilessly and so many beaten and threatened till they finally rallied and toward nightfall the remainder of the attacking glandelinian column were killed and driven back with dreadful loss and two more generals killed counter attacked and the christian side was wounded. The rebels then intrenched but perilled on the christian side was wounded. This region was little less than a swamp and the rebels in the night built barricades of abatis and palisades of such strong trees and limbs and rocks that they felt perfectly secure should the christian in the morning counter attack in general they preferred to resume the fighting when the morning approached by renewing the attack themselves with the help of reinforcements. Inside the captured camp were two thousand girl children and three thousand boy children who had been captured from the christian encampments during the attacks of the two days before. But the glandelinians were soon to learn they had made a mistake in collecting so many child rebels as they called them afterwards in one place. As one had said the rebels were "Coooped up for slaughter". The Angelinians had no idea of delaying the resumption of the battle untill the morning of October. Toward midnight about one million ten thousand well armed troops under general Winalover with cannon and machine guns came on a well armed front, and despite suffering from stinging cold, the biting wind, and the fatigue of wading through deep snow made a violent attack of savage fury covered by a terrific artillery storm that smashed the encampments with lead and wounded glandelinians, torn tore down the branches of trees, split trees in twain and confused even the children who were fleeing to the rear of the camp. The Angelinians had no idea of children being in the encampments or of other wise the artillery would not have been fired at long range. The rebels however had been taken entirely by surprise but they fought desperately all night long making an inferno snow out of the woods. One regiment after another of the Angelinians were shot down, untill more than two hundred thousand lay dead or dying on the snow covered marshes. The rebels however were killed alone in greater numbers, and at last the Angelinians pressing onward and onward in the face of a fire of rifle and cannon that tore through their ranks even to the rear they carried the first encampments and set fire to the first line of palisades and forts capturing 10,000 rebels and rescuing the children. Five hundred glandelinian camps were burned to the ground by morning, and with them perished nearly twenty thousand wounded glandelinians and the rebels of the other encampments kept the christian back from by their were firing. General Gannonia the rebel commander was taken prisoner by the Angelinians driven back made his escape, but later was taken prisoner by the Angelinians and his troops dispersed. One of the Angelinian generals whose name was Gannonia was so badly wounded that he had to be supported but he said to general Gannonia who had been captured;

"Pardon me that you will try to stop the rebellion and we will spare your life."

But the old glandelinian stoically replied;

"I would rather die before I would surrender to christian dogs which would be unworthy of myself. We will fight to the last man rather than allow you christian dogs to recapture wivian wickey."

The other rebel troops who still held the remaining encampments they had captured waited untill noon of the third day before they tried to get their revenge. When five Angelinian divisions and two brigades and two others on the left of Phillips glandelinian force made an assault that carried beyond any fury ever known, but the Glandelinian resistance was just as desperate and the battle raged most wildly all the rest of the day. They knew they were fighting not only for their lives, but for the future of wivian wickey. With heroic efforts and with great determination they struggled the to subdue the christian storm and repulse thirteen most desperate assaults. At the same time a 1 their generals made every effort to keep up the confidence of their men. The christians troops however soon captured the second encampment and all the artillery after sustaining losses never recorded before since the battle of Ester Starring or Angeline gun.

During the fray another christian general whose name was Church succeeded in capturing the generals wife and child of the enemy side in taking his headquarters but they were immediately released on orphanage. The recapture of the encampments had cost the Angelinians more than one million in killed and wounded, and a great deal of provisions and tents. Twelve other christian encampments consisting of cities of tents and even barracks miles in extent had been completely destroyed, and many fa country sides within the christian lines laid in waste. But the perseverance and courage of the christians here brought them the brilliant victory and the main foe line receded the following day

and for the rest of the time until May all was quiet at this section of the siege.

Still in the meantime the Angolinian besiegers under invasion were building other fortresses of siege on the gunbeam River. This river unite with the great gorma run to form the Kramind and the Angolinians considered the junction of the two mighty rivers one of the most important gateways to force way to Ivian wickay. As soon as general pinmiddle of the glandelinian army here learned what the Angolinian besiegers were doing, he decided that the time had come to settle the matter for good and all. He found it impossible to start assaults at that time as garrison batteries were keeping up a continual storm of destruction everywhere with shot shell and high explosives, mines were gorging the ground and woods were being shattered so he decided to order the Angolinian besiegers to stop the work and a young officer with a troop of soldiers bearing a flag of truce was chosen to be the bearer of the important order. It was lieutenant Frank Monteculmer then only more than twenty years of age. He young lieutenant found a dangerous and difficult journey before him indeed. The country through which he passed was full of hostile christian soldiers, there were no roads or bridges these having been destroyed by the besiegers, and deep snow covered the trails. But he was always fearless in the discharge of duty and after many exciting adventures and once caught in an ambush and escaping and hardships the for journey was completed with only six of his three hundred followers remaining, and the messenger tried to slip into the christian lines to give the message. He was however captured with his companions who securing the letter held him as a spy and sending one of his companions back to the rear of the lines said:

"You may tell the rebel general that we are possessing this part of the country, that we will press the siege to the utmost, and we intend to go on with out work until Ivian wickay falls and the rebellion is ended."

The brave young officer thought a rebel however was not shot as supposed but held on probation. There seemed nothing to do for the glandelinians but to build extra fortresses to add to the bigger ones and in this way to a possession of outer works of the christian line of siege. A large body of glandelinian engineers and construction workers were sent to begin work on a spot on which general Allister Stanek had selected in his plans, but the Angolinians who had moved to that section in far larger numbers than the rebels had supposed, drove the rebels to their own lines after a hot skirmish lasting three hours, and capturing the stronghold finished it for themselves within two days. This they named port pique. The Angolinians however did not win this victory without further bloodshed.

General Washington of the rebels made an attack of general violence upon the fortress a week later and many of the Angolinians were killed and wounded and other carried away as prisoners but the attack nevertheless was repulsed. In great haste the rebels now began to build another shelter near their main fortress for they well knew the Angolinians would next attack them. In the remembrance of the conflict the glandelinian general and his body of troops fought bravely and desperately but they could not so long withstand the superior force of the Angolinians and he was obliged to surrender his glandelinian force, the enemy were now throughout aroused over this disaster and determined to drive back the christian concentration and force a passage through the Sunbeam River. Accordingly general bradton an old experienced glandelinian soldier was sent over to the beleaguered glandelinian territory to lead the rebels in their fight against the Angolinians at this point, with him came the gray coated divisions and regiments of the regular Myrdic A. Allisterian army. Now thought the wicked glandelinians who were delighted over this: "We shall soon see the christian dogs fleeing to the rear and we will break their line of siege."

There was indeed no disputing the fact that general bradton knew a great deal of fighting in the regular way against Angolinian armies in the open field, but it was equally certain that he knew nothing whatever about the fierce fighting he was to undergo in the forest section of the besieging lines against the Tripontigonians who were concentrated concentrated there. General Allister Stanek however had given general bradton some sound advice about the best method of fighting the Tripontigonians, and warned him to proceed cautiously and quietly. But general bradton replied that while the Angolinians were no doubt more than a match for the Glandelinians, they certainly could make no impression of the Zimmermannian regulars of which he commanded. It was therefore with flying banners and loud music and roll of drums that he marched his soldiers against the christian trenches to rattle the battle. Alas when too late general bradton found that his young superior was right. He saw he had to attack the christian enemies who poured a withering fire out of steep ravines, from salients, from impenetrable marshes, and from high breastworks that could not be scaled, and from behind trees shrubs, and thickets. But he pressed the attack with desperation moving his columns in long lines firing as they went until the woods was hidden in smoke so thick you could not see a hundred yards.

The glandelinians were brave indeed but to stand against the christian fire was impossible. The enemy were more than willing to fight, three times their long lines surged up to the strong positions of the christians tore their way through the abatis, but could not reach the enemy whose fire of artillery and rifles was annihilating. For five terrible long hours the attacks were continued however with desperation and for the same length of time the Angolinians kept up their murderous fire, and once the Tripontigonians with mad yells that echoed the woods above the roar of battle counter charged with savage ferocity and sent the repulsed glandelinians fleeing for their lives. At the end of that time fields of dead and wounded glandelinians lay dead and the confused survivors were firing as they retreated. All of general bradton's generals and other officers of even the lowest rank were killed or wounded. He himself had seven horses shot under him, and fourteen balls passed through his coat and the dreadful carnage before he received a mortal wound, and at midnight by the light of the torch while the battle was still raging the officer who took his stead read the burial service over the grave of the common commanders. When the young general sadly led the defeated Glandelinians back under fire to their own positions and made ready to repel an attack from the christians should it come. In the meantime general invasion had shown some interest in this terrible battle and sent a force of brigades to stem the tide of advancing rebels. With them in command of the reinforcements advanced the daring brave general seguinay who had done so much for Ivian wickay and her sisters during their time in the "Reign of Terror" inside of gorma Catherine. Fresh from the scene of battle he had come. Seguinay's first advantage that evening caused the capture of a general Gwesgoe a brilliant success indeed, and a hard blow to the rebels whose bloody attack over a line of battle six miles long was slaughtered with such a disaster. This repulse gave the christians control over this section of the position's next move toward mid night caused the enemy still greater alarm. For with eight million troops under command of a hundred generals and through directions by telegraph and wireless the general cross a long line of the enemy's works and positions and captured Fort St O'Phillip and Joan which had been in the possession of the enemy and captured a large force of rebels. This was known as the first Gibraltar of Ivian wickay to be captured by the Angolinians. For it had been one of the strongest fortresses of Ivian wickay, and one of the most important, for it stood on Cape St John's Island at the entrance to the mouth of the Gorma River. It covered a large plot of ground, and its thick walls were over a hundred feet high. With capture through resistance however caused general seguinay over one third of his army in killed and wounded and all of his battleflags were torn to shreds by the fierce firing during the engagement. Once in possession of this famous salient the Angolinians at this point were soon able to control a part of the gorma River and prevent the enemy in Ivian wickay, from receiving help by this water way. Batteries were to be erected here so they could fire into the city. In the following morning Fort Diquesada also fell into the hands of the Angolinians after more stern fighting for three hours. All throughout that day also the fierce fighting continued with savage fury.

The decisive action of this battle came on the afternoon when the Angolinians captured the main line of trenches in the woods extending for seven miles. For weeks the Glandelinian generals at this point had known that the besiegers were planning to force the siege even closer and would attack their strongholds at this point, and had used every means in their power to strengthen the defenses. He had expected the attacks to come as mostly from the christian besieging warships and pun' boats below in the river but he they had been sadly mistaken.

During the main assault general Frank Wolfe with several million men scaled steep heights in the woods and joined battle hand to hand with the rebels in a manner that astounded both enemies themselves. Words indeed could not described the astonishment of the rebel generals when on that bloody afternoon they saw the Angolinian forces forlong their way in the face of the most murderous fire and crashing through abatis and every kind of obstruction. Was it possible that these were the Angolinian soldiers attacking so desperately all day long without a moments respite, and that the ships below were bombing the position were really soldiers or demons. The situation was indeed a most desperate one for the Glandelinians but the rebel generals never flinched in time of danger.

"This is serious business with the dirty christian dogs," he said calmly and immediately gave his orders to have the artillery in open upon the successful attackers. Officers through all that seething inferno of smoke, bursting shells, rifle fire, yelling of fighters, crash of musketry, and the ringing of steel on steel, the nicking of horses, and the cries and groans of wounded and dying, spurred their own horses forward, now in one direction, now in another, and among the troops that were in the greatest activity spurring them on to fight to the last. By ten o'clock that evening or night the rebel generals had rallied to their now shattered Glandelinian forces and amid shouting and redoubled firing, rushed in a counter assault upon the Angolinian foe. But the Angolinians had pushed forward with such force and v ferocity that again the enemy were obliged to fall back.

Montie Calmer of the rebels a general mounted on his spirited horse, galloped back and forth in the inferno among his disordered troops, trying in vain to spur them on to make a fresh counter attack. But they had given up all hope of hopes of standing their ground here and many were already running for their lives. As the general was swept along by the wild rush through the woods, a bullet entered his back and fatally wounded him. Tenderly supporting their gallant commander, his body guard led his horse to the rear of the line. The next few minutes he had died. When told that the end was near he said:

"It is better so indeed, to know that I can only be happy to realize I shall not live to see the christians drive my troops out of the Red Riding Hood woods. His dying thoughts were for the men of his own army. His last words to one of his glanderlinian generals were 'The probable humanity of the Angelinian soldiers sets my mind at peace to know they are good to wounded glanderlinians in battle. Feel toward them as they have caused me to feel though they are enemy enemies. Do not even let them perceive they have changed masters.'"

The confusion and distress in the battle field of Red Riding Hood were so great that no coffin could be found for the dead glanderlinian commander and he had to be laid at rest in a deep grave under an elm tree. There was no cannon to fire a volley over the grave of the brave glanderlinian soldier for all the cannon were used to suppress the wild christian assault, but the glanderlinians that loved and trusted him, and even the Angelinian enemy that had defeated and killed him, respected his memory and afterwards honoured his name for though a glanderlinian commander he was not a wicked man and fought only because he believed his cause was right and did not think the war was over child slavery but that the Angelinians had unjustly invaded Glanderlinia.

In the capture of this strong steep salient in the woods general Wolfe and glegemari had assisted general Pankhurst and had shown great courage and skill in the grand assault. When the report of their brilliant conduct reached general Hanson he decided that general glegemari should be placed in main command of the army operating here, and the main foe forces driven from the field. The enemy had as he knew retreated to their last positions up on high steep hills. Many officers opposed the idea of such an assault upon the stronger position of the foe to which the enemy had been driven and some generals declared that general Hanson must be mad and asked Hanson about the affair. General Hanson conducting the battle also said:

"Mad is he! then I hope he will bite some of the Glanderlinian generals." No one knew better than general glegemari the difficulties and dangers of proceeding on with the desperate assault, and of the undertakings that had been assigned to him. Could he capture that formidable position to which the enemy had been driven after the loss of one of their generals. A great responsibility rested upon his shoulders. If he could capture it the battle would probably be ended. He at once ordered his fleet of ships to continue the bombardment of the foe salients and then concentrating his forces and waiting for the morning waited for the promised reinforcements before him on high salients lay the enemy in a more strongly entrenched position than before. All along the salient were placed foe cannon and general glegemari felt it would be almost impossible for him to force this position. He knew also that even general Hanley himself was starting forward with a part of his large army to oppose him. One the approach of daybreak however his scouts made a happy discovery. With them scouting they had saw a number of steep narrow paths winding along the sides of the cliffs to the heights where the position of the foe were. If only his men could get up these rocky pathways. After thinking the matter over carefully general glegemari decided to make the hazardous attempt.

Before eight o'clock in the morning the divisions of redcoats and purple coats made the assault. It was a long hard climb indeed under fire of shrapnell and canister and rifle balls from above, and many troops had to go up almost perpendicular cliffs with only here and there a bush or tree to hold to. But by sunrise the army had completely made the ascent, and after raging the battle once more all day the enemy were forced from the stronghold with terrible loss and in confusion beyond describing and the stubborn battle was finally won. Thousands of small fires were built in celebration for the victory.

Nevertheless for both sides many mothers mourned for their loved ones that fell in this terrible battle, and the people of many nations forbade to profane the grief of the stricken christian mothers with the clamor of their rejoicing over the victory.

With the fall of this vast Glanderlinian position the rebel power in this section was broken and the Angelinians became in possession and started to construct besieging works here. The rebels had also surrendered all the land and woods in this location and the christians came into possession of other sections of woods also and the siege was tightly contracted.

Had any one dreamed to walk in the lines of the violent glanderlinian rebel troops under general Hanley himself concentrating his left wing just arrived a little beyond Evangelina Crania after his great victory on Hanson's army any one might have a chance to meet a very tall man, apparently carelessly dressed, with

a slouching gate and an air of indifference. Such was the general appearance of general Cuba Anna. But if any one had seen this same Glanderlinian general an hour later in the glanderlinian generals headquarters building or tribunal you would have scarcely believed your eyes indeed. In the heat of an exciting debate over the situation of the christian siege of Vivian Wickey this glanderlinian general's look form was soon to straighten, his calm face became intense, his wicked eyes flash fire, while the magic of his words held his scores of thousands of hearers spellbound. After his first important speech concerning the siege of Vivian Wickey, a one of the glanderlinian officers who was also a listener said:

"He can make our bold blood run cold with his horrible descriptions of the siege, and our hair stand on end."

Such was the power of this great Glanderlinian orator and general who thought he could help in bringing about the breaking of the siege of Vivian Wickey as formally said to be known as the "siege of Vivian Wickey or Lucille Jackson. Let's see how it happened."

A little after the bloody battle of Evangelina Crania after general Hanson's army had fallen back a considerable distance toward Gunbeam Creek and started to concentrate heavily in numbers there and erect breastworks and salients a demand to general Mic-Allister Stanek was sent by general Hanson himself to surrender or give up the city of Vivian Wickey and her fortresses. By this demand the rebel authorities were obliged if they did so to surrender a vast "Abraham" and in this way would break the rebellion, and would enable general Hanson to throw his army into Glanderlinia.

"It is therefore only fair," said general Hanson to Hanson his superior. "That the glanderlinian authorities should surrender the city and give up their rebellion."

Now among all the Glanderlinian generals inside of Vivian Wickey it was believed an insult by the christians to demand a surrender of general Mic-Allister. Or hundreds of days during the siege already their generals had stood against the christian besiegers and they did not see any reason why they should yield now. Each glanderlinian general had his legislature, elected by Mic-Whitherqueban at the time, and if it chose to accept the demand for surrender, well and good.

But as the glanderlinian authorities were not allowed no voice in the national government, and as the surrender would be an unconditional one, it seemed to them "very unjust" that general Hanson "the worse christian dog of all" should decide that Mic-Allister Stanek should surrender Vivian Wickey and her fortresses to the nationals. Prominent generals such as general Hanley himself went scouts and men into the very besieging christian lines to protest that a demand for surrender was tyranny. From throughout the captured sections of Vivian Wickey the rebels were aroused over the demand of surrender. And furthermore the glanderlinian generals did not want any christian generals to dare demand anything of them and they declared that in spite of heaven and earth fighting then they would be able to protect themselves against Hanson's and Hanson's besieging armies of christian skinflints, and that any true bearer hereafter sent toward their lines would be shot down without mercy whether he carried a thousand white flags or even an American Standard besides their own.

They even declared that despite the size of the besieging christian armies, if they received armies from all of the world, and from all of heaven itself the christians could never capture Vivian Wickey within ten years. The Angelinian generals however did not pay any attention to the protest of the rebels and kept up the heavy shelling of the many glanderlinian positions and earthworks and the city itself. The leaders and generals among the glanderlinians therefore urged all the higher generals to refuse to answer to any further summons to surrender, and general Cuba Anna was one of the foremost of these leaders. The wicked man even said to say befied God and all heaven to capture Vivian Wickey for the christians, and again repeated that Vivian Wickey would never be captured within ten years.

A few moments after he began to speak against the demand of surrender his listeners were leaning forward in breathless silence. The young general's father who was also there, was so amazed and delighted by his son's mastery of words that "tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks. When the oration came to a close the soldiers bore Cuba on their shoulders out of the building and carried him through one glanderlinian company street after another in triumph. At this general's name was to become known throughout the whole of Glanderlinia and was afterwards called the Patrick Henry of Glanderlinia.

At the time of the six days battle in the Red Riding Hood Woods, he was given his gallantry during the struggle a higher commission. On his thirty first birth day only a few days after receiving the higher commission a debate arose over general Hanson's demand to surrender of Mic-Allister Stanek's surrender of Vivian Wickey.



On the day when the surrender of the city had been demanded by general Hanson, all unnecessary workings in the foe armies was suspended, bombardments and forays increased more frequently, and flags were raised at half masts. Bells were tolled, there was a tumult of explosions, a uproar of whistles in all parts of the city, and every other sound of excitement. Urged by general Adams the glandelinian Assembly sent to general McAllister Stanek a letter asking him to allow a general assault upon the whole besieging forces but general McAllister did not wish to risk a disaster and refused to do so declaring that it was best to let the christians make all the attacks possible. Nevertheless to press the siege all of the christian generals were bent on doing everything possible to annoy the glandelinians. General Hanson concentrating near Marquial and the Marquian and silverbell fortresses sent forward immense troops to the Jennie's Bridge and Norma's Bridge with orders to attack on the first order sent in.

"In this way," said general Hanson vivian. "I will force my way to the fortresses and attack them..."

Two brigades landed at Longhorn wharf near Jennie's Bridge, and marched to the Commons of vivian Wickey Junction, where they started to parade with much pomp. The rebel forces were suspicious and nervous over this scene, and as they might have been expected trouble came before long. Rebel engineers and other workers busily at work constructing bridges and pontoons and felling trees and making abatis managed to check the advance by snipping fire. The glandelinians near Jennie's bridge tried every possible means to cause the christians to withdraw and one day in January 1913 after the christian forces had been concentrated there for about half a month in ever increasing numbers with artillery and earthworks constructed a mob of glandelinians suddenly appeared, and attacked a large body of christian troops and dazed the christian Lobster Backs and Blue Fished Backs to the fire. The Red coated and purple coated christian soldiers not only accepted the challenge and discharged their muskets and cannons into the crowds of soldiers killing and wounding but rushed at them driving before them and crossing half way over the river after them until stopped by the fire of guns near Aud Aurande called.

On the afternoon following this massacre and repulse of the rebel troops the glandelinians in this vicinity rose in their might with one voice for the rest of the time their cannons of the forts and shore batteries kept up an unceasing artillery duel that shook the earth resending a volcano of flames and din from the christian lines, and during the storm of firing general McAllister sent a courier to the christian general declaring that they had no right to concentrate troops so near the river, and demanded that the hated christian dogs be withdrawn.

After much discussion general Hutchinson decided to make an assault upon the enemy instead, but this did not satisfy the christian generals. put nevertheless three hundred companies of men led by general Adamsonia after a council in hall decided to move to the attack. The Angelinians held general Adamsonia in great respect and he earnestly insisted that all the companies or none should be sent forward to assault the foe works.

"All the companies or none!" Or A. All the companies or none. "Shouted thousands of voices in the building and in the company streets. At length the christian general though very loathing was forced to yield, and he prepared for the attack.

Indeed of the long siege of "Lucille Rickson as vivian Wickey was called it had been said by the whole world;

"vivian Wickey led all the horrors of the war, was the whole centre of the rebellion, the cause of the ferocity of the war and the responsibility of the bloodiest battles of the war." and others said;

"Though he did not take personal command of vivian Wickey general Hanley led vivian Wickey nevertheless and was one of the world's greatest generals." It was certainly doubtful whether the courage of the mighty host of besiegers would have held out if many of the highest christian generals had not worked night and day, always cheerfully, always hope fully, urging their armies in every battle in all parts of Calvernia to stand firm for the Liberty of Child Slaves.

To return to the exciting events of vivian Wickey nothing after the beginning of the concentration of Hanson's army near Jennie's Bridge aroused the rebels so much as what was known as "The vivian Wickey Tea Party" a raid of a score of thousand of tea ships captured on from the enemy by the christians and either sunk toward into the harbor of the tea dumped overboard under fire from foe guns on both sides of the river shores. During the siege the glandelinians were more fond of tea and coffee than we are ourselves, and accordingly when christian scouts learned that of vessels by the thousand had passed the blockade by some trick loaded with canisters of tea for the besieged the Angelinians scouts reported it and general Hanson declared that the tea should never be allowed to reach the foe lines. Notices were posted within the besieging christian lines inviting many men to meet under many trees, to take such action as would allow the making of a daring raid, and capture all the tea ships possible at any cost. At this moment news arrived that three more squadrons of ships were on the way down the river.

"This tea," said general Hanson, "must be captured for our own supplies." And if the enemy attempts to frustrate us we will make ourselves more dreaded than the plague or pestilence. Another meeting was called, and seventy thousand soldiers fully armed to the teeth filled the roads and encampments and overflowed into the company streets. They sent for one of the shipping officers and put to him the question:

"If you make the raid will you take the tea to general Hanson's lines as directed?"

"His reply was," The governor general Robert vivian gave no notice that he will not permit me to do so at present on account of too much severe activity of artillery along that section of the siege. But the tea will be taken to general Williamsborger Zimmerman's lines instead."

"Then said general Adamsonia," This meeting can do nothing more and on with the raid as decided." It had been previously arranged that this remark of general Adamsonia should be a signal for action. Men mounted horses and a whole division of men went to Jennie's Wharf in the night where a pale moonlight showed the many tea ships at anchor.

"If the tea cannot be captured it shall not be landed on rebel shores." Cried the general in command of the expedition.

It certainly was a stirring time when had leaped aboard the vessels, and after being through an inferno in which many were killed and wounded much of the tea had been dumped overboard into the river or the ships sunk or towed by gunboats toward the christian lines side of the water. In the affair forty two thousand chests of tea had been captured and three hundred dead eyed and the ships that were even raided were set on fire by the christians and they abandoned them. This raid cost the christian soldiers a loss of three thousand five hundred in killed and drowned and 10,000 in wounded, the most desperate raid ever made in the face of the forts but it was a splendid affair and gained for the christian great fame. The enemy lost 1000 ships that were burned and three hundred in disabled or partly sunk. six others were floating derelicts. It may be called the "Boston Tea Party" if you wish but nothing of that sort ever happened here. During the raid all the christian batteries had covered the work of the raiders by a terrific storm of shot shell and high explosives and the artillery duel had caused great destruction. The expedition brought all the tea after being under fire for two days safely within the christian lines after having lost ten gunboats, four ships of their own and two thousand rowboats and many a brave man. It was a desperate expedition but it won. Hanson laughingly said:

"Let the rebel drink steeped catnip and pennyroyal. It will do them good."

The news of this tremendous and successful but bloody "vivian Wickey Tea Party" quickly spread not only through the whole besieging christian armies, but all over the country of Calvernia and Angelina and all over the world.

Hanson galloped in every direction also to tell of all movements of the enemy, and throughout the country there was great rejoicing over the daring exploit under the foe fortresses of Ridgemoor, Silverbell, Quicksilver, and Silverbell. The Fort Silverbell was inactive at the time. Over the raid the glandelinian generals now formed in vivian Wickey a strong Provincial Congress and chose general McAllister Stanek as president. In the same time the First Continental Congress in vivian Wickey again met in Norma Catherine, and here too general McAllister Stanek became an imposing and powerful figure. He appeared in a brand new uniform of splendid blue gray coat color, new hat, new at silk stockings, and shoes new and his chest bedecked with all kinds of medals, all provided by many admiral glandelinian friends. None of the ardent glandelinian generals who met in that famous glandelinian Congress in the besieged city of vivian Wickey worked harder for the union of the glandelinian armies, against the christian besiegers, than did stout hearted general McAllister Stanek.

"I should advise persisting with all our might in our struggle against the national and active with all our might to prevent them securing live liberty for child slaves." Said he. "Though it were revealed from heaven hell, and earth that nine hundred million, and nine hundred and ninety thousand were to perish in the siege, and only a thousand million to survive and retain the rebellion. One such glandelinian hero must possess more enjoyment and happiness than a thousand million child slaves should have. Let our battle cry be 'Down with christianity and on with child slavery.'"

While this wicked glandelinian Congress was in session general Hanley himself was concentrating his armies toward Jennie's Bridge and concentrating already twelve thousand big cannons in order that he might be prepared if general Hanson vivian should make attempts to force his way across and storm any of the fortresses by river. He had great confidence of another victory having known how he repulsed Hanson at Evangelina Crania. And yet before the convening of the Second Glandelinian Continental Congress in vivian Wickey in 1913 an event of tremendous

importance happened near Jennie's Bridge. The glauco Angelinians had fired the first shot in the battle of Jennie's Bridge that was to startle the whole world and show them the viciousness of the seige. General Hanson, Vivian the main christian commander in chief and governor general had sent twenty brigades out beyond Jennie's bridge. He had heard that the Glandelinians had stored a great ammunition dump at Concordanna and he resolved to either seize it or blow it up. So on the night of January 12th 1913 one million eight hundred thousand Angelinian and Abbeinnian troops set out for Concordanna. They had even orders to stop at Toledo and a try and capture general A. Gubia for it was known that he was in that town on the outskirts of the foe lines that night ready to start the next day for the rebel Congress at Vivian Wickay. The Angelinian generals knew how important a part this Glandelinian general had been playing in the Glandelinian assistance or resistance, and he ordered general Walter Jennings to capture them and he would send them to Abbeinnia and other rebel generals and have them tried for treasons.

Now thousands of Glandelinian scouts and spies and been quietly watching the Angelinians, and knew exactly what general Hanson, Vivian and his generals had been intending to do. It had been agreed upon that as soon as the Angelinian troops started toward Concordanna, a sea of lanterns and other lights would be shown in positions as a signal to horsemen and scouts and generals who were to dash into the lines and spread the news that the nations were advancing. General Whilliamson passed through the Roxbury section of the Glandelinian encampments and the waterston section, and general Reverer rode through other sections getting troops ready to stop the advance. As general Reverer spurred his fire steed into the Lexington section of the rebel encampments a shell bursting in the air mortally wounded him during the wild battle.

The discovery was now too soon, gleaming the sound of marching infantry and the redoubled roar of thousands of cannon like the rolling of drums was suddenly heard on the night air the sky being blinding with the flashes of shell explosions and flaring searchlights and confusions again began. In haste general Parker assembled his divisions of Glandelinians behind his artillery and machine guns on the meadows before the stream near Jennie's bridge.

"Stand your ground at all costs," ran his commands. "Don't fire your rifles unless they are within good range, but if they mean to make an attack let them receive hell!" It was almost daybreak when the Glandelinians saw the Angelinians under general Pitcairner marching into the woods on the right, and saw Angelinian at artillery dragging in long lines on the main commons.

"Lie and disperse those Glandelinian villains!" Shouted general Pitcairner. The Angelinians under fire of the batteries rushed forward but the Glandelinians did not move an inch from their works. The Angelinian artillery in no time caused seven thousand Glandelinians to be killed or wounded, the Angelinians having been the first to fire in that battle. The Glandelinian generals Ademaonia and Gubia were by this time taking their way safely across all the meadows toward Ju Julio castle and forty eight hours later they were on the road to the main section of Vivian Wickay. After their deadly work at this section the Angelinian soldiers pressed on victoriously, destroying whatever military stores they could ever find, burning bridges and firing houses and one wooden fortress. "At when the call to arms came with the tragic news of Jennie's Bridge the wicked glauco Glandelinians proved their ferocity. At the commands of their officers they rushed for their works and snailents to defend them and even pawters and spoons and dishes were taken to the trenches to be used as small cut up abatis stopping to put on coats cold as it was, the generals and officers rode far and near toward the scene of coming action. Across the bridge at Jennie's Vivian, squared other brigades of Glandelinians just as calm and resolute, ready to give their lives for their wicked cause, and there they met the red and purple troops near Jennie's bridge in another fierce battle for the possession of Vivian Wickay, in which unestimated numbers of men and soldiers of both sides were killed and wounded.

General Pharlaster's division of Angelinians fearing to have been caught on bad ground and seeing overwhelming Glandelinian troops advancing against them started to slowly retreat toward their own lines but the Glandelinians thoroughly aroused warned forward to a desperate attack, and as they came forward by the hundreds of thousands they fired from behind trees, fences, bulwarks, and ledges of stones, from windows of houses and from ravines, and nearly thirty three thousand three hundred Angelinians had fallen before the retreating columns had reached their own positions in snail y but they had caused severelosses among the enemy lines as well though they did not succeed in repulsing them. This occurred on the hour "ine O'clock in the morning of January 7th and was the first memorable day of the Angelinians who had still advanced concentrated upon Primary Hill and Minute Gunn Hill which were the flanking heights of Vivian Wickay ten miles north of the Lucille Jackson fortifications.

These hills made a good commanding view of the whole of Vivian Wickay and stood about a thousand feet high above sea level. General Hanson, Vivian thought that if he could secure these heights with more firearms and concentrate heavy at artillery in its ascent he would be able to hold it for junction for good and cannonade it all the for treasons nearest to him. When the Glandelinian generals heard of this, one million one hundred and fifteen thousand men under general Prescott advanced up a section of the hill after dark and after several desperate assaults a desperate assault drove the christians there from it, and spent the whole night under heavy fire of 100 guns in building strong embankments thirty feet high for protection. It gave the greatest astonishment of general Hanson, Vivian and his generals when the winter sun rose, and he saw general Hanley in command of the ascent. The poor Angelinian general in chief but his tip in disappointment.

"Are we able to recapture those heights?" He asked of some general who stood near.

"Those desperate Glandelinians will fight as long as there is a drop of blood left in their bodies..." was the reply. The sold of the day was intense, but ten brigades of the three million Angelinian troops troops supported by a heavy artillery fire from batteries on the christi positions and christian warships on the river, and from mortar guns elsewhere and under general Kinderman started at noon to climb the steep heights.

First all the way of the advance their line was torn and gapped by artillery fire from the rebel guns, then machine guns, took the place of bigger artillery and caused dreadful havoc. The left of the advancing line soon faltered and recoiled but the rest of the christians pressed on with shouts and yells, but as the survivors neared the top they were met with a terrific fire of Glandelinian machine and rifle fire combined. They pressed doggedly however over the top and drove the foe back, but Hanley desperately hurried reinforcements and soon the Angelinians advanced from their exertions and from their losses fell back down the hills. An hour afterward fresh divisions rushed forward to make a second attack, and after the contest had been renewed with redoubled fury and the loss of both sides dreadful the Angelinians were again driven back a second time with a fearful loss of men and officers and with torn and tattered battle flags all that was left to them. The hills were strewn with dead and wounded.

"Will the brave Angelinians give it up now?" "Can the Glandelinians hold it?" These were the questions burning on the lips of thousands of war correspondents, who from the highest hills near the scene watched the terrible battle.

Over her a heap and windrow of soldiers all torn and gory the Angelinians Ang 1 Angelinians with wilder fury rushed forward once more and facing a withering fire of cannon and masonry surged above the high breastworks and after a five minutes desperate hand to hand fight with bayonet and clubbed muskets were driven back again with one division annihilated. They were just like the sea driven over a ship's decks with one division annihilated. They were not yet defeated and half an hour later and shattered, but though driven they were not yet defeated and half an hour later while all the christian guns roared in a surface of flames a fifth assault was made with terrific violence, the conflict being wild indeed. The Glandelinians again drove the christians back in a deplorable condition as if they were withdrawn from a disastrous shipwreck, but the Angelinians rallied for the fifth assault, and the Glandelinians fired as before. In any event the fierce Glandelinians who had toiled all night with shovel picks and the like could not have gone on fighting so desperately for many more hours against the constantly increasing armed numbers of advancing christian assaults and troops. The foe however stood manly against fourteen desperate assaults raging the wildest battle ever seen in this section and the roar of 10,000 cannon and 50,000,000 rifles pistols, and revolvers and nearly three thousand machine guns of the christians were making the land cove to order a retreat as the odds were so great that the resistance of the position untenable, but nevertheless it was claimed that the resistance of this sort could have been so tenacious and remarkable that a battle of this sort could scarcely be called a victory for the christians but, it was nevertheless and a brilliant one at that got your hat. General Hanson, Vivian Vivian's soldiers and generals were indeed astounded to find how well the Glandelinians under general Hanley could fight. The brave stand of general Hanley at Jennie's bridge as the battle was called strength handed the besieged in their determination to keep the fortresses and city from being captured by the Nationalthe Glandelinians had now given up all hope however of bringing any a successful plans of working vaned and driving in off and they believed there was only one thing left to do to fight it the end, to the close of Vivian Wickay. General Robert Vivian or his brother had failed to the besieged at Vivian Wickay. General Robert Vivian or his brother had failed to capture him and thus force him to stop urging the Glandelinians forward. General Hanson Vivian once was desperate enough to try bribery. He sent general Gage a messenger to offer both Ademaonia and Gubia valuable gifts, and a powerful position and other things of great importance if he would desert the rebel garrisons at Vivian Wickay and come over to Angelina's side and leave off treason against god which Wickay and came over to general Samuel Ademaonia when the messenger was but who could imagine the anger of general Samuel Ademaonia when the messenger had been forced to sent a messenger. The indignation of the wicked Glandelinian general knew no bounds and first he blasphemed before he sent in a reply.

"Tell that christian hellhound Hanson, Vivian," he angrily replied. "That it is the advice of general A. Adamsonia to him that he is no longer insult the feelings of a besieged nation at 11 Vivian wickey. No personal consideration shall ever induce me to abandon the cause of my country and also to let him that if he was aided by heaven and earth he could never capture Vivian wickey within ten years. And we can prove it."

The glandelinian general was one of the signers of the Declaration of the continuance of child slavery the famous wicked document drawn up by the wicked glandelinian Congress in Vivian wickey, which stated that no christian nations have any right whatever to matter how great a sin child slavery is to interfere and try to put it to an end, that no children belonging to the glandelinians as property no matter how they are treated and even murdered and so on or even made a life of hell ought to be made free and independent like others especially when they are christians. When general Adamsonia signed this wicked statement he felt it was perhaps the proudest moment of his life. By his side sat general Hancock who dashed down his nose in huge letters.

"In order," said he, "that the christian doghound general Hanson, Vivian, or any of his generals, and even the authorities of the christian government, may read it without a telescope."

"Now," said some other signer, "we must all hold Vivian wickey together on a long together one or the other and down with christianity."

"Yes," quickly replied another man who also signed the paper, "or we shall all perish separately. To hell with the christian dogs!" I hope the dear readers will remember as clearly as possible that the Angelinians general besieging Vivian wickey had no idea of allowed the wicked glandelinians to hold any sections of works between the gorge gun river and any of the Evangelina Grande heights if they possible could help it. All attempts in the meantime day by day had been made to stop the enemy forces building and erection erecting new fortresses, but having by desperate raids captured Forte Franquise, La guif, and Vermorel, general Washington was chosen to carry an expedition against one of the fortresses started in construction, and he had to travel with his divisions through the wild foe territory to accomplish the movement. It was at this time the depths of the coldest winter Galverinka had ever experienced it was thirty below zero and the army had to march in deep snow through dense woods continually fired upon by snipers and ambushes, had to march over either swollen rushing streams of frozen ice choked river waters, and the general had traveled uncomplaining for three days once in a blinding blizzard. It was a perilous journey indeed. The country region here was full of glandelinian snipers, roving squadrons and bands of fierce gargolians, whom the rebels tried by every means to entice the capture of the Angelinians. This made the expedition extremely dangerous, for the glandelinians despite their hundreds of sorties and raids and everything had many traps for the general and his commands. Yet for the time being he not only escaped disaster, but succeeded in getting within sight of the fortress under construction. He then first concentrated troops, and waited for reinforcements with the coming of clearer weather. The point where the gorge gun and the Sunbeam Creek joins to form the Mid-Hollister Run Mouth seemed to be the best location for the capture of the military fortresses of the foe and accordingly the Angelinians began to build great works there and concentrated heavy batteries of cannon. But the glandelinians knowing the results to Vivian wickey if this was won by the Angelinians decided not allow the christians to progress, so not long after to the surprise of a regiment of engineers at work thirty thousand glandelinians suddenly appeared, and after an attack drove them from the woods with the loss of half their number.

The rebels then took possession of the unfinished sentinel and abatis. General Washington seeing what happened advanced with a brigade of Abikanians to drive the glandelinians from the important point. General Washington took personal command. This had started early in December. For one month the conflict raged in series of fights, and progressed in victories for the christians in all possible speed. When at Meadow Turn the centre portion of the christian army was heavily attacked. Ten thousand rebels were killed and wounded in a charge lasting only two minutes and twenty thousand were taken prisoners, while the christian side only lost fifteen thousand men. When the excitement of the first real action of the long contest was over, and victory again was to general Washington he exclaimed: "There is something that tells me that the glandelinians are the most desperate fighters I ever saw. General Washington realized the danger of so long a stay within reach of the foe lines and such long fighting in the enemy's territory of Vivian wickey, so he ordered a part of his army to recoil toward stronger natural positions and in great haste formed long lines of abatis and works to which he retreated. Here he was again attacked furiously by a large number of rebel troops who outnumbered his right wing four to one. The struggle turned out as a slight victory again and regular troops under general Vermonia was sent to drive the foe altogether back to their own lines so with banners flying, and drums beating the troops started forward in heavy column on a pleasant day. General Vermonia was an experienced officer, and knew every thing of war in the glandelinian wilderness. When the main christian commander warned him of the dangers from thousands of unseen rebel snipers

he calmly replied:

"Those savage glandelinians may appear indeed to be a formidable enemy to Angelinian and Abikanian troops, but we can show him that upon us under any conditions it will be impossible to make an impression."

This poor general was indeed a brave one indeed and he sacrificed his life for Angelinia's cause. The chariot in which he gallantly set out, a body guard galloping on each side had to be abandoned in the rough roads when foe snipers started a perdition of rifle firing. A hard march and fight he indeed found it.

After a time general Washington advised and ordered the sending out of many parties to clear the wooded region of snipers but it failed with terrible loss. General Vermonia felt bad over this, but nevertheless with Brave Angelinia colors flying in the wind pressed boldly on though his losses by now was dreadful in that wooded inferno. Soon came a fatal disaster for what general Washington feared soon happened with the most terrible yells and shouts, the glandelinians continually appeared in ever increasing numbers with machine guns to add and hurling grenades together, simultaneously opened a murderous fire of musketry and pistols from behind trees, bushes and rocks over a stretch of thirteen miles. A conflict ten times the violence of the Battle of Antebam in the civil war raged, and the poor Angelinian soldiers though they charged furiously again and again all day long were mercilessly shot down by thousands upon thousands per charge, without ever getting at their enemies in a hand to hand conflict. Soon seeing officers and generals falling also the men ceased to such an inferno before became panic stricken. They did not stop to obey their officers who even tried strict discipline, but soon fled in terror, firing wildly as they ran. General Vermonia remained in the thick of the bloody fight until he was borne from the field mortally wounded. General Washington lost three horses which were shot under him, and he himself was wounded in two places and torn one sleeve and his coat tail to shreds. Before general Vermonia breathed his last, he acknowledged to general Washington that to take any foe positions in these woods just now was utterly impossible.

This defeat was a most bitter blow to the Vivian wickey expedition expedition expedition but preparatory preparations were at once begun for greater efforts, and again general Washington began busy himself for the capture of the foe positions at this point. This did not prove an easy task at all but soon it was accomplished. The glandelinians soon recoiled at the manner the Angelinians repeatedly assaulted their positions and so being overwhelmed at last they resolved to retreat. They blew up the works and magazines making dreadful explosions, set fire to all the wooden and bifurcated positions they had erected and recoiled toward their own main lines. The Angelinians placed their tattered flags on the wreckage and held this position gallantly for the remainder of the long siege.

In the meantime one of the glandelinian generals who had not made good to orders he had received was forced to resign his commission and another general was put in his stead by the Abikanian state.

When the Second Glandelinian Continental Congress met at Vivian wickey the battle of Jennie's bridge had been fought. It was now necessary for the glandelinian Congress to come at once to the support of the defence armies of besieged glandelinians and they decided to pick up all men who inside the city of Vivian wickey in all sections were loyal to glandelinia and draft them into his army so as to organize a regular army with a new commander in chief who was to be the Abikanian state chief lieutenant. When general Adamsonia rose and said: "I have but one gentleman in mind for that most important command, a gentleman from glandelinia who is well known to us all."

His eyes were fixed upon general Cobin, who from modesty quickly darted out of the convention room. Nevertheless by general Adamsonia's name through the glandelinian government authorities general Cobin was unanimously chosen commander in chief of the entire armies of all the glandelinian armies there. With indeed a full understanding of the great trust placed in his hands, this glandelinian general soon solemnly pledged himself to devote his life and our energy to the cause of the glandelinian nation and that he would uphold child slavery..... put different than other glandelinian generals he had declined to accept any pay for all his services..... On the 21st of January this glandelinian commander set out on horseback from general Vermonia's camp through the woods and thence to Jennie's bridge, accompanied by his adjutant general's son and a soldier. They halted at New Jennie's bridge and learned the details of the battle of Jennie's bridge if you please gentlemen. With increased speed general Cobin pressed on toward Jennie's bridge, where headquarters had been provided for him in a large fine old mansion taken from the christians in the battle, after the house of general Williamson, a christian.

As he rode into the house glandelinian men, the shouts of the millions of delighted soldiers and officers, and the shouting of thousands of cannon gave him a warm welcome. When he had been welcomed before, under the weeping willow trees (Hays they did weep at the folly of rebels against christianity) which may

617 y  
still be standing general Cubia drew his long sabre that looked as long as a fishing pole and took formal command of this section of the besieged Glandelinian army. General Jergamin Bandolon of a Jeresayama division of Urmucanandus had been with general Cubia at Yungolinia Grn Gra Orania. When general Cubia was made first commander in chief of the Morra Catherine ar das general Jergamin marshaled his divisions of infantry, shuraphlooters and artillery to Jennie's bridge regions As general Cubia learned that the Japanese christian troops and their besieging fleets of battleships and gun boats and other craft and also their batteries and fortresses were planning a new and general attack upon the foe positions at Jennie's bridge, he sent Japanese troops westward to repel the drive back with the loss of all its provisions and ammunition and thus was left driven back with the loss of all its provisions and ammunition among these wicked Glandelinian troops when general Knoxhead appeared with troops and fourtyhundred cannon. He had after desperate fighting of ten days with batteries infantry, cavalry and small field pieces captured fortress Ticonderama on the Simbaux Creek from the Christian Besiegers, and had dragg dragged all the captured guns all the way with Japanese numbers of horses and sledges. The time had now come when a section of the besieging christian forces were withdrawn driven out of the region of Jennie's Bridge. On night probably on the 26th of January 1918 under general Cubias direction and also of his generals and other officers hundreds of thousands of men engineers soldiers construction workers and the like in themoonlight worked silently and threw up extra intrenchments on the heights overlooking the region of Jennie's Bridge. The next morning the Angolanin generals and the army and all their officers were completely astonished. One of them reported to general Hanson Avian broadly,

"This morning at daybreak nybreak we discovered forty two strong redcuts on the heights overlooking the river of Sumbun pun and creek, and two long high ones of excellent formation on their flanks. They were all constructed and raised speedily at night with an expedition equal to that of the pits belonging to what they called in the story Alandins wonderful lump. From these hills and heights, the Gandelindians command our whole position, so that we must drive them from their post or fall back to other portions of the works."

General Hanson vividly said that he had forced Hanley from the works at the Red Riding Hood Woods and also from those positions at Jewell's Bridges could scarcely believe his eyes when he beheld the series of fortresses through the fog of smoke from artillery systems elsewhere.

"These rebels," he exclaimed bitterly, have done more work in one night than the whole American army at Dorchester Heights near Boston in the 'r rebellion could have done in forty months. I had hoped the rebels would attack me," but now I'm going to attack those heights come what may."

done in forty months. I had hoped the rebels would be going to attack those heights some what way. " He saw however that something must be done. go between two and three million men guarded or protected by two or three thousand cannon were sent to assault the heights, while other forces were sent on transports and other ships protected by the battleships to bombard the fortresses by water of the three rivers, where the christian troops were soon to be quartered. While the troops prepared for the storm a violent artillery fire of terrific fury broke loose from Fort Red Riding and Hood, Silverbell, Cindarella, and the roar of destruction was so tremendous that the ships responding with 10,000 cannon and adding to the uproar could make no headway, but they toosing at the mercy of the waves caused by the tremendous shocks. The artillery storm continued for two days and nights without ceasing while on both sides and all up and down the river the rain of explosives fell in torrents, and the wrecked transports could not land. One section of the fortress Cindarella and Red Riding Hood were not cut off fire, but the ships were threatened with annihilation as some sections of Cedarbine and Vivian with general Hanson add to order the commander of the fleet to retreat up the river at night fall and discontinue the bloody water engagement. General Hanson Vivian was also vexed to find his ten desperat; assaults on the land side repulsed with terrific slaughter though his troops had time to strengthen their breastingworks, and that he could glandelin drive the rebels out. The christian fleets laying fully exposed to the destruction fire of the forts and enemy shore batteries, and also to the fire from the heights, was compelled to retreat down the river, and the admiral resolved to land his army at Halifax junction two miles north of the wicked rebels were cheered in the morning of the 27th therefore during a cold day the wicked rebels were cheered to great happiness by the sight of the entire Abkhazian Abhiamunin and other christian fleets of thousands of ships and transports, bands under with soldiers and

renamed refugees retracing down the river. General Hanson had also failed to capture the heights but his army however had not retreated but remained in the positions they had captured. The success of this second engagement was unaccountable and he would not reveal it at all if it was possible but was a triumph for General Gubin a regular George Washington for the Angelinians. In only a few days with his forces of Angelinian soldiers with the help of the guns from the fortresses, he had driven from the gunboat river, an army of ships and troops, surrounded by an experienced generals and admirals. The Angelinian Congress at Livan Jickey passed an unanimous vote of thanks, and the whole Angelinian nation praised him for doing such great service in the rebellion. It however was clear from the movements of other actions of thousands armies and the Christian fleets that they meant to make their next attack upon New Yorker for they also desired to obtain control of the great Krandine river to make a blockade of fierce means. Accordingly General Gubin carried a section of his right wing to that point. Fortifications of great strength had been erected erected and the river shores, but millions of Angelinian troops were encamped in Brookliner and on three islands, Staten River Island, Stanok Island and Turner Island. So it was impossible to make out whether the Angelinian generals concentrating more and more artillery intended to attack New Yorker itself, or that part of the shore that just lay across the Norm river itself.

When too late he found that the latter was to be the fighting point. In the battle of "Childrens Daily Runtom", waged on the site where a new section of the Lacaille picket fortifications stood, the gladiolinian were defeated with terrible loss, thirteen generals, and driven for three miles back with the loss of ninety pieces of artillery six provision trains, and twenty stan standards of colors and thirteen hundred thousand prisoners of which one general was taken mortally wounded. The night that followed was a sleepless one for the gladiolinian general in chief Gubia and at daybreak the enemy showed the dangerous position of his own army shelled by the national guns on V Marye heights and attacked by infantry and cavalry from two directions with rebellious violence. With his telescopic he could make out that the army was completely completely surrounded and was too far to be protected by any of the fortresses. Nothing therefore was left but to withdraw as quickly as possible. He however urged the battle. The that day with increasing fury tearing up by ones divisions of christian troops, charging again and again until eighteen onslaughts along a mile of battle front thirty miles in length had been made, storming christian positions in the face of many guns and infantry storms and finally when night came on seeing his losses too dreadful to continue fighting any longer he started to retreat under cover of a dark night and a blinding snowstorm and windstorm storm at the same time. The retreat was so well planned however under fire of artillery and pursuing riflemen at that that general Gubia became a greater gladiolinian hero than ever. But night under cover of the intense darkness and the blinding clouds of swirling blustering snow shots the divisions were rushed down to the half half frozen waters of the yornu gun river and embarked either in boats, or warped across pontoon bridges, while many sentinels remained in sight above the breastworks to guard the rear while a army of gladiolinians was left behind to stop the swift advance of the Abbeasians and cover the retreat. By the time that the last of the gladiolinian troops had reached the shore and swarmed over the pontoon bridges, a thicker fog of snow enveloped everything, but nevertheless they were harassed by the Abbeasians who pursued and shot many of the retreating gladiolinians down. The retreat was also disastrous as the losses was awful. When morning dawned cold and still snowing heavily, not an A gladiolinian soldier remained on the dangerous shore. General Gubia had refused to enter a boat or march across the pontoon bridge until until the last a gladiolinian soldier had crossed. He had been incessantly exposed to the fire of the Angelinians and was slightly wounded in three places. In the retreat he has had lost three hundred and seventy five thousand men in killed wounded or captured and many pieces of artillery and provision wagons, and a hundred standards of colors and many prisoners who were color bearers. For three days and nights general Gubia had had no sleep and for all that time he had been in the saddle.

Though it was a great success for the christian rubevlogers, the Angelinians had yet to learn that the rebel dog Cuba would never stay beaten if he could help it. On the very following afternoon with /between two and three million men, the daring rebel general recrossed a portion of the river, made dangerous by huge cakes of floating ice and swift currents, and strode into the militia in the blinding snowmets, still reeling surp surprised a great section of the militia army at Jennie's Bridge. He captured a hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, and a large quantity of ammunition and provisions. He was forced to retreat back across the river when the main militia army concentrated against him. This brilliant desperate raid, one of the biggest raids of the war, together with his success north of Jennie's bir bridge that following night, shattering the many sections of the besieged armies and the Angelinlian nations, they now began to feel overconfident that the siege would be reds resisted successfully. After the long battle of Jennie's Bridge the great Angelinlian commander was sorely in need of money and troops, so he

appealed for help to general Mic-Allister Stanek. General Cubias letter was delivered before daybreak. Without waiting for the sun to rise, general Mic-Allister started out in the cold winter morning, and finally had ordered as many brigades as possible to go to general cubias assistance.

Even in a few hours fifty million five hundred thousand dollars were on their way to general cubias divisions. Indeed there were times when it would have been almost impossible to carry on the war if the resistance to the siege if the glandelinians had not received their sources from Calvernia a few days later during the resumption of the battle at the Romaine twenty five miles from fortress Red Riding Hood, each side lost over a million men, and the glandelinians were finally driven from the field with great loss of men and officers. Again two days later they made another desperate assault with redoubled violence, but met still more disastrous defeat, and the eyes of all the glandelinian generals daring and their bravery so great, that the eyes of all the glandelinian generals throughout the whole city and its armies and garrisons were turned upon general Cubia. They found to their amazement indeed that the glandelinian generals could easily successfully fight disciplined Angolan soldiers, and that the first section of the glandelinian army was commanded by a military genius of great ability.

So many of the millions of wicked but brave glandelinian soldiers suffering from cold and hunger, with ragged clothing, and shoes so worn that blood always marked their footsteps, had been marched at times to many winters quarters which were ten times worse than those of the marauders at Valley Forge but the glandelinians still fought on with dogged courage and determination. Many hundreds of thousands of glandelinians had become ill from exposure and wounds suffered in battle, and were obliged to seek shelter in the city sections of the river valley, until the sufficient numbers of trees could be cut down and tents built. It was indeed a horrible siege and though the christians could not as yet capture the city, and the foe could not raise the siege, it was even now the foe who were really getting the worst of it for they were suffering, and the Angolanians had no woes but only that received in battle. They all had all the comfort necessary all the shelter they wanted and all the provisions necessary. But help was soon to come to the glandelinians for general Franklin at Calvernia fighting for glandelinia just as earnestly as Mic-Allister Stanek was fighting at fighting for glandelinia though in a different way tried all means to relieve the suffering of the glandelinian soldiers. Though general Franklin prepared to send troops generally in command of the immense armies at Calvernia, general Mic-Allister and money and ships to the river valley. When this news reached general Mic-Allister and his armies, the poor half starved soldiers outside in the wilderness unsupported by the main armies as they were cut off by the christians, shouted for joy. Other encouragements came when a splendid glandelinian soldier offered to drill all the drafted soldiers. Among the many bitter trials which general Mic-Allister Stanek had to endure was the treason of general Benedict Tribuna. At the beginning of the siege he was one of the bravest fighters in the wicked glandelinian army. Mic-Allister Stanek had made him a general and entrusted him with the command in person of the garrisons of the fortresses of Lucille Jackson on the river Gathelina river shores. But in a mad moment of envy and spite because general Mic-Allister Stanek would not allow him to destroy his child slaves to prevent them from being rescued by christians, and when this actually happened, this glandelinian general turned traitor. With an Angolan messenger, general Andrew Turner, he entered into a plot of great desperation to surrender the Lucille Jackson fortifications to the Angolanians. Happily for the glandelinians, the plot was discovered in time. General Tribuna was captured by a scouting party of gathelina and through his being examined the conspiracy was discovered. Andrew was sent as a spy, and Tribuna was persuaded for many miles, and he too would have been executed as a traitor had he not been fortunately escaped into the christian lines. Strong and as brave a man as he was, general Mic-Allister Stanek shed tears when he walked into general Tribuna's headquarters a few hours after the glandelinian traitor had escaped, and learned for the first time the treason of the traitor. General Tribuna did not bring his supplies. He was finally discovered by the christian armies and the christian lines who had entered to assist him from general Tribuna and seeing the escaped traitor in the christian lines, he was shot by a squad of soldiers on horseback they shot him down from a horse. On his death bed the glandelinian traitor asked for his old uniform that he had worn the day he made his escape, and which he had always kept in spite of it.

"Let me like the others of glandelinia die in this old uniform in which I fought many battles for the city of Vivian Wickey, and my country," he said. "I hope glandelinia will forgive me heartily for ever letting me down."

Indeed in the following chapters of this volume and the others we dear readers shall learn if you wish to do so more details of the ferocity of the Lucille Jackson siege and the lives of the great men and generals of both sides who took part in it. It had already required nearly a year of the terrible fighting and suffering and yet no efforts seemed possible for the rebels themselves to bring either the siege to a close or force the christian armies to raise it and retreat and despite their best of that the christians could never take it in ten years their hopes of a success were waning. The Big Vivian Wickey siege strange to say had in it many smaller sieges such as sieges of small outward fortresses, sieges of glandelinian armies such as Carbondale and so on. Now comes another and a dreadful one it was too and if you do not believe it try to fancy you are one of the besieged. The siege of Little Girlia ended with the surrender of a vast christian army and this is how it happened.

In the southern section of the siege near the site of Jennie's Bridge general Marion Cornumilis Armerman commanded a large force of Abbieannians and Angolanians, Calvernia and also Angolanians, and general Nathaniel Greenburg with a vast section of the rebel army belonging to a portion of general Mic-Allister's army. Glandelinian army came upon the christian position early in the night and slowly but surely drove the christians out of the north section of the positions, and even from the region of Jennie's Bridge, and into a trap after suffering dreadful losses for the victory thus gained. He had an able assistant in general Mariona Hanson, who attacked the christian army at many points skillfully pushing through the wet lands of the river region in the face of a scorching fire extending for ten miles, and by his daring and by his ability of handling the great onslaughts was much feared and even hated by the christians and like Marion in the American revolution he was called 'The Glandelinian Swamp Fox'. When general Cornumilis Armerman reached the main section of his works, he found immense Glandelinian troops under general Herdrude Lafayette ready to dog the very rear of the christian troops, and drive them to Turner Hill near Turner Run. Here hard pressed and after fighting for three days he was defeated by the rebel armies again, and then seeing escape impossible he tried to fortify himself. General Cubia and Washington who was now with that part of the army which lay near Jennie's Bridge watching the movements of general Hanson Vivian and his brothers army under general Robert Vivian who commanded the Angolanian and Abbieannian forces in general felt the hour had come for the final victory. Glandelinian warships numbering three thousand big dreadnaughts, fourteen thousand gunboats and other war crafts were in the river and mouth of the river, and these were immediately sent to Jennie's Bridge, and other regions to prevent the escape of general Armerman's christian army by sea. These fleets soon started a bombardment of many thousands of cannon on a firing line of six miles in length and terrific was the clamor and heard for nearly five hundred miles. Incapable was the damage and the christian fortresses and positions were threatened with annihilation and the wooded country in the section was scathed. The shells exploded in reports as frequent as raindrops on the roof of a shed during a thunderstorm and the noise was horrible. Knowing what the result general would be general Washington hurried his own troops to the region of Jennie's Bridge, but while he was secretly crushing his armies southward a considerable force was left to the right at Jennie's Bridge near the heights. This caused general Hanson Vivian and his brother to believe that general Washington was still striving every nerve and effort to prevent the capture of the heights.

For more than two weeks after general Washington reached the northern portion of Jennie's Bridge the region by ships and glandelinian batteries and fortresses was bombarded night and day and the scene was as if the whole of heaven had broken out. One general's headquarters was said to have had a thousand shot and shells passed through one wall and the whole region of trees and woods was shattered, the land ploughed up and the river tossed into waves by the concussion. Finally one of general Cornumilis Armerman's generals Fairfax Angolanian for cowardly region despite the protests of his officers and generals marched out his own division of soldiers and surrendered. After he had been relieved however by general Hanson Vivian who discovered the siege of the christian army and after the enemy attack was repulsed with who wholesale loss in men officers and ships, general Armerman felt that despite his love for god and his country he could never forgive general Fairfax for surrendering his army to the enemies of god, and when general Hanson had said, "The general shall not be shot, but exiled and disgraced for life" general Armerman answered "It would be better for him to die than suffer such a fate but as it is your order so be it."

The surrender of Cornumilis Armerman general was a sad blow to the christian armies at Vivian Wickey. At St Francis's Tavern the traitor was tried, and then exiled. Tears filled many of the eyes of the christian generals as one of the main ones said:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude we should always realize what we are doing in the behalf of the poor unfortunate child slaves, and not be foolish enough to surrender our swords and arms to the enemies of god like this one did with without sufficient reason."

The cowardly general had demanded a second trial saying he was not guilty of surrendering an army because of cowardice but it was refused. He had to go and join the many enemies of Galverinia who were being deported in the Eastern coasts.

Though the rebels inflicted many repulses upon the christians at times and made them suffer heavy losses it was surely evident that no christian positions had ever been retained when captured. What should be done now? The nationals were aided by general Hanson Vivian and even the greatly feared Arab general Aronburg. The latter was in possession of Jennie Vivian and they wondered what should be done to oust the "Terrible Wrath of God". The glandelinian continental Congress in Vivian wickey, had already been made up of all kinds of glandelinian generals and officers chosen by general yic-Allister Stanck to act for the rebel army in carrying on the desperate resistance against the besiegers. Now that at Jennie's Bridge a bloody repulse had been received by general Manley This Congress general yic-Allister felt was not enough to carry on the war at Vivian wickey itself. Even the wisest glandelinian generals easily saw that, if the siege was to be held out against the christians successfully, they must have a strong National Government inside of Vivian wickey itself. A mighty glandelinian Federal Convention was called to meet in Bloody woman Catherine. General Washington was the main presiding officer to attend and here the greatest document ever written was drawn up and signed by three thousand two hundred and thirty nine generals noting as delegates. It was called "The sustaining Child gave Constitution of Vivian wickey. General Washington was its first signer and general yic-Allister, was the oldest man to write his signature to this famous glandelinian paper which later in the siege was captured by christian spies, which was to have been the law of the rebels at Vivian wickey.

One of the glandelinian generals had from fear that the city of Vivian wickey would not hold out against the christian besiegers long had resigned his generalship but through some reason or other whether he did resign or not and was leaving the rebel lines with his resignation sheet he happened to be seized by christian scouts scouting parties of christians. He claimed in his protest that he was in the war no longer, that he had resigned his command, but the excuse of the christian officer was that he was a rebel nevertheless and so was made a prisoner.

The glandelinian constitution however provided that a main leader should be chosen, and general Washington was the unanimous choice of all the generals. He was therefore even compelled to take the oath of office on the balcony of a building before crowds of glandelinian soldiers, from whom thrilling shouts went up, myriads of flags waved in the breeze, and countless cannons and rifles boomed a greeting to the rebel chieftain now elected in Vivian wickey as main commander next to general yic-Allister Stanck.

Do not think however that this glandelinian general had an easy task before him. Many months of fierce conflicts, bombardments, and ship stranding fortresses had laid the country all along the rivers banks and in the region of Vivian wickey was waste, and many serious questions were discussed, misunderstandings and disappointments arose, and by the efforts of the christians to press the siege harder Washington found that the path he and his armies tread was indeed a thorny one.

Indeed it is not strange to say that the eyes of every nation whether christian or not were upon the city of Vivian wickey, watching the experiment of a new form of glandelinian government in a land made desolately the most terrible war the world had ever heard of.

"Surely such an unheard of thing cannot succeed," said the nations across the sea. "Vivian wickey in time will fall for god will make it so."

Yet that glandelinia had come softly through the first section of this bloody crisis was a surprise to the world and it was due to the wise guidance of general Washington. The glandelinian authorities and Tribunals in woman Catherine had made no mistake in choosing its leader, for this man proved himself great for one by one the difficult difficulties were mastered, but through all his efforts it did not seem a cheerful aspect for it only brought the anger of the besiegers and reckless damage was being done in the outer sections of Vivian wickey by bombardments besieging cannons. Corn and wheat in the hands of the rebels could not grow on account of shell fire and tramp of so many millions of soldiers during charges, and when this was really all over after nearly two years and a half it was never forgotten. At only two short months was left to this brave glandelinian general, while riding forward in advance of his troops in another battle in December during the battle of Jennie Vivian he was severely wounded beyond recovery and in two hours was dead. In the hour that he was laid at rest after the battle the tears of the whole besieged nation told its grief and fury toward all christianity.

The glandelinian Congress had adjourned suddenly on the hearing of his death in battle, and for the remainder of the see soon session the members of the glandelinian Tribunals wore mourning, while in every part of the besieged sections of Vivian wickey there were public testimonials of grief. Even all the glandelinian ships and fortifications lowered their flags to half mast, while the city of Vivian wickey suspended crepe for ten days from all her public standards and flags.

Crepe was also suspended from all door doors and windows. General yic-Allister Stanck of Vivian wickey had in my brave generals like Washio Washington but none were more noble or more unselfish in his devotion to glandelinia's cause than general Richard Purgatorian the second main commander of Vivian wickey. This general in chief of the glandelinian armies besides being one of the wisest generals known had however any noble qualities, and chief among them was his thorough patriotism for his country and his favor in the rebellion. He was about fifty years old and when young had fought in the great glandelinian war of eighteen fourteen one. When he was sent as one of general yic-Allister Stanck's delegates to the glandelinian continental Congress in woman Catherine he and general Washington became acquainted and were soon the firmest of friends. After the glandelinian armies had clashed in series of severe engagements in the region of Jennie's Bridge there was some great doubt in general Washington's mind indeed as to what the next move of the christians would be under any of the Ange Angelinian commanders.

"Nothing thought the main christian general in chief 'Can be so harmful to the glandelinians as for us to get possession of all the rivers running either through Vivian wickey or past her. By thus controlling the rivers and all the land near the rivers and all the heights we can keep any of the main armies of the rebels from a safe elsewhere from coming to the aid of Vivian wickey."

"Accordingly the brave christian general Hanson Vivian sent orders to general Howard Jerseyton in the season just before the battle of Kwanglinia Granda to march his forces and artillery down from the northern section of the siege by way of Lake Angeline, try and take fortress Aurandecillo, and if successful proceed toward fortress Vivian. A second army under general Ledgerton was ordered to start from the left of the main christian line, ascend the yic-Hollerston-run to Lake Angeline on the other side, capture the fortress Silverbell on the yic-Hollerston river, and join Jerseyton at fortress Vivian, while general Howard Hanson was to bring up a third immense army from Quillia Jackson. If this plan had succeeded general Purgatorian and his whole army garrison and his defenses and fortresses would have indeed been in such a bad plight that that section of Vivian wickey would have fallen. It failed and to any because of the foresight, seal and heroism of the wicked glandelinian commanders and particularly because of the skillful manner in which general Purgatorian controlled the armies at woman Catherine and H Julio Galia. General Howard who had had desperate fighting against a section of Hansons left wing recently not far from port Turner, began to have considerable respect for the wicked glandelinian soldiers under Hanson Handonia, but the christian general Howard Jerry Jerseyton though brave was honest. He declared: "If general Hanson will give me 10,000,000 men and artillery I will soon as possible march through all of Vivian wickey."

This promise Vivian quickly granted this request. Ten million men were given to general Hanson Vivian quickly granted this request. Ten million men were given to him from an entire portion of the christian lines and many guns, the army consisting of Ablesmanns, many Galverinians, and Abyssinians, and even yomonulans who had been won to the side of the christians. At first general Jerseyton's promise did start out fairly well. General Schuyler of the foe side had been strengthening the northern defenses of a certain section of works not far from fortress Aurandecillo and no one would have dreamed that these outer works would not withstand any christian attack. But it chanced that near these foe positions there was a long line of high steep hills, and general Jerseyton saw that if he could get many divisions and batteries of artillery up those ridges, he could fire down into the fortified works, and the glandelinian troops there would be helpless. Under cover of shelling and night and day infantry fighting elsewhere of sanguinary character, he made this desperate and hard march and concentration, and the next morning general Henryque St Clair of the rebels was astonished to find his divisions and fortified works at the mercy of the Ablesmannian guns. He held out for four days however against the heaviest artillery fire and desperate infantry and cavalry assaults, but he was soon obliged to retreat, and hastily abandoning the fortified works, he retreated toward fortress Aurandecillo leaving many wounded behind. The Ablesmannians followed close on his heels, harassing the rear of his troops as much as possible, and it was only by leaving all his baggage and ammunition behind him that general Henryque St Clair managed to escape to other strong treble trenches built by other foe divisions, and here he joined a portion of general Francis Stanck's divisions of Zimereannians.

General Jerseyton was so desperately jubilant over this tremendous victory that he triumphantly sent the news to general Hanson Vivian by telegraph. When general Hanson Vivian received it, he declared that at last he had beaten all the rebels and that the siege would soon be won.

But unfortunately for general Hanson Vivian all the glandelinian armies were not in this region. To be sure general Jerseyton had not far to push on to reach fortress Vivian, where he expected to join the other divisions of the christian army, and give general Hanson Vivian still further cause for rejoicing. But general Francis Stanck resolved to make this advance and attack the hardest of general Jerseyton's life if possible. Only one great road led through the forest, and the rebels who were not constantly engaged with the christian attacking christians fell to work with a will to make the road impassable. General

Francis Stanek had a few hundred thousand soldiers provided with axes and explosives, spades and torches, and supported by infantry, they were made to work by night and day. They chopped and blasted down many hundreds of thousands of trees so that they fell at a fashion directly across the roadway. Fifty great bridges each a mile long across the Sunbeam Creek were destroyed by fearful explosions or burned. Small streams running into the Sunbeam and Norm Rivers and elsewhere were dammed so that the water overflowed over the banks and made the ground for scores of miles so swampy that the Angelinian forces could not cross with heavy guns.

For miles on either side of all roads and driveways and put out of reach of the cattle and provisions were sent into "Ivian" Lake and all freight cars burned. Soldiers of Christ, and all railroad lines were torn up and the resources of the country in or wrecked, for general Jerseyston was depending upon the resources of the country in the region of seige to feed his armies as he marched and fought day and night.

So as to say all the glandelinians not engaged in the many days fierce engagements worked in desperation, even mining the ground everywhere blowing up columns of christian troops, goaded on not only by the defeat of the works near fortress Aurandecillo, but by the horrible outrages committed by the fierce Abyssinkilians with the Angelinian armies. At least it was claimed horrible outrages but it was none other but the rescue by force of thousands of child slaves as often as the opportunity presented itself. Jenny Angelina the beautiful little daughter of general Stark Clargyton held a slave for two weeks after having been taken by a rebel raiders had recently been seized by Ange Angelinians who mistook her for a glandelinian girl scout, and when her true identification was known she was sent back to her fathers protesting arms, and the country rang with the news of this, and other such great deeds. General Francis Stanek's men indeed had made a most hard "Promenade" for the christians under general Jerseyston. It took him twenty days beginning early in November to fight his way over four miles so desperate was the defense and resistance of the glandelinians who kept up an inferno of rifles and cannon upon his advancing troops for those twenty blood days. Footsore, hungry, and exhausted, the Angelinians at last reached the region of fortress Ivian. But the general saw from its size and forbidding appearance that he could never capture it in his condition, and near by what did he find? Not a glandelinian army further retreating from him for general Francis Stanek who had retreated across the Sunbeam Creek had pitched his tents and was galling at his lines with artillery and machine guns and infantry attacks. Every day that he could delay any general christian attack, meant just so much more gain, for general Furgurtorian was hurrying his forces to his aid. General Jerseyston was indeed sadly in need of ammunition. He therefore chose about a thousand men and officers mostly of Gal verinians and Abyssinkilians, and sent them back toward the other part of his army coming up near "Landerston" where he had learned they had captured large supplies of military stores from the enemy. But general Hia-Hollester Johnston and his stalwart stalwart Zimmermannians were carefully pressing upon this army also and carefully guarding all approaches toward fortress Ivian. This glandelinian officer had fought in all the battles of Norm a Norma gathering one of the best At Garbondaler also and Princeton. He was also considered one of the best glandelinian generals in the army. When news came that the second portion of Jerseyston's army was moving through the woods toward his left, a rebel troops of the strongest numbers were sent forward to stop their advance. On the morning before they met the National general Hia-Hollester Johnston mounted a high rail fence and thus addressed his generals:

"My generals listen to me. We are about to fight the dirty christian dogs known as the Abissinians and Galverinians. If you are worth your generalships prove it now when the battle resumes."

For two hours this section of the mighty engagement raged. The glandelinians had any many cannons which had been placed into positions, and when the cannon shot and shrapnel gave out they used machine guns, and loaded the bigger guns with stones, doorknobs and everything of solid weight they could load them with. A furious war the defense of the rebels that the Abyssinkilians torn and with their columns shattered and with ten generals killed and wounded fled in terror and panic into the woods. Many others of the Galverinians and Abissinians were shot down in the most dreadful numbers or taken prisoners and put to flight. Less than one hundred thousand men returned of the one million advancing toward the christian left to reinforce general Jerseyston.

"The whole region is full of rebel troops and ambuscades. The woods are full of rebels." shouted the many half crazed Angelinians who finally made their way to the rear for safety. This was not the only bitter story of disappointment for general Jerseyston. General Ledgers' army had advanced from Ortona through another portion of the same wilderness as far as the "ain" right, when it was met by dense bodies of glandelinian troops under brave old general Edwin Founterton, on their way to reinforce Fortress Ivian. Again the opposition forces fought in a death struggle. The Glandelinian general hunter was mortally wounded, after being shot six times, but amid the drew dreadful carnage he rallied his troops when they were on the verge of defeat and refused to leave the field or even to rest.

He gave orders for the saddle to be taken from his dead horse, and placed at the foot of an oak tree. When he sat down, he coolly smoked a cigarette, and continued to direct and cheer his men, until after another desperate attack the Angelinians were driven back in confusion and with dreadful loss in men and officers. After this section of the long conflict the glandelinian national banner was flung to the breeze on the works still retained and the sight angered general Ledger, as a red rag angers a bull. He vowed he would carry the flag away with him or die in the attempt. But general Francis Stanek was just as determined that the precious Glandelinian flag should not leave the works. When news of the results of the fight on the right reached him at his main lines, he called his generals in a council and asked who would volunteer to make a desperate assault upon the very christian lines themselves.

"I will quickly replied general Arnold George. 'General Furgurtorian sent me here to make myself of some use. I will go dangerous as it is.'"

The drums beat the call for volunteers, and more than one million one hundred thousand men responded. Ten desperate assaults were made upon the christian lines but without success, and during the last assault some Angelinian spies were captured, among them a half witted officer whose name was not learned. The spies were being condemned to death as they would not reveal the strength of the christian armies. During another counter assault the glandelinians were again defeated and one of the officers who defiantly waved his gray coat at the foe was wounded twice and the coat shot full of holes. At one other point a section of the attack had worked perfectly before it was repulsed. When the Angelinian officers saw swarming troops in gray coming in overwhelming numbers like the countless leaves of the trees overhead, he saw that he could not withstand the assault. The christians along his section were driven back in such haste and in such panic that tents powder and cannon fell into the hands of the rebels and it took desperate assaults numbering ten to retake them. General Jerseyston was now in a most dangerous situation. General Furgurtorian and the guns of Fort Lucille picked General Ledgerston who had marched his men forward to crush the rebels, was now swiftly being worsted and retreating to the rear. On all sides divisions of glandelinians were cutting off general Jerseyston's retreat to general Hanson's lines. His men were sorely in need of provisions and ammunition. He must push on toward fortress Ivian at all speed or retreat some other way. General Jerseyston coughed and fought his way through as furiously and as rapidly as possible toward fortress Ivian and for those several days of fierce fighting neither side could claim the victory. Then came the first decisive victory of the battle. General Arnold stood impatiently watching his patient long lines of attacking troops moving forward under a storming fire of musketry and cannon and could see the hundreds of gaps torn in his lines until he could bear the horrible sight no longer. Jumping on his horse, he galloped into the thick of the fight. The fire along the Abissinian line now was terrific. Yet the sight of their old commander cheered his glandelinian troops to greater efforts. Fiercely and more fiercely the battle raged, and the assault soon was successful for at last the Angelinians and other christian troops running out of ammunition after fighting for two hours hand to hand with bayonets and clubbed muskets, and throwing stones and snowballs were driven from the field with wholesale losses. Brave general Furgurtorian shared with general Arnold the glory of this Glandelinian victory. A bullet entered Arnold's shoulder and another struck his hand, and he was also wounded in the lung. Two hours later he died in that moment of triumph. During that time general Gates of the foe had captured an Angelinian officer.

"What would happen to me if I were caught now?" asked the glandelinian general.

"Quickly the Angelinian officer replied. 'You would be hanged for treason.'"

"How come I would be hanged for treason?"

"Because any one who attempts to overthrow christianity is guilty or claimed to be guilty of rebellion against god whether he is really doing so or not and so is treasonable."

"But it is not a rebellion against God."

"Does not matter." Was the answer. All you glandelinians are charged with it just the same."

Nothing but retreat, a disgraceful retreat and a sad one was left for general Jerseyston. Six hundred thousand glandelinians however had been taken prisoners and the enemy had only captured six thousand from him, but nevertheless the foe captured great quantities of munitions and many cannons which the retreating christians were forced to leave behind them. When the news of the remainder of the battle of Jennie's bridge was carried from fortress to fortress till all of the foe garrisons and armies knew of it many of the glandelinian generals were glad to hear of it for they believed general Hanson had done wrong to increase the seige of "Ivian" Lake.



go the dear reader can readily see if how much work there was for general Lyons to do so. Indeed the slight little slimp limp that so nearly kept him out of the ranks was lost sight of now. Cool, judgment, kindness, patience, energy, hopefulness-----and no presumption, these were indeed the qualities that counted in this tremendous crisis. He set to work with will, and soon won the respect and affection of his troops. He contrived to get all the better food for them he could, and to make all the Glandelinian soldiers more comfortable. Gradually he brought back the spirit of self reliance, and hope and with reinforcements reaching him from the Allister Stanek he was able to increase their spirits.

Now no one knew better than the main commander in chief of Vivian Wickey how hard a problem general Lyons had before him now, and able men were sent to his aid -- general Morgannia, Danielsonia, a Glandelinian sharpshooter, general Whilliam Primary, and general Light Horse Harry. At Cowpens early in December, 1912 a division of general Lyons army under Morgan a set a section of Glandelinian troops under the famous general John Signaury, with a much smaller army, Morgannia won the day but got wounded himself and suffered dreadful losses. At last it began to be seen that the Glandelinians were not to be taken for granted. General Lyons was the head of the Abbeasmanian army at Vivian Wickey at this section of the siege was furious and enraged when he heard of general Signaury's defeat and disaster.

The hero of Cowpens knew perfectly well that general Morgannia's army was known by all Glandelinians as the "Terrible Terrible" army would be concentrated against him until a vast Glandelinian army would be concentrated against him. Morgannia felt that his tired men were not strong enough to win a second battle against Signaury, so he lost no time in making a retreat. At dusk his army crossed the Sunbeam creek. Not in pursuit a force of Abbeasmanian soldiers, reached this stream a few hours later, but rather than risk crossing it in the dark they waited until the approach of morning. A heavy snow fell during the night until two feet covered the ground. The water despite the cold temperature of the weather had so swift a current that it did not freeze and the snow was falling so heavily that nothing could be seen at all fifty feet away, and the Christians were so delayed that general Morgannia was unable to reach general Lyons army in safety. General Lyons saw that it would not be safe for him to attempt to fight a desperate battle again while they were in such a weak condition. So he began the most famous retreat that astonished to say soon ended in his last day. This retreat however was thought out with great care and skill. By most clever planning he brought both divisions of his little Glandelinian army safely together two miles south of Jennie Lyian, where he expected that fresh divisions of Glandelinian troops from Lucillia would reach him or wait for him at least be opposed. But these divisions had not yet arrived, so general Lyons continued his retreat toward the fortress himself. If he could only manage to get across the river Sunbeam and into the thick Red Riding Hood Woods before the pursuing portion of general Morgannia's army could overtake him. It was a weary march fighting battles every day and stopping at night, but the hardships of every day were made easier by the little army from point to point fighting furiously by day to stop the heading Christian advance and retreating by night, moving over hills, and across small streams, that for lack of bridges or boats, had to be forded as no time could be wasted to construct pontoon bridges. For did he dare to forget for an instant the dangerous game he was playing with general Morgannia's army. One night after a long ride through another blinding blizzard general Lyons alighted at a large inn not far from Vivian Wickey. In reply to a question the weary Glandelinian general said:

"Yes indeed, I am hungry, tired, penniless and alone."  
The landlady's wife who happened to be loyal to the Glandelinian cause, and who had hoped that the Christian besiegers would soon be forced to raise the siege, happened to overhear the remark, and so in the shortest time possible, a very hot supper was placed before the weary Glandelinian soldier. Then handing him many little bags of gold and silver and paper money that she had managed to save (she was the loyal Glandelinian woman said).  
Take these you will want them, and I can do without them for Glandelinia's cause. This spirit of sacrifice on the part of many women and men of the loyal Glandelinians to Glandelinia was the only thing that made it possible to resist the siege so long as they did. At last the main Sunbeam river was crossed in safety. Lyons had arranged many hours in advance for pontoons and boats to carry his artillery over and men to cross, but when the pursuing of Abbeasmanian and Glandelinian troops reached the shore, they could find no way of getting to the opposite bank.

For nearly two hundred miles the small Abbeasmanian and Angelinian army had followed close on the heels of the Glandelinians driving them clear from within sight of Vivian Wickey to prevent them from coming to the aid of the besieged but now the Angelinians were obliged to halt. Indeed as soon as this small Glandelinian force was rested, and reinforced by other troops coming up from the south of Glandelinia, general Lyons recrossed the river, and at Tribunal Court House on December 15th he fought a battle with the Angelinians under general Cornwallis. Though the Angelinians managed to repulse with great success every assault the Glandelinians made and claimed a victory extreme in the end, they were so worn out that they retired toward Vivian Wickey.

General Lyons now began another rapid march to the south. He wrote general Morgannia Stanek: "Be determined to prevent the Angelinians who had pursued me from getting back to Vivian Wickey or the besieging lines from whence they had come." "The enemy will be obliged to follow us, or give up all the posts in this region."

His plan was to cut off his pursuers from the main Christian army at Vivian Wickey and thus prevent his getting the much needed supplies and foodstuffs. General Lyons was soon completely successful. One after another the Christian fortified works at one point to another were captured. The Angelinians now began to despair of their chance to triumph.

"We do the fighting hard, get beaten disasterously, rise and fight again with redoubled effort," wrote Lyons.

At the battle of Gloria Serr Springs the Glandelinians won a great victory. The Angelinians were pursued by the divisions of general Morgannia, and Morgannia, for more than thirty five miles toward Vivian Wickey, and over half of the Angelinian army was lost. General Lyons had done indeed what he set out to do. He had driven the Christians who had per pursued him back toward the way they had come from, and yet in the Glandelinian armies few of the world's greatest soldiers ever accomplished such wonderful work with so small an army as general Lyons did. Next to himself he was the greatest general of the Glandelinian Revolutionary war.

All along the line of his victorious march honors were heaped upon him. The Glandelinian Congress at Vivian Wickey, gave him a vote of thanks. This great soldier however who had indeed endured so many hardships died from the effects of a mortal wound received when chased by Angelinian troops who fired upon him. The whole Glandelinian country mourned his loss.

Glandelinia however to day of the date of the siege was proud of her series of victories near Vivian Wickey. He had six private armies in the river, and six guarding the bay of Vivian Wickey and ten other armies guarding the Glandelinian coast and looking inland. During the time of inactivity for fleets when the scores of thousands of Glandelinian battleships came together for review in Vivian Wickey's monstrous harbor, millions of noncombatants whether Christian prisoners or free sympathizers enjoyed the sight indeed. How bold and powerful the Glandelinian dreadnaughts looked, those gigantic floating fortresses of the sea, as they rode on the dancing waters. But they indeed were no match with the Christian navies and so Glandelinian fleets kept away from Christian battleships. They only attacked a Christian fleet when they overwhelmed one.

Holding out against Angelinia's mighty armies with eventful success success as they did, yet the Glandelinian nation even at the beginning of their fierce and bloody Revolutionary war was quite at the mercy of Abbeasmanian and Angelinian on the rivers and sea. All their ports were blockaded even along all sections of the Glandelinian coast and all the vessels which the Glandelinians had owned in the river captured by the Christians were thousands of iron schooners and sloops or sloops which had been seized and either interned or transferred into Christian gunboats.

As soon as the bloody siege of Vivian Wickey became certain the Glandelinians knew they must have many fine rafts to rebel attacks down the river and they began to build them as fast as they could. But money in Vivian Wickey was scarce. The Glandelinians though they drove the remaining inhabitants of Vivian Wickey to work building ships found that they could not build and equip an army equal to Angelinians and Abbeasmanians which were the strongest navies in all the world.

But if many large ships and guns were not to be had to protect the river portion of Vivian Wickey there was no lack of brave men who dared to make expeditions down the rivers to capture Christian dreadnaughts by suddenly surprising them.

When the Glandelinians began to collect their largest boats in mostly barges and steamers into something that could be called fully manned fire rafts Admiral Thomas of the Christian side decided to make an expedition down the river at the risk and learn the strength of the Glandelinian navy. From the mouth of the vessel Admiral Thomas flung out the Angelinian flag, and the little fleet started on its expedition on the fourth of December 1912 for the region of the Lucillia island fortifications, and succeeded in capturing four large Glandelinian dreadnaughts, with provisions and military stores and got away also with many child slaves.

But the most important result was that it convinced the Angelinian generals in command of the besieging christian armies that Admiral Thomas was a man to command fleets in a "sort of difficulties." His short cruise was the last he had ever made when he was not in charge himself. He was given command of the Providence, and a whole christian fleet of a thousand dreadnaughts, and he cruised along the river and shot frequently from the reach of poodlie, icken to portress Gaderine even firing upon them at times. In six days he had captured sixteen glandelinian dreadnaughts, and burned three hundred large wooden ships in the river used as transports, and put ashore a large force of Marines at Jova Scotia bend of the Jorma river, and freed several scores of thousands of child slaves, captured a number of rebel regiments and brought all back to the christian lines with also two ship loads of salt fish. He considered this a good six days work.

However and news greeted him when he returned from this eventual trip. A large part of Jimmermannian and gargolin forces under general Jimmermore had completely ruined many stretches of property, burning three towns in the rain, killing all the stock, destroying bridges and fruit trees, and carrying off some children who had been captured as slaves. But the Angelinian Admiral could be a hero under all conditions and circumstances.

"This is indeed a part of the fortunes of war," he only said when told of what had happened. "I accept the animosity of general Jimmermore as a compliment to my devotion to the cause of liberty for child slaves and shall rescue them again as soon as I see the opportunity. I will show the glandelinian authorities of Jockey that they will have no fortunes left not even their swords."

Not long after this general Janson summoned Admiral Thomas to his headquarters for his advice on naval matters. The victorious young admiral proposed such a daring scheme that it startled all the generals.

"It's not enough," said he, "that we only chase and capture glandelinian vessels on the river. We must run through the gaunt gunboats of guns of the fortresses and raid Jivan Jockey or any of her divisions."

About this time general Jemma Jivan arrived with his own army determined to help his father and uncle in the fight to reduce the fortresses of Jivan Jockey. He told his father and uncle that Admiral Thomas was right, that two run the gauntlets of the fortresses and raid Jivan Jockey who would show the glandelinians that it was not alone outside of Jivan Jockey that the Angelinians could be feared, but inside of Jivan Jockey also. At length the plan was agreed to after much debate and Admiral Thomas was given full command of the entire christian navy operating against the besieged glandelinians.

"The flag of Angelina and Jiva twins," said Thomas as he looked at the standard. "We can never be parted either in life or death, so long as we can float in our expeditions we shall float together. If we sink we shall go down as one."

Admiral Thomas had received orders to have his fleet of dreadnaughts and other warships in complete readiness to set sail for the planned expedition at a moment's notice. The glandelinian go across was breathlessly awaiting news from all sections of the besieged Jivan Jockey. Would general Janson Jivan and his brother, or Constantine Jronburg succeed, or would general Jic-Allister Stancks carefully laid schemes end in the complete defeat of the christian armies and compel them to raise the siege and retreat. At last the joyful news arrived. General Janson Jivan's armies were repulsed and diminatoriously defeated in his assaults upon the high s of Kvandelinian Grand during the battle of Jorma Jemma Jiva Jock.

Scores of thousands of horsemen galloped with the tide in every direction, riding day and night, eating their meals in the saddle, stopping not one moment for any kind of storms. On the river or sea many glandelinian battleships were racing to Jivan Jockey, while they telegraphed the news news to the capital of Jandelina. Never before had any of the sailors and marines on board the warships had such a wild chance as this. Admiral Thomas of the glandelinian fleet was himself on deck everywhere from two days without an hour's rest.

In little more than three days now the Angelinian fleet under Admiral Thomas anchored near the fortresses in the Jorma river. As one of the Angelinian battleships sailed into one of the ports of Jivan Jockey disguised with flags as a rebel ship

by flying the glandelinian flags the glandelinian vessels was a welcomed her with a salute of guns. Thus it happened that the Admiral was the first one among the Angelinians who had so come compelled to the enemy to salute one of the christian aid ships. With all possible speed after spotting down the river Admiral Thomas hastened to general Janson Jivan and his brother. Admiral Thomas had however hoped ardently to procure in Janson's riverpositions a much larger fleet than he had now with him, but in this he was disappointed as Janson could not spare fleets just now for any expedition so war hasardous. So determined to make up in daring what he lacked in size of the fleets, he put out from the river of Jemma Jiva Jock, then he suddenly and unexpectedly met the first section of a glandelinian fleet, in the Jorma river. The rebel fleet seeing the christian fleet did not wish to come into an encounter but the retreat was cut off by a portion of the christian fleet and so the first fiercest battle on water followed. The Angelinian ships were much larger than the glandelinian ships and carried more big guns on turrets and led the glandelinians a蓬蓬 like Admiral Thomas it would have won out nevertheless.

The glandelinian fleet opened fire and battled furiously for six hours the guns of both fleets thundering in a deafening rumour. Two Angelinian ships were blown out of the water with all on board, six were sunk, and six then disabled but the glandelinian fleet threatening with annihilation finally surrendered. Thus Admiral Thomas made his first grand success in capturing a whole glandelinian fleet of a hundred dreadnaughts. It was a great blow to the pride of the glandelinians at Jivan Jockey to find that so suddenly one section of their fleet of warships could be beaten by the so called "christian dogs" below belonging to the Angelinian navy. Admiral Thomas then under fire from two fortresses responded with his guns, and his marines and sailors on the captured ships also opened fire upon the fortresses with glandelinian ships and by good management and by great skill a while running a gauntlet of a hundred thousand cannon which made an ear-splitting roar tremendous to hear the whole fleet victorious and captured made its way down the river to safety after setting many houses on fire and breaching one fortress and the prizes thus captured were towed to the Angelinian section of the waters. The Angelinian general could scarcely believe that Admiral Thomas under fire of fortresses and shore batteries as he had been could have accomplished so much. They had heard the noise of the tremendous engagement and had been wondering what was up. The river shore was washed to the width of six hundred feet by waves caused by the tremendous concussion of the storm of artillery and nearly a score of million of fishes were killed and windows in many buildings in Jivan Jockey broken. Now on the tress of all trees were shak off by the vibration, and indeed it had been astonishing to the general as general Janson on had been ordered by general Jimmermore Jimmermann to allow Thomas to have more ships the general thought after all it would be more wise to help the proposed expedition as much as possible so it came about that after the damaged ships of the captured rebels and christians combined were repaired other ships were added to the fleet until Admiral Thomas had nearly five thousand seven hundred big ships all painted black in color. General Constantine Jronburg had taken a good liking to the brave Angelinian naval hero while Thomas felt for Jimmermann the respect and affection of a son. The Admiral loved to talk with the good general and had at times heard a great deal about the hero's hero's heroism of the Jivan girls, and learning they were in Jemma Jiva Jock either spying or prisoners decided to make an expedition up to that town and bombard the foe works there.

"Those brave little beauties," said Admiral Thomas, "by their features and by their ways and hero's heroism help me to keep up my courage under difficult situations and make me persevere in my endeavor to make a successful expedition. In honor of go Jocket and her sisters, he named seven of his flag ships. The violet Jivan, Catherine Jivan, Angeline Jivan, Joice Jivan, Nettie Jivan, Daisy Jivan, and Jannie Jivan. With these ships with such beautiful names leading his immense squadron Admiral Thomas set off for down the river to make the expedition. In the Angelinian naval history there was nothing to equal the glorious victory of this fleet, its fleet sustaining losses terrific managed to run the entire gauntlet of all the fortresses doing considerable damage after passing through an inferno of gas geyzers, explosions by the scores of thousands, seas of fire from fire rafts, under fire from shore batteries and assailed by ice fleets, torpedoes and gunboats. He passed portress Jickson under fire from nearly a hundred thousand guns, passed under fire the fortress of Gaderine and Jemma and Phillip and soon forced his way up to the river stretch running through Jivan Jockey. Under fire he covered in six days a distance of eighteen miles and lost nearly a hundred ships which were sunk and a hundred others which were disabled and sunk and his losses in men was unestimated though he declared that nearly a hundred thousand had been injured slightly or seriously.

In this fierce fray and in running the gauntlet Admiral Thomas had succeeded not only in running all the way through to the river passing into Andean section of Ivinn Lake but also had succeeded in alarming and insulting the whole coast of Ivinn Lake by crushing all attacks upon him, annihilating every line in possession of the foe, by crushing all attacks upon him, annihilating every tan squadron of enemy gun boats and silencing many shore batteries and setting every wooden fortress on fire until at night the light could be seen two hundred miles from Ivinn Lake. The din of this fierce engagement was heard for seven hundred miles with his success Admiral Thomas had seized two Andean fleets and captured two hundred thousand prisoners, forcing up the river in Andean the Angellian fleets now came along to the fortresses inside of the section guarding both sides of the river in Andean then in the remainder of the engagement he won his greatest victory. At first the rebel garrisons thought that they had to deal with the Abyssinians or Abissinians battleships as they were of a color when usually Angellian ships are of light blue but with the aid of glasses the commanders of the fortresses made out that the ships were Angellian.

It is probable that Admiral Thomas made his way through the river despite all opposition. It is probable that Admiral Thomas made his way through the river despite all opposition. It is probable that Admiral Thomas made his way through the river despite all opposition.

There was indeed more work ahead than he had supposed, for from seven in the night until twelve o'clock at night the fierce last section of the battle raged. The thunder of many cannons and the sharp roar of exploding shells, and the glare of their smoke and rockets and roman candles made the scene very sublime. There was little wind and the water was calm, even the moon was shining so bright that it was almost as light as day. However the firing was hottest Admiral Thomas could be seen giving his orders, clearing forward his arms and having all to ruin the fortresses or break them if possible.

When the brave Admiral at the words of the fray sprung on the hill in quarter deck every one who saw his example or heard his voice began to cheer and shout. The Admiral had but to look at any one to see his brave, four after hour had passed in the smoke confusion, and uproar of battle. Nearly a hundred more of his ships had gone down, and when he saw that he had committed all the damage he could he decided to run back again. He had hidden into the enemy's territory even if all the ships had gone down. He had hidden into the enemy's territory even if all the ships had gone down.

At last the Andean garrisons knew the determination of Admiral Thomas, who had resolved to take the return trip back to his own ships or go down with all of his ships. A Andean fleet was sent against him but was battered and sunk. Eighteen hundred ships were then sent against him, torpedoes and submarine boats tried to blow up his fleet but his guns annihilated them all with an accurate fire. Many torpedoes hit the ships but they passed fortresses and committed more damage in that in seven hours and sunk a number of ships and with an army wounded but still the of the surviving ships were crowded to overflowing with wounded but still the battle went on. He fought his way out of Andean and down the river until he had passed fortresses and committed more damage in that in seven hours and sunk a number of ships and with an army wounded but still the of the surviving ships were crowded to overflowing with wounded but still the battle went on.

At last by the greatest skill and daring Admiral Thomas brought his fleet alongside fortresses Haroun-Haroun and in the redoubtable din of the fray his fleet fell overboard and he received a wound in the thigh by a shell fragment. One hundred men a lot and offered to dress his wounds but he replied, "Never mind the lot or my wound boys. Fight right this out first give me the lot and treat my wound afterwards."

Still the hundreds of thousands of cannons boomed, still the shells and big explosives did their deadly work. The river was full of floating dead fishes, and filled with a mass of wreck. Floating down southward and near of the dead were also floating on the water. It was a scene as of Andean and the Hellish lake of fire, explosions and fire combined. One great explosion heard and a cloud of like a hundred million cannon going off in one simultaneous report and a cloud of smoke and everything with flash and smoke seemed to rise into the air. A scene as of a volcanic eruption at night. Some of the bravest of the admiral's officers in command of the ships now moved to draw their ships a little nearer to the fortresses Haroun and breached it a little. One by one the river side of the walls were breached but to silence the guns or force the fortresses under submission was no use. The commander of one fleet had surrendered and now Admiral Thomas had a large number of ships with him. Many of the Angellian ships finally sneaked out of the zone of fire after an engagement of twenty days and nights were hardly damaged that they were fast sinking. The Admiral therefore had all the wounded wounded men removed to the captured prizes, and then watched in silence and relief the steady retelling of some of the road ships in their watery grave. The "Islet Vivian,"

James Vivian, point and point of Ivinn had been striven in by soldiers with no craft and also had sunk. glowy noises noisily their decks strewn with the dead who had fallen in the tremendous battle they also sank from sight.

To my hundreds of thousands of dead I give the gold of dearly valued ships for their coffins. Gold Admiral Thomas when he again was before general Haroun Vivian in recalling the mission of his expedition and the damage he had committed.

The very last that mortal eyes ever saw of these four beautiful flagships and the other three hundred wooden ships was the distant waving of their ungilded flags as they went down. One of the first greatest naval victories of the world had been won by Admiral Thomas. It was the only time that any one with a fleet of warships had dared to run the entire gauntlet of fortresses to raid Andean. Admiral Thomas had succeeded in getting his battered survivors and the fleets he had captured from Ivinn Lake to Ivinn river positions without being overtaken by the pursuing fleet of Andean ships remaining. He then went to general Haroun to see his the Ivinn river being lost within the Christian lines by that time and on account of their testimony of his deed which they also gained they seen and heard about he became the hero of the hour. General Haroun Vivian allowed his little nation to throw their arms around the brave Admiral and kiss them, and after he did so to them he presented him with a gold mounted sword, and when he returned to Ivinn this general gave him a number of gold medals and two gold and diamond crosses. The Angellian world was amazed and encouraged by such a splendid expedition up the river. It had cost the enemy dear and Haroun Vivian who had received the only part of the blow was apprehensive for the many fires caused by the bombardment could not be put under control and by day a cloud of smoke hung over the city and at night the sky was red with the glow.

Admiral Thomas had tried by every means in his power to capture one of the fortresses during the terrible engagement, but the guns were too powerful, and so not having been able to do so he at least brought the prisoners and the ships he had captured into Christian waters. The battle then ended without any of the fortresses having been reduced or captured. The Angellian generals showed their confidence in Admiral Thomas by sending him on another expedition afterwards, and on trips by water to Angellian Agatha on great numbers of grant importances connected with the Angellian government. A few weeks later when the siege was growing tighter on the general Haroun asked Thomas to serve as highest admiral in the navy of Angellian and take full command of Angellian's entire navy. He at length consented. In other smaller conflicts Thomas gave fresh proofs of his abilities but finally he received a wound that laid him up for life. His poor admiral spent only three days in an Angellian army hospital where he was greatly nursed and loved and all doctors did all they could to pull him through, but he died at the age of thirty five and was mourned by the whole Angellian nation. He was laid to rest in a separate cemetery outside of Ivinn Lake, but after the battle his body was brought back to Angellian Agatha and buried with every honour.

Any one who ever saw him in his most glorious personal pleasure and comfort to his own people in trouble and distress indeed does a very noble thing.

This is exactly what general Haroun Vivian the second son of general Robert Angellian did when he came to Ivinn Lake to help his father and under army accomplish that plan of forcing their way into Angellian grounds and establish a large army around Ivinn Lake and make the enemy give in. Haroun was as we said before the son of the honored general Robert Vivian and heir to large fortune left by his second uncle Antonio Vivian. He with his brother who remained loyal and his little sisters lived before the rebellion a very happy life, surrounded by all the luxury, in a mansion that had nestled among the beautiful hills country of Ivinn in Angellian. He loved liberty and the desire to help those in need was the main characteristic which he early showed like his little sisters. When he was seven years old, his sisters not then living yet, he always heard and would complain about the horrors of old slavery. One day the little boy was found in the ruins of the big galathea after having been running away from home.

When overtaken by police he confessed the reason he ran away. He went out to get a little money from him he was sent to Haroun to be adopted by him present at the Angellian capital but the poor and slow of Haroun and his life among the Christian nobility though they were all rich and kind to the poor did not attract him. He longed for the freedom of child labor, and dreamed that he would one day help to make lives more of labor and free for child slaves. What dream once true.

Now he had several beautiful sisters, and was a great commander in the Christian armies. General Haroun Vivian who was like his brother never wanted time in talking about anything that needed to be done—he fell to work and did it instead of keeping his momentous mission tentative, contenting himself with saying "What a fine thing it would be for us generally to take a hand in that work." He moved forward monstrous armies to help in crushing the defense of Haroun in on the sunken Greek.







view of the vi victorious enemy. And finding that two lines of heights was a better place to dominate an attack, and to command the edge general Hanson ordered intrenchments to be made there. At this time the enemy for scouts discovered what was being done. It reported to the commanders general Tisonderoga of the rebels crossed over the river with 70,000,000 men to capture the christian positions, while the warships in the river and some of the fortresses rained a storm of shot and shell upon the attack under cover of a terrific fire from the enemy advanced furiously to the attack under cover of a terrific fire from the ships and the fortresses, and twice they were sent reeling back with dreadful loss in officers and men by the terrible fire of the christians whose guns almost responded to the fire of the ships and fortresses but also repelled the two charges. The glendallin attack twice was cut to pieces. They rallied for the third time and against they rushed to the assault in greater numbers. By this time one division of Angelinians had only one round of ammunition left, and after firing that in the face of the glendallinians who surged up to the works like a tidal wave they used their guns as clubs and drove many a bayonet through the foe soldiers, and flung stones and snowballs, and did every effort to beat them back, but without ammunition this division could not stand long; before the desperate enemy, and so they were driven step by step, from their breastworks, at the point of the bayonet. In the first action of this battle however the Angelinian division had proved that they had the courage to stand against the glendallin regulars, and they could fairly count that as good as winning a victory.

about an hour afterwards a large force of christians under three commanders were mustered forward to the relief of those hard pressed. the works the foe had captured was very strong indeed, but the Anglinian forces by a sudden dash and advancing in three lines, took retook the position but with great loss. the works were recovered with all the cannon and ammunition and many Anglinians were taken prisoners. The remainder of the Anglinians had been attacked by the foe when great numbers were killed.

were recovered with 11 the German and Soviet prisoners. Valuable stores much needed by the Angelinians had been attacked by the foe when they won the assault, and though the capture of the position had been a great gain, to them it was a tremendous blow when the Angelinians managed to retake the position, in the face of all a all obstacles. He was commander in chief of the besieging army,

to them it was a tremendous  
in the face of all a all obstacles.  
General Hanson who was commander in chief of the besieging army,  
heard of the action going on he made preparations to keep his other divisions  
in readiness. The glendelinian army he knew was made up of fierce fighters, though  
poorly clothed in places, and though he had expected that the foe now had very little  
powder and food he was sadly mistaken. It had been however the first duty of  
all of hanson's generals to drill the men and get them ready for the coming battle, and  
get the forces concentrated in all works possible. While hanson was doing this  
and sending reinforcements to his right which had been attacked, he was careful to  
keep one glendelinian army to his right closely shut up, so it could do nothing;  
and the main foe line came on to attack him. General Hanson's troops under general  
Vermont had hid close to the town of Montpelier since the beginning of the last  
two weeks and it was also decided by general Purgatorian to carry the christian  
position at this point by storm. So early in the morning the assault was finally  
made. The glendelinians fought furiously and well, but the christian position  
was altogether too strong for them. General Barbee the foe leader to led the assault  
was killed, and his aid true guard was wounded. His assailants were forced to  
retreat and during the retreat general Wooler of the foe fell wounded.  
General Hanson had placed his

[illegible]

The rebels gave up their attempt to take the city and returned to their own quarters. The remainder of the fleet was left back to their own quarters.

The secular forces failed to take the city. The secular forces sent all their divisions against other christian positions. At first general Waldert at this point tried to defend the position but losing seventeen thousand men he could not hold out long against the foe amount of twice his number, though his troops owed down thirty thousand rebels. After he retreated to a new work he rallied but the enemy attacked him again with redoubled violence, and defeated them again after a hard fight, but though the landlindians finally won this slight victory they did not follow it up and two days later during a blinding snowstorm, general Hannon with great skill, successfully withdrew the engaged troops to the captured positions to batteries. The successful enemy crossed over from the christians there to retreat the rescue of the besieged landlindians, and forced the christians there to retreat and liberate the small garrison of besieged, this small force of christians therefore crossed the sunbeam creek to Hannon's main line of positions but not until he they had given battle seven to seven times to the rebels.

h Thus far as the siege had progressed the enemy were still holding out, but nevertheless gave the Angelinian authorities of Abil Abbinianim feeling confident that the war would be won sooner or later resolved to pass a decree that would set all child slaves free. go accordingly on the day of December 17th the Angelinians adopted the Declaration of Independence for all child slaves in possession of Glandelinia. by it they declared that children should remain slaves in the power of the Glandelinians no longer, but be set free at any opportunity. This was a very bold step, when it was not positive whether the rebellion would be overthrown or not. but it pleased the Angelinian nation and her states, and gave them a new object for which to fight during the meanwhile the Angelinian generals combining a great plan sent all the christian fleets of warships which could be mustered and all their armies against the foe positions at Ewangelinia Grania anew. This time a disaster occurred which was terrible in its effects indeed, but not to the christians. General Burgaritor who had been asked to take command of the forces left there by gene general Niss-Alister and Umley entered strong batteries and his own forces and tried most desperately to defend the Norma possionis and the Ewangelinia Grania heights assaulted by overwhelming numbers, but having only seventeen thousand cannon against eighty thousand of the heathens to defend the heights he could not long hold out against the christian forces which stormed the heights and despite dreadful losses swarmed over the summit like leeches and drove all before them taking possession of the heights, winning where general umson had failed so disgracefully a little later, got to hold what they had gained was out of the question. On the afternoon of the same day the enemy recovering from the disaster and shock made a fierce counter charge and drove the christians from the hard fought positions after a most sanguinary fight of four hours. Winter was now come and with it was a time for the glandelinians and a good time for the christians. Though the enemy had drove the christians from the Ewangelinia Grania Heights the main force which had advanced so furiously was still in possession of Norma possionis, and the rebel generl Henry Darger was fleeing across the gunbeam creek toward the main Puellie Jackson Fortifications pursued by a force of Angelinians under general zimorime. As the whole glandelinian army at Julio Gallio was in despair, the city was under fire of a hundred thousand guns of all sizes, parrot guns, howitzers, mortar guns and great nine inch guns and also Krupp and Catermeyer guns, and for a time everything seemed lost as for six days in succession the main forces of christians made one fearful and desperate assault upon the heights of Ewangelinia Grania after another like storming tidal waves and by night kept up a dreadful artillery storm in an attempt to snike the heights untenable. Early during one day of this most bloodiest battles fought near Julio Gallio, general Washington reached with a large force of zimoramarians the main stretch of the gunbeam Creek, and crossing the pontoon bridges, and sailing all the boats within his main reach, gunboats and other ships which had been abandoned by a fleeing troop of christians got his defeated army safely as o across just as the advance guard of the Abbinianians came up. He felt that he was no safe untilithi the gunbeam creek should freeze over, when he felt sure that the Abbinianians would advance on. but nevertheless this glandelinian generals was not yet feeling himself to be beaten. He had decided to keep quiet untilt chri christians. He did not think the Abbinianians would make any attempt that night to cross over as the gunbeam river was full of floating ice and a fierce snowstorm had begun. The glandelinians had never supposed that the christian christian armies confrontig the rebels at this point would attempt to move at such a time, and the glandelinians across the river in fancied security were making merry in honor of the repulse of the main christian assaults on the heights of Ewangelinia Grania. As night was falling general zimorime took twenty four of i brigades of Abbinianians and Angelinians, and with them silently crossed the stream in spite of the storm and ice while he made a chain of chains of batteries along the shore of the stream. Landing on the puellie gunbeam side of the shore and river he suddenly fell upon the unsuspecting glandelinians there and overcame the whole force after a most sanguinary contest lasting all night, to ing taking a hin hundred thousand prisoners and killing over five hundred thousand glandelinians. The main glandelinian general Washington was mortally wounded, and died a few days afterwards.

Two hours afterwards general Kindersley managed to cross another force of Abissians at another section of the river with his whole army and occupied the captured works. At sunrise general Purgatorius in person with a large army attacked him, most furiously and a most desperate struggle raged all morning. Kindersley holding on and decimating Purgatorius' columns, the Landolinian general not relaying his supports which he ordered receded from the dreadful slaughter. During the meanwhile general Kindersley was quietly withdrawing a portion of his army on the left, leaving his engagements in full array to deceive the enemy who was attacking his main line. He marched this division around general Purgatorius' rear where he struck a severe blow and defeated the whole of Purgatorius' army after a severe fight. Before another Landolinian army sent from the succillie pikesen fortress coming to Purgatorius aid could overtake him, general Kindersley's army

was strongly entrenched on the heights of the captured positions. Then during the rest of the day by a series of skillful movements and attacks, general Kindermine by night fall forced the whole foe army in that location to leave the region and retire to the fortresses again. These brilliant victories even though Evangelina Grania Heights were not captured revived the Angelinians and their ardour ever more, but before the close of the action elsewhere however they had suffered a most great loss. A glandelinian fleet sailed or straggled from Vivian Wickey with a transport carrying a large army, and soon after entered the Norma River. General Kindermine surmising the object of this expedition, hurried southward a fleet of christian ships and an army also, and met the glandelinians on the north Bend of Gunbeam Creek near Evangelina Grania. After the most desperate fight his army had ever engaged in before Vivian Wickey alone, his troops were badly beaten, and so Evangelina Grania was still in the possession of the foe and Kindermine had to retreat. In two days afterwards general Kindermine receiving reinforcements attacked the city of Norma, besieging and shelling it to utterance, but nevertheless despite his fearful artillery storm and despite the assaults he delivered one after another in endless succession he failed to drive the glandelinians from it.

Although general Kindermine had lost the Evangelina Grania, another portion of the christian army attacking the foe position at the right of Norma, Cassinia during the artillery storm won a splendid victory. General Burgoyne with a large force of glandelinians charged upon the christians to drive them back to their own positions. He intended to get control of Gunbeam Creek so and so cut off general Kindermine from retreat to the Gunbeam Creek and from the rest of the country and the main christian lines. Crown Junction, Port St Edward and Peter fell one after another into his hands, and for a time he appeared to have everything in his own hands or his own way but he suffered tremendous losses for the christian christian fire scathed his advance most dreadfully and he lost a hundred officers and ten generals for his success.

It was indeed a fearful conflict around Norma, Cassinia. Hour by hour amid a fierce withering fire of cannon and musketry along a forty one mile battle line christian troops troops under generals Massach, one Connectioner, Hampshire, and former came to the scene and opened fire with artillery and in rifles and used machine guns face to face with the enemy making the region a regular slaughter house, and as the christian army constantly grew stronger the foe a headlong advance was being slowly checked. One section of the christian forces had fallen back, slowly to the Heights of Caldwell near C. I. Caldwell's gun, where general Kindermine with new forces came up and took personal command and directed the fearful battle. General Burgoyne's main line had gone steadily forward despite the most tenacious resistance he had met, but many brigades on his left, sent to carry a christian trenches, had been repeatedly counter attacked by Abbia Abbia's and utterly destroyed. In one of these most desperate fights on the main stretch of the Caldwell's gun near the right of Norma, Cassinia, general Hanson's Francis Starkline with his fierce Calverinians beat a tremendous glandelinian onslaught of a hundred thousand men, and took one hundred and sixty five thousand prisoners and scattered the remainder of the force of rebels until they were utterly dispersed. At the beginning of the desperate assault general Stark in yelled to his men:

"We must beat the rebels now or we will be annihilated. Stop those yelling demons before it is too late."

They did and hell seemed to have broken loose along their lines. At other portions where the christians had thrown up earthworks twenty feet high armed with great Centimeter and Calibre cannon the rebels made a fiercer attack upon the christians. But here after fighting incessantly all day and making thirteen onslaughts the rebels gained nothing but excruciating losses. The rebels here were utterly surrounded and their own union was rapidly giving out. They had found then that they must either crush the Nationals to give up their plans. Making another attack late in the evening, they fought as desperately as men really wishing to die, but the Abbia's yelling like legions of fiends, and cursing fearfully opposed them like leeches at every step, and the glandelinians were driven back in frightful confusion toward and into sections of burning Norma, Cassinia, where they were soon completely hemmed in by the army of christians under general Massach. Escape seemed impossible for the rebels but all night they wily stood the siege and bombardments gauged and stormed with fire from ruins and barricades in the streets. Every time the christian forces pressed their attacks desperately into the town.

This repulse was a great great success for the rebels, and nothing that had ever happened since the war and even the siege began did so much to encourage the glandelinians at Vivian Wickey and to give them so much utmost confidence in the hope of final success of their wicked cause.

Thus the rebels had held out against the christians at Norma, Cassinia and Evangelina Grania and the battle was now known as Caldwell's gun and lasted six days.

The days before Christmas and the main Evangelina Grania horror was a terrible one for the glandelinians. The whole glandelinian force outside of

of Vivian Wickey was a most hard one for the whole concern for they were compelled to be on winter quarters under intense artillery fire, and roar of shells thundering in deafening roar above and around them. The millions of men under fire, and exposed to storms and cold suffered more intense hardships than can be ever conceived. They had hardly any clothing or blankets, many were without shelter constantly as explosions destroyed everything and they had to form dugouts and caves to shelter themselves from the terrible christian artillery storm. And often the many streams of wounded also under fire were often compelled to walk through deep snow barefooted, making their trail a by bloody footprints. Gold, starvation, disease, and havoc of shell fire and burning wreckage and all other hardships had carried off about one third the number of men besieged outside of Vivian Wickey and her protecting fortresses, and still the glandelinians were desperate and meant to win or die in the attempt. The glandelinians were as desperate as American traitors in the American Rebellion against England, but unfortunately their bravery was useless, for the glandelinian cause was a wicked one and no wicked cause can ever be won.

Even many Angelinian agents went among the starving glandelinians and offered them good pay, and plenty of food and clothes and shelter, if they would desert the wicked cause and come over to the christian side, but none of them were wise enough to listen to the good proposal which would have saved them so much suffering. Outside of Lucille Jackson and Vivian Wickey nearly fifty million glandelinians were besieged and general Mic-Allister Stanck, Purgatorian, or even Manley could do nothing to aid them.

Though it was not a complete christian success the battle of Caldwell's gun was the cause of this disaster to the enemy. A number of most able glandelinian generals came from Norma Catherine to Julio Callio through tunnels to help the besieged army of glandelinians under general Purgatorian, and so in November 30th 1912, general Mic-Allister Stanck sent a large fleet of warships to assist in breaking the siege within a siege.

These ships did little good despite all the wild uproar of cannonading and the glandelinian Congress now became alarmed at this turn of affairs and tried to bring the siege within an end by all means possible. The glandelinian authorities had offered to set aside all the horrible laws concerning child slavery provided the Angelinians would lay down their arms and raise the siege, but none of the christian generals would listen to any proposals of any kind whatever.

Their own Congress had declared all child slaves should be free, and nothing but the stopping of the rebellion of glandelinia would satisfy them. The glandelinians then tried to make efforts to bribe christian generals to betray their holy country and cause. They even offered general Consentinian Aronburg, fifty million dollars and the surrender to him of a part of Vivian Wickey and all the garrison, if he would only forsake his country's cause.

General Whilliamsber Zimmermann and Consentinian Aronburg calls himself sent by the stinging answer:

"I'm not Judas Iscariot and never was. And I am not worth worth purchasing, but such as I am all the devil's gold, and all the wealth of the world is not rich enough to make me turn against God as you propose. I do not sent any more agents as they will be shot if they again come to me."

#### SKIRMS OF DISASTERS AT VIVIAN WICKLEY

When the news that the Angelinian forces had besieged Purgatorian's first grand division reached general Mic-Allister Stanck, who was then making investigation for spies in Norma Catherine he said:

"That is not the right way to say it about those christian dogs. It is general Purgatorian that has captured the christians."

It was not long before general Mic-Allister Stanck found this to be untrue. As long as the Angelinians held on there was nothing that could be done, because vindictive and Hanson were watching everything closely, and was ready to fall upon the besieged within short notice, should any portion of the rebel army attempt to move out of their protecting dugouts and other ground first fortifications known as the outside fortress of Damnation. It was worse than the situation of the enemy at Carbondale.

In the earliest part of the month of December if you pleased to say general Purgatorian saw that if his besieged army stayed any longer any longer in the bad situation it would be completely shut up, as the other army had been at Garbondaler, at the beginning of the siege, or be forced to surrender. General Purgatorian therefore decided to make a retreat through his secret retreats, and so one night to make good his escape he decided to have one portion of the army strike a desperate blow so that general Madison and "Indepine" would not be in close pursuit as he knew the character of the Christians now. The Angelinians had already captured two million of his men and he did not like to risk another such disaster....

Finding that nothing could be done therefore to break the siege within the siege but by such a desperate plan, general Purgatorian telegraphed to the admiral of the glangelinian fleets to sail south and capture one of the Angelinian wooden fortresses. From that point if the fleet would be successful the enemy then landing on the shores could overrun everything in the southern section of the siege, but the fleet making a desperate attack with nineteen hundred ships after a desperate artillery duel with christian shore batteries for two days and a general night was beaten with the loss of two hundred and fifty ships, and so general Purgatorian saw that nothing could be done in that section. Indeed during that siege within siege, there was little success on either side if you please.

General Wayne Caldwell who was called "Mad Caldwell" made a most brilliant dash upon a portion of the windermine left wing and managed to capture two christian sailboats on the Caldwell Run but the glangelinian general in pushing on in the face of a withering fire of artillery and musketry and machine guns was killed, twenty of his staff were wounded and his division shot to pieces. It recoiled from the captured work in confusion and was half destroyed in the panic that followed before it got safely back to its own works. Simultaneously another glangelinian fleet attacked the christian wing by the water side and feinted at an unusual time within Angelinian's fleet. Many ships were badly disabled in the terrific conflict, the glangelinian flagship was destroyed by shot and fire and it was sinking under the admiral, but nevertheless he continued to fight until he was killed and the remainder of his fleet forced to surrender. The admiral on the glangelinian ship had fought so well against the christians, that although he was killed and his fleet forced to surrender, the glangelinian authorities gave him a honorable burial. When someone told Admiral Thomas of this he said laughingly:

"Well if I had him in my possession I would have buried him in the potters field." The fury of the siege was now carried on mainly at every point and the ferocity of the most extensive artillery duels, duels within duels as to say was increasing with redoubled fury and vivian wickey sounded as if she was becoming a million volences from so many cannons roaring on both sides and so many ear-splitting explosions of shells, and disaster us blasts.

But while either side did much severe fighting in series of battles at every portion of the siege, general Purgatorian now resorted to another desperate plan to compass the ruin of the siege within a siege. General Mariomanna Aroulston who had been able to perform many brave deeds during the siege was then in command of planners and go-mans run and go-mans land in front of Lucille pickens the most important point of the siege on the Sunbeam Creek. Some time before he had severely reproved one of his own generals for too much misconduct and blunders, and this general was very angry and began to feel bitter of his cause. The glangelinian knew that he was feeling against his cause secretly sent agents to him as soon as possible, with whom he conspired to surrender the section of No Mans Land provided they would give him a large sum of money about two hundred thousand dollars and a higher position in the glangelinian army.....

The bargain was made, but a band of Angelinian Gentian was members fortunately captured ten of the glangelinian agents as they were trying to get out of the christian lines in disguise, and so discovered the treasonable plot. The traitor general Frank Smithers at once fled but a did not succeed in getting away to join the rebels and he and the ten agents were shot, the agents for a spies and the traitor, traitor in disgrace for treason. If the plot had not been discovered and the siege of vivian wickey would have surely met a most disastrous ending and then vivian wickey would never have been able to be besieged again. It was discovered also through many papers and letters found on the traitor that he would surely have fought against his own country country, and so though he had relatives and even a wife and child they were forever disgraced because they had a father who was a traitor and were exiled from the country even though it had been no fault of theirs.

during the time of the treasonable plot being discovered, the glangelinians had captured after a fierce fight of four y fourty days beginning in November to December a small christian fortress, and then rapidly overrunning the whole of the region advanced in heavy numbers with the purpose of breaking the siege of Purgatorians army. There was believed to be no christian force now to oppose their advance in this location for the christian army in the fortress had been compelled to retreat, but at Lincoln the glangelinians had surrendered to general kindermine and the enemy thus advancing did not know of the peril the he was driving himself into. General kindermine sent generals Marion ghriley, Melodia Pickernae, gumptner and six other daring generals, with immense brigades to go to the point and give the advancing glangelinian troops as much trouble as possible, while he himself would watch every movement of general Purgatorian. During the fierce engagements however the glangelinians would retreat to the swamps of gunbeam Creek when ever a strong force of christians pursued them after giving them a repulse, but every time a number of Angelinian wagon trains were left unguarded, or small parties of christian troops became separated from the main army, bold glangelinian leaders emerging from their ambush, would suddenly fall upon them with dreadful ferocity and destroy and capture them. His kind of bloody fighting was kept up continually, and the Angelinians even with their strong forces, could never feel a t entirely safe in the country, but another disaster was coming. The foe who had captured the christian position w and which was advancing to break kindermine's siege of general Purgatorians army had come in collision with general kindermine's divisions on the extreme left after driving back the commands sent against them by kindermine but in the regular main battle the glangelinians were most disastrously defeated however, and the army scattered and cut off from the escape by river. Everything had depended upon the generals Marion, Sumpter Pickens, and the others of the christian brigades sent against the foe and by drawing the rebels troops into a trap they had accomplished more than expected and the glangelinian general Calc Caldwell was also caught in a trap and escape by river was cut off by gun boats and warships. A general Guilford of the christian side had been severely wounded during this tremendous action general Benson Green was sent to succeed him. He then took command of the victorious christian left wing, and continued to fight the new besieged army at every opportu opportunity intending to force it to a surrender under any conditions.

On December on the fourth day general Greene's Ablesannian forces, under general Sumner bent another glangelinian onslaught led by general Cowpens in which the foe general was killed, but when general Cornmiller of the foe advanced in general attacks and made the battle become general once more a portion of the christian army was threatened with annihilation and forced to begin a retreat. The generals at this point however managed so well to stop the recoil that he kept the glangelinian force under Caldwell's command forced to retreat through and into the swamps, till after the most sanguinary fighting they were fairly worn out. The christians now pressed onward and renewed the battle on new ground with redoubled fury. After a harder fight, the christians were again repulsed with enormous losses, but the rebels were so badly shocked and their lines so horribly torn in the bloody encounter that general Caldwell of the foe side said:

"Another such victory would not only prevent us from resuming Purgatorians army but would ruin us and force us to a surrender. General Cornmiller could not follow the repulsed christian troops under general Greene, and dared not risk another action, but nevertheless he was not able to escape and did not know what to do should the christians attack him again. General Green now moving with troops and bravely resumed the battle on general formation and soon cleared a stretch of country ten miles in length of the rebels and captured thirteen works and nearly two thousand field pieces. He resumed another section of the battle a little later driving the foe from "ed riding" Wood's rings in the woods, and already general Green were masters of the country and had recaptured the positions which the other christian forces had abandoned before. General Green, kindermine, and others now carried on the battle in the most severe manner, while engineers and raiders burned many houses, set stockades on fire, and destroyed all towns and villages of encampments the enemy had abandoned in the wild flight.



Indeed a large majority of the people of Protestantia were clamorous for war against Glandelinia, but the Protestant king only decided to send ships and provisions at any cost to the help of the christian states engaged in the effort to overthrow the wild rebellion.

General Hanson now knowing that Hanson's main armies were concentrating before Evangelina Grania with the purpose of forcing the foe positions there under Manley did everything within his power to press the siege, and attempts fierce and sanguinary were made to cut off the water supply of the enemy, and also to prevent provisions reaching the enemy by finding means to destroy the underground tunnels from Calverine but all these proved fruitless. Simultaneously many christian ships from Calverine but all these proved fruitless. Simultaneously many christian ships kept searching many strange vessels coming into all ports of the vician wickey city, and carrying away shiploads of child slaves and sending them to fight fiercely we were even arming many elder child slaves and sending them to fight fiercely to retain their freedom and help free their younger friends. General Harrison was appointed commander of a large band of armed child slaves each lad or even girl who were armed and these happened to be chased by rebels but despite both sorts being boys and girls they fought desperately defeating their pursuers with great loss and showing that even they could fight as good as the soldiers themselves.

Even now the foe outrages within vician wickey had reached such a point that general Hanson vician himself could stand them no longer.

The enemy had already done everything in their power to oppose the siege of vician wickey very bitterly and all the time it lasted if you please to mention while the time came early in December while general Hanson's armies were concentrating before vician wickey and Evangelina Grania two christian divisions were sent on Hanson's orders to force their way into Julio Gallo by desperate assaults, but they had no success. One of these under general Whilliam Heller soon fell back to his own defenses disobedience of his commands without striking the enemy even a blow. And when a big force of Glandelinians followed after him, and appeared in seemingly overwhelming numbers around his troops this Angelinian general became good and scared, and surrendered his troops, and with it a stretch of christian trenches ten miles long. All of the christian generals and even Hanson vician were very angry that no resistance was made, and the troops who had been thus disgraced and who had been eager to fight wept at the disaster and disgrace, but as good soldiers they had to obey, even though they knew their commander was a coward and had the backbone of a jelly fish. The general was immediately tried for cowardice and sentenced to be shot. The other division immediately tried a for cowardice and sentenced to be shot. The other division made the attack through and part way into Julio Gallo but was ultimately captured and their commander slain.

While the Angelinians were thus again repulsed in their plans to force a way through Julio Gallo, the christian fleets under another admiral won some brilliant victory victories in Lake Angeline. Three days after general Heller had disgraced himself at Julio Gallo by his cowardly surrender general Hull Fuller commanding a large christian fleet of strong gunboats and merrimacs stormed one of the shore batteries of the foe on the shore of Lake Angeline. For two days the fleets and the shore batterbatteries fought a desperate duel and many ships were sunk or disabled but finally the foe flag on shore was hauled down and the christians were soon in possession. Many ships of the christians had however been so badly riddled, that they were sinking and had to be abandoned. This was the beginning of a long series of other fights on sea lake and rivers that followed, in which the Angelinian navy won its up utmost glory.

All these conflict I wish to remind the reader are not raging at one point. Many battles hundreds raged all over inside and outside the siege of vician wickey between the months of November and December before the battle of Evangelina Grania and many were for victories at that.

During the month of November on the fourth three other armies were sent to make a desperate effort to fight their way through Julio Gallo to the foe water works and capture and destroy all the water systems so the enemy would be cut off from water supply. Two of the armies were captured however before it could do anything, and the third under general Caldwell found all it could do to defend itself from Glandelinian attacks after it had forced an entrance into the city despite the fierce fire from the fortresses. So the Glandelinians still held possession of all the water works and the attempt to cut the rebels from the water supply was again frustrated, and as the enemy were not only wasters of vician wickey but of the full state of Angeline, line in which vician wickey was, it was feared that next the enemy would attempt to land a big army from the Glandelinian and Glandelinian fortresses, and make an effort to storm general Hanson's whole line and Hanson's also.

Simultaneously to this Jo Annie vician himself had determined to take a part of his army and use a fleet at his command drive a portion of the foe out of the city by an expedition up the vician River. Everyone knew that general Jo Annie was brave, resourceful, and full of energy but it was feared that his plan would fail. He went to work however preparing for the advance of his troops, and of the fleet which was to move simultaneously, and soon it was started.

There near vician wickey at the point into which the river enters, he suddenly met a Glandelinian squadron on the 14th of November, and at once offered battle both fleets opening a fierce fire at once. Jo Annie's flagship in which he commanded in person called the St. Lawrence engaged three of the Glandelinian warships at once and meeting simultaneously fire from enemy forts until she was riddled with shot and shell and out of ten thousand men he had only eight men aboard left to manage it. When Jo Annie vician thought wounded bore his flag and survivors away rowed in a long rowboat to another of his flagships under Admiral Saunders. He was named Catherine vician in honor of his sister under Admiral Callied the compelled to pass in close range of the guns of the enemy of one of the fortresses which fired a storm of great broadsides at his boat, but though many big geyers of water shot up all around him and almost filled it with water no shots struck him, and he reached the decks of the other flagship in safety though slightly wounded a second time, and rescued the fight more fiercely before.

In a whole days fight however the Glandelinian fleet was annihilated and the Angelinian fleet many ships having been shot to pieces finally was compelled to retreat the expedition having been frustrated by the engagement, but then during his retreat he came into clash with another squadron of foe ships and after another battle lasting two hours the whole for squadron finally surrendered.

Jo Annie vician then went back to his third flagship captured by the foe during the engagement and relieved the swords of the Glandelinian officers on deck but he would not set one free and held them all prisoners as traitors.

This was the only expedition Jo Annie vician ever made on water and afterwards commanded costly armies on the land.

As soon as general Hanson vician had learned of his nephew's attempt on the river he decided to push a force forward across the vician river and carry an attack into Julio Gallo himself. A full force of the enemy retreated before him, but he followed this division of rebels so closely that the enemy could not retreat to the Heights of Evangelina Grania. His troops that pursued then at once surrounded them and on the twelfth of November attacked, broke their line, and after inflicting severe losses forced them to surrender. Led by general Tecumseh another division of Glandelinians kept up the fight desperately for five hours until their general was killed, then they scattered and ran in the utmost confusion to the shelter of the woods and main christian position. This position was thus assaulted by the christians but the enemy offered such tenacious resistance that the assault was repulsed with great loss.

To add to the severe troubles of the besieged general Hanson had moved forward his armies in an effort to get around Evangelina Grania and as to help Hanson vician's army and surround it, and their movements for a long time was successful, their shelling and attacks spreading terror for ten miles. Finally general Jackson Evanson with an army of Glandelinians and Glandelinians, defeated general Eagle in a desperate battle and put an end to this movement for a time. Simultaneously the Angelinians won two brilliant victories on the rebels by sinking a Glandelinian at vician wickey and capturing it, and capturing another at vician wickey. These victories greatly cheered the christians, but as they could not however be followed up they otherwise did little good, and some time later these captured positions had to be finally alone abandoned.

On the eighteen of December 1912. The christians under general Palto sent a division of 1,122,000 men from general Hanson's right from vician wickey to make an effort once more to cut off the enemy's water supply, and at the same time a strong fleet sailed up the river. The christian plan was to take away all water supply of the enemy so as to reduce them to thirst and end the siege, and if this failed to at least make a desperate expedition and clear all the rivers from the enemy fleets and shore batteries, and make a cutting off the river. The vician wickey was captured in order to sever vician wickey from the help of the Glandelinian and Glandelinian fortresses. This you remember was what Admiral Thomas tried to do earlier in the siege, but this plan failed this time as it had done before but more disastrously. There was at the time a fleet of 1,500 big Glandelinian merrimacs two thousand feet long at the river ports guarding vician wickey, and they stood their own and had all attacks of the christians in check. Another rebel fleet, under Admiral Hakdonoh str stemmed down the river from the water entrance of the city fell upon the fleet of christian ships and completely destroyed them. As soon as the advancing christian troops learned of this they broke up their camp, and hurried back to their own positions without stopping even to save their sick and wounded. The Glandelinians had suffered many reverses already but toward the end of this second expedition attempted into the city they had been threatened with a greater disaster. The powerful christian fleet which had moved up the river had been supported by another fleet and by a large army marching on the shore and had made the intention of taking the water supply of vician wickey. The Angelinians knew that if they secured control of the water supply of vician wickey and deprived the rebels of all the water by not even permitting them to secure any from the rivers they could easily proceed

up the rivers through all parts of the water ways of Vivian Wickey and soon possess the whole of the city without assailing the fortresses themselves and force the enemy to surrender even before the fort fortresses would be captured. There had been however inside of Vivian Wickey on all river fronts numerous fortresses also erected by the enemy and these land forces and all were prepared in time to meet this onlooker for attack.

General Mic-Allister Stanek hurried his troops to the river fronts inside the city from the Mic-Whiridian fortresses, ordered forward all the troops that were within reach, and compelled many of the glandelinian citizens inside of Vivian Wickey to become soldiers and fight. This intrepid glandelinian general and soldier determined to resist the advance of the christian christians. He strengthened the garrisons in the forts on the river sides in Vivian Wickey, but the foremost forts proved useless as the fleets destroyed them and made the garrisons surrender. There were small lakes also just within Vivian Wickey which lead into the rivers by other channels, and other christian fleets and taken possession of these lakes and so bombarded the fortresses from there, and then landed and marched, forces of troops across the rivers under fire. Mic-Allister hurried troops then in this direction and fought then all the way until dark put an end to the struggle. This battle however lasted two days inside of Vivian Wickey and the streets were strewn with myriads of fallen of both sides but finding he could do no more at this point Mic-Allister managed to force the glandelinian troops to recede a short distance and then had them throw up a long line of works along the river fronts. On December eighteenth the Angelinians made their grand attack. These soldiers were the flower of the Abbeismian armies, and being used to hard fighting on many a battle field, they did not expect to have much trouble with Mic-Allister troops. They pressed the foe far into the city and fortresses but for two days were continually under the deadly fire of the zimmarannians and glandelinians from fortresses, earthworks, barricades in streets, and from all the windows of houses and doors also and from housetops and even from towers and churches, and after making a fierce assault of six hours duration they began to waver and falter. For six days again and again the Angelinians and Abbeismians rushed headlong at the enemy making repeated attempts to force the works and houses and each time were driven back by the unerring fire of the enemy from their positions of concealment. The christian commander general Helion was killed, and two million of his men fell in the streets, and before the line of earthworks and fortresses. They then gave up the attempt and hearing one of their fleets had been destroyed in an engagement elsewhere and other attacks repulsed, they returned to their own big fleets of ships a badly beaten christian army and gave up the bloody expedition. It was found just now impossible to cut off the foe water supply.

While this was in progress rebel ships thought they might safely defy the Angelinian power, and began to make attempts to seize as many besieging ships as possible. Commander Caldwellian rushed against them with a fleet down the Norma River from the north, captured nearly a hundred glandelinian ships, and transports, succeeded in entering a number of glandelinian harbors of Vivian Wickey, bombarded the fortresses, and forcing rebel soldiers to free many child slaves retreated before they could be fired upon with disastrous effects by the main fortresses. From that time for a while however there was no further attempts by rebels to seize Angelinian ships.

In the meantime as the Angelinians having concentrated along the borders of Angelinia and northern Calverinia child-slavery had been gradually dying out in northern Calverinia, because the Angelinians were in fully authority and had many armies to prevent the foe from coming to the rescue of the besieged at Vivian Wickey, but elsewhere where the enemy were in possession of Calverinia, and especially at Vivian Wickey child slavery despite the war had been growing stronger than ever.

During the siege of Vivian Wickey while general Hanson's army was beginning to concentrate in the vicinity of Evangelinia Grania and now possinia, Angelinian engineers and countless soldiers were at work such as digging fortified canals, building ponton bridges under fire, constructing new works, and harbors for their own use during the siege, and other works such as banking dykes over the rivers and all the work was constructed continually under fire either from rebel artillery, or from snipers with rifles in hiding.

But the greatest disaster was now threatening all nations especially opposed to glandelinia. Foreign goods of any kind could not reach christian ports on account of enemy ships, and so prices began to soar like a balloon. Everything in Abbeismian began to be more costly than anything in the United States is now or ever will be. People who were poor in Abbeismian or other nations could not buy any kind of goods because they were too expensive and goods used on christians was not imported and so the approaching christians for children of other nations and grown people also was becoming a very gloomy situation. Farmers were losing profit in Abbeismian, and this resulted in raising all kinds of food stuff high and factories in all nations were beginning to shut down because they could not obtain goods to manufacture. A great many foreign goods had at times managed to come into the Angelinian country but such ships were besieged by foes. This was caused all on account of the Aronburg situation known as the original cause of the siege of Vivian Wickey though what the Aronburg situation was had been a strange and deep mystery.

Great canals had been made by the christian leaders in which to protect their warships and make it easier to transport troops and artillery to the front.

This was indeed the beginning of a great system of canals, which during the latter part of the siege covered the region before Vivian Wickey like a network.

After missions were aroused by the situation of Vivian Wickey all over the world, and people thought that many christian nations would make an attempt to intervene in Angelinias behalf but the smaller nations were afraid of glandelinia. Flomlinia however especially her ruler passed a law in December permitting foreign goods under any conditions to come into Angelinia ports guarded by Flomlinia warships and Protestantia did the same thing, but the glandelinian government threatened that if such measures came continued Protestantia and Flomlinia would be at war with glandelinia also. This aroused Protestantia who therefore declared war against glandelinia. In Angelinias behalf and sent warships and soldiers to help Angelinia crush the rebellion.

There were during the siege two other great battles seven days after the fearful struggle at Evangelinia Grania and now Christass was part. One of the battles was raging for two days at Sao River near fortress Red Riding Hood with the glandelinians and zimmarannians northwest of Julio Callion Junction with fortress Lucille Nickson, but the rebels were repulsed with great loss.

The other conflict was a long and terrible one and raged at the same place but occurred three days later. This battle was brought on by an attempt of Angelinian generals to concentrate new positions in this location. The glandelinians had positions in sailents high breastworks, and in mountain or hill passes and their lines of men and machine guns and other artillery in swamps, or Calverinia Everglades where it was difficult for Angelinian soldiers to reach them, as the enemy fiercely fought for five days, many lives were lost and terrible was the number of injured and dying. The battle cost the Angelinians many myriads of soldiers and officers and such annihilation before the glandelinians were finally driven back.

During the approaching month of January after news came in that nations already witnessed a sad diffused christian day general Bureau Van had been stationed by Hanson to take command of the army and brought there, while now Hanson was making plans to form and concentrate the other army near Aurandeenlio.

His purpose was to capture fortress St. Rudman if possible by sinking a fleet and move as if against Aurandeenlio. The strength of the siege had been growing steadily for several weeks a week. New christian fortresses made of earth and gravel and sand bags and plastic logs and iron and concrete had been spring up, and were concentrated in many numbers at many points, more duels with artillery





The excitement about the capture about the rescued children was growing greater every day. The laws that general Hanson passed on the 17th of January giving all Angelina soldiers and officers the right to make raids into foe lines at every point of the siege, for the attempt to secure child slaves, to use as their own children and free them from the horrors of slavery was so offensive to the Angelinians Congress, that the glandelinian Congress at Vivian Wiskey passed immediately what was known as "The snipers Law" which in effect gave the Christians a great deal of trouble and though children had been rescued by thousands it cost heavy losses in men and officers who dared to make the dangerous expeditions.

In many cases great mobs of Angelina soldiers rescued many runaway child slaves who had been caught by Glandelinian pursuers, and who had been about to be taken back to the glandelinian encampments.

Finally two events occurred which made the glandelinian besieged more angry and defiant than ever. One of them was general Hanson's main issue called "The Great Angelina Decision." It was the law among the besieging Christian armies that if any number of child slaves were brought into the Christian lines, they should be free but in the main decision the supreme Christian generals decided that all such laws made by the glandelinians concerning the retaining of child slavery was completely unconstitutional that was to say they were very contrary to the laws of God and humanity combined, and therefore had no say or stand, and afterwards that any number of glandelinians found persecuting children whether children of slaves or not were to be shot down in cold blood like dogs, for no rebel had any right to have children as slaves. The northern parts of the besieging Christian armies loudly applauded this great decision. They declared it removed all barriers to the hope of keeping up child slavery, and that as Angelinians no one should be allowed even to submit to any such injustice to a innocent children, boys and girls.

The other event was what was known as the main child slave raid. General Brown Johnston was one of the most daring Christian leaders of all times. He was indeed an ardent active every man, and during the early part of January 1913..... he resolved to make an attempt to secure a great number of children, and raid a portion of the enemy lines in the southern part of the siege itself. He therefore got together a large body of cavalry, suddenly entered a section of the enemy lines near Harper's Run, and seized a strong arsenal there after a fierce combat, and securing everything besides many child slaves turned all over to the Angelinians.

He also proposed to overthrow many sections of the glandelinian forces there, set all the children free he could, and even place arms in the hands of the elder children. But during the time of his second raid his little company of cavalry was overcome by a detachment of Gargolian horsemen under general Caldwell and also by a force of glandelinian marines sent from Lucille Pickens, while the captured Christian general was delivered up to the glandelinian authorities near Lucille Pickens by whom he was tried for conspiracy, treason and murder. He was shot to death on Jan. 22nd 1913. )))

This raid of the Christian troops made with such daring at any risk fanned the flame of passion to such a degree that there was no question in anything concerning the war except that of crushing child slavery at hell's gates even. The Angelinian forces were still the strongest armies ever concentrating before Vivian Wiskey, but the Evangelina grand horror had for a time rent it in two, and now in the month of January during the time of the discussion of what should be done with rescued child slaves the army had received two new men as generals, Douglas Stephenson of an Abyssinilian division being one, and general John G. Anderson of an Abyssinilian division being another, please don't another. General Douglas represented the Angelinian forces as his best friends, who though not in favor of the extension of any parts of the Christian armies, yet believed that the divisions of Angelinians in each territory of the outside of Vivian Wiskey and they alone had the right to say whether children should be rescued and be taken as the children of soldiers, or set free in better form and attempts made to locate their parents of said children who may still be living.

The other new Christian general however on the other hand, represented the extreme southern part of the Angelinian forces, who insisted that any one who rescued children had the right to obtain them as their own and to raise them as if they were their own children and declared that their parents could never be found. Nevertheless the Angelinians were determined to drive out child slavery from glandelinia and galverinia at any cost whatever, and so decided to press the siege of Vivian Wiskey to its utmost.

As soon as the recent battle had been over and the Christians had secured possession of the entire stretch of the Red Riding Hood Woods several of the glandelinian armies had prepared to leave the region for better shelter. A great many of the leading glandelinian generals had however always held that the Christian siege would be perpetual before it would win out, and even had repeated their wicked blasphemous boasts, but only a small league or partner ship among some of the rebel generals declared that no glandelinian army had any right

whatever to withdraw from the Red Riding Hood Woods, not even when ever it happened to choose to do so for it was retreating cowardly from Christian enemies. General Carolinian who had led the movement, and declared to

withdraw his troops out of all portions of the Red Riding Hood Woods did not however do so and still stayed there with his lines only three hundred feet away from the Christian lines. Generals Alabama Georgian, Florinidia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Frank Texas all brothers, had withdrawn their forces out of the woods, the Angelinians having advanced quickly as possible seizing, such fortresses, arsenals, and abandoned glandelinian Navy Yards of the glandelinian government of Vivian Wiskey as were within their respective reach and now started to concentrate upon the foe more threateningly.

The other glandelinian armies or divisions who were still in some portions of the Red Riding Hood Woods waited, in the vain hope, that the trouble now started at Sunbeam Creek, would probably be settled without much more severe fighting. The glandelinian forces that had thus made this secession of the woods chose a general Caldwell for their main head, and many other generals to surprise any advance the Christian forces under general consentinian Ironburg or the others might attempt. The whole army of besieged was now anxious. Many plans were proposed by all the glandelinian generals to adjust the serious trouble now started, but they all failed, and through that month of January every day brought his-allister Stanek a most tremendous battle of the siege nearer and nearer to the verge of a most tremendous battle of the siege.

The positions of the foe in this emergency was one of great difficulty and perplexity. Many various glandelinian officers, representing the enemy forces, and acting as glandelinian judges in Vivian Wiskey, marshalls, generals, head child slave masters collectors of runaway children, foe postpa postmasters, and district attorneys, had all resigned from fear of disaster should the Christian press the siege, and there was no way therefore for a while in which the rebels could exercise any authorities on Vivian Wiskey, and prisoners and child slaves were escaping by the scores of thousands every day. General Buchanan as chief commissioner of Vivian Wiskey could not and would not admit that it was within the power of any general or glandelinian officer to resign at his pleasure at such a critical situation, and yet he fully doubted to resign at his pleasure at such a critical situation, to force the officers back to his right under the glandelinian constitution, to force the officers back to their commands by a fierce measures, even if he had men and forces and laws strong enough to do so. But he had neither and the glandelinian Congress refused to give him authority to make the officers come back to their respective commands by force. It was evident therefore that nothing could be done one way or the other, until general his-allister Stanek should take up the matter.

When general his-allister Stanek did make a decision over the matter seven glandelinian divisions had left the Red Riding Hood Woods, and the remaining divisions were awaiting the course of events. It was not certain what they would do, but they all claimed that any division or troops had the right to abandon positions when too near the Christians whenever it pleased when it did not relieve the support asked for. In Vivian Wiskey most generals held that not one of the divisions had any right to leave the Red Riding Hood Woods without orders or being compelled to do so by Christian attacks which they could not stand before, but there was in fact a great difference of opinion as to what should be done to retake the woods. Some said that the glandelinian divisions should be made to go back to their respective positions by force, while others thought it would be better to allow them to abandon the woods in peace. Many of the most eminent and wisest men of the glandelinians held the latter opinion for a while while at least.

General his-allister Stanek who was a glandelinian general of calm wisdom and discretion, hoped to settle the question among his generals peacefully. He declared that he did not intend to interfere with the generals who were withdrawing their troops from those woods as the Christians already held them in their possession, and furthermore that he had no right to do so, but at the same time he did plainly understand that he was determined to force out the Christians everywhere in the woods, and to recover the fortified works and arsenals, the property of the glandelinian Constitution had seized.

The matter had gone too far to be settled without trouble however. While matters were in this uncertain state an event occurred which made the coming of another bloody battle certain. General Anderson with a small company of Angelinian troops, held fortress Charles in the northern section of the siege, which had been one of the few fortresses in the northern Angelinians. The Angelinians therefore not been really captured by the Angelinian Red Riding Hood Woods still further, demanded wishing to push on through the immense Red Riding Hood Woods still further, the surrender. The glandelinian general refused to give up the fort, whereupon the Angelinian batteries under general Maurice costello bombarded the fortress with thirteen hundred cannon. The fire was kept up for nearly six days and nights, and the rebels seeing their food supply and ammunition exhausted finally abandoned the fortress, and making a couple of fierce counter charges drove back the Christian infantry line of the right and then escaped to the river and across at night.

The greatest or first greatest struggle of the northern part of the seige was now about to begin. It was to be a terrible conflict indeed, for it was to be a struggle with the Allister Stankes, Jamelinians, and Coesentianians Gronburgs immense christian army. The armies were already made up of the very best men of the nation and once when the conflict was once fairly begun, it was certain that not one side would submit untill forced to do so.

not one side would submit until forced to do so.

The forces of christians were good material of which to make soldiers but during this time many rescued noncomatants among the men folk had insisted into the christian army and were at first not goodsoldiers. They had to be taught many things, they had to learn how to march, and how to fight battles.

A force of Angelinian troops had already crossed a portion of the sunkeah Creek and took the two small salients called the Fortresses of Arlington and Alexandria, where these troops threwup fortifications to prevent the rebels from reaching the Red Riding Hood Woods from any parts of the rear. A certain section of the glamo, glandelorian army had established an enampment at the north Bend of the river where a small stream flows into it called Strudrus Junction, and their whole line was along both creeks about twenty five miles from the Red Riding Hood Woods. Thus during the early part of the month of Januray general Gonsentianin Aronburg had sent general Caldwell with a Ange lidian army to march into the woods where the christian armies under yindorins was fortifying itself. He and general Ma Ma Maurice costellio ha having gained several small conflicts secured control of that whole region.

The first real action of this battle was fought two miles west of the woods on the 21th of January 1913. A gmelindian army under general gylfiorfer , whose army was stretched along the whole region in a long line of cannon and infantry and earthworks, crashed against the christian line in a herculean attack. each division of this section of the fierce fighting numbered nearly twenty million men. these men on both sides were new to the way of fighting out in the open but they were indeed most brave and full of enthusiasm. or many hours of that day the battle was so hotly contested that it was doubtful which side would win it, but at a decisive moment a part of the christian army was suddenly attacked on its left flank, by a force of gimmermannians which had suddenly arrived on the field. these christian troops thinking they were about to be surrounded, wavered and retreated, and presently toward noon the whole divisions broke into a wilipanis, and fled in great disorder toward the woods. whose effects of this first action-of-the bloody battle on both sides was very great, but in different ways. The gmelindianians and their generals, wild with the joy of victory, thought the battle was over, and consequently became overconfident and careless. Among the christian generals who were thus beaten, everyone was much discouraged, but in a little while as the enemy were pressing on they began to realize the magnitude of the undertaking before them and saw that a greater effort must be made to stop the foe attack or the siege would be broken. volunteers of christians were pouring forward everywhere from other encampments to repel the rebel attack, and general gylfiorfer who was made commander in chief of the armies in Red Riding Hood Woods, spent an hour in his efforts to rally the disordered christian troops under general Caldwell who was wounded.

During the remainder of the noon time there was a great deal of most fierce fighting but the glandelinians were finally checked and again driven out of the woods. Simultaneously a Angelinian force of two million men crossing the Sunbea Creek near Gerteudes Junction came unexpectedly upon a large body of retreating rebels who had stopped fleeing and formed a gigantic ambushade. In the bloody contest that followed the Angelinians troops were badly badly defeated, and driving from the field, and in trying to get back across the stream many of them were killed by shot shell and grape, or drowned and taken prisoner. While this disaster during the battle was very discouraging to some of the christian generals, it nevertheless stimulated them to a more vigorous effort.

By night time during the lull the Angelinians generals with Zimmermann at his advice had formed a plan for carrying on the battle. There were three most important things to be done, if possible. One was to take the main force of the foe in the right at Sunkana Junction, which had been made the chief rebel strength, another

rest of the country, and not any. The enemy who had occupied Iwian Wickey had always seen even before the bloody war an agricultural people, that is they had lived by wholly cultivating the ground, put in the capture of Iwian Wickey had had they had seized nearly a hundred thousand factories, and so had at the beginning of the siege depended upon Calvernia and their other possessions of Northern Anglinia for their supplies and militia military goods, for which they received to carry on the war, with all the ports of Iwian Wickey now closed by this most stringent blockade the world ever heard of, so that no vessels of their own or other nations could neither enter nor leave them, and with the blockading of the river the enemy now were effectually cut off from communication with the entire world. As a result as stated before all goods that the enemy had secured in Calvernia could not be obtained at any place or nations and so goods and provisions on other nations like at Abbeinnia rose to most fabulous prices and, while in Anglinia, Christmas goods and also other nations Christmas goods and presents could not be had at all, and millions of factories closed down. If therefore a ship owner succeeded in taking a cargo of goods into the ports of Iwian Wickey, and bringing out a cargo of anything, his profit would be very great. In the hope of making such profits many glandelinnian merchants went into the business of blockade running. They had built many small but armed fast steamers, and pointed them the color of Anglinian battleships and flew the Anglinian flag and so loaded with goods they attempted to make their way not into the ports of Iwian Wickey only but other blockaded ports of Glandelinnia also with the intention of exchanging the goods but all of these ships were captured by the vigilant warships guarding the entrances to the ports of Iwian Wickey, and not one escaped, but nevertheless up to now the business of the desperate blockade running had continued until all of the glandelinnian ports of Iwian Wickey were so fully closed that no ships could slip past no matter what flags they had for disguise.

We cannot of course comprehend all the various movements of the christian armies in such a little space as this during the night, nor can we describe all the disasters and explosions that occurred that occurred during this great battle. We can tell only in a general way what was done. At Ten o'clock at night gone general Grantlinia, with the help of twenty hundred big gunboats and ten hundred foot mercenaries under the command of Admiral Poterton, after starting a fierce bombardment that caused heavy losses and incalculable losses and dam damage captured two great strong glandelinian fortresses half a mile long on a portion of the gunbeaux Creek, one called Fortress St Peter and the other the fortress of St John, taking nearly fifteen million prisoners and twenty thousand cannon. Terrible had the cannonading been and shook the ground with so much force that the branches of all trees in the vicinity had been shattered. Great assaults had been made by the christian troops and the batt o had raged like an inferno but before the success came about. This was in deed a most severe blow to the glandelinians under general Caldwell, and seriously interfered with their general plans of operations in that region near the Red Riding Hood Woods. Without these fortresses they could not maintain their armies in this section any longer, and so our armies had definitely remained in those woods so long finally retreated, abandoning all of that region within four hours, and most of the river bend to the National Troops of the Salvation Army of Angolonia.



the ground like a tremendous earthquake and the rifle firing was so extensive and incessant that smoke covered the scene like a forest fire. General Francis Smith however managed his advance and battle line so with such great skill and daring that everyone was apprehensive, for after driving back one of the immense christian divisions under general Fremont and capturing a christian town under general Blenis at Keys Tone, and another under general Shields at Port Jennie, he suddenly at night after repulsing the extensive christian onslaughts slipped away, and marched or retreated hastily but safely back toward Jennie. A christian contesting every inch of the ground with great stubbornness and inflicting dreadful losses upon the advancing christian line who surged through that battle inferno of Red Riding Hood Woods in the first most extensive conflict of the war.

While all this was going on in the night the glandelinians under general Johnston attacked general Cullen at the very stream itself, near Jennie. In this desperate contest of charges which lasted two hours and a half the Rebels were beaten with severe loss, but the glandelinian commander was badly wounded and general Gordon had to take command of this division. Toward the end at the approach of morning the third day of the so stubborn battle, general Francis Smith recoiling toward Jennie. A christian with his army from his desperate advance in the Sunbeam Creek Valley suddenly appeared behind general Cullen's lines. General Caldwell also sent many other divisions to act with Francis Smith in the attack on the flank and rear of the christian armies, hoping to compel it to retreat toward the Jennie. A christian creek and thence toward Sunbeam Creek. This move was unexpected and the battle raged thus on front and rear all day long with the most frightful fury, but during the struggle the christian generals knew that something must be done and that planned. The movement of the foe being unexpected and as something had to be done, general Caldwell decided to abandon the attempt on Jennie. A christian, abandon his positions before the town, and retreat with his army to Jennie's Landing, on the Sunbeam Creek. Even before he began to do this, the glandelinians fell upon him heavily, and for seven hours at night the contest still continued.

General Cullen's army marched at one hour and fought the next, and wherever the glandelinians could strike the christian armies a fierce contest followed. The glandelinians again and again tried desperately and most gallantly by desperate maneuvers and by fierce attacks at all points during the night raging a general battle to cut off the retreat and to capture or crush the christian army, but general Caldwell managed the retreat and fighting with the greatest ability, and at last the army reached Sunbeam Creek. In these terrific charges that fearful night, sometimes one side had the best of it, and sometimes the other, but it was then a great sorrow to the Angelinians that general Caldwell after going near enough to this portion of Jennie. A christian to see the old Church Steeples and other buildings, had been forced to retreat to the river, where the christian fleets of gunboats and other warships, and christian batteries protected him.

The situation was now soon to be reversed during this tremendous battle. Four months since the beginning of the Jennie. A christian seige the rebels had feared that the Angelinians would march into Jennie. A christian, and the Angelinians had hoped to capture Jennie. A christian, and end the seige and war that way. Now general Caldwell the main foe commander at this point, during the following late night marched eastward, and there was now danger that he would advance on and again make an attempt to strike Concentinian Aronburg's army on the flank and recapture Red Riding Hood Woods. General Popper was sent into the region to meet general Caldwell, but in a conflict at three o'clock in the morning on the old field of Red Riding Hood Woods, he was beaten with great loss and forced to fall back to the protection of the defenses of Red Riding Hood. General Caldwell flushed with the tremendous success of the fourth day of the battle so far, now resolved to carry the conflict into and through the Red Riding Hood Woods, and so pushed on on in the face of fierce opposition of four hours and crossed the Sunbeam Creek, into the forest, and threatened general Baltimore's flank. A glandelinian division or army was again at last in the Red Riding Hood Woods, and dismay and consternation spread everywhere. General Lincoln called for all his divisions, and all troops within reach were ordered up and the fury of battle became extremely dreadful and wild. And general Cullen's army itself had already been brought around by marching, and other portions by boats and pontoons from Jennie's Landing to the Woods, and with all the force that could be mustered, Cullen after repulsing a violent glandelinian attack set out in pursuit of the retreating rebels in his own front.

Everything now hung on the result. If Cullen could not force stubborn Caldwell back it was probable that the glandelinians would pour again into all sections of the woods and possibly get even around Concentinian Aronburg's flank before another army strong enough to check it could be sent to the point of danger, and then the woods would be lost and all the christian positions in it taken and the whole christian line of seige at this point broken in three parts and driven back. If this disaster happened the seige would be frustrated and could not continue.

Of Cullen at this critical juncture was so fortunate as to find out during his attack from a paper captured from one of general Caldwell's officers just how general Caldwell intended to divide his army and march in ten columns against the christians.

He hurried forward therefore in order to fall upon one of them, while the other columns were at a distance held in check by other christian force, and a storming fire of christian batteries. This surely thwarted general Caldwell's plan of attack and advance, and forced him to fall back to the stream so as to allow his other columns to come together again. Where Cullen pressed the attack with extreme violence. Both forces fought with the utmost desperation, ferocity, and determination, for both sides recognized that the battle was to decide whether the enemy were to retain or recapture Red Riding Hood Woods or the christians to retain it. The loss on both sides during this fourth day of the engagement was enormous. Neither army however that bloody day could drive the other from the field, and so neither could claim a victory. During the evening and early night they still lay facing each other without further fighting, then seeing that his plan was hopelessly frustrated, general Caldwell quietly fell back toward Jennie.

During the night as soon as the christian army could be strengthened with fresh troops and supplied with ammunition, it again crossed the river into the river city of Jennie. A christian. The christian general Cullen having been wounded, general Glocklin was now placed in command, and took positions before Caldwell at Jennie. A christian. The glandelinians took positions behind their works on a line of heights back of the town and after the christians shelled the town at night the foe despite the destruction all around waited for the National army to cross the Sunbeam Creek again and resume the attacks. This was done as soon as daybreak.

Glocklin led the army across the stream under shell fire, through the half burning portion of the town, and up the heights toward Caldwell's strong line of positions. Here the terrible battle was resumed with horrible fury, and more than twelve million soldiers fell in one day while trying to take the glandelinian works and fortresses by storm. Sixteen attempts to carry the heights were made by as many strong brigades under general Kindermine and Caldwell of the christian side, but they were literally cut to pieces and driven back in the wildest confusion. It was a useless sacrifice. General Caldwell's position was too strong at Jennie. A christian to be taken by assault, and general Glocklin withdrew again across the stream.

While all this was going on in front of Jennie. A christian, the armies in the woods elsewhere were also busy. The glandelinians under general Bragger marched Nooga troops into the woods on the left, driving the Ange. Angelinian troops under Bushville and Louisville clear to the river and a little beyond cutting the divisions all to pieces and the christian generals were wounded. General Grantlin whose divisions under Gorinth were moving up in time sent all the troops he could spare to the assistance of these three crushed brigades, and they reached general Louisville army just in time to save it from annihilation. General, General Bragger had now to retreat, and after general Perryville on his side was killed he went back across the river leaving one quarter of his army in the woods either killed wounded or prisoners.

On the same day in the northern bend of the battle line, general Grantlin attacked the glandelinians under Lukana hoping to capture his force. The conflict raging all day was fierce and sanguinary, and the glandelinians with dreadful loss of privates, equipments, stores and ammunition were driven back with disaster and conglomeration of confusion, and though their general was killed, they were not captured. They in retreating joined another glandelinian force at nine o'clock at night, and at eleven o'clock attacked general Gorinth and Great Hearts army with great vigor, but again were defeated with immense loss, and were pursued for a long distance.

Late in the afternoon after his series of adventures and defeats general Bragger having retreated into middle Sunbeam Creek Woods, established his divisions and ordered general Murfrees to move forward to repel the christians advancing against him. General Cranier who was now in command of the christian army under Lincoln who had been wounded, attacked the glandelinians there who had rallied and the great battle was renewed at this quarter with tenfold fury. Both sides gave time were more than obstinate, desperate, and determined, and neither would give way though they were making for themselves a bad case in some. After fighting for all the afternoon, the two armies still faced each other, and two hours later fought again most desperately on the same ground. Then general Bragger once more failed and beaten, fell back toward Jennie.

While general Cranier was thus holding the line throughout Red Riding Hood Woods, general Grantlin while his forces were attacking elsewhere had prepared a plan for the reduction of fortress Aurandocallio. He had collected a great quantity of ammunition and prepared to march his snatching forces down the Mic-Hollister and Pandora Railroad at that point so as to get to the rear of Aurandocallio if possible. General Hermaner with another fleet, and a christian fleet of warships, gunboats, and transports under Admiral and generals Porterson and David Porter was to descend the Sunbeam Creek and advanced upon the

General Caldwell seeing how much he had gained now decided to try and take possession of the Red Riding Hood Woods once more. With all the troops he could gather and with the help of more coming which had been sent by Mic-Allister Stanck, he pressed on and moved in his armies in three columns. At first on account of the

in their own work. The Maracanian with a troop of soldiers endeavoring to escape, but was driven back after he made two desperate assaults. He was pressed with, Again another siege within a siege was closely guarded. He unusual energy. very avenue of escape from the town was strongly fortified. A line of strong fortifications sixty miles in length, which had been at the capture of Jivian was thrown up in the rear of Jennie Jivian from behind which were posted two hundred thousand pieces of artillery which poured for two days and nights before already an incessant fire of shot and shell and high explosives upon the besieging Angelinians until grantling arrival and then he had to bring up strong batteries to answer the fierce fire of the besieged and the terrible cannon fire made such an shock as to ruin many buildings not only in Jennie Jivian but throughout the whole of Jivian wlk Jolney also. he christian army on the river side threw great bombs into the streets of Jennie Jivian all day and all night, so that between the fire of the christian fleets on one side, and that of the besieging army on the other, the besieged soldiers were in constant fear and terror. he escape the dreadful storm of fire that swept over the place threatening as it seemed the annihilation of itself the soldiers abandoned their wooden fortresses which had been sited to pieces for the whole length, and dug caves in the side of hills and made gun nests and dugouts and deep trenches ten feet in depth and three feet wide, in which all the time during the siege they had continued to live and answer the christian fire. Already since the two weeks siege of Jennie Jivian had been going on at the beginning of January the food of the glandelinians had ran low, mules, horses and other animals were killed for eating, and everything even horrible was done to ease out the scanty rations of the besieged. even the child Javes who could not stand the strain were killed for food, and famine and pestilence had stalked the streets and besieged lines all through the siege even before the outbreak of the battle of Je gunbean junction of which the siege had brought on, while all around was a circle of fire. he and finally came for after the two weeks siege, the Angelinian artillery had battered down every construction set many fortresses and the w works on fire, and finally with one tremendous rush general grantling troops on the evening of the fifth day of the battle had captured the defenses which the

enemy had held so fiercely after such a long heroic defense, and the glandelinians being hard pressed and threatened with annihilation by the assaults of the christians surrendered by night fall and general grantlin took twenty seven million men as prisoners.

Jennie Vivian as we have learned was not the only place of importance to be taken before the control of the great and beautiful river was wrested from the glandelinians. Port St Joseph two to seven miles below was also strongly fortified, and the reduction of that stronghold was also part of the plan of battle for that day. About the time that grantlin began the general movement against Jennie Vivian, another portion of Caldwell's christian army under go a general "Darger", crossed from Red Riding Hood Woods, into western gunbeam Greek region, and routing the glandelinians in a tremendous conflict of two hours duration under general Oldtimer pursued them far through the woods and drove them close to their own works. Turning about under fire, a swift series of attacks brought them to the gunbeam Creek proper. Here a fleet from Jennie Vivian joined him, and pontoons allowed his army to cross to a point a few miles north of Port St Joseph.

In the meantime a larger force under general Whilliam Schloeder had been gathered under general Baton Bouger south of Port of St Joseph. General Hanson another of the christian forces advancing on the doomed town or fortress of the enemy and Whilliam Schloeder from the south soon invested it. Two of the most desperate and wild attempts were made to carry the glandelinian works from by storm, but both were repulsed with frightful loss and two of the christian generals who had conducted the main force of assault were killed and Whilliam Schloeder was wounded by a bullet in the lung. The place sustained under fire and assaults for more than forty hours all the horrors of this other inner siege, when on the morning of the sixth day Port St Joseph being almost destroyed also succumbed. The gunbeam Creek was now free after five days desperate fighting, and the glandelinians of Andrian was now completely cut in two.

#### THE STORMY BATTLE ON THE CENTRE!.....

The rest of the bloody fighting, during the same fifth day took place east and somewhere else around Jennie Vivian. General Roseanna, marched against the foe in the north east of that place, and general Braggard fearing that he also might be cut off and shut up in that town, retreated toward Caldwell's main line at eight o'clock in the morning. General Caldwell seeing the danger, hurried general Gordon Streeter with a large force from his main left to the assistance of general Braggard. With this help at about eleven o'clock Braggard suddenly turned on Roseanna, at this section of unbeam Creek. The conflict raging over eight miles of ground especially in length, lasted two hours, and the christians were badly wounded, worsted I mean. General Thomas Grantheart who had command of the left wing of this section of the christian line if you please, held his ground however, and so prevented the temporal victory of the glandelinians from being complete. Two hours later still under heavy fire general Grantheart fell back to the Red Riding Hood Woods and general Braggard followed.

For two hours fighting fiercely and desperately the christian division was closely shut up, until it was almost threatened with annihilation and was nearly exhausted of its ammunition. At toward evening relief came. General Hooper was sent from Linders army with two immense corps, and general German Standard brought his division from kindernines division, while general Grantlin took command.

The fighting was repulsed and began as to say at Seven O'clock at night and lasted until twelve. The Angolinian troops took the glandelinian works on Lookout Stream, and gunbeam junction in two of the most brilliant charges of the battle. Braggard was driven from his main position also with the most heavy loss and had to fall back to the support of Caldwell, where he being badly wounded the command of his army was given to general Mic-Jollester Johnston.

General grantlin on the following morning ordered German to push at once into east gunbeam Territory, to the relief of general Gdeburn who was besieged in a portion of the Red Riding Hood Woods by a glandelinian army under general Streeter. After making an all days desperate effort to retake the works and secure the christian force he had besieged general Streeter withdraw as German force approached.

Simultaneously that morning an army under general Banker with a fleet of warships and gun boats under Gus Plums went from Gunbeam junction up the whole stretch of the Gunbeam creek under a gaudiest of fire from rebel guns and shore batteries, where fighting and destroying one glandelinian fleet after another in six desperate conflicts on the river in one day they were joined by a part of general grantlin's christian army and fleets from Jennie Vivian. The purpose of this new expedition was to conquer upper Vivian Lakey and Andrian. The Angolinian army was badly beaten by general Raymond Richardson Federal on one fierce four hours conflict on land and water at one time, but held its ground in another contest the next few hours.

The expedition proved a failure however, and as soon as they could the forces under fire went back to Gunbeam junction. ....

Nevertheless general grantlin, whose brilliant series of victories during this titanic battle, had stamped him as one of the ablest generals of the besieging christian armies under Hanson or others, and by general Hanson was appointed his Second Lieutenant, while general Mic-Jollester Johnston by the glandelinian authorities of Glandelinia herself was appointed commander in chief not only of all the foe armies but of all in Calverinia and elsewhere. General grantlin himself had all the troops of christians such as Abyssinians, Abbeannians, Angolinians, and the others, brought together into many vast and tremendous armies since his arrival at Vivian Lakey, and bringing tow of his own into great Vivian armies, one in Red Riding Hood Woods, under Leander, and the other near Jennie Vivian under Herman he proposed to force the battle to an end. His plan was to have all the grand divisions operate against the enemy at the same time on the sixteenth day of the battle. The northwestern army was to make the other portion of Jennie Vivian and even glorify its objective point, while the southwestern one and the one in the woods was to march into the enemy's very territory, rout all the wicked glandelinian armies in that section, break up all the railroad and other systems of the foe in the south of Jennie Vivian if possible, destroy all its foundries, arsenal arsenals, child labor mills and plantations and other slave houses, destroy all store houses, and if possible cut the glandelinian Confederacy at Jennie Vivian in two again.

The glandelinian army he knew under general Caldwell and Mic-Jollester Johnston were now nearly exhausted with the bloodiest contest and the christian general grantlin hoped by this plan to end the battle that day. He ordered the advance to begin as early as midnight. It happened however a little after midnight say about four hours four minutes after twelve the northwestern army had crossed the Gunbeam Creek by pontoons and boats under shrapnell fire and under fire of glandelinian snipers, and pushed on in the face of great wooded region mostly desolate and except swampy though of course full of roadways and two railroad lines running through it. It was however a perfect Calverinian jungle. There Caldwell's main line altogether was met the following morning, and for two hours the two main armies stretching for twenty miles were locked in deadly combat, swaying and surging through the tangled woods as now and then another of the long lines of combatants advanced or receded. Many times fighting of savage character occurred in which both sides had exactly the possession of the sawworks. So terrific was the storm of musketry and artillery fire that the woods looked as if it was swept by a forest fire, and the fighting was simply terrible. Amid the din of battle, and the horrible "Devil yell of the enemy, and the christian battle cries the woods resounded with the cries and moans of the countless wounded and dying. Countless trees were haled and torn to pieces by minutes and canister, shattered by cannon and shell and looked as if a tornado had torn through it. Shrubbery not exposed to deep snow was shattered by the close fire of musketry and machine guns, which was incessant and the goons was one of conglomeration of wild confusion and a panorama of horror.

Finding that after such a disastrous conflict that at general Caldwell could not be dislodged and also noticing that one of the bloodiest contents of the siege in this quarter was one from the numbers fallen general grantlin moved immense troops under general Herdrude to the main left, and general Caldwell concentrating forces at the same time along his own right, resumed the battle along the stretch of Gunbeam Creek with redoubled fury. Where the two forces fought with greater fury for four hours, when general grantlin despite his tremendous losses in men and officers managed to swing a large portion of his army to the left again, and by making six tremendous charges in the face of a withering fire in which men went down like the leaves of a forest in a storm outflanked the rebel general, destroyed half of his wing, captured 10,000 pieces of small and large artillery and made the foe recede in that direction. The battle was exceedingly horrible and flags of both sides were ragged and torn by being exposed to the murderous fire.

Simultaneously at Ginderella junction near North Bend general grantlin made a four general assault upon general Caldwell's main works just at daybreak. This onslaught terrible and astonishing to say only lasted ten minutes but amid the firing of musketry that sounded like countless cannon, the slaughter was most frightful and that one minute beat all the four hours horror at the battle of Peter Starling. The Angolinian troops five million strong and divided into many divisions charging upon impregnable earthworks and fortified salients lost more than half of their men while the other columns on consisting of ten million men lost simultaneously more than seven million, and twenty generals, who while the wicked glandelinians protected by the works only lost a million. Moving to the left and right simultaneously and increasing the battle to a wilder fury, general grantlin concentrated at last before the foe works under general Peters and Richmond Shoemann.

At last after half of the night and early morning fighting general Grantlin had won his point but at horrible cost. He had lost already over twenty million men in killed and wounded alone and ten more in prisoners and disabled or driven crazy by the din. His plan now was to hold the works there where he had captured, and gradually push his left wing alone farther and farther around the town of Jennie. If general Caldwell should be forced to retreat, both sides knew that if Jennie ivian should fall into the possession of the main christian armies under Grantlin and Caldwell, all of the sections of Aurandocillo may be cut off from aid of Lucilla Jackson, and then a general Hanson ivian would make an assault with his main army that would compel the Landelinians to abandon it. For the next eight hours the desperate siege went on, with incessant and sanguinary fighting in general, while little by little Grantlin's main left wing was pushed forward so as to encircle the Landelinian armies.

In the afternoon of that exceedingly bloody day general Caldwell sent Carl Staley to threaten general Concentinian Gronburge's flank once more, hoping in that way to divert general Grantlin and Caldwell's attention and compel them both to raise the second siege of Jennie ivian. General Staley went into the woods toward the rear, and for a time general Concentinian Gronburge's army or flank was really in danger for it was fiercely assaulted. Very few christian batteries were there, but Zimmerman hurried great forces from all various points of his line, and sent eagerly to storm the confederates of Landelinia.

After fierce fighting in the rear of the works Carl Staley had to give up the attempt. General McAllister Earl persuaded him all the way through the woods toward the Landelinian position, and during the advance and retreat continual sharp fighting followed, and three Landelinian generals were killed, Frank Winchester, Frank Fisher, and John Fuller, in which on that day both sides combined lost seventeen million men, but when the action was over general Earl held complete control of the gunboat valley, Grantlin and Caldwell meanwhile, firmly holding his positions in front of Jennie ivian and Aurandocillo, despite many foe assaults, and being under for the artillery fire held was steadily tightening his lines around Caldwell, McAllister, Johnston and his armies. The whole scene around Jennie ivian was like an inferno and the noise as if many volcanoes were in violent eruption.

While these brilliant victor victories were being achieved in the field before Jennie ivian, the army commerce of the Angelinian fleets was being rapidly destroyed by thousands of armed foe cruisers carrying an unknown flag. These vessels during the capture of ivian, which had been built in Calvernia, and sent to ivian, which were armed but other warships took out arms had great cannons placed on the ships, and when all this was completed the enemy officers took command. The chief of these fleets was called the Alibaba, commanded by Admiral Raphael Simon Legree.

This ship throughout the whole seven days battle of Sunbeam Junction and even before it began, had scoured the river of Yorma gun, capturing many Angelinian merchant and transport ships, and making it dangerous for any amount of unarmed or even armed ships to sail under any flag that Landelinia did not like. At last during Grantlin's fearful morning action on the seventh day, a fleet of war ships commanded by Admiral Thomas met this destructive Landelinian fleet, and after a conflict of two days, the Landelinian fleet of this kind was annihilated. The Landelinian admiral was taken aboard the Angelinian fleet with many of the surviving Landelinians, but the majority of the rebels being able to swim like fish made their escape to rebel shores. The loss of both fleets in number of men was nearly ten thousand in killed wounded and prisoners. The Angelinians lost no ships while the whole foe fleet was destroyed every ship sunk or blown to pieces.

While general Grantlin crossed the gunboat creek on his bloody attack in Red Riding Hood Woods, Shermania began his march upon the foe under general Georgia. This Landelinian general slowly fell back before him, fighting stubbornly hour by hour and making fierce efforts to check the christian advance. There were four great conflicts or charges made before general Georgia at last took up his position in front of the northwest section of Genderralla, there he meant to stay and force Shermania to attack him behind his breastworks, but just then during a scouting tour he was mortally wounded by an ambush into which he ran into, and McAllister Stanek the main commander of ivian, which placed general Hoodwinked in his place. Hoodwinked attacked Shermania's army again and again making thirteen charges in all but without the slightest success. McShermania into instead of resorting to the slow process of a siege, pushed great troops past the junction, and cut his enemy's line of supplies. Hoodwinked was now forced to abandon Genderralla Junction at once, to save his army badly crippled from capture, leaving Shermania and his christian army in possession of the great Landelinian or Calvernian railroad centre of ivian, which. On leaving Genderralla, Hoodwinked at once pressed northward and attacked Washers division of Abyssinians.

For two hours he attempted to keep general Great Hearts left wing closely besieged in the woods, but at the end of that time Great Hearts wing forced its way out and Great Hearts coming to the assistance broke Hoodwinked's army all to pieces captured.

ALL PAGE SIX HUNDRED SIXTY SIX.

#### CHAPTER FOURTY FIVE.

THE END OF THE BATTLE OF SUNBEAM JUNCTION.

SPECIAL.

SPECIAL.

#### CHAPTER FOURTY SIX.

ALL PAGE SIX HUNDRED SIXTY SEVEN.

A GREAT EXPLOSION  
THE DISASTER  
RECONSTRUCTION.

At last after half of the night and early morning fighting general Grantlin had won his point but at horrible cost. He had lost already over twenty million men in killed and wounded along and far away in the mountains.

For two hours he attempted to keep general Grant Harts left wing closely besieged in the woods, but at the end of that time Grant Harts wing forced its way out and Great Hart coming to the assistance broke Hoodwinks army all to pieces captured one cap quarter of his men and routed the remainder. The glandolinian again had and at night fall fought most desperately to a regain their lost comrades and their dead, but was again beaten and broken to pieces once more.

As soon as it was learned that Hoodwinks was moving toward Nachers army Sherman set out to force his attack through the heart of the rebel positions further up beyond Gendaralla junction, and move from Gendaralla junction to Jennie Vivian. Despite fierce opposition everywhere, in the field woods, and along both banks of the three rivers and even Sunbeam Creek, he forced his way in attacking forces spreading out over a wide expanse of country, forcing the foe from railroad positions such as on the roads, in box and cattle cars and vandals, from railroad stations and in fenceways and a drive ways, and capturing all the foe stores that were left strewn the whole region with countless dead and dying. It was more of a massacre than a battle. Finally on the hour of Hoodwinks second defeat Sherman had already entered Jennie Vivian, and finished his famous drive through the middle of the rebel positions, and Jennie Vivian was fully in possession of christian troops.

It was now fully plain that G. I. Caldwell's beleaguered and half destroyed army could not hold out much longer. The glandolinian army so in once which had been cut in two when the Sunbeam creek was opened and taken possession of by the christian fleets, was again divided by Shermans triumphant attack and movement across the rebel central positions. Admiral Landerton had taken the fortresses in Gendaralla junction by storm, and in the evening of the seventh day, a land and river force, after a most desperate fight, took fortress Ann, and so closed the river harbor of Jennie Vivian so the enemy ships could not enter it.

CLARENCE HENRY HENRY SHIPLEY. *fine*

#### THE END OF THE BATTLE OF SUNBEAM JUNCTION.

The combined christian armies under Grantlin, Kindernine, and Caldwell now pressed Caldwell's glandolinian army at every point, while Great Hart placed himself between his collector Johnston and prevented him from giving aid to the besieged. Cavalry forces of Abyssinkilians, Goncentinians, Calvaerianians and others swept through the territory in all directions encountering the enemy in thousands of bloody skirmishes in one hour at just as many different points. Sherman with his army set out from Jennie Vivian, pressed through the small Columbia woods, and after making some desperate attacks with the glandolinians against the glandolinians under his collector Johnston, entered the woods on a Raleigh gun. As soon as Sherman took Colocabin woods, the glandolinians withdrew from Red Riding Hood Woods entirely. The glandolinian army under Caldwell was now completely cut off from all access to in any of the rivers.

At seven o'clock that evening of the seventh day of the battle, general Henry Darger pushed a big force around Caldwell's flank, and gained a decisive advantage at Forks Bend. The next hour a general advance was ordered all along the christian lines, which after further desperate fighting broke Caldwell's whole front, and forced him to retreat from the rear of Jennie Vivian toward Aurandocallio. Caldwell now struggled hard to free himself from the terrible coils in which Grantlin had enveloped him, and to get away with the last remnant of his badly torn army. Pressed on every side he was compelled as well as his collector Johnston, to abandon all portions along Sunbeam Creek in the section of Red Riding Hood Woods, and moved westward in the hope of joining Johnston, but after retreating, marching, and fighting all night long, he found his men actually starving, and suffering from cold and exposure and would surely have surrendered if an outlet had not been discovered through which he withdrew his main army and retired into Aurandocallio.

During this time other conflicts raged on the river Norma gun when commodore Anders fleet of Abbeemian ships completely destroyed a glandolinian fleet in Norma Catherine Bay. Simultaneously another glandolinian fleet took refuge in the fortified harbor of Vivian. The command of Admiral Beppo, and Commodore Se Sickles. A Angolanian army under general Shornor was landed near by, and after severe fighting demanded the surrender of the harbor, but was quickly destroyed in a desperate battle with the christian ships. Santiago Harbor was soon surrendered to the fleet of the christians and a new christian army under general Millerson then began to occupy Porto de Grace gun.

In this region the rebels finally agreed to withdraw from all sections of the Red Riding Hood Woods and hostilities for a time came to an end here, after Jamie Ivian was captured. On the evening of the last day of the battle one Angelinian Angelinlin general was treacherously shot by a glandelinian spy in his headquarters. He died a week after the battle, and was succeeded by general Hanechin, jurmer.

## CHAPTER FOURTY SIX.

## A GREAT EXPLOSION.

One morning a week after this battle just before sunrise when the temperature was down to thirty below zero and snow lay four feet deep following a gigantic blizzard and hurricane, a great explosion through some suspicious origin occurred within the christian lines which killed an unestimated number of soldiers in the wrecked fortresses, and shook down many buildings in Ivian Wickay.

The effect was if an earthquake had occurred. For at the same time the prisoners in Ivian Wickay and all the foe were awakened and surprised by a loud thundering noise, which was followed by a blast that blew out all windows and a shock like a severe earthquake. Of course most buildings withstood the second earthquake shock, but many others were damaged and some were shaken down. Julio Gallio nearest the scene of the blast suffered most. Hundreds of child slaves and prisoners were killed in the falling ruins, and many more thousands were injured. In some gathering fires broke out quickly in the dam damaged buildings, and could not be extinguished because the water mains were broken by the concussion. The fires burned for daystill many buildings in the section of Ivian Wickay was destroyed, though of course the fire was not so tremendous as at Andreen when all that section mostly went in smoke and fire. A vast multitude of glandelinians devoid of shelter in account of the buildings they were driven from sought shelter in tents, and for a time there was danger of famine and of terrible loss from many dying shortly from exposure to the intense cold, but food and other supplies were furnished promptly by the other portions of the glandelinian army. Not disheartened by their terrible disaster the glandelinians at once began to make attempts to rebuild the ruined portions of the city.

Thus the explosion in the christian lines though so distant had caused the enemy greater suffering than it had the christians.

From the effects of the battles and disasters therefore it was seen that the besieging Angelinian forces were unable to be subdued.

All since the siege of Ivian Wickay however all trade with many christian nations had fallen off greatly with Calverinia, because of the devastation of so many ships and of the plague-like and boyling illnesses by series of great conflicts numbered by hundreds and the Ange National people all over the world were shocked at the sorrow of their children over the giftless christmas days.

And at the suffering of the Calverinian people, and on January fifteenth a yormomina battleship sent to the aid of the Angelinian besieging fleets was blown up in Ivian Wickay Harbor of Lake Angelina, by a glandelinian torpedo or mine. For these reasons yormomina decided that glandelinia withdraw from Ivian Wickay, and yormomina sent her whole fleet of ships to help bottle up the enemy at Ivian Wickay.

Also in the meantime there were great railroad disasters inside and outside of Ivian Wickay as many trains of soldiers of both sides were wrecked, many other trains had been stopped running, and general Cleveland had been forced to stop all trains to restore some order.

Not far from Julio Gallio during the time of the battle of Sunbeam Junction on the tenth of January probably an appalling disaster occurred in the Sunbeam Valley, this valley lying between beautiful but precipitous hills, derives its name from the beautiful war torn Sunbeam River which flows through it toward yormo gun. The strongly fortified works and arsenals of the christians, thrown up and situated in a broad basin in the foot of the beautiful valley, contained not only monstrous forces of besieging christian troops, artillery and all kinds of provisions but twenty twenty five thousand child slaves taken from the enemy during conflicts and raids, or rescued when running away from the rebel lines. Above these positions large mountain streams entered into the Sunbeam River. Near one of these, the south fork had been formed before the great war started, as a summer pleasure resort for Calverinians, a large deep artificial lake, six miles

long and three miles wide, the waters of which three hundred feet higher than the christian positions in the valley, were held in check by an immense dam. Despite the coldness of the weather the water of the lake was only frozen to the depth of a foot, and the enemy general yormomina thinking that if he could cause a flood disaster which would break the siege lines decided to blow a breach in this dam. So after two weeks of work his engineers constructed a gigantic hidden mine under the lower wall of the dam which had cost three hundred million dollars by Angelinlin to build and when all the glandelinians were safe the mine by means of electric batteries were sent off in one tremendous explosion that made the valley echoes and roaches like a hundred million cannon.

## THE DISASTER.

The explosion being of terrific force tore down the whole wall in a mass of wreckage and stone and the smoke hung over the valley like a fog. The released water in millions of tons rushed madly down like a cataract, crashing through the narrow valley, and carried everything before it. The encampment received the full force of the flood and everyone of the children including all the soldiers were swept to their death, and all the encampments works and everything of military material was swept down the valley clean into the Sunbeam River, which rising rapidly with the torrent from above, spread clear across one quarter of general Hanechin's whole territory, and gaining violence as it went compelled him to abandon his flooded headquarter's building. All the encampments were dashed down to pieces. Even in Hanechin's lines thousands of men women and children refugees sheltered in encampments thus flooded, unable to flee to the hills were caught up by the awful waters, and drowned in an instant, while hundreds of thousands of others clinging to the wrecks of houses or to the tree tops, were carried down the seething river into the foe's territory where the rebels instead of rescuing them shot them to death, or blew the wreckage to pieces so they all would drown.

This caused intense suffering but fortunately for the time being the stiller sections of the flood finally froze over and the horrors abated. At it did not break the siege, and some of the conspirators who had caused the flood were captured and shot as murderers. The explosion which destroyed the dam and caused the flood had brought on a double disaster. It had produced something like an earthquake of a second duration which was felt for nearly fifty miles, especially east of Julio Gallio, but especially in Aronburg Section of Ivian Wickay. In Aronburg section of Ivian Wickay by the tremendous concussion ten million dollars of property was dear destroyed, and many glandelinians, and non-combatants were killed or injured by falling buildings. Even the finest houses, and churches and public buildings, the historical landmarks of that section of the Calverinian city was destroyed or damaged.

Great fires also broke out. As usual as was their experience the degraded degraded glandelinians quickly began at once to clear away the wreckage, and to use them to make works and trenches to repel attacks which of course never occurred yet at Aronburg. The explosion also caused a tragedy. General St. John was killed by a falling building when the flood rushed on Hanechin's best friend was killed by the death of this general was an event the christian lines, and after the flood the death of this general was an event beyond historical interest indeed. Witten with painful and incurable wounds on account of the wreckage hitting him from the falling building hearts of the soldiers suffered with a tranquil fortitude which deeply touched the hearts of the soldiers and refugees throughout the whole besieging christian armies. While his strength was gradually ebbing away, the old hero spent the closing days with the story of his life to many friendly children who had come to visit him. He death of no american probably even Washington, Lincoln Warfield or even Grant. So moved the popular feeling as did that of general St. John of Hanechin's command when the army held as marveled by the tremendous glandelinian rebellion when his death was finally announced, embiged mourning were everywhere displayed, not only within the besieging lines at Ivian Wickay but throughout the states of Angelinlin, Calverinia, and other Angelinian states, and city vied with city for the honour of his sepulture. The place selected for his final resting place was Rivervine Park Pandora (Calverinia) on a beautiful spot overlooking the great Kralinlin River.

The day of his burial January 24th was observed throughout the whole Angelonian nation as a holiday. His funeral was even attended by all generals who could get a fourlough and even by the Angelonian ruler and even the Pope and any cardinals and bishops and priests and by nearly a million children, and by great numbers of people, and even all the chief officers of the government, and by all orphan asylums, by the go vernors of all Angelonian states, and by all the most distinguished citizens of the country. Ivian Wickey and others even Mansion most of the duties at Ivian Wickey could not attend expressed their regret deeply and poor general Mansion cried like a baby and Mansons eyes were dimmed with tears. An imposing military escort representing the regular army, and the militia of every Angelonian State followed his bier with the most solemn tread, while the people of all christian nationalities in Calverinia gathered from near and far, lined the way for miles, with uncovered heads, to testify their sorrow for the nations saddest loss. All veterans of the Ange Indians marched side by side in the long procession, to do honor to the memory of this the illustrious soldier of Ivian Wickey who had done all he could to preserve the seige and succeeded, and whose last message to his friends and general Mansion was an ardent plea for the speeding victory of the besiegers so there could be a cessation of the great strife and animosity. The saddest scene of the procession was of the weeping of many children, the weeping and his hysterical grief of the general's wife, his grand children, and his own, and the exciting part was the fury and rage of many who denounced the glandelinians as assassins and vowed that the war must be carried on until glandelinia was vanquished.

Another sad scene also happened within Mansons lines at the time the flood within Mansons was within full way. General James gutten harleson, who had endeavored to secure a number of escaping spies who had gotten away with some important maps, letters and plans he had in his possession, and failed was shot in the back by another glandelinian who went to his headquarters, while surrounded for nearly three days the general lay wounded in his headquarters, while the whole country and besieging army waited for the news that was sent out from the sickroom twice a day or more. At last the same time Mansons best friend died, general harleson also died, and so throughout the whole Calverinian country the people and armies were in mourning for two great heroes. Every man woman and child a child felt that a friend was gone. The assassin and spy had been captured after being pursued for three days by cavalry, and infantry, both with a troop of bloodhounds, and when captured and taken within the lines, the spy was shot, and the assassin burned at the stake.

Two new generals had to be put in their places but it did not ally the sorrow any.

All during this time things occurred that indeed proved th at the seige of Ivian Wickey was more exciting and terrible than could be comprehended by any nations of the world. All workmen operation railroads belonging to the christians refused to run trains into Ivian Wickey or its neighborhood and allow the trains to be captured and called a "Railroad Strike" against the rebels. This peculiar Railroad strike as it was called, soon developed into rioting and fierce fighting and spread all over the country where rebel territories were existing.

Glandelinian and regular militia were called out to subdue the rioters around the region of glandelinia's Calverinia, and a good deal of bloodshed followed between strikers and rebel troops. In the town of galesburg one hundred and fifty strikers were killed, many buildings and cars were burned in Ivian Wickey where no trains ran at all, and much valuable glandelinian property was destroyed. In Ivian Wickey there was sharp fighting for the possession of trains, and even after the extensive riots were quelled, the glandelinian government of Calverinia considered it necessary to retain troops in all mining districts of Calverinia to prevent the Calverinians from burning up the coal mines and shut off the coal supply for glandelinian soldiers and Indian inhabitants.

Already throughout the war while Ivian Wickey was being besieged, a peculiar contagious fever upon which summer or winter had no effect upon in halting raged with great violence in many sections of the besieging lines, and in many southern cities and villages of Calverinia itself. It was believed that the enemy in desperation during the seige of Ivian Wickey had seized laborites and deliberately let loose the germs among the christian lines by hurling the bottles through cannons as if they were bombs. Thousands of soldiers and women and children died of the strange disease, hundreds of thousands were stricken, and business in other portions of the country where it provided was suspended in the cities, and there was much suffering among the people. Money food, clothing, and medicines were badly needed for the stricken ones, and all the people of Abyssinkille, Angelonia, and Abithennia, poured out their tremendous wealth and provisions like water to help their plague stricken brethren in the war stricken south. Rich men all over gave tremendously large sums, men of small means gave what they could, and even the poor and beggars dropped all claims they could spare into the boxes that were set up in public places to receive them.

Physicians and nurse nurses from all parts of the country volunteered their services and went south or to the armies, and the besieging forces around Ivian Wickey, many to lose their lives by the dreadful scourge. There was more danger in going into the fever stricken armies, cities and territories of Calverinia than there was in the fiercest battle, and the many who thus endangered their lives to help so many of the sick and suffering, displayed a heroic heroism worthy of the highest honors. Even after the battle of gunhouse junction the disease at some localities was still raging though from the resistance it received it was steadily declining.

In the vicinity of the section of Ivian Wickey called Federal there had been two tremendous battles one in October, and the other beginning in November lasted two months.

Fifty skirmishes had brought on the first battle known as the battle of Harrietown, and in one charge general Pattersons army of eighty one generals and one hundred thousand infantry men, and three hundred thousand cavalry and dragoons was led into an ambush and massacred. While conflict lasted nearly two weeks and ended in favor of the rebels. General Denner was killed in making a great assault upon the enemy works, and one general bearing a flag of truce to have wounded brought in, was treacherously shot in the back by a traitor who was captured and hanged. Many others in conspiracy of this deed of treacherous ways were also tried and shot or hanged.

The other big battle took place at Dakota junction, at the beginning of which a brigade of christian troops under general Penner was surrounded and massacred not a man escaping. During the ensuing months after many days of and nights of desperate fighting the glandelinians were driven from their positions and kept at a distance without further combat.

The great fires which had broken out in Julio Gallic and some other towns on account of the two explosions within the christian lines, shaking down buildings had destroyed property worth two hundred to three hundred million dollars in Julio Gallic alone, and nearly a hundred thousand child slaves and prisoners were without shelter. This terrible disaster had elicited an outburst of generosity among the glandelinians such as never before witnessed in any country, but all the child slaves received was dingy, cold hovels and half ripped tents for shelter and were kept at work outside. Within twelve hours after the reports of the two great fires had been flashed over the wires, glandelinian trains laden with food from the secret tunnels from Calverinia laden with food, and clothing, were running from all parts toward the besieged city underground. In every section of Calverinia in possession of glandelinia, in every town and city, the enemy were at work, attempting to devise means not only for the relief of their stricken brethren in Ivian Wickey, but also to help force the christians to raise the seige.

About the same time a disastrous and bigger fire one of the biggest fires of the world early in November swept through a great lumber region of southern Calverinia just before the snow fell, burning the forests in three Calverinian states, and as the fire had originated in the Ivian Wickey region and was heading generally that way it was believed that the incendiaries had made the fire in effort to break the seige that way if nothing else would. The fire burned many villages, and farmhouses, and even threatened big towns and small cities, destroying the lives of thousands of people. One part of that forest fire struck upon Baltimore Calverinia which consumed the finest part of that city. Throughout that whole month millions of fugitives fled and continued to flee from place to place to another pressed by the tremendous forest fire which during the approach of winter was finally put under control by rains and snowstorms and fighters finished the work and thus saved Ivian Wickey from being threatened.

Now to say since the beginning of the worse section of the seige between November and January the blockade and the seige itself had caused many horrible scenes to ensue in other christian nations. It was a regular panic. The prosperity of many countries suffered a severe shock. Bank crashes came similar like those of other nations. A many banks failed, railroad building stopped, more and more factories were shutting their doors, money became scarce, business was almost coming to a stand, and countless numbers of people were thrown out of employment. Very hard times were following everywhere, and it was feared the people of the nations on account of the war would feel the effects for many years on account of that world wide panic. No doubt many millions of people lost all their savings and the poor suffered terribly.

During the same time general Franklin Hammer of the rebel side was tried before the glandelinian senate for removing the glandelinian Secretary of war in Ivian Wickey from office without the consent of the glandelinian congress. It was claimed that in doing so he violated one of the glandelinian laws passed by the glandelinian congress and was therefore guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor. There was great excitement through the city and glandelinian country itself throughout the trial, but soon the senate voted the general not guilty, and he was acquitted.....

For many months during the siege of Iruya, when General Byron Hero of general divisions left wing had been trying to lay a cable loaded with mines under the Norma river at many points near Iruya, but it soon was demolished by the rebels. One cable of mines was laid in June but it could not be successfully laid under such conditions, and worked under fire in no broad extension of a stream of water, but the general, who was a man of great patience and perseverance, had faith in the undertaking and it was, and at last just before the battle of Evangelina Granja opened, after many failures and discouragements succeeded in his great enterprise. From that time many other cables loaded with mines have been stretched under the mighty river, and as it completely checked the attempt of blockade running on this river and kept the foe plants bottled up in Norma gathering the Angelinian besiegers would not know how to get along without them.

#### RECONSTRUCTION.

Although the battle of gunbeam Junction was over there were many questions still that grew out of it to be settled. In the first place since there might be some question as to the right of general Grantlin to give or rescue children as daughters and sons of wounded or unwounded Angelinian soldiers, an amendment to the Angelinian constitution of general was passed, which finally gave the consent in full at Hanson's reported a agreement put the most perplexing question of all was how to reconstruct the long line of captured works, and to fortify Jemima. General Hanson Iruya maintained as they had been for works they never needed reconstruction at all but only at the damaged portions; the united the Christian forces also to possess their old works as well as the new, but the majority of the generals on the contrary, thought that the works being once in possession of the enemy laid on account of many being damaged fortified their rights as earthworks, that if constructed they were now to be regarded as low fortifications, and that it remained with the generals to say what should be done. This did differences of opinion led to a bitter controversy between the chief general and the disagreeing generals, but finally general Hanson who had the way put the matter up to the fact that the works are going to be done with as he saw fit, and further argument was to be out of the question after that work of reconstruction went on each steadily sometimes under fire. One by one they were turned into long but low and strong fort fortresses, and finally the Christian besieging positions everywhere became more impregnable than ever, and intentions realized that despite his repulse at Guverine Hills so long ago, his intentions to bringing armies to help the siege had been a success but that even he for a time was even directing the siege, a occurrence which was astonishing the world.

Best general general Hanson in a battle and he came back as at you a hundred fold and with disastrous effects.

As soon as the news of the capture of Jemima Iruya and many points of gunbeam Creek, and Red riding Hood Woods reached general Hanson Iruya he began to lay plans for the capture and seizure of the enemy positions on Evangelina Heights, and making the whole section of the Chris enemy positions there a Christian possession. He had expected that all through the war, that the only thing he cared for, was to bring the Angelinians into submission, and preserve the Union of the Angelinian nation from ruin. No one else could have done anything so good as he had probably if it had not been for almost tragedy Hanson's second plan to capture Evangelina Granja would have been a success. Just five days after the capture of Jemima Iruya, general Hanson himself discovered a spy in the room of his headquarters, and in a tunnel with the spy general Hanson was shot and badly wounded and the spy escaped shooting another officer through the head who had tried to intercept him, the news of this shocking deed sent a thrill of horror throughout the whole country as well as the army, but there was no rolling of any kind, though the spy was captured and shot three hours later. This thinsy put general Hanson out of commission and general Goncentinian Aronburg who had at the same time Evangelina Granja was raging won brilliant battles was asked to take command of general Hanson's army until the general recovered. Hanson himself was shot in December on the first day and was laid up until the fourteenth when he was able to take command once more. Then he prepared for his plans again and soon concentrated large armies before Evangelina Granja and moved on with great strength to try and capture Norma Ossinia.

December 2  
January 3.

THE EVENTS AND PROGRESS OF THE ACTION AROUND THE OR AREA  
THE SECTION OF VIVIAN WICKET CALLED ANNA ANCHURUNG.  
FROM JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1912.

SEE PAGE SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY  
FOUR.

PART TWO OF VOLUME THREE.

#### CHAPTER ONE.

THE EVENTS AND PROGRESS OF THE BEIGE AROUND OR  
NEAR THE SECTION OF VIVIAN WICKET, CALLED ANNA ANCHURUNG.  
FROM JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1912.

*See hands!*  
BORN IN PAGE ONE HUNDRED  
SEVENTY FIVE.

#### CHAPTER TWO.

LESSONS BROUGHT ON BY THESE BLOODY FRAYS.

SPECIAL.

SPECIAL

GENERAL PICKFORD BRADLOCK'S EXPEDITION.  
HI HIS DEFEAT.

THE EVENTS AND PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE AROUND THE OR NEAR  
THE SECTION OF VIVIAN WICKY CALLED ANNA ARONBURG.

FROM JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1912.

At the early part of the year when the christian armies first intrenched before the sections of the city called Anna Aronburg with artillery, palisaded forts, and big concrete and other fortifications and long lines of artillery on hills and fortified works the enemy for a time only preferred to surprise the besieging christian armies by attacking like the American Indians did, but only there was vastly more in the force than ever an Indian chief could muster in a hundred Indian wars. Hundreds of thousands of gladiolins to repel a christian onslaught would shoot from behind trees, or from the midst of thickets, rocks and ravines, or when attacking themselves they would stealthily attacking and overpower christian sentries and men sleeping christian encampments by night, set fire to their vast numbers of tents and barracks, and as the occupants rushed forth from their blazing dwellings, strike, cut or shoot them down or take the survivors prisoners.

The first serious action of this part of the siege was with the enemy called the Omerian gladiolins. This section of the city is situated in the south west along the coast and not divided by any rivers. The christian fleets guarded all its ports and the armies held fire on the land side. The battle thus stated was called the "Battle of the Goli Golems" and this was waged almost within the bounds of the besieging lines under General Gonna Gonna. General Massacher added the other christian troops to repel the gigantic gladiolin onslaught led by General Brainerd, General Harrington also gave help with his divisions, and the first section of the rebel assaulting line was almost destroyed. The conflict occurred on the first day of August, August.

The most severe action of the battle raged on the second day. The enemy on the morning renewed the onslaught by attacking the christian divisions under General Swansy, capturing the encampment, burning the barracks and tents and military stores and turning the captured artillery upon the christians and driving them through and out of the encampment after severe fighting and murdering many women and children who had sought refuge in the christian lines at the time of the beginning of the siege. Other gladiolin forces joined later in the onslaught, and within a few hours attacked were made upon the christian lines along a line of about ten miles. The battle lasted over two days during which time twelve or thirteen christian encampments were destroyed, more than forty others defended by fortified works and artillery were heavily attacked by rebel infantry and cavalry, supported by gladiolin cannon and the fire from the forts and partly destroyed, or burned, some were captured to be retaken, and the most dreadful scenes of slaughter had taken place, and several hundred thousand Angelinians fairly lost their lives. By confusion among non-combatants which had before this taken refuge within the christian lines having fled from Anna Aronburg, many families were separated, and different members especially children being carried into captivity and slavery. Many of the prisoners for whom ransoms might be expected were held, and many children with other prisoners were kept until an opportunity offered for putting them to death or sending them away off into life long slavery. Men prisoners were held for exchange if they were soldiers, but non-combatants men and women were imprisoned in Anna Aronburg and the children even infants were forced into slavery compelled to erect fortified works and dig trenches, and help build fortresses, and children found not fit for work were butchered, clubbed to death, and their dead bodies either eaten or cleaned out or burned, other children were roasted to death over a slow fire, many more were torn open and their entrails taken out while alive, and many were subjected to tortures too terrible to describe. Leading Angelinian officers who had been taken captive were hung or shot on the charge of being spies, and hundreds and thousands of child slaves were even through the blockade shipped to the Blenglomenean and Boy King Islands to be sold into slavery. An Angelinian general was also slain when taken prisoner and his head was cut off taken to Anna Aronburg, and mounted on a pole and paraded through the rebel encampments and through the streets of Vivian Wicky.

With the repulse of the enemy the battle was ended. Losses were too dreadful to be estimated here.

Since the beginning of the siege and until the month of November the whole time was spent before the section called Anna Aronburg in a constant conflict a regular war itself at Vivian Wicky, and no doubt with so many conflicts around any portion of Vivian Wicky and elsewhere in its vicinity the whole siege itself was later known as "A war within a war". During the month of July itself at the section of Anna Aronburg it can hardly be believed to be so but at a scattered place here and there the enemy in an effort to break or raise the siege made hundreds of petty and severe attacks upon all portions of the christian lines on the edge of the siege itself, by ships going down the water and rivers, shelling the christian coast rear almost constantly, and by land attacking the encampments and positions, and in many cases terrible massacres took place. All along the christian front there were even midnight attacks, waging conflicts so fierce and deadly that the firing of muskets and masonry on both sides made the scene as if a fierce conflagration was

on instead of a battle. For general and many other christian officers there were thousands of hairbreadth escapes, women and children rescued from rebel troops, rebel generals and men taken prisoners, and whole squads of officers fell in these horrible conflicts, and fearfully indeed were the thousands of incidents of this cruel and merciless conflict. The common danger of the siege had aroused the indian forces at Anna Aronburg under general royal williamson. During some of these conflicts the enemy had determined to attack the christians by both land and water and shell their positions simultaneously. One land expedition made by a company of a whole legion of troops was a failure, a crushing failure. Men were shot down by the christian guns like snowflakes falling during a storm, and so dreadful was the rebel losses that many generals were appalled. The fatal expedition thus meeting such a disastrous disaster never reached within two hundred yards of the christian beleaguers. One of the rebel naval forces consisting of two hundred his battle ships took Port St Amos and conquered a section of works on the christian rear and captured a certain general headquarters and landing troops drove a portion of the christian rear in, but elsewhere attempts against Fort Quebec and Montreuil were unsuccessful these two rebel fleets being badly put out of commission with the loss of thousands of men killed wounded and drowned.

Port St Amos however was soon retaken by the christians whose batteries on the main lines opened a drum drum fire upon the rebel fleets on the river beyond the east of Anna Aronburg streamling past christian rear, and another expedition of a rebel fleet against fortress Quebec failed miserably. These serious of conflicts raging night and day lasted seven days and nights successively. In this terrible seven days struggle the christian right grand division under general Bromie Angle suffered greatly from the ferocity of rebel troops called the Mic-Hollesstinians and Gargolians. General per Dearf adds troops along a portion of this same ground which had suffered from conflicts early in the siege was the scene on one of the most terrible nights. Many officers on both sides in the whole history of the siege at this section. Many officers on both sides fell, the firing was terrible, and the roar of cannons shook the earth like an earthquake and smoke thickened the air as if it were a fog. Even after this this section of the christian line was for a long time subjected to attacks from rebel troops but each attack was badly defeated. In the progress of the conflicts general muscoras alien told to destroy a provision train in the christian rear he being a force of glandelinians would have had arrived from the east with the effort to help the besieged by making a breach in the christian rear. This battle on the rear lasted about four days the only most important incident of the conflict being the capture by the combined forces of Mic-Hollesstinian and Zimmermannian rebel troops of the strongly fortified position of the christian rear under general Lewisburg, near the river itself. This was considered the main christian rear guard abattail of the besiegers, the daring, the utmost reckless bravery and perseverance of the rebel troops, gave the rebels a reliance upon their own sources which they never forgot or lost. At nevertheless to the disgust of the glandelinians during the fourth day of the conflict their co-commander general Bretener was killed and the positions thus gained so bravely lost, and the rebel expedition a failure in the end.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### LESSONS BROUGHT ON BY THESE BLOODY FRAYS.

Several other rebel armies coming from the rear especially from Southern Calverinia had taken part also in the expedition against general laurus Burs rear guard. The other rebel troops however bore the brunt of the four days bloody conflict known as the battle of Annapolis and had suffered the most in each of the four days battles which had been graphically described. They had met with the heaviest losses in provisions and lives and army property, the conquest of the works and their loss being the most serious blow they received from the Nationals.

The rebels had however learned two things especially in this location. What they must not protect themselves more as an amount of attacks are going to drive the christians from Lyvan Wicky and that the besieging Angelinians were always ready any time to meet any attack designed upon at any point it was thrown upon, and second that the Angelinian troops were over equal in efficiency to the Glandelinian regulars, whole Angelinian officers and generals were often superior to those of the Glandelinian army.

By the middle of the month of July it had become very evident that within a few more weeks at least a struggle must take place between the besieged glandelinians, and the besieging christian troops in the vicinity of Anna Aronburg for the control of the whole region. Up to this time the siege of the town had been so tight that it was termed by one christian general.

"So tight was the siege of Lyvan Wicky at all sections, especially at Anna Aronburg, Julio Gallo, and Norma Catherine, that the whole city could have been compared to a little child hugged tightly in its mother's arms so that it could not get away from the loving embrace, only that this embrace of the city itself and the rebels so far was far from a loving one from the key things looked to me."

several times during the conflict of short but sanguinary charges a few christian troops had been sent out beyond and into the enemy lines. A vast region some of them had been in this location was held by the rebel troops. For the whole opposing sides was getting ready for the final struggle. The Angelinian generals were determined to make a great effort. Thousands of explorers were sent out to find out the position and the explorers under fire were killed or wounded but still they were not without only reports that they Anna Aronburg was beyond to be captured.

To secure the great counts at least in the vicinity of Anna Aronburg so the siege could be pressed with honor it was decided to keep out all rebel spies who could learn plans and other accomplices, and to establish lines of communications with Manleya away along the norma gun river, Lake Gertrude Angelina, and thence to Sunbura river and Frank and the Gulf of Melville Bicksonola.

Among the erected defenses on the eastern frontier was a long line of concrete and forts made of earthwork protected by abutts and cannons and the fortress was known as Lt Lawrence. On Lake Melville Maxwell near the distant town of Gildred Maxwell was a rebel line of fortifications called Fort Gaudandion. This guarded the main entrance into Lyvan Wicky from the Valley of the norma gun and held off the christian blockading ships at a distance and three thousand cannon guarded Gaudandion.

So to protect the christian lines of communications about sixty new forts during the latter part of July were built between Norma gun and Angelina gun. The skill with which the locations of these forts and fortified works and abutts were selected was shown by the facts that many of them since became a city of besieging forts and fortified works and encampments. The garrison of one of these forts exceeded one hundred and twenty five thousand men and officers, while the garrison of Gaudandion numbered 11,250,000. The greater part of the country in this region throughout the whole siege was contested almost as wildly as if all the fiends of hell and all the lost souls possessed the region and fought each other mercilessly for the mastery.

Accordingly to the siege many christian generals had different claims as to their successes throughout the first two weeks of July. General Henry Englisher claimed that he had won a large part of ground westward toward Angelina gun, general Henry Hanson claimed to have won all the territory west of his own line of attack, while general Indian claimed the whole thing by right of his occupation with his troops, artillery, fortified works, and encampments. Neither any of these generals respected any claim with their personal interest and so they had many dispute disputes among each other, not hostile ones as enemies but disputes which during actions made them strive to outdo the other in heroism and thus proved terrible enemies to the rebels and stubborn reckless fighters and in their service during the new siege never lost a battle. Their explorers and spies and scouts, and even members of the Gemini brought back such glowing accounts of the enemy strong positions that many other scouts and even generals went out to look for themselves. As soon as the Angelinian generals had learned of the success of this enterprise they began to increase the number of their forts and to build a line of forts near the Anna Aronburg limits. One of these forts nearly a mile long and constructed of earth and rubble and outlined with abutts ten deep was called Fort Presque, and another called Verangote and another called Frankliner.

The Angelinians who scouted here and there constantly every day seized some rebel surveys and scouts and destroyed a rebel outpost on Miniania river. General glawderton sent general Washington to carry an official letter to general Melvin then at Pandora Calverinia asking him for advice as to the carry on of the siege, and he was also directed to find out how many Calverinians were loyal to the Glandelinian cause, and how many were loyal to the christian cause, and if possible to gain their friendship and support.

General Washington was only thirty years of age, the undertaking involved a winter journey to Pandora as well as a summer one a journey of about a thousand miles from Lyvan Wicky to Pandora, through first enemy territory extended five hundred miles, and then through friendly territory and large wildernesses of trees. After tedious journey on foot as no trains were running yet no road being open having been tied down as if a strike was on on account of the Aronburg situation the brave general accomplished his mission but not having encountered a peril peril too many to be written here, sometimes going on horseback, sometimes by seizing a rebel train and escaping with it, or by taking hand cars and riding down on it with a company of men always under fire and meeting nearly a thousand hairbreadth escapes. In account of the expedition to Pandora gave proof that the siege must be carried on as general Hanson or superior governor general Hanson Lyvan advised. A small christian force for the start was sent to protect a fortified work begun by christian engineers at the Junction of the Angelina gun and Evangelina St Clair rivers which was considered to be the key to Anna Aronburg and was called "Gate way of Lyvan Wicky No. 2."

The commanding officer having died of wounds received in a skirmish, general Washington who was second in command took charge of the little christian army which was constantly under fire from rebel artillery and snipers. The rebels learning that the christians had occupied the position sent a force which after more sharp fighting drove them off on July 15th and built a fort of their own there in one single night, naming it Fort Captura. The rest of the rebel force pressed on after the retreating small christian army. The rebels outnumbered the christians and after another severe skirmish the christians fell back still further. He finally built a small stockade fort and attacked here by superior numbers he was again compelled to retreat once more. In these three severe skirmishes general Washington had fired with his own

hand the first shot in a struggle which was to become almost forty miles in extent a battle the results of which have rarely been surpassed in their far reaching influence in the first year of the bloody rebellion. This battle known as the Battle of Gunner's Bluffs, at Six River Junction differed from previous battles in the following particulars, that actual hostilities were mostly resumed in the old time locality of Angelina Run, that the struggle was a main supremacy between two Angelinian armies, one a rebel and the other a National, that it was to decide the question whether the enemy could prevent the capture of Vivian Wickey within ten years or not, and that before its conclusion, most of all the armies around Vivian Wickey became involved simultaneously making a perfect war of the world.

The rebel armies in Vivian Wickey throughout all centuries, felt an never before that a common danger threatened them, and many of them saw that the explanation of the Christian seige was involved in the coming of the greatest conflicts the war ever had.

The cause indeed of the Angelinians and even of the Angelinians themselves were seen to be serious ones, the other first battles around any portion of Vivian Wickey had been brought on mostly on account of the terrific seiges in Norma Othertine and Julio Gallic, but the rest of the battles were only efforts to sustain and crush the advance of the rebel governments inside of Vivian Wickey had constantly advised the rebel delegates, delegates and generals to united in repelling the danger everywhere in Vivian Wickey, during a full of activities in front of Anna Aronburg three hundred and twenty five rebel delegates from Norma Othertine, Mic-Whitther, Julio Gallic and Andromed met personally at Julio Gallic to consider the terrible state of affairs and to meet delegates from other sections of the besieged city whom whose help they hoped to win over to their side many of the deliverians in Vivian Wickey, or at least induce to remain neutral.

Some of the Angelinian delegates of this convention afterwards became well known among them general Hyster Mylet. A plan of Angelinian union was adopted and forward to the rebel to legit legislatures and to Angelinians some of the rebel generals unanimously rejected it stubbornly on the ground that it gave too much power to general Mic-Allister Stanck, and for a time the rebel government a so rejected it on the ground that it gave too much power to the Angelinians good in bringing the many glances. Angelinian armies were closer together.

The authorities of Deliverine in the month of July 1912 had sent add additional troops to be ready for the coming conflict. At the beginning of the seige what had made it really hard for general Hyster Mylet during his advance on Vivian Wickey was a belt of forest and small mount and or hilllocks great streets dyes, and swamps almost impassable for armies and even for the largest bodies of soldiers on account of two rebel troops occupying these parts with too many cannons and earthworks and it can never be imagined how hard it had been for the Christians to progress their advance and drive the foe out of these woods.

During the month of August from the foist to the fifteenth a plan of attack by the besieging Christians was made along the natural lines of the rebel communications. These were (1) the great Norma Gun River (2) taken Angelina and Mic-Hollister (3) Gunner's Bluffs and river. The broad branch fortifications of Mic-Hollister protected the approach to the mouth of the Norma Gun River and could be used as a strong military base for the attack against the coastline of Christian forces of besiegers. Beaquemack the most strongly fortified port of Anna Aronburg with the possible exception of the Mic-Whitther and Lucille taken fortifications was the key to the mouth of the Norma Gun River, and its valley. Fort's Snow drop and snows and Teconders defense the lake Mic-Hollister Route. Port Oedernine controlled the upper deltas of Norma Gun and the northern part of the Vivian Wickey territory and so long as any of these fortifications should be held by the rebels the city section of Vivian Wickey would never fall into the possession of the Peom Evangelins of the Angelinians.

#### GENERAL PICKFORD BRADDOCKERS EXPEDITION HIS DEPART

General Pickford Braddock was sent out from a part of general Hyster Mylet's right wing as commander in chief of an expedition down the Norma Gun with an army and fleet against Anna Aronburg. These forces the fleet itself was to attack the Angelinians on the shore fortifications called Evangelina Acadia, at Crown Pointersburg, at Evangelina and at Due Quener. General Pickford himself led the land expedition against the last named place on the fourth of August. He had been carefully warned by general Hyster Mylet against such a method and Angelinian methods of terrible warfare. The other Christian officers in un including General Hyster Mylet had also repeated the warning. General Pickford however persisted in his own method of conducting a campaign up the river toward Anna Aronburg. Near fortress Due Quener the army was fiercely attacked by the Mic-Hollisterians and Ouarinn under general Hedrud. The battle with an unknown name raged two days, but the regular Christian troops were so severely and badly beaten twice on each day, their general on the second day was mortally wounded, and all their artillery and stores lost and many Christians taken prisoners. General Wallace Handernine upon whom the disabled

army involved conducted the retreat skillfully with the remainder of the army, keeping up a running fight, and fighting during the retreat twenty battles along a route of retirement of twenty eight miles stubbornly contesting every inch of ground until rescued by the main Christian army. The losses of the Christian soldiers in this part of the expedition was great, and much of this region during the battle was ravaged by the victorious rebels. After the battle was believed to have been called Virginia Acadia one of the fleets boats returned.

SIX FIVE SIX HUNDRED  
SEVENTY NINE

#### CHAPTER THREE. THE FALL OF ANNA ARONBURG.

ANGELINIA'S TRIUMPH OVER ANGELINIAN PLANS.  
VIA- ANNA-ARONBURG SEP-REBUCK- VULFE.

head the first shot in a struggle which was to become almost forty miles in extent a battle the results of which have rarely been surpassed in their far reaching influence in the first year of the bloody rebellion. This battle known as the battle of Quamby Hundreds of the Six River Junction differed from previous battles in the following particulars, that actual hostilities were mostly waged in the old time locality of Angeline Run, that the struggle was a main war between the rebel and the other a National,

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army involved conducted the retreat skillfully with the remainder of the army, keeping up a running fight, and fighting during the retreat twenty battles along a route of retirement of twenty eight miles stubbornly contesting every inch of ground until rescued by the main christian army. The losses of the christian soldiers in this part of the expedition was great, and much of this region during the battle was ravaged by the victorious rebels. After the battle was believed to have been called Virginia Acadia one of the fleets having; belonged to general Pickford made an expedition against the shore shore fortifications of Acadia also held by the rebels and after a tremendous conflict in which the rear of many cannons was innocent and exceedingly loud the assault was successful. It was in this part of the bloody campaign that occurred the expulsion from the region of the disloyal Galverlinians rich and poor alike of all their possession from Grand Park Section which was captured by the christian victors. For driving so many disloyal Galverlinians from their homes with the loss of all their possession, and causing the separation of families the Angelinians had been strongly denounced by the enemy. It seemed indeed of course it was a cruel thing to do, but it would not have been done if these Galverlinians who had really been born Angelinians had not favored the enemies of God and their wicked cause; and it had not been done anywhere until a most every resource of patience and perseverance had been tried in vain. On account of their fully supporting the rebel cause and the whole rebellion itself it was deemed a military necessity.

The disloyal, disloyal Galverlinians in this part near Anna Aronburg were known to have been simple minded people who did not seem to understand that as their country had so long passed under the rule of the Angelinians they could no longer aid the rebellion, but were bound to not as subjects to the Angelinians. The unfortunate exiles hundreds of thousands in number were forcibly distributed among the Abyssinilian countries and Abissinilian states further north.

The Angelinians elsewhere of the same expedition after several severe reverses were successful of their operations along the Lake Angeline routes.

In this tremendous expedition they were aided by loyal Galverlinians, in part of the expedition against a section of portress Cederline was a bloody failure, and many lives were lost, two armies crippled and half a fleet of ships destroyed. On the following day hostile hostilities resumed, spread all along the entire shore shoreline in a commanding that threatened to shut down everything from the din and concussion, and to the other sections of the opposing lines, big forces of opposing troops fighting fiercer on the coast of Lake Mis-Hollister, and glandelinians and Angelinians fairly destroying each other on the northeast section of the siege of Anna Aronburg. General Mounter Montcalmer was commander in chief of the rebel army at Anna Aronburg and was one of the bravest and most skillful rebel officers that had ever appeared in Anna Aronburg. In another day his troops, and shore batteries and glandelinian fleets of gunboats and warships had driven the Angelinian fleets and christian armies out of the disputed territory, gained more Galverlinians on his side and was preparing a strong and united fleet at Mis-Hollister Stanoker to attack portress Scotia and New Aronburg junction. By these three days of battles in this expedition the rebels seemed to have the advantage all along the entire stretch of disputed lines.

Hitherto the Angelinians An elinian general mansion had sent out inefficient leaders, who had scorned the advice of the other christian leaders and looked down upon their Angelinian troops and their methods. However six days later general William Ernest Evans was sent to conduct a new expedition. At once the influence of a strong Angelinian leader was felt wherever the Angelinian authorities commanding the siege had any interests. He saw that the struggle between the besieged and the besiegers was to be fought in all sections of Mis-Hollister and all over the Galverlinian country as well and he and mansion acted accordingly. From then on his general officers he treated them all with the most consideration and favor, and though the command was to still remain in the hands of officers from mansion's command able men and other generals were also sent out.

MORE AN ELINIAN PLANS. VIA ANNA ARONBURG SPRING SPRUCE WOLFE.

The Angelinians in their new campaign choose of necessity the old lines of attack of the weeks before. One day after a fierce and sanguinary conflict the branch fortifications of Mis-Hollister, all its outer works and cannon and breastworks and a fleet of rebel ships and transports and gunboats and fire barges were captured and the foe there forced into a surrender. Later portress Due Quenser deserted by the glandelinians in on the approach of an overwhelming christian force was occupied by christian troops and renamed Fort St John. In this expedition general William Evans took an important part. A desperate attack on the shore works and batteries of Mis-Hollister which the rebels had erected on the shores of Lake Angeline in a circular formation failed after a heavy loss in life on both sides. In this conflict a thousand cannon had been attacked by sixty brigades of christian troops. On the same day elsewhere the Angelinians resolved to attack the enemy once more by the same three routes as attempted before. The Norma Run, Lake Mis-Hollister, and Unheus Creek. General Spruce Wolfe who had shown the most conspicuous bravery and skill in his attack upon portress Mis-Hollister was entrusted with the command of a large army that was to make an expedition against Bequer.

It was expected indeed that the main forces sent by the three routes would join him in the attacks upon that stronghold, but on account of six weeks resistance of the enemy in contesting every inch of ground successfully they were not able to do so. Becquer the key to the Yorma run and Anna Aronburg was the second most important place of Vivian Wickey. The rebel general in command of the main army and of the defense of Anna Aronburg compelled to draw many valuable forces of men for its defense from the other places weakened his lines. The weakness of the rebel armies at Anna Aronburg not receiving any supports from Mic-Ailister A Stano or Purgatorian now became evident toward October, general (Mic-Ailister) Stanok had furnished little if any reinforcements, while the men and supplies that had been sent or brought to Anna Aronburg had found it almost impossible to reach their destination because the Angelinians practically controlled the entrance of the gunboat rivers mouth with the Yorma run and thus had Anna Aronburg cut off from the main army. If the Angelinians could get possession of Anna Aronburg no effort of the enemy elsewhere would be successful of retaking the siege. If the Angelinians could not capture Anna Aronburg they would not be able to maintain the siege beyond January that was now so quickly approaching.

## CHAPTER THREE.

## THE FALL OF ANNA ARONBURG, ANGELINTA THUD H.

The Angelinian armies besieging Anna Aronburg on the other hand had an army more than ten or even times as great as that of the besieged rebels, and were easily able to reinforce their troops in any engagement or expedition whatever, their equipments moreover were combat and easily accessible, and supplies for their troops could be easily obtained from the main army of besiegers at Vivian Wickey proper.

It was therefore easy to foresee the coming results. The main struggle for the main issue however was to be no child's play. The main rebel general was a brave and able and skilful man. The capture of Anna Aronburg was essential to the Angelinian success in maintaining the siege of Vivian Wickey itself. More than once many of the Christian generals were almost ready to give up their efforts to take this fortified section of the city so far divided from the rest.

Standing up on a high cliff general Spruce Wolfe with his staff saw that a certain section of Anna Aronburg and the main rebel positions stood upon a high stretch of ground between the Yorma and Angeline gun rivers and the St virgin and not only protected on three sides by fleets of rebel ships and gunboats and long lines of taming shore batteries but also by precipitous rocks which were thought to be completely insurmountable by any attacking force. General Wolfe determined to seal sea the cliffs while Christian fleets should steam up the three rivers and attack and destroy or languish the rebel fleets and shore fortifications and batteries. So first the battle raged on water for three days and this being successful after the destruction of many ships on both sides the shore batteries also being carried and turned upon Anna Aronburg and let loose a terrific hell storm of fire general Wolfe pushed forward forces of men either by boats, or by pontoons and wading the river, and the soldiers in immense streams landed at the foot of the bluffs. Two dozen brigades of volunteers scrambled up the cliffs in the face of a merciless withering fire that shot them down in scores of hundreds, but they were soon followed by larger numbers of men, and soon after desperate fighting the rebels were driven from the edge of the cliff and a portion of their force captured. The rest of the force covered by the tremendous gun fire of twenty five thousand cannon along the shore and their own batteries and from those of captured rebel and Angelinian warships combined soon crossed over, hundreds of thousands of men slinging their muskets over their backs, and then crouching at trees and bushes the hardy troops climbed the steep ascent. Rebel cannon and machine guns depressed to reach them ploughed the steep high hill side survivors had gained the down to destruction by but within a days time the survivors were made upon top and pressed the forces of the enemy back. Ten desperate men were made upon the rebel batteries above and they were captured. In the remainder of the conflict which followed the next day on top of the high ground both commanders of both sides were wounded the former lying upon the field and within another day all the rebels and loyal Angelinians driven from house to house and street to street in fierce sanguinary fighting was captured. For ten days raged the wildest battle tried most at that quarter but all the attacks failed with dreadful slaughter.

By this victory 10,000,000 child slaves and other captive children were rescued and sent under strong escorts of Cavalry to the main Christian lines. Later general Montreale line of fortified works and forts were captured during a tremendous conflict on the following eleventh day, then Crown Pointersburg, and other points had fallen, the Angelinians being everywhere triumphant. Thus the capture of Anna Aronburg by early November proved to be the first, greatest turning point of the Vivian Wickey siege. It decided that the siege of Vivian Wickey with Anna Aronburg in possession should be retained, that Christian success in the long ending should prevail. It made possible the producing of the most tremendous siege of the whole glawin-glandico-Angelinian war.

By this tremendous victory at southern Vivian Wickey which astounded the world itself the Angelinians gained possession of all immense territory east and southwest of Anna Aronburg and north also and many islands on the three rivers. All these as soon as possible were fortified by Christian besiegers and by them the town itself was used as a part of counter siege of Vivian Wickey and was soon as strong and fortified that it was not certain that any rebel army could

SEE PAGE SIX HUNDRED EIGHTY.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

## CONSPIRACY OF GENERAL MIC-HOLLESTER JOHNSTON.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

SEEN IN PAGE SIX EIGHTY ONE.

WHAT DAMAGE OF VIVIAN WICKY HAS CAUSED. THE STRANGE INSTRUCTION ON ALL TRADE, CALLED THE VIVIAN WICKY NAVIGATION ACT. MAYBE IT WAS A GRAND ACT. LETS SEE IF IT WAS, AND WHO PROFIT-ED BY IT.

676  
It was expected indeed that the main forces sent by the three routes would join him in the attacks upon that stronghold, but on account of six weeks resistance of the enemy in contesting every inch of ground successfully they were not able to do so. Bequer the key to the gorge and Anna Aronburg was the second most important place of Vivian Wickey. The rebel general in main command of Vivian Wickey or Anna Aronburg compelled to draw many large forces of men for these defenses.

677  
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In Vivian Wickey itself the beleaguered glandelinians were having a hard time of it. The people the soldiers and all the soldiers inside the city had very few of the comforts and conveniences that make life easy for us. All roads and streets were very bad and to get a cup of coffee was so scarce that no one hardly had anything of that like of drink. The rebel even had no matches and had to build fires with flint and steel, had no coal for fuel, no oil, no coal oil lamps and no electric as the Angelinians had cut off all electric power to Vivian Wickey and the enemy being under constant bombardment were unable to form their own electric machinery.

So a tallow candle was their only dependence for light, while a flint, steel and tinderbox took the place of matches.

The worse horrors of the great siege had been experienced by the Angelinians the soldiers, most of the money and provisions to carry it on had been voted by the authorities, soldiers, and people. Nearly one half of the National armies that had enlisted in the early part of the war had taken part in the siege of Vivian Wickey and they believed that the success in the capture of Aronburg which occurred in November on Thanksgiving day was due largely to their own efforts. They had become better acquainted with one another, had learned their own strength in conducting the siege, and were led more and more to depend upon themselves, and not to look less and less for failure and depression. Prominent War correspondents and others and others saw these things at the time, and said that the rebels in giving upon the section called Anna Aronburg were really preparing the way to the Christians for a speedy capture of the whole of Vivian Wickey and even the Boy King and Elenglooseman Island islands.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

##### CONSPIRACY OF GENERAL MIC-HOLLESTER JOHNSTON.

Before the Angelinians were fully secure in their new possessions there was a terrific conflict with the glandelinians under Mic-Hollester Johnston at Chey Chevrolet. This was the result of a so called "Conspiracy of General Mic-Hollester Johnston." This rebel general as written before was next to Mic-Allister-Stanek the highest of all generals in charge of rebel armies not only at Vivian Wickey but elsewhere throughout Calverinia, one of the ablest of his race and a nation, a man who united the characteristics of worse barbarians as well as glandelinians with the skill of a thousand George Washingtons. In one, he had been an adherent of the "Devil." He could not believe that the rebels in Anna Aronburg had been defeated and the city captured, and if so thought it would surely be recaptured. General Algonkin who had been a Calvinist by birth but from early days a foe of Angelinia was greatly disturbed by the defeat of the garrison and troops at Anna Aronburg. General Mic-Allister and Mic-Hollester Johnston saw that if Anna Aronburg could not be retaken Vivian Wickey would surely be caught in a stranglehold in a few more months, and believing that the Nationals might be driven back from Anna Aronburg he on the last day of January 1913 marched his whole army toward Anna Aronburg through Vivian Wickey itself while Mic-Allister threw at once a big army in his place to prevent the Angelinians from securing a foothold on Norman's Bridge. Mic-Hollester Johnston even got other divisions of rebels and even other soldiers and civilians at that to join him. He even succeeded in inducing a hundred thousand loyal Calvinist men to join the war "Conspiracy." At the beginning a number of besieging posts were surprised, and the garrisons captured or massacred, fronts Christian encampments were attacked, great fires broke out and then a battle started that became general and for a time it seemed as if all the horrors of a Evangelinia Granada scene was about to break out here, but no account of fighting could bring success and finally Mic-Hollester Johnston abandoned his attempt on Anna Aronburg and gave up the expedition marching back to his former positions.

WHAT THE SEIGE OF VIVIAN WICKY HAS CAUSED.!!!!  
A STRANGE RESTRICTION ON ALL TRADE CALLED THE VIVIAN WICKY  
NAVIGATION ACT. MAYBE IT WAS A GRAND ACT. LET'S SEE IF IT  
WAS AND WHO PROFITED BY IT.

IT is foolish to remember and maybe we can remember at that that after the siege of Vivian Wicky had extended from the beginning in the early August and to January it was thought by the rebel authorities of glandelinia essential to control and regulate if possible all trade in every way, and it was deemed good policy to close all christian and their own ports from all foreign shipping, especially of all nations that may favor christianity or at least show sympathy with the national cause of Abidinania and her states. So as early as the beginning of the siege of Vivian Wicky glandelinian Navigation Acts had been strictly passed. These laws and many others also passed and forbade all nations under penalty of destruction to their ships and trade to trade with any country but glandelinia, they required that all commerce should be carried on in only glandelinian vessels at least thus shutting out all competition, and forcing all foreign goods to come through the glandelinian markets and be subject to rebel duties. Most of these glandelinian laws however had been unheeded, and on account of the defiance of all other christian nations as many new ships specially made of wood and all steamers armed with big guns that to protect glandelinian shipping itself the rebel authorities passed a new law forbidding any glandelinian to export any goods except in glandelinian built ships and not to receive anything whatever from any nation siding with Angellina or defying their laws.

The worldly trade was also burdened on account of the siege of Vivian Wicky itself. In many nations there was interference with many thousands of manufactures, and even the manufacture of hats, paper, leather, iron and toys, and other articles for Christmas goods was absolutely put out of commission. It was true that frequently these laws of the rebels could not be enforced but nevertheless all nations knew the peril to their ships from many glandelinian submarines, and so they were afraid to take chances though they did trade with Angellina with her eastern shores where rebel boats were not so many.

In the month of December just a little before Christmas on account of the approaching worldy Christmas sorrow on account of lack of christ mas presents and goodies a serious effort by some nations was made to to struggle desperately against the Navigation Acts of glandelinia, and on account of this danger many additional revenue officers were appointed by glandelinians to watch for all foreign ships and to have them torpedoes if they dared to approach any ports of western Calverinia or Angellina. The rebels of course not having control of Angellina could not very well do anything along the coast of Angellina but for the time being had full control of all ports not blockaded by the Angellinians in Calverinia. The glandelinian officers found that smuggling was extensive even in christian blockaded ports of Vivian Wicky and Calverinia, and to stop this and gain evidence concerning it, they applied to glandelinian courts of for Writs of assistance to aid them in their search for smuggled goods. These writs were warrants permitting the rebel revenue officers to search any house on in Vivian Wicky for goods whether on suspicion or not.

The glandelinian governments at this time, not only in Vivian Wicky, and in glandelinia part of Calverinia but also in the country of glandelinia itself, was wickedly corrupt and that bribery was recognized even by the officers of state as a regular means of securing legislation. Thus the rebel Navigation acts was very hurtful to all nations and so if any one could imagine what a Christmas Christ Christmas just passed they could have wept of sorrow indeed. Just before Christmas probably the scores of millions of children waking up on that dreary Christmas day, no goodies, no toys or anything to gladden the day, snowstorms and rainstorms accordingly to climate making things worse, and still greater was the number of grown people who suffered just as hard. On this Christmas however chickens and turkeys were available, but only for the rich and well to do, and they had hard times in obtaining it at that. The poor suffered the worse, and there was no doubt that millions of children fairly cried their eyes out and probably prayed that Vivian Wicky would be captured shortly. Millions of masses had been offered for that day for the ending of the war, and surprise a very surprisingly as it was no Christmas Mass was offered. All were Masses of St. Bernard and bee beseeching petitions. Novenas were offered, Grand Processions of sorrow were made and all rites also for the obtaining of the peace that Vivian Wicky and all ports of Calverinia should be soon be free from the blockade and rebel troops.

Shall a Simultaneous to this a great Stamp Act occurred throughout Angellina and her states. It however was not like the Stamp Act in America, but one with styles and fully with Representation. It was a lawful one, a celebrated Stamp Act, which was the purpose to tax all Angellinian with people not fighting in

END FIVE PAGE SIX EIGHTY THREE

## CHAPTER SIX.

## REAL OBJECTS OF THE ANGELLINIAN &amp; TAXATION.

about a Stamp Act occurred throughout Angelina and her states. It however was not like the Stamp Act in America, but one with ideas and fully with representation. It was a lawful one, a celebrated Stamp Act, and one passed with the purpose to tax all Angelinian rich people not fighting in war with the intention of raising more money for the support of the nation in the war of not only causing the speedy capture of Lucille Jackson and Vivian Wiley but to help bring down the rebellion of the wicked Angelinians. This act in some portions especially among the rich Calverinians met with great disfavor among Calverinians who were especially rich and only like money and cared very little about the poor, the cause of Angelina or about God either and when they realized the Stamp Act might be enforced they fell away and joined the rebellion. This celebrated Sta. Act went still further. This became a means measure designed to raise a strong revenue throughout all Angelinian and Calverinian and river ports to prevent smuggling of plantinians and sympathizers. The act passed early in November was to go into effect that same month. Under its provision every legal document, every marriage certificate, every newspaper and every almanac, all books, and stories and all manuscripts, and everything of manufacture was to bear a stamp before it could be issued, or in the case of legal papers be of any force at all. Such a law of this kind however affected any one, who wished to buy even a newspaper, for he was compelled to pay for the stamp as well as the paper. The value of the stamps varied according to the circumstances or according to the value of the thing bought and sold. The stamps however were not like the adhesive ones that is used for mailing letters and packages, but were impressions on the paper of religious pictures and other objects.

Among all Angelinians there was no opposition against it from the fact that out of the entire population over three quarters and a half did not vote against it, but many disloyal Calverinians rather feeling the cause of plantinians in their hearts made strong speeches against it and tried to form many rebel sympathizers among all the Calverinians but throughout all the war only one third of the entire population of Calverinia favored the rebels. Thus the reason later in the war the cause of such rebel devastation of Calverinia.

Indeed if the Angelinian stamp Act attracted no opposition among the Angelinians it was far otherwise among disloyal Calverinians. Violent remonstrances were forwarded to the Angelinian authorities, violent and blasphemous speeches were made constantly against it urging Calverinians loyal to plantinians to join the Insurrecto army, and all rebel assemblies loyal to plantinians denied the right of Angelina to tax the people even if the people had not voted against it. Many of the speakers accused of treason were arrested by Angelinian officers by scores but nevertheless all kinds of wicked associations were formed all over the Calverinian country to keep up the wicked agitation and rouse many Calverinians if possible to the enemy cause. When thousands of stamped papers came to Calverinia it was seized and destroyed and the religious pictures on the stamps insulted and spit upon, and all those who had dared to accept offices as stamp distributors were forced to either resign or were forcibly put out at the point of the sword or bayonet. The time soon came for the gracious act to go into operation, but there were neither stamps or officers. This strong and traitorous action and resistance indeed had not been anticipated by any friends of even plantinians, perhaps not by any even disloyal Calverinians. Some other plantinian Calverinians had not approved of the act yet he counselled and warned submission, and even suggested the names of important Calverinian persons who he thought may be very suitable for stamp distributors, while general Rindard became applied for such an office himself.

Indeed the news of the full failure of the Stamp act in the disloyal parts of Calverinia caused great surprise, disdain and even sorrow and embarrassment to many of the Angelinian governments. Even many Angelinian merchants who were suffering alarming loss of trade on account of the rebellion petitioned the Angelinian authorities to repeal the law from at least Calverinia itself, for the wicked determination not to obey the act had been followed by an agreement to join the rebellion itself. General Roswell Puster Johnston who had been summoned before general Rindard near Gurandecillo to give his opinion on the state of affairs in Calverinia elsewhere outside of Vivian Wiley had told them that the wicked disloyal Calverinians would not submit and were threatening to join ranks with the rebels.

Moved by all these things the Angelinian authorities repeated the Angelinian glory not of Calverinia alone but at the same time passed a Declaratory act setting forth that all Christian governments of Angelina and Abbeemina, with the advice and consent of the Abbeemnian King had, hath for the support of the nation to crush the wicked rebellion, and of right ought to have full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the colonies of Calverinia subjects of the Nation of Abbeemina whether plantinians born in Calverinia or not in all cases whatever, and that all those who showed such rebellious nature were not traitors against their Beloved Country, but to God, and not only that but they had no right therefore to vote in any of the Elections, unless they came to terms as degraded.

## REAL OBJECT OF THE ANGELINIAN TAXATION.....

In their joy in the repeal of the measure the disloyal Calverinians at first overlooked the Declaration Act and thought that in this measure they already had the Sons of God beaten. But not so. Angelinia was not disposed to let the foolish and wicked rebel sympathizers alone. Already on account of the war many portions of the world itself suffered on account of the Vivian Wickey affair and its strange Aronburg Mystery. Calverinia also was burdened with woes all over; Angelinia herself was burdened with small debt, she had spent much for the effort to overthrow the rebellion and free loyal Calverinia from the glandelinian rule, and knew that the Calverinians as loyal citizens of Angelinia ought to bear the share of the expenses. It was voted for so now why should they oppose what they actually voted for. And it is very important to remember dear readers that the whole purpose of this represented and fully voted taxation was not to help pay the expenses of the Angelinian armies, Angelinian governments and others at home, nor was it any efforts to help pay the interest on the debt, all the expected revenue was to be spent in for the help of the loyal Calverinians nor all of the Calverinians themselves.

There were two main sources of expense in the Calverinian country, first, for the defense of the Abyssinkilian Frontier in the north bordering northern Calverinia with Abdeannin and Abyssinkile, including for the building of many forts and works on rivers in possession of loyal Calverinians, and maintaining them, second the salaries, of the Calverinian generals, and other necessary outlays, and for the support of the many child slaves without parents and other orphans sent to Abyssinkile and Angelinia, and for the building of orphan asylums and for the restoration of robbed and ruined property in Calverinia by the rebels, and expenses for the bringing home of many Calverinian soldiers fallen in battle on the Christian side, and for the support of all Calverinian poor, churches, schools and hospitals and hospital camps and for the poor and needy rendered poverty stricken by the war itself.

Thus the need of these expenses could hardly be questioned by the Calverinians. The ground of the objections however came only from the Calverinians who opposed the Christian cause, not that they did not wish to pay the taxes but that it was an effort in some mysterious way unseen to help suppress the Christian resistance to the rebellion itself. One of the taxes had been ordered to be raised without anybody's consent as it had been voted for, and all taxes had been laid by bodies of elections which had all kinds of representations. None of these acts were infringements of their rights. Good and loyal Calverinians were willing to pay any and everything to support the cause.

Simultaneous to this an act had been passed requiring all the non-combatants of the Calverinians to support all troops and homeguards, which had been quartered among them to protect their homes from the enemy raiders. Many rebel sympathizers refused to obey this righteous law and thus the troops were not commissioned to protect them. This was doubly repulsive to the rebel sympathizers. Though the Angelinian authorities had been forced to repeal the Stamp Act in Calverinia it was only because its continuance was declared in the repelling act would be attended with many inconveniences on account of those siding with the rebellion.

And the trade which had been made with all nations before the war through the water way of Vivian Wickey and Aronburg and Federal Federal had been very profitable to the Christian nations themselves and now the seige of Vivian Wickey was not only a cause of irritation, but also of most heavy losses. Even the other nations could not secure from Calverinia or Angelinia such articles as glass, paper, water colors, and teas and coffees.

Throughout all the first six or seven months of the seige of Vivian Wickey there were many incidents which are worthy of note. In one several important rebel men were seized who in civilian clothes were believed to be spies. It was nevertheless looked upon as an outrage by the rebel Calverinians. Not long after this a rebel sloop of war and a gunboat was seized while attempting to run the Angelinian blockade. The seizure was the occasion of a terrible riot or conflict which forced the Angelinian ships and revenue officers to take refuge on a battle ship. The news of this incident decided General Adams to send more troops in this vicinity and quarter them in the Christian fortresses. In the state of feeling which then existed it is not strange that an immediate encounter of some violence occurred and fear of a general uprising of the rebel forces once more induced General Adams to strengthen the works more and more. At the same time of this occurrence several rebel soldiers captured were tried as spies and on the charge of murder. General Adams anxious that some justice should be done, consented to defend them. All the accused glandelinians were acquitted of the charge of spying and murder, but three however were convicted of attempting to murder some children with the besieging Christians and condemned to be branded in the

with a red hot branding iron as they did to child slaves as a punishment. The sentence was executed in open army court and all the prisoners were thus discharged but held for exchange. Another incident which stirred the besiegers happened near Island No. One. A rebel warship called the Haterburg working as a rebel revenue ship was stationed near the city of Vivian Wickey by the way to enforce the Navigation acts of glandelinia. Her wicked commander

SEAN AT PAGE SIX EIGHTY FIVE.

SIX.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

## ANGELINIAN COMMITTEES OF CORRESPONDENCE.....

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with a red hot branding iron as they did to child slaves as a punishment. The sentence was executed in open army court and all the prisoners were thus disco discharged but held for exchange. Another incident which stirred the besiegers happened near Island no one. A rebel warship called the Haterburg working as a rebel revenue ship was stationed near the city of Vivian Wickey by the bay to enforce the Navigation acts of Glandelinia. Her wicked commander was unusually rude and cruel and extremely severe in the exercise of his commission. He did not confine himself to vessels of other nations, but on the Christian shores of Vivian Wickey within the sight of the besiegers he landed men at different places on the river coast, and seized cattle, sheep, hogs, and indeed anything he pleased, and caused the most cruel and atrocious murders of helpless children who were seized and acts to the children which would cost a sin to describe. This conduct caused great indignation to the Angelinian officers and so during the time of one of her raids one battery of the Christian opened fire on the ship and in the short engagement caused her to run aground. Very soon she was attacked by eighteen hundred boats filled with soldiers. Her crew were overpowered, and set on shore as prisoners and the vessel forced off the shore by six Angelinian Marines and taken possession of. Though large rewards were offered for the apprehension of those who murdered the children, or who took part in the previous deeds as the crew thus captured were new men and not the same as the ones committing the deed, no one among the prisoners would give any information whatever and kept their mouths shut refusing to tell even if they died at the stake for their silence.

The action of many of the Christian generals in particular in conducting the Vivian Wickey siege was greatly influenced by the publication and circulation of series of letters from many persons in sympathy with the Angelinian cause in which the whole situation at Vivian Wickey, was clearly and forcibly, and ably reviewed. One of the writers was a man of wealth with a large family, of education of great ability. In one of his grand letters he expressed what the most thoughtful men of Angelina of all classes believed when he wrote to Mansion House;—

"Let all these truths be indelibly impressed upon our minds in particular; that no one in the world not even our selves can be ever happy again unless all child slaves are set free, that we ourselves cannot be free without the children being free, that we cannot be secure in our property either in Calverinia or elsewhere if the rebels still hold Vivian Wickey and be able to ravage the land, that taxes imposed upon us by Angelina do thus help to secure the freedom of child slaves and help the Christian armies, that duties laid for the sole purpose of raising money in this way by voting are just taxes, that attempts to lay such duties on the plans agreed and voted upon is tyranny for any one to oppose, that this opposition can never aid ought to be never be effectual, even if it would be the united efforts of the armies of traitors in Calverinia siding with the rebels against the Glandelinians."

On these principles the subsequent conduct of the many Christian generals not only holding the siege of Vivian Wickey but even elsewhere throughout the whole country was largely based. Even peace war refusal refusals by many good Calverinians to use rebel goods was very general. The exports to the rebel quarters also showed a heavy decline. Those sent to Glandelinia fell off more than one half, while those of other Glandelinians were not more than one sixth of their former amount. And even the presence of Angelinian troops all over Calverinia made it almost impossible to avoid collisions and many severe skirmishes had already occurred in all parts of Calverinia but no general battles.

During the recent battle of Red Riding Hood Woods which had raged four weeks in series of bloody contests another general by the name of Mic-Fern Hindcock who had received a mortal wound had died and general Thirder George had succeeded him in command this on the Christian side I mean not just now speaking about the rebels. In the early days of his commission he was regarded with much affection by his soldiers and generals. General Mansion himself wrote to Mansion, Vivian;

"I can scarcely conceive a general of better dispositions or more exemplary virtues, or more truly desirous of promoting the full welfare of all his soldiers. This commander wished to be an absolute general indeed,--to be an officer in reality. He followed his aim with the dogged perseverance. Favored by many good days of luck and circumstances he had succeeded in getting many portions of the enemy's lines under his control and though his means all of the Red Riding Hood Woods were in the possession of the Angelinians, and the region was then placed under commanders that was sure to follow his wishes. It was evident however to general George that the rebel main positions could not be forced, and the horrors of the siege was getting on his own nerves especially the effect it had upon the whole world in general and at times he almost felt responsible for the land and Christmas day though he had not been there at Vivian Wickey at the time. No one of the nations could buy any goods from either Calverinia or Angelina, and millions of merchants of other nations were presenting or asking petitions after petitions and having masses and Novenas said, Processions made, and processions offered for some relief from the war restriction on the general trade."

At first to do something for the world in general. Mansion had some desires to lessen the blockades for a temporal time but he found out the blockades had nothing to do with it at all that it was the enemy themselves who had caused all the sorrow.

On the day of the bloody Red Riding Hood's general Lord Northington who had also received his commission in place of a general who was disabled for life in the same battle had made attempts to mediate with some of the rebel generals in an effort to try and end hostilities and stay the progress of the Revolution but the enemy generals however as refused to accept any mediators one of them writing to general Mansion;

"Your Excellency general Mansion;

No mediators can be allowed within Confederate lines of Angelinia. Please do not send me it is annoying. We purpose to hold the rebellion to a finish.

Good luck to you and your efforts in general we remain yours truly;

Glandelinian authorities.

Nice of him to write such a letter to a enemy was he not!!!!"

#### CHAPTER SEVEN.

#### ANGELINIAN COMMITTEES OF CORRESPONDENCE.:::

In the month of July 1912 general Samuel Stanek of general Mansions right wing at a general meeting of christian generals in Oak Hall, Jennie vivian (Poor little Jennie vivian) moved that the thousands of com committees of correspondence should be abruptly appointed in the different towns in the province of Calverinia, to state the reasons and conditions of the siege and of the province in particular to commandate and publish the same to every Calverinian and Angelinian and other Abbeonnan towns and cities and to the whole world in general. This was prepared to be done though it would be indeed a risky job for the correspondents and they took their very lives in their hands. Also general Farrer proposed that other committees of war correspondents and news paper reports should be appointed throughout all of the Angelinian states in order to produce unity of general action. The proposition was accepted, committees were soon appointed in all of the Angelinian states remaining true to Abbeonnan, and later in the whole world itself.

And already owing as was thought to the rescue of so many child slaves by main force throughout all of Calverinia and during the invasion of Glandelinia early in the war, Abyssinkile and Angelinia herself had already an immense population of homeless and parentless orphans and child slaves. A hand and no room for them in orphan asylums. The affairs produced by this was in disorder. To aid the millions of children it was provided that all persons that were rich or not were to adopt children under penalty of deportation if refusing them, that those not able to take care of children would be given means to do so, and would be giving a means to own property as well.

Many persons in Calverinia however though born Calverinians or not were not particularly crazy for children though they had favored the cause of Angelinia and so many when offered children to adopt had refused them on the ground that they had enough children of their own to take care of. They continued the refusal under any conditions, and some who had taken them had threatened however to return them to the rebel authorities again for resumption of slavery.

Also the authorities not receiving demands for children as expected, resolved to send out many children than to Angelinia and Abyssinkile, to Pandora Calverinia, Angelinia Agathia, and Glorianna and some other places for adoption. When the first trainloads arrived at Abyssinkile and other places, though it was on a Sunday the committees of correspondence met and gained from the agents of the Child Slave Adoption plan a promise that the children if publicly adopted would be protected fully from the rebels in case they ever happened to invade Abyssinkile, and that the children should not be sent throughout any war zone districts of Calverinia where they would be in danger of being massacred by the wholesale by rebels and rebel soldiers. On the following Monday a great meeting of citizens of the City of Abyssinkile voted unanimously, that all the children that were to be left over would not be sent back to Calverinia over even if they found no homes to adopt them, but should be entrained for Abbeonnan, without being unloaded from the trains. Meantime up the Erminia river many child loads of rescued child slaves arrived into Abyssinkile. The Abyssinkilian governor however refused to allow the ships to sail up further into Abyssinkile as near its border the rebels had batteries on both sides of the river and the ships were liable to be shelled. Another mass meeting of citizens and soldiers was held and it was again unanimously voted that the ships shall pass through into Abyssinkile under the protection of Abyssinkilian warships and merriments. So that

following night before nine o'clock a stream of war ships approached the transports loaded with frightened and crying children and moving in file before and behind and on each side of the ships pulled through the gauntlet of batteries. The rebels and the ships were forced

SEEN IN PAGE SIX EIGHTY SIX.

#### CHAPTER EIGHT.

#### THE FIVE INTOLERABLE ACTS OF ANGELINIA.

Angelinian authorities. The governor of the state of Angelinia was shaken even by the eloquence of many opposers. Thus the disloyal Calverinians received the punishments they well deserved.

At first to do something for the world in general. Hanson had some desires to lessen the blockades for a temporal time but he found out the blockades had nothing to do with it at all that it was the enemy themselves who had caused all the sorrow. On the day of the bloody Red Riding Woods horror general Lord Northering who had also maintained his position in the war.

...towed into the straits and passed through into Abyssinkile under the protection of Abyssinkilian warships and merrimans. So that

following night before nine o'clock a stream of war ships approached the transports loaded with frightened and crying children and moving in file before and behind and on each side of the ships pulled through the gauntlet of batteries. The rebels seeing what was up opened a general fire along the shore and the ships were forced to pass a gauntlet of batteries really in the story seventy five miles long.

Many warships were sunk, thousands were killed or wounded on both sides but the ships ran through with not one child harmed even though a number of transports were sunk by rebel gun fire and torpedoes shot from submarine submarines. This action was called The Children battery gun party taking place December 16th 1912. Six hundred rebel guns had been disabled from the return fire of the war ships and two hundred s landed. The rebels had forty thousand cannon altogether. By this daring expedition the rebels had been surprised and one of their generals had died.

The Angelinian ships had great daring in passing such a gauntlet of batteries and though we did all in our power to prevent them we can hardly help admiring them for their bravery in which the way they safely conducted the transports through at such risk and loss of life. I give them my good luck wish in general. They were certainly brave and deserve credit. My total loss in that bombardment was one hundred thousand killed and wounded. But the National fleet a loss lost is beyond my estimation.

This engagement happened ten miles north of Abyssinkile and had nothing to do with the siege though. In Abyssinkile not one child missed a home. In Abbeinnia all found room for adoption, at Pandora (Calverinia) and Gloriana, all trains coming there with children left empty, and all ships were emptied of children. Everyone adopted them and such a wholesale adoption was a surprise to the world. The government authorities over this gave great praise and though having many millions more on their hands proposed to find room for them also. Many poor classes who adopted children received what few pensions could be spared and many received help in any other way possible. It was the grandest act the Angelinian states had ever accomplished.

#### CHAPTER 8

##### THE FIVE INTOLERABLE ACTS OF ANGELINIA

When the news of the refusal of the children in Calverinia from the disloyal subjects reached the Angelinian authorities, they and even general Hanson, Ivian and his generals were very angry, and passed five acts aimed directly at the rebellious subjects of Calverinia:

(1) All disloyal Calverinians should be deported. (2) All their property being enemy property should be seized and given over to Angelinian authorities. (3) All leaders of such conspirators should be arrested and shot for treason. (4) That all houses and other immovable property belonging to the rebellious Calverinians should be destroyed. (5) That all rebellious subjects believed to be Calverinians who had born people or children in Calverinia should not be allowed to retain them on their time of deportation, unless receiving a legal permit. For otherwise families and husbands and wives for punishment would be torn apart.

It no doubt was a cruel measure but Abbeinnia always dealt harshly with any one who rebelled wickedly against her authorities when they should and were really Angelinians and wickedly go into the side of gods worse enemies in the region of commerce with all the disloyal Calverinians was shut off by blockades and forbidden, no vessels of any nation therefore was allowed to come in or go out. This was of course to also punish the disloyal Calverinians who would stay still remain in Calverinia. The other was a transportation rule which allowed persons and others charged with child murder and rebellious purposes to be transported to Abbeinnia to or to the Island Prison for trial. Other orders completely revoked the Calverinian charter, in taking away from many assemblies of Calverinia all power of appointment and giving it to the governor of Abyssinkile who had also the main power of refusal. No public meetings were allowed, no Calverinians who could not prove they were born Angelinians and sympathized with the Angelinian cause would be allowed to vote or retain property of any kind or marry in Calverinia. These acts were specially directed against all disloyal Calverinians who through some favorable circumstances could still remain in Calverinia. Another was an enforced quartering act, this legalized the quartering of stationary armies of Angelinians in the effort to watch all movements of suspicious and rebellious subjects.

The last of it was the Child Slave Act. This reorganized all Angelinian government authorities in Calverinia, and provided for the free exercise in Calverinia of using means to run down all child slave owners and masters and confine them in prison as criminals. It also extended the limits of the Province to Angelinian rule. As had been seen the disloyal Calverinians felt that the state of Calverinia and her provinces belonged to them by right of conquest during the Gloriana-Abbeinnian war of Eighteen Forty One, and by the Angelinian authorities. In every one of these acts the disloyal Calverinians saw a direct blow at their very liberties, and many realizing that they were really in the wrong fairly repented and saved themselves from the worst to come. However these acts had not been passed without strong opposition in each house of the Angelinian authorities. A government authorities however were too strong to be shaken even by the eloquence of many opposers. Thus the disloyal Calverinians received the punishments they well deserved.

In the meantime the effects of the yivian whiskey seige was even more severe than the whole world believed it to be. Almost all the interest of the whole world with yivian whiskey and other Calverinian ports were connected with the world with yivian whiskey, ship building, grant commerce, and fishing were the means of the livelihood of most of its own citizens. And almost all of the supplies of Calverinia and Angelinia came to the world through the streams of yivian whiskey and from it to and across the sea, and the chief means of communications with the chief christian and other nations of the world came from it. The effects of the seige made it so that nothing could be brought to it by water or land not a sheep, not an ox, not a bale of hay or provisions, not a single fish, not even any kind of bundle. Fish and other provisions sent to yivian whiskey from Calverina through the secret tunnels to the suffering besieged had to go through two hundred miles of tunnels by underground trains. The condition of the city was a hard one to both non-combatants and Glandelinian soldiers alike, but the worse sufferers was a long bayw combatants who received nothing from the enemy but the corpses and sometimes nothing at all for days and were in a half starved condition.

The whole world was protesting over the horrors of this seige and its effects upon them all and made day after day an a time of prayer, and implored God and his Angels to give them a all one heart, and one mind firmly to oppose by all just and proper means, every injury to the worlds rights. Members of every nation on account of the situation held a meeting, at which they received every nation against Abbiaennia was a rebellion against all of the christian world in general, that it was an attack upon all nations, and that the committee of correspondence should consult the committee of other nations on the subject of holding a general Convention of nations throughout the world and decide whether the nations should intervene against Glandelinia or not. This measure was approved by all the nations of the world, and at the request of Protestantia.

While these meetings were being made news was received of the many battles which had raged around yivian whiskey. It excited the liveliest apprehension. Rumors of the doings of the enemy as uncivilized, brutal, oppressive, and dangerous to the whole world were passed everywhere at a meeting of the Kings and Presidents of all nations over which probably even U.S. Occided, a ball was passed and another added that they would religiously maintain and inviolably adhere to such measures as should be concerted by the general nations in common, for the preservation of the lives of women and children, liberties and fortunes, and the preventing of another such Christmas day. Like meetings were held even in Abbiaennia. There was a general agreement beforehand to abide by the decisions of all christian generals. Meanwhile secretly help was still being sent to the besieged rebels in yivian whiskey. Also came from Calverina, money from other sources, sheep even from Calverina, and supplies from all other parts of the land in possession of rebels through Calverina. Even encouragement to stand firm against the besiegers was sent to yivian whiskey every from every quarter.

One of the greatest meetings of the Angelinian generals themselves occurred December fifteenth 1912 at Carbondaler in a old University. There were also besides the generals one hundred and fifty five delegates present. Indeed it was a very able body, the Angelinian commanders having summoned and picked their very best men.

General Allenburger, Americo, and du Bernard early from Pandora, Harold Pemberton and Frank Fredrickson, from Angelinia Agathia, John Derophia, and Christopher Augustine from Angelinia in junction Angelinia and John Gladors from Glorinanna were among the number if you please to know.

These delegates were chosen in different ways, from Committees, some by the seige assemblies, and others by conventions. The convention however was held with cautious all the members wearing black robes and hoods. It issued an address to all the christian armies besieging yivian whiskey, one to the Abbiaennian government, one to the government of Angelinia, and one to Abyssinkila. A declaration of rights of all kinds for child slaves was also drawn up, and an agreement to use every means to bring about the rescue of as many child slaves as possible. The declaration also recited the various wicked acts of the Glandelinian authorities in yivian whiskey and Norma Catherine, and also declared that the whole of Abbiaennia ought to support in the seige itself. After providing for another meeting to be held on the following month the meeting adjourned.

While this meeting was in session many Angelinians had made raids and forages capturing arms and provisions, the charter rebel government of Glandelinia had been overthrown by the Angelinians, and the real direction of affairs was now in the hands of the Angelinians. By the effects of the raids arms and ammunition and artillery and important stores had been captured at different and various points, and twenty million rebel recruits men on account of the frequent raids were ordered to the front to suppress further raids. General Hanson himself

the main commander of the besiegers around the southwestern section of the seige hearing of these proceedings, began to fortify his own works more on the western and eastern sides. And learning that there was a considerable amount of gunpowder and military stores in his front still in the possession of the enemy, about twenty miles from his right wing he determined to seize it if possible. He also had been ordered by general Hanson Angelia Vivian and by the Angelinian and Abbiaennian government to arrest two rebel generals who had committed many untold outrages and to send them to Abyssinkila to be tried for murder and treason.

They were now near Carbondaler and it was evident the foe would hurl immense bodies of troops to take the town if possible.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

REUN AT PAGE SIX EIGHTY EIGHT.

## CHAPTER NINE.

MORE ACTIONS AT CARBONDALE IF YOU PLEASE.

which for rebel troops were almost impossible.

In the meantime the effects of the yivian wickey seige was even more severe than the whole world believed it to be. Almost all the interest of the whole world with yivian wickey and other C Iverinian ports were connected with the Placid Calverinian zone. Ship building, great commerce, and fishing were the means of the livelihood of most of its own citizens. And almost all of the supplies of Calverinia and Angelinia came to the world through the streams of yivian wickey and from it to and across the sea, and the chief means of communications with the christian and other nations of the world were there.

## CHAPTER NINE.

## IN MORE ACTIONS AT CARBONDALER IF YOU PLEASE.

Though general Mansions preparations had been made with indeed the most greatest secrecy they were however discovered for many Glandelinian spies were all around watching the doings and finding out the intentions of the Angelinians and general Wyrddn Caldwell a leading rebel of Julio Callio sent general Paul Barker to warn the Glandelinian generals in chief of the approaching danger. It had already been agreed upon that if many forces of Angelinian troops should start by land the signal corps should mount the signal stations and signal with flags but if by water the thunder signal signals should be given.

General Paul left at twelve o'clock at midnight before the proposed concentration or advance of the immense christian troops, he was slowly rowed over the Norma run river and when he landed, he heard many thunder signals and many lights flashing back and forth along the shores of the river on the rebel side itself. Indeed a strong horse was waiting for him and he sprang into the saddle and galloped off. As he dashed along toward his own encampments he was pursued by Angelinian soldiers but nevertheless he got away and roused the rebel troops along the route of his dash making something like a Paul Revere or a Heridan and then he hastened on toward the main rebel lines itself. When told by some one that the Nationals were guarding a portion of the road he was dashing upon he replied:

"To hell with the christian dogs. They will not stay there long when the troops start against the national line. The Abbeinnians are coming to concentrate upon us and we must fight them back. They are coming out from Carbondaler."

They were indeed not far behind the rider himself but when the first column of Angelinians eight hundred and fifty six thousand strong reached the region of the foe lines near the fortress and fortified works of Perophian the rebel troops drawn up in battle line were waiting for them with cannon and machine guns. A desperate attack however was made but the attack was repulsed and during the whole retreat of the christians the Angelinian troops were exposed to a most galling withering fire from behind rocks, trees, houses, snowbanks, and walls, fences, and houses even. The retreat soon became a rout, until the Angelinians were reinforced by other troops from Carbondaler. The fire and pursuit of the rebel troops did not cease until the christian troops were under the cover of the guns of their many warships on the river and the christian batteries on the fortified works and along the eastern shores of the river. In the beginning of this battle the loss of the christian side was one hundred thousand, in killed and wounded, the rebels lost nearly three times as many and one general. The battle of this character raged four hours and a half. At once on account of this occurrence the assemblies of general declared that general Purgatorian ought to be considered and guarded against as an unnatural and inner inveterate foe of all Angelinia. Hundreds of thousands of fresh Angelinian troops hastened to the scene of action, and one wing of the rebels still coming on and having surprised and captured a portion of the christian works were destroyed by the guns on shore and from the ships.

The time for immediate action had now come. While the roar of battle shook the air with redoubled fury as the rebels were storming the christian lines with evident success and carrying all before them and threatening to capture Carbondaler the Angelinian generals who could do so met once more and it was resolved to take up the cause of those fighting near Carbondaler, and on motion of one of the general appointed general James Wood commander of the troops near Carbondaler.

General Wood was one of the many delegates present, he was already known throughout the nation as a successful military man, he had been fifteen years a member of the Government and had been once a member of the ring where he had made a great impression by his old information and sound sense itself. He was fifty three years of age and in the prime of his powers. On his acceptance of the position of commander of these battling troops he refused to receive any pay for his services, through reserving the full right to be paid for his many expenses. At first thought it may indeed seem strange that the rebel troops should again attempt to recapture Carbondaler now one of the most strongest fortified western christian points of the seige in the world. But it appeared to the enemy that general Mansions main christian line was far away, and that it would take a long time for troops to cross the many streams and all the troops and most of the supplies would have to be brought from the extreme right at great expense of heavy losses, time and money. Other Glandelinian armies outside of yivian wickey were for a time of little use to the besieged for they were separated from yivian wickey by a perfect forest of scouting cavalry forces of christians and infantry and smaller armies over a territory a hundred miles wide and nearly much longer, and which for rebel troops were almost impassable without certain destruction.

Besides this the Angelinian armies themselves if you wish to know it were made up of very intelligent men, fighting for a good principal, for their homes and country, and for the freedom of the child slaves. They were moreover fighting on the offensive and under such circumstances the enemy though fewer men were needed, as an invading army of christians must not only attack, but also must hold the country it may conquer. The invaders also have to look out for their supplies, and it is seldom safe to rely upon the enemy's country itself for the support of their troops.

Before general Wood could reach the scene of Carbondaler there had been indeed some hard fighting since the christian onslaught itself had been repulsed. After the retreat of the badly beaten christian troops toward Carbondaler and the pursuit, general Artemus warden the commander of Abyssinkill's troops had learned of the distant disaster and ordering the ships to open fire on the attacking rebels, and the batteries to let go sent a large division of troops under general Orescott to occupy the main christian trenches and relieve those being assaulted by the rebels. General Breeds right wing had already been destroyed by the gunboat and battery fire of the christians in possession of the river shore, and this gave the christians some chance to repel the main force of the assault.

General Gagesent of the enemy had thrown forward nearly six hundred thousand troops in a desperate effort to dislodge the Angelinians and drive them on toward Carbondaler. Along two points the rebel onslaught being six miles long was repulsed with destruction of men and horses combined officers falling like flies, but nevertheless the main line of assault was successful, the ammunition of the artillery men of the position had run out, and the infantry unsupported by their artillery were compelled to retreat. The loss on this day on each side was exceedingly heavy indeed. Among the killed on the christian side was general Warden one of the ablest generals of the country. The first day of the battle confirmed the Angelinians in the course they had taken. General Wood arrived at the headquarters of the beaten army at Cambridge Junction on the evening of the struggle, and assumed the main command. His difficulties were very great. There was hardly any ammunition for his artillery and other troops, the main divisions were too far to the rear to resume the engagement before morning, sorely needed were too far to the rear to resume the engagement before morning, of the men unused to such a staggering defeat were becoming weary of fighting and of the hardships they had to endure, they did not like the strict discipline that came camps, and many were so badly wounded or exhausted from their exertions that they could not hardly stand up and their losses in killed wounded and missing was simply dreadful and Carbondaler was filled with their wounded to almost overflowing. General Wood found the christian army on account of its losses one third smaller than it had been. In spite of these difficulties, though the enemy pressed the assault once more that late evening he was desperate means maintained the second line of positions, and at the same time encouraged and provisioned the troops. Then toward early morning he thought it time to make a counter attack, so he seized aided by main force, all the positions lost that day before and fortified them even amid a hammering storm of shot and shell, and did everything possible which the enemy made frantic efforts to prevent and the carnage was horrible. The rebels then fearing to resume the attack so early and especially fearing to attack these fortified trenches even at the location and Carbondaler was once more free of rebel troops though it cost a third desperate battle to do it.

In the hope of getting more child slaves from the rebels general mansion in the meantime during the fourth day of January sent a large expedition up the Normans gun toward Ivian wicky wickey to capture some of the glandelinian strongholds fronting Andrian in particular, and violet and her sisters then being back in the christian lines they formally went with the expedition to see the sights if possible and spy for the christian cause if necessary. The armies were successful in taking general Montreals positions and a number of cannon, but the desperate attack upon general Quebecks lines was a total disastrous failure, and for thirty miles the Angelinians were driven back with great loss, and for four times during the three days retreat violet and her sisters were slightly wounded in the being captured by the foe and one of the little girls was slain. The failure of this expedition was from three regional reasons I mean. First the assaulting parties were too small. Second the assault upon general quebecks army and its positions was made in a different form than planned and it plundered, and third, the region was separated from the christians by many roving glandelinian savarly and infantry making by their raids and demonstrations the region almost impenetrable.

Meanwhile general Hanson Ivian and even Consentinian Aronburg had refused to hear, or even to receive, the petitions sent to him by certain rebel generals by true bearers, and had many times already issued a strong proclamation against rebellion and sedition and child slavery in general. All of the Angelinian governments supported general Hanson. Ivian and his brother by authorizing him to send more forces to conduct the siege of Ivian wicky, and to hire troops from Abyssinkill and Abbeennia. Trade with glandelinia by her allies was forbidden. Many rebel war ships and transports having been already seized they were used to increase the blockade of all glandelinia seaports, slave trade was forbidden, and everything was done to make the rebellion as short as possible. There was hope of Ivian wicky being captured before the next year was half out for the encouragement was brought on by the recent capture of the section called Anna Aronburg.

On the foist of J n Jamray during a raid by an Angelinian squadron a rebel flag had been captured from a color bearer during a skir skir skirmish, which had in addition to the glandelinian Union, eighty four alternate stripes of eighty four different colors. There was now presented a curious spectacle of indeed a wicked glandelinian Congress in Ivian wicky, fighting against the armies of Our Lord and executing many of the powers of the Devil himself, and yet protesting that

SHALL IN PAGE SIX HANTY SIX ONE.

#### CHAPTER TEN.

MANSION PLANS A FIERCE EFFORT TO CAPTURE ANDRIAN.

Hanson Ivian the President of the Government, and the members of the same day, Ivian. The purchases were also signed by all of the members on the same day, though others signed still later, one of the signers not being a member when the

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It needed little change to turn all the glandelinian governments into rulers of hell little more in fact than to try and take from God the choice of his children and give their souls to the demons, but in Julio Callo no change was needed except to cease the horrible reign of terror for the present time. One of the earliest formal declarations against the rebellion and the actions of the glandelinians in July in Norma Catherine took place at Charlotte Junction not far from eastern Jennie Vivian. On December 31st the committee of christian generals during a lull in hostilities met and passed a serious resolution it being the most important which declared that all glandelinian soldiers guilty of murder especially of killing children should be treated not as soldiers or prisoners of war but as murderers and assassins, that all the glandelinian Provincial Congresses in Vivian wiskey should be destroyed if possible. Also a set of rules was immediately drawn up to be followed until the christian generals should provide further laws. In Jennie Vivian simultaneously a hot convention in trusted the Angelinian peligates of that section of the army to propose to that respective body to declare anew the Declaration of Freedom for child slaves and so to enforce it.

On Thursday in Jamray the first week general Lee Henry Richardson of Mansions army introduced a resolution in a great meeting of generals all hooded and robed reciting "that all the child slaves and their followers and all children in the possession of the glandelinians of right and a lawful cause ought to be free and independent of all labor and slavery and toil, that they should be and shall be absolved from all the sufferings of slavery, and that all connection between them and glandelinians should be under any conditions whatever totally dissolved.

This was seconded by general Adams Johnstonia Henry. Other Resolutions looking toward foreign alliances, and toward a plan of enforcement were also introduced. As one hot debate, the consideration of the first resolution was postponed for a day. This gave time for the delegates and other Meetings to find out the views of their constituents, and for the whole besieging armies and the National governments to give expression to their wishes.

By the middle of Jamray two of the armies had in one way or another given votes for the wish of the Childrens adoption into families throughout all of Abbeennia and Angelinia. On the first of Feb. the hot debate was begun, and on the second after some more debate the resolution was carried, and on the fifth the Declaration was adopted by the Angelinian generals and signed. It was a curious coincidence that many bells were rung on that day in celebration of the measure "Proclaiming liberty throughout all of the land unto all the inhabitants thereof, for all child slaves held in co possession by the Ange Angelinian rebels".

To a committee of five conventions of which general Linia Sweede, and general Double Day Federal were members was intrusted the duty of preparing a statement of the childrens grievous grievances, and of the resolutions of the Conventions. The well known Angelinian document adopted indeed with but slight alteration was largely the work of general Hanson Vivian himself. The action of the conventions and the reading of the new declaration were received with universal rejoicing. In most cases the soldiers had gone faster than the men of the conventions which simply had been compelled to record the popular desires when they issued the declarations.

The original ep copo copies of the declarations was signed by general Hanson Vivian the President of the Conventions, and by general Robert Robert Vivian. The parchments were also signed by all of the members on the same day, though others signed still later, one of the signers not being a member when the

oaths were taken. While the signing was going on general Hanson said: "We must be completely unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways during this war, we must in this siege work together." "Yes," said his brother general Robert Lyman. "We must all work together, for to work separately will mean disaster and the abandonment of the siege on entirely."

## CHAPTER XXV.

## HANSON PLANS A FIERCE EFFORT TO CAPTURE ANDREAN.

The Angelinians had left Carbondale in the possession of strong troops, Anna Aronburg was also strongly garrisoned and all the important points in the Red Riding Hood Woods and along the gunbeam Creek was also in their possession, and they now had no intentions whatever of giving it up. General Lyman knowing that general Hanson was preparing an advance upon Aurandocille though while he would operate against that point it would be a good point in the middle sections of the siege, Andean a more promising field for attack with his own troops. If he could capture Andean he would soon have the besieged surely at his mercy. All of the surviving inhabitants of Andean who had fled for shelter from that terrible conflagration were eager to side with the glandelinians, than were the loyal glandelinians of other sections, and much might be hoped from the loyalists both in the way of great influence, and of direct secret aid. If Andean could be secured a way could be found to cut off the enemy's full water supply and probably disconnect the tunnels as well as her sisters had declared one was in Andean.

By this action also the besieged could be fully divided, and has the enemy had their navy elsewhere just now it might be more effectual in separating the northern and southern sections of Lyman. Key from the rest. Moreover north of Lyman Key the Norma Run river for a long distance was the main route to Calverine and was a full dividing line between Lyman Key, and Calverine, and the rest of the Calverinian country in the hands of the rebellious Angelinians. So in the month of December or January I mean general Hanson sent general James Wood and Linia Sweede from Halifax, and Nova Scotian and these troops started on the drive against Andean as soon as possible.

Lyman-Hollister Johnston of the enemy had discovered this conspiracy and his troops having moved as soon as it was known had already occupied with other armies the city of Andean and its outer limits and all the works outside the city and forts were more strongly garrisoned and possessed. He had about twenty five million troops, but it seemed as if they were going to be ill prepared to meet the Angelinian regulars, their ammunition was slightly exhausted, many of the soldiers were still disabled from wounds, their rifles were poor, and many were ill-informed inhabitants of Lyman Key who were glandelinians and being only in the army a month knew only a little of real war or of even military aid and drill.

General James Wood and Linia Sweede was soon a reinforced by the arrival of general Great Heart and Dare Not Lie, and a fleet of Angelinian gunboats, battleships, and Merrimacs. Before beginning hostilities in general the Angelinians again issued a proclamation offering protection to all child slaves that would try and desert the enemy and come over to the Christian lines when they saw the opportunity. The Christian generals were also instructed to do all in their power to keep the loyal Calverinians at peace if possible, but it was hard for them to know with whom to treat. They could not approach the glandelinian Congress for they did not recognize that wicked body and tribunal. They had tried once to open communication with the inhabitants through wireless but general Lyman-Hollister Johnston discovered all the wireless messages and nothing came of these attempts so far. Meantime the Christian forces had been receiving strong additions until their forces amounted to over thirty million men. General Lyman-Hollister Johnston had been fortifying his positions as thoroughly as possible. He held also Island No. nine and from the heights of Angelina commanded the whole city of Andean. The division of the glandelinian army was which under general Inner Myllete held this important post was attacked by a strong force of Christians thrown forward by Linia Sweede. The battle was considerably heavy, many hundreds of cannons were used on both sides, and firing was incessant. The battle raged all day and Inner Myllete was defeated, and half his army destroyed or captured. With great skill general Lyman-Hollister Johnston opened his own line into bloody action and thus covered the retreat of Inner Myllete and then with great skill brought his main troops over to the main land, but the whole right of the war had to be completely evacuated. At the same time general Wood held a formal conference with general Lyman-Hollister Johnston, but nothing was accomplished. The battle must go on. After the complete evacuation of Island No. nine general Lyman-Hollister Johnston held the highlands north of the city cutting off all communications with a all of General Wood's army. In order to be ready to defend other sections of Andean, he crossed a portion of the army at night over the river, leaving a large garrison in Fort G. Caldwell on the east banks of the river. This fort he had the no more of the Garrison of seeing surrendered to the Angelinians, though after a brave defense.

General Wallis corner one of general Woods aids at the same time cross the river on pontoons to attack the glandelinians and Lyman-Hollister Johnston who now had lost nearly three million men in prisoners and killed and wounded and missing, was compelled to withdraw slowly before the advancing Christians one of his divisions and even to see them he was compelled to cross the river and be driven from their works. This was late however in the night. The glandelinian Congress in Andean in the general gloom had given general Lyman-Hollister Johnston greater powers and hastily leaving Andean had gone to Norma Catherine. Everywhere the roar of battle was heard resounding terrifically loud, as other rebel divisions refused to yield their ground, and many child slaves had already been rescued and were placed under the protection of the Angelinians.

After crossing the Norma Run, the small force of glandelinians was increased to about sixty five million. The immense forces of Christians followed general Lyman-Hollister Johnston, gained possession of all the territory within sight of Andean, and would have crossed to the west bank banks of the river had not general Lyman-Hollister Johnston so secured all the boats for miles above and below Norma's Bridge and destroyed all the small bridges and secured possession of all the pontoons. General Lyman-Hollister Johnston now was compelled upon a bold stroke to stop the advance of the Christians. With two million five hundred thousand men, on Christmas night, he recrossed the Norma Run by means of Norma's Bridge, marched ten miles through a heavy snowstorm to Jennie Gauderburg, surprised the rear of the immense Christian force under general Wood, captured many prisoners and drove the main line back upon the river in great confusion. For three hours he had regained and retained the location he had captured but being threatened by general Greatheart, he gave some resistance and then was forced to retreat to the supporting column under general Princeton. The first the Angelinians knew then of this movement was the sound of great numbers of cannon in the distance and the roar of exploding of shell and heavy firing. General Greatheart was forced to follow, to protect his main stores and to avoid losing communication with Jennie Lyman. He therefore on the following morning made a desperate assault upon the whole of Lyman-Hollister Johnston's lines and during the sanguinary fray captured general Philadelphia's army of ninth corps but the main assault was repulsed with terrible loss as Lyman-Hollister Johnston's main position appeared to be too strong to be attacked with evident success. Nevertheless should the Angelinians make a detour and advance toward Andean Section by the north or west it would be at the risk of a dangerous flank movement on the part of Lyman-Hollister Johnston. The Angelinians however were not idle, for during the early morning after the bloody repulse a great number of surrounding expeditions were sent out from Jennie Lyman and elsewhere into the surrounding country, and much damage was done within an hour.

They captured Newporters brigade of gunnermen and held that position thus secured through the remainder of the siege. Much of the tremendous misfortune of the glandelinians in the early part of the battle seemed to have been due to two causes:

1. The first the interference of the Angelinian generals with the plans of Lyman-Hollister Johnston, second the treachery of one of the rebel generals, who was to have been next to Lyman-Hollister Johnston in rank, and exceedingly jealous of him. Early that same morning general Marquis came up the river with a strong fleet of the rebel navy to offer aid to Lyman-Hollister Johnston and help him prevent the capture of Andean. He came in a flag ship fitted out at his own expense, and followed by transports loaded with soldiers and military stores for the glandelinians themselves. Meanwhile during the progress of the battle two hours later when it had become more general all along the lines and the rebel fleets lined in with their big guns making a tremendous din, stirring events were taken place south of Andean. The Angelinians in carrying out their plans sent also two strong expeditions from Jennie Lyman, one under general Richardson Hindernine to open communications with the Christian lines and Andean, for the glandelinians still held possession of the Norma Run river above Andean, the other under general Hindler St. Claire to central Andean, to reduce that part of the rebel territory to submission at all costs and then to unite with Hindernine. Hindernine's force consisted of about 10,000,000 men of whom seven million were regular troops, and the rest Calverinians and Abyssinkillians. He was successful in making an assault in which he took fortress Rosemary a new rebel fort just constructed before December. He then amid the dreadful resistance he met continued to advance toward the Norma Run with the purpose of joining an army which general Greatheart was to send up the Norma Run to meet him. He expected in this way to get the rebel forces defending Andean between two immense armies, and either cause their capture or completely annihilate them. The glandelinian forces under general Hindernine only about four million strong, after strong opposition of about two hours were forced to retreat, but they destroyed all the bridges, cut down scores of hundreds of thousands of trees by blasting and other work, and obstructed all the roads by abatis.

General Hindernine trusting in God and confident of success, sent a detachment against general Vermonite who held a long line of works protected by abatis of big trees and cotton looms and bayonets and everything else to make a formidable obstruction, in the hope of gaining that part of the rebel line so as to cut off communication of the rebels with the main line. But this assault as well as that of Hindernine was a complete and bloody failure. Two great assaults were made upon the abatis and the assault were repulsed and the abatis clogged with the fallen. Hindernine was losing great numbers of men in these assaults, and the militia was swelling the rebel troops confronting him in that fiery fray. So force

was the firing of both sides that the abatis was hacked and torn and the brush fairly stripped off in many places by canister bullets and shells, and the smoke was as thick as if there had been a forest fire. The battle of Andean was far from their being stubbornly contested. The Angelinians under Hindernine were far from their main base of supplies, and could hear nothing of general Greathart. To arrive back the ferocious Angelinians seemed the most feasible plan, but in the attempt to carry it out general Hindernine was checked in two desperate charges made by the Angelinians under general S. Saratoga. Men on both sides fell in thousands per volley, but nevertheless the Christian armies could not be dislodged though one division under general Foster with about six million men was almost captured a part forced to surrender either for saving their lives or from cowardice to general Gatters whom the Angelinian authorities had put most unfairly in the place of general Ferer. The credit to the organization the opposition to Hindernine's advance was due to general Mic-Hollester Johnston himself. The blunder of general Great heart in not advancing to meet general Hindernine, had a very serious consequence for the cause of the struggle. It led to the surrender of one of the Christian brigades and their general, and it was not until eight days had elapsed till the reason of general Greathart's action was explained. General Lee Charlsson had been surprised and captured by the Angelinians during the time of one of the fierce onslaughts upon Mic-Hollester Johnston's main line. Though a of one of the fierce onslaughts upon Mic-Hollester Johnston's main line. Though a Angelinian he secretly afterward tendered his services fully to the Christians, and advised general Greathart to take Andean, the rebel capital of Vivian valley, which would possibly destroy the whole rebel go Congress and governments in which would possibly destroy the whole rebel go Congress and governments in Vivian valley, and also to send an expedition up the Norma gun and other Vivian and Winkey rivers and delthas to prevent other rebel garrisons from Nor-a Catherine and other sections of the city from sending aid. This traitor general not having a high opinion of general Mic-Hollester Johnston's generalship believed this could have been done without much direct difficulty. Greathart however he thought would be more than a match for the whole Angelinian army. General Greathart whether by the traitors' advice or not, did not and could not go to meet and hold general Hindernine that day. Mic-Hollester Johnston however had chosen his position so skillfully, that though general Greathart to cover the retreat of general Woods flanked columns dared attacked, and made great efforts to prevent the rebels from taking him in the rear.

The struggle raged all that horrible morning with dreadful fury but the skillful generalship of Mic-Hollester Johnston was never more clearly shown than at this critical time. At this point general Mic-Hollester Johnston only had in his front only eleven million men against general Greathart's eighteen million thrown forward in the morning assaults, but seeing it was necessary to make an effort to defend Andean he had chosen his position and placed his forces with great skill and in the terrific conflict which raged from seven o'clock until noon without ceasing over a ten mile front general Greathart's right wing was crushed and driven back with heavy loss but in retreated retreated in such good order that it was four hours later before the rebels could enter the abandoned Christian works. General Greathart was wounded slightly in this part of the terrible struggle where he greatly distinguished himself by his skill and bravery though six horses were shot under him. The first general action of the battle of Andean was of great service to the Angelinian army for though a defeat for temporal time it proved that the Angelinian regulars could stand against any storming fire of the rebel lines. But on account of the disaster to the right wing however there was nothing to encourage the Angelinians, and to outward appearances the cause of the struggling armies seemed hopeless. Early in the afternoon about two o'clock general Greathart made a desperate attempt to recover the lost ground on his right, possibly influenced by the traitors' advice, and so he brought up his new divisions and attacked general Delaware John. His troops on sweeping forward to the assault could not pass the rebel obstructions along the works and so while the main force laid down and opened a general fire, the rest recoiled to the rear and reaching Sunbeam Creek, went up that stream's banks as far as Jennie Vivian then pushed on northward and started for the rear of the rebel lines.

When general Mic-Hollester Johnston learned of this he broke up the encampments on his rear, and sent forces to protect general Delaware John while other troops hurried to intercept the Christian army before it could reach Delaware's rear.

The plan was came up at the very moment and made an attack upon the foe in that quarter. Though well planned the attempt was a failure, and the battle was so severe that the smoke was like a heavy fog, and then the two divisions of troops which had been sent to intercept the Christians fell upon them on flank and front simultaneously throwing the attacking forces into the wildest confusion. The flankiers could do little more and retreated all the way to Jennie Vivian where the rebels dared not follow. Delaware and his troops though repelling another assault still remained in the captured works on Greathart's right though by the assault, and losses the rebel army was much decimated and annoyed. The condition of the battling Angelinian troops was deplorable and shut in on the south and west by assaulting columns of the greatest strength and lying open to the attacks of Greathart and suffering. The soldiers thus cut off became a synonym for slaughter sorrow and annihilation and so many men became unfit for duty on account of wounds received that they laid down to die in the deep cold snow, and many were barefooted and otherwise naked but still they fought on.

It was a disgraceful punishment to the rebels that this suffering was occasioned not by lack of means itself but due to the interference of the Christian generals to prevent them from obtaining supplies. Even Mic-Hollester Johnston's correspondents

showed how often during the battle he was hampered and his well laid plans brought to naught by the Christian action. Members of the Angelinian congress itself sponsored general Delaware for not doing which the Christians themselves kept him from attacking Andean off his main lines. That general Mic-Hollester Johnston

SEEN IN PAGE SIX NINETY FOUR.

#### CHAPTER ELEVEN.

GENERAL FRANCE SUPPORTS GENERAL GREATHART. HE RELIEVES GREATHART SO HE CAN GO TO DRESS HIS WOUNDS. THE PROGRESS OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF ANDEAN.

#### CHAPTER TWELVE.

SEEN IN PAGE SIX NINETY FIVE.

#### THE ANDEAN NAVAL ENGAGEMENT. MIC-HOLLESTER'S THESON.

POSITION FIRST WAS SHOWN AND THEN RETURN FIRE WAS GALLING THE SHIPS AND FAIRLY TEARING AND DAMAGING THE REBELS. AS IT WAS DECIDED TO MOVE FURTHER OFF AND ATTACK GENERAL NEWPORTS REBEL SAILED ON SHORE WHICH WAS ALSO HELD BY THE ENEMY. BUT OWING TO A PERFECT STORM OF SHELLS AND SHOT AND HIGH EXPLOSIVES AND ATTACKED BY REBEL FLEETS AND SUBMARINES,

was the firing of both sides that the abatis was hacked and torn and the breaches fairly stripped off in many places by canister bullets and shells, and the smoke was as thick as if there had been a forest fire. The battle of Andean was certainly the most stubbornly contested. The Angelinians under Windermere were far from their

duty on account of wounds received that they laid down to die in the deep woods and many were barefooted and otherwise naked but still they fought on. It was a disgraceful punishment to the rebels that this suffering was occasioned not by lack of means itself but due to the interference of the christian generals to prevent them from obtaining supplies. Even Mic-Hollester Johnstone corresponded

showed how often during the battle he was hampered and his well laid plans brought to naught by the christian action. Members of the glandelinian congress itself answered general Delaware for not doing which the christians themselves kept him from doing, though cutting off his gull supplies, that general Mic-Hollester Johnstone was attempting to furnish no readily. General Washington Benjamin declared;

"The northern armies of glandelinians under general Mic-Hollester Johnstone have shown us all what Glandelinian armies are capable of doing with general Mic-Hollester Johnstone at their head. The spirit of the southern armies of Vivian Wickkey is no in no way inferior to the spirit of Mic-Hollester Johnstone. Another general like Mic-Hollester Johnstone, or a Manley would in a very few days render all of the besieged an irresistible body of men that would in the shortest time possible render the siege of Vivian Wickkey a total failure and drive off the christian dogs."

However general Greatheart was a seeming and ambitious man. He had succeeded in pushing so far, he now tried to thrash general Delaware. All through the afternoon many attempts were made upon Delaware. A prominent actor in one of these plots was an officer named general Gannon an American Irish man who had volunteered in the Angelinian army. It would have probably succeeded immediately but through the general being severely wounded during one of the frays the effort though desperate, wild in fury, and most dogged and determined failed most ignominiously, and most of those officers and leaders who were concerned in this most desperate movement of the whole war so far were either killed or wounded and the christian losses something dreadful now. The second stage of the bloody battle was now reached.

#### CHAPTER ELEVEN.

#### GENERAL FRANCE SUPPORTS GENERAL GREATHEART.

HE RELIEVES GREATHEART TO GO AND DRESS HIS WOUNDS.  
THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE OF ANDREAN.

UP TO THIS TIME THE CONFLICT had been between general Mic-Hollester Johnstone and general Greatheart, other divisions and brigades were now drawn in, and the struggle became very furious and losses occurred by the wholesale. And if the surrender of a brigade of christian troops had cheered the hearts of the despised glandelinians, it had brought dismay and ferocity to the Angelinians and they were fighting with ferocity to revenge this blow. Indeed this long battle of Andean as it was called had been considered as one of the most decisive battles of not only the war but of the whole world, because for either one side or the other it proved to be the turning point of the issue at Andean. General Greatheart who had been wounded had long wished to revenge himself for the loss of his positions on his right wing, he though being relieved for a while had been sending more and more troops, and on the news of the surrender of one of his brigades he had listened to the advice of general Gannon and so sent a strong christian fleet and another army of four million men. General Maurice Costello soon came up with his divisions and joined Greatheart's successor and in an hour another half hour general Holland came up with his divisions and then the concentration upon the enemy was surely becoming heavy and the battles fury something horrible in ferocity and wild nature. Among the Angelinians the immediate effect of the arrival of the reinforcements was the inspiring of the f the disheartened defeated christian troops on Greatheart's right with more renewed courage, and make them rally. It also led to the evacuation of one of the works on Greatheart's right by the rebels for the glandelinians fearing that the approaching christian fleets would steam up the river and storm their rear with shells and high explosives, general Mic-Hollester Johnstone ordered that section of the army back to the former positions which was of more value to them than the works they had taken. The pushing of new christian troops also divided the attention of general Delaware and kept him from increasing his troops in numbers upon his assailants. It also greatly helped the other situation of the battle. After the complete evacuation of the works on Greatheart's right wing at about four o'clock general Mic-Hollester Johnstone to cover his withdrawal that is the withdrawal of Delaware fell upon the advancing christians under general Gannon. Had it not been for the death of general Charles Insurboe the glandelinians would in this most desperate of charges gained a complete victory. But on account of such a tragedy the attacking column fell back into confusion and was broken to pieces by the terrific christian artillery and musketry fire until half of the column of rebels was mowed down all the way to their own works a fearful slaughter indeed. During the time the rebels retreated, general Hanson and Maurice Costello took up his old position on the right of Greatheart's army their line extending along the highlands as far as Morris's army of Abyssinians. The Angelinians though winning their own ground back again and gained nothing nevertheless as far as their plans were concerned, the rebels had ravaged their lines most horribly, and treated the christian prisoners brutally. At this time the fleet of ships arrived and the four million men. The expedition of ships came to the rear of the foe position first and shelled the rebel cannons and fairly tearing and damaging the whole fleet return fire was calling the ships and fairly tearing and damaging the whole fleet as it were it was decided to move further off and attack general Newport's rebel fleet on shore which was also held by the enemy. But owing to a perfect storm of shells and shot and high explosives and attacked by rebel fleets and submarines,

the attempt exceedingly bloody was a failure and the Angelinian commander of the fleet on str. steamed to better shelter. During the same time elsewhere there were thousands of plundering expeditions and many experiences of the horrors of the extensive battle of Misran. A force of glandelinians and Mic-Hollsterians under the leadership of general Jerry putleron and prantier came from the distant fortress of Lucillie. He sent pickets and attacked a portion of general Mauro Maurice Costelloes troops and butchered many children they had captured during the confusion of the assault and would have laid waste to the whole christian encampment of barracks and tents had not the assault been repulsed. The same time another of the rebel generals destroyed the christian encampment near Cherry run and drove the christians back in confusion. There were other attacks upon Maurice Costelloes lines which resulted in massacres of rebel troops from the christian fire only less horrible, because fewer soldiers assaulted. All the assaults met disastrous repulses.

War demands retaliation and so at five o'clock in the evening or late afternoon general Maurice Costello sent general Sullivan with a force of Abyssinkilians against the attackers. The object of this counter assault was in Maurice Costelloes own words: "To carry the fighting shot the very heart of the enemy's position, to cut off their encampments, destroy all their tents barracks and all supplies, and to do every other mischievous thing that circumstances will permit. The enemy's positions and encampments was not to be merely run over but destroyed. The counter attack at that had completed the entire destruction of that rebel encampment and driven all the rebel troops with the loss of all the child a slave captives from the region. The Angelinians in this struggle which was desperate in the extreme and which took five charges to accomplish the work rescued nearly twenty thousand child slaves boys and girls from five to ten years old. Elsewhere however the rebel raba ravages had continued and spread to a greater degree. In this engagement general Mic-Hollster Johnston was accused of bringing on the Angelinian troops the merciless Gargolinn Infantry whose known rule of warfare against christians was an undistinguished destruction or enslavement of all children of all ages and conditions. It was also a complaint that all became the glandelinian Congresses at Vivian Wickey, wicked and blood thirsty criminals released from all glandelinian prisoners had been inducted as 'glandelinian minutemen and also the rebel Congress had resolved that it was highly expedient to engage all released criminals in the service of the united glandelinian armies in the effort to carry on the bloody rebellion. So before this battle even had raged months before the thousands of criminals wherever they would had been authorized to employ hundreds of thousands of criminals wherever they would be most useful, and also to offer them a reward of one hundred dollars for every commissioned officer captured and thirty dollars for every private soldier of the Angelinian troops that they would take as prisoners into Vivian Wickey, and four hundred dollars for every child slain or taken as a slave.

#### CHAPTER TWELVE.

##### THE ANDREAN NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

The glandelinians for the time being had sent very few ships to support general Mic-Hollster Johnston in repelling Greathearts attacks but on the afternoon of the first general engagement of the battle the rebel Congress began to commission many of the rebel ships that could be spared from Vivian Wickey. The most successful commander of any of these fleets was Admiral Aluman who however was a regularly commissioned officer in the glandelinian navy entirely. During his fighting down the river to help Mic-Hollster Johnston he took any opposing christian ships, and even attacked christian dreadnaughts with evident success. In this terrible conflict on the river in the rear of the attack christian lines, he engaged a whole christian fleet of two thousand dreadnaughts, two hundred Merrimac's and a hundred gunboats. Two two fleets came so close to gether that every side was shot broadside to broadside and in the desperate fighting the christian fleet was repulsed but not before the glandelinian admiral had lost three thousand out of his three thousand one hundred and one men. Even his flag ship had been so injured that it was sinking and he had to transfer everything including his wounded men to one of his good ships. As many as five hundred Angelinian ships were fairly destroyed. The damage done to the christian fleet can be imagined from the fact that the christian admiral condemned eight hundred and eighteen of his surviving ships. It had been estimated that on the christian fleet over seventy thousand men were engaged in this naval battle and the largest number of his wounded and killed was about forty one thousand to forty seven thousand, of which thirty seven thousand were the wounded, and the others killed, while the average number of those who were normally in the service in the other christian fleet that did not have the chance to join in the struggle was a out thirty two thousand. The christian armies had many hairbreadth escapes during this engagements, and one admiral and his whole crew was captured but afterwards time by another christian warship was rescued with the capture of their captor. During the slow retreat the fleet was often that day attacked by rebel batteries on shore but escaped. The noise of this conflict had been simply dreadful and could not be described.

The loud thunder of so many thousands of guns fairly shook the water so that all fishes were killed, all window windows in houses of houses that survived the one hundred million dollar fire were shattered, Noran Catherine also suffered losses.

SEEN IN PAGE SIX NINTY EIGHT.

#### CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

##### THE ATTACK IN THE SOUTH.

all day of hard fighting at the risk of enormous losses christian lines retreated in some but the child slaves had not been retaken though the christians retreated in some disorder through the passage ways and fought every inch of the way of retreat. The streets was paved with dead and wounded city rebels and sympathizers.

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The loud thunder of so many thousands of guns fairly shook the water so that all fishes were killed, all window panes in houses that survived the one hundred million dollar fire were shattered, Norm gathering also suffered losses and trees were shattered of their branches.

During the evening of that terrible day many more terrible christian attacks came upon certain portions of the Angelinian positions, and so many fell that the rebels were getting discouraged, but nevertheless general Mic-Hollester Johnston maintained his position in the face of difficulties which all men and best ones at that would have thought completely insurmountable. On one occasion a portion of his troops was driven in confusion across a flooded part of the country when during the battle the Angelinians burst a levee, the water being bitterly cold, but while his men were in water small floating ice cakes often up to their necks, general Mic-Hollester Johnston dashed in among them, and enduring hardships almost innumerable that awful evening succeeded in rallying the trop troops and brought them back, and through his skill and perseverance, drove the christian back after a horrible conflict in which he himself narrowly escaped being shot.

One of the greatest difficulties before the rebel Angelinian Continental Congress was that of bringing forward sufficient troops necessary for reinforcing general Mic-Hollester Johnston and supplying paper money for their services. It was quite likely that had the great Angelinian Congress attempted at that time to bring up much artillery and machine guns for the support of Mic-Hollester Johnston the battle would have probably been more successful than it was, but this attempt had not been immediately made. Yet the plan already familiar to the Angelinian generals who had lost so heavily in the struggle was followed, of issuing as many troops as only called for at times only, promises of supplies on demand after a certain hour. Accordingly the more discouraging the prospect and prospect the less willing would soldiers want to fight especially when at such heavy loss. Already since July it is probable in this story that on the rebel side alone nearly twenty millions had either fallen or were taken prisoners or deserted. It was useless for general Mic-Hollester Stanok to allow soldiers to go home when they pleased for it was perilous to the city, and now with the loss of gunnery it did seem as if the resistance against the siege was worthless. If Andren fell all was lost. The whole country or city of Andren was flooded with Angelinian wounded and dying soldiers from wounds was common. Soon after the beginning of hostilities at Andren the Angelinian Congress had tried to draw troops from Mic-Hollester Stanok, particularly from Purgatorian, and Purgatorian, but these generals being shell shocked of their positions and forts and harassed by christian batteries too countantly to release any amount of troops were slow to lend men for the defense of Andren, troops could be only sent on very necessary conditions and could not have been secured at all without the personal aid of such generals as Isner, Myletze and Adams Johnson. Much of the aid given by Mic-Hollester Stanok was given with the purpose of injuring general Hanson. For general Mic-Hollester Johnston this was poor security indeed, but partly through christian opposition and a desire to see him humbled general Mic-Hollester Stanok petitioned about eleven million unengaged men which was of great help to general Mic-Hollester Johnston, indeed had it not been for this, Andren would have fallen easily and Mic-Hollester Johnston and his whole army would have been forced to surrender. On that second day of this most tremendous conflict the outlook for general Mic-Hollester's army had been for a time most gloomy indeed. Just toward the evening after the second day of the contest general Mic-Hollester Johnston had wrote to general Mic-Hollester Stanok:

"I must have about 10,000,000 more men or a large number of my wounded soldiers will have to go to fight. The situation is desperate and Greatheart has retaken his positions on the right and repulsed and punished me everywhere."

This was one of Mic-Hollester Johnston's perseverance and success. Had it not been for his relieving the needed reinforcements on time that 1st bloody afternoon been for his relieving the needed reinforcements on time that 1st bloody afternoon it was hard to see how the battle could have succeeded so far that day. So fierce had been some of the christian attacks during that day and so many rebel soldiers had fallen every hour or even minute that it seemed as if Andren was about to be lost that day itself and just in time the needed reinforcements had come. Even early that fearful evening the rebel militia had been captured and forces of christians even had broke into Andren itself through one of the secret passages discovered and had started to march through the streets to compel the Angelinian Congress there to surrender the city, and on the march seizing all child slaves they had found hiding in the ruins of burned blackened buildings. The rebel Congress had sent Gendarmes and cavalry to meet them and even child slave masters had come out to reject the invaders. The movement was repulsed after the soldiers had driven the christians from street to street, and from one ruin after another after all day of hard fighting at the risk of enormous losses a unbelievable number but the child slaves had not been retaken though the christians retreated in some disorder through the passage ways and fought every inch of the way of retreat. The streets was paved with dead and wounded city rebels and sympathizers.

This instance was but among many that day. All through this period the patience of general Mic-Hollester Johnston was marvelous. After the second day of the frightful conflict both the christian and the rebel armies had remained during the night comparatively quiet, only a few skirmishes every now and then taking place. Below Andean Point there was a fortress called Andean Madwell, the rebels had taken it on the capture of Andean. That same evening general Myner Antonio of the christian side stormed and retook it at the point of the bayonet. A large number of rebel prisoners were taken and a great quantity of military stores but as the Angelinians were not able to hold the place it was destroyed by fire and shell explosion. The enemy positions were blown up by mines. Even in that very same day general Mic-Hollester Johnston barely escaped a great disaster.

General Ah Amilewad who had shown himself one of the bravest of the Glandelinian commanders was wounded in the leg during the afternoon of the struggle, and unfitted for service in the field. General Mic-Hollester Johnston who had a most high opinion of Ah Amilewad's ability, seeing him unable to serve in the field on account of his wound appointed him to the command of Andean and the loyal inhabitants in the city section after its evacuation by the recently attacking christians. Despite his ability general Ah An is said to have been unfortunate in getting into serious quarrels with the many child slave masters who had been less cruel to children, and because he tried to have the child slaves crushed down into bondage he made many enemies among the more better overseers. The Glandelinian congress hearing of the trouble that occurred then ill will to appoint Ju Junior men over the overseers and this caused them ill will.

He had also learned that most of the overseers lived extravagantly on the money made from the child slaves instead of saving it and using it for the support of the rebels resisting the siege, and that also one of the overseers by the name of Mic-Hollester (the same one as Violet and her sisters had encountered) had associated with christian commissioners in secret, and had married an Angelinian officer's daughter. He was also accused by the city government of dishonesty to the cause by being too easy with the little Vivian girl girls who through his fault they escaped during the conflagration which swept two thirds of the city, and of many indiscretions. He was at that time finally acquitted of the serious charges one week before the battle began but was as a man sentenced to be reprimanded for the others by Mic-Hollester Johnston.

#### MIC-HOLLESTER'S TREASON.

The day of the battle itself was one of the first darkest periods of the great Lucilla's sixteen years and this man and overseer Mic-Hollester Jensen as his full name was realized that through another year or more the struggle against the siege would surely be hopeless. Though at the time holding tens of thousands of child slaves in his possession he was not in favor of the rebellion, and there seemed little doubt that he applied for the overseeing of nearly thirty thousand child slaves all girls only with the intention of betraying general Mic-Hollester's battered army to the Abbiearmians. In order to complete the plans for giving up the section and Andean, the christian general through Violet and her sisters advising him sent major general Andean Hanson to treat with Mic-Hollester. Hanson visited Mic-Hollester after getting into the foe's lines that night and the plans were completed. Through a series of mishaps one of Hanson's companions was captured by a squad of Gergolians, and the treasonable plan fully discovered.

Mic-Hollester and Hanson heard of the full failure in time to fight their way through the enemy line and escape but the one captured christian soldier was tried by a Glandelinian court-marshal, found guilty of being a spy's assistance, and sentenced to be sent to the Blengilgo Blengilgomen Islands for fifteen years imprisonment. No incident in the siege caused more comment than this; the opinion expressed by a recent christian officer himself giving the commonly received judgement of the present day: "The justice of his sentence was severely denied. He was treated by the Glandelinian Court Marshal as a criminal and not a spy."

#### CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

#### THE ATTACK IN THE SOUTH.

The failure of the christians in the middle sections of Mic-Hollester's army made general Mu Maurice Costello turn to the south Mic-Hollester's left wing or right wing I mean, here was much for a time to encourage them there. Ann Aronbury was their theirs, the southern section was thinly garrisoned, and could not make much resistance, the child slaves were more numerous and likely to be a great hindrance to their owners and rebel soldiers in case of active hostilities. The southern part of the rebel line had suffered little from the battle since the attack on general Charles Lines early in the morning which only lasted an hour. From this territory general Mic-Hollester Johnston had drawn many supplies and troops to repel the christian attack on the centre center, and more over it was believed that most of the surviving Andean inhabitants were very

inward toward the child slave cause as there was without question a large number of christian and Angelinian Calvinists among them. So late in the night the Angelinians sent from Jennie Vivian a short expedition against general Savannah troops and soon captured a portion of his works. In the early morning beginning the third day of the contest the Angelinians succeeded in shutting up general Savannah the rebel commander and he was forced to surrender after an hours desperate fight before sunrise. General Clintonia the main christian commander of this expedition himself took part in the attack on the southern wing. Leaving general Fredrick Vance in charge of those forces, general Cio Clintonia returned to Maurice Costello's command to

SEEN IN PAGE SIX NINETY EIGHT.

#### CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

#### DELAWARE'S FAILURE. GENERAL HICKADEE POWARD.

#### CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

SEEN IN PAGE SIX NINETY NINE

DIFFICULTIES EVERYWHERE ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR, AND THE SLICE OF VIVIAN RICKY.

The bloody battle to an immediate close and end in the capture of Andean.

This instance was but among many that day. All through this period the patience of general Mic-Hollester Johnston was marvelous. After the second day of the frightful conflict both the christian and the rebel armies had remained during the night comparatively quiet, only a few skirmishes every now and then taking place. Below Androm Point there was a fortress called Androm Madrell, the rebels had taken it on the capture of Vivian Wickay. That even evening general Sawyer Antonides of the christian side stormed and retaken it at the point of the bayonet. A large number of rebel prisoners were taken and a great quantity of military stores but as the Angelinians were not able to hold the place it was destroyed by fire and shell explosives.

There was no doubt the child gave cause as there was without question a large number of christian and Angelinian Silverlinians among them. So late in the night the Angelinians sent from Jamie Vivian a short expedition against general savannah troops and soon captured a portion of his works. In the early morning beginning the third day of the contest the Angelinians succeeded in shutting up general Savannah the rebel commander and he was forced to surrender after an hours desperate fight before sunrise. General Clinton the main christian commander of this expedition himself took part in the attack on the southern wing. Leaving general Fredrick Hanco in charge of these forces, general Cio Clinton returned to Maurice postello's command to give him aid in case he resumed the attack upon the centre. The Angelinians now had complete control of the region in front of the rebels south wing and many marauding expeditions from both sides went up and down the region pillaging and destroying and fighting before daybreak there was successes and defeats on both sides during that early morning.

#### CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

#### DE LA WARRERS PATIANG. GENERAL HICKADEE POWARD.

In the meantime general Delewarer who still had possession of some of the christian works again offered serious resistance on the morning of the third day and received reinforcements under general gandon. Here though he had fully twice as many men as the christian troops he was badly defeated and he himself mortally wounded. A large force of his troops were captured militia however and though they fought desperately they could not hold the works and before the irresistible christian onslaught fled after firing their last volleys at the nationalists. General Delewarer was compelled to leave a company of his men to join the fugitives by his generals, and these rebel armies hardly paused in their rapid flight until some seven miles distant from this place fierce and disastrous scenes of battle, their whole region was early in the morning was now in full possession of christian control, there was no organized army large enough to oppose the christian advance just then in either of the location and even before the retreat was fully stopped by Mic-Hollester Johnston general Delewarer died of his wounds.

General Hickadee Poward by the advice of Johnston was sent to take the place of the dead general. Immediately the change of armies was soon felt in the conduct of the diversion. General Poward immediately set to work to reorganize the state stricken troops and rally them as quickly as possible. In the meantime the rebels had been successful in surprising and capturing a christian force at King's plantation junction near Androm, and another force under general Cowpens was also attacked and badly beaten. As for the first hour receiving no reinforcements general Poward was too weak to attack general Grouthearts right wing under Maurice postello and so was compelled to retreat still further but resisted the christian force successfully. General Maurice postello's right wing followed, as general Poward had hoped. General Clifford Green arrived in time to reinforce general Poward and so they stopped the retreat but after half an hour's sharp conflict, the rebels again had to retreat, leaving general Maurice postello in possession of the newly contested field, but now the christian loss on the right wing was so terrible, heavy that general Maurice postello could not continue to pursue the gandalinians who had withdrawn in good order. Though nominally defeated general Poward had succeeded in his purpose. He had drawn the christian right wing far from his lines of supplies. General Maurice postello had made a movement to unite with the other christian force now under general Willington with the determination to open communication with the christian fleet and notify general Mansion of the proceedings.

It was the dispatch of Maurice postello to the Angelinian government secretary Gendin announcing this victory that also general Hanson Vivian declared:

"Another such victory ought to destroy the whole rebel army at Androm."

General Poward in the meanwhile retreated rapidly to general Grouthearts and though he was defeated in making several stands that morning over a retreat of twenty miles his movements were so skillful and the christian losses so severe that by the morning the Angelinians only held the rebel works under general Charles savannah. General Maurice postello thinking that the other christian troops would hold general Poward in check determined to march on toward Androm and unite his right wing with the forces of Abraham Williams and Angelinians from the centre, to surround the rebel left wing and keep it from rallying again. One of these bodies of Angelinian troops was under general Arnold Benedict Angia who captured picketmaster St Clair but already had sent to general Mic-Hollester Johnston to watch affairs on his left wing where he could be near the scene of conflict and had been very successful. A general Maurice postello who had spent much time in this long attack and defence and counter advancing in order to prevent general St Clair from being reinforced now received orders to push on and seize some rebel post where there would be more easier communication with the river and main christian lines and to fortify it as soon as possible. Maurice postello accordingly took the works under general Grouthearts and proceeded to carry out his instruction while he depended on his other wings and armies to do their amount of success depended upon to bring the bloody battle to an immediate close and end in the capture of Androm.



On the third day of the morning in particular the main rebel army under general Mic-Hollister, Johnston had been unable to do anything for the rebel left wing, whatever. But at about ten o'clock - o'clock general Rochester reached Newport with a brigade of turnerandans with six million five hundred troops though the projected after were ordered to the north gun to join Mic-Hollister Johnston the commander was general attack on the christian center. general Johnston the commander was now much alarmed for what he had learned that the

The letters which had been passed between the envoys and the governments of the nations thru interviews were published by the glandelinian printing concern. These papers and reports of the envoys had the effect of uniting all the glandelinian people against christianity entirely, and in accordance with the popular feeling, the glandelinian congress prepared orders not to allow any ships of any nation approach christian harbors and those who did would be attacked and either sunk or captured by submarines and gunboats. The treaties with these christian nations were declared revoked, glandelinian declared herself at war with the christian world in particular, and orders were made to increase the army and navy, naval off vessels not at yivinn iskey were ordered to capture vessels of all christian nations approaching christian shores, and under this order many ships throughout the war counted by many thousands were either taken or sunk with all on board.

In Calverinia and Angelinia itself orders came that every alien who sided with glandelinia should be considered as dangerous alien enemies and should be ordered out of the country, and should any such refuse to go he was upon conviction to be imprisoned. The laws also provided that any one who during the war should combine or conspire against the Angelinian governments, armies or generals, or who should utter or publish anything false, scandalous or malicious against them or the Abbeianian authorities should be imprisoned as spies or war enemies.

During the time of the battle of Andean there had been much trouble with the christian shipping, their vessels were engaged in so many terrible raids on the enemy up and down the river that to the enemy they became worse than the most horrible piracy, rebel shipping were attacked, ships by hundreds in a few days had been seized, the vessels were either destroyed or taken, and the crews made prisoners. Throughout the whole siege this kind of work had dragged on a full terror to the rebel ship owners and once when the rebel government sent a large fleet against the raiders the fleet was repulsed by christian guns on shore.

#### CHAPTER SIXTEEN

##### SOME MORE EFFECTS OF THE BLOCKADE OF YIVINN WICKET. HANSON YIVINN THE ANGELINIAN BULLDOG.

In the meantime also during the time the battle of Andean had been raging on its third day general Hanson Yivinn had already been advancing some of his troops moving off from his old positions in front of Evangelinia grania and advancing for Aurandecillo while stretching another army toward the St Damian fortifications, and it was evident that the activities of the siege and its battles was to be carried on more spirited than ever. For a time though cut off from most of her allies glandelinia had nevertheless profited by child slavery and the war itself, for her ships for a time before the blockade had been trading with nations siding with her. In this way much of the carrying on of the world trade fell into her hands bringing wealth to the whole nation.

General Hanson Yivinn from his grim determination had been called "The Angelinian Bulldog", learned of this through the Geminian Spies under General Darger and so in order to weaken the power of the rebellion resolved to put a stop to even this mutual trade with glandelinia, so he had issued a proclamation declaring that all the glandelinian seaports, south, east, west or any other section as well as in Calverinia, and all the ports south of Yivinn iskey between Aronburg and Federal and the south of the Norm gun river were closed or blockaded, and warning all vessels not to attempt to enter them. He even declared all the ports of the Blangiglocean and Boyking Islands to be in a state of blockade, forbade any nation whatever under pain of offense and sharing in the rebellion to trade with the enemy of god, and ordered the full confiscation of all glandelinian merchandise. Also he declared all ports in Angelinia blockaded in which all Angelinian ships or flags were shut out and forbade all vessels to even either enter the Angelinian harbors on either side who were glandelinia's ally.

This further limited christian commerce with Angelinia for as he stated before glandelinia had blockaded all ports against christian commerce. On account of this the commerce of all nations suffered greatly. If any vessel which was a christian property of a nation went to Calverinia even without touching at a Calverinian or Angelinian seaport and paying dues or taxes on her cargo she ran the risk of being either taken by a rebel warship or by the rebel submarines, or being sunk with all on board whether children or not, and if the ship followed on the another course they might be seized by the rebel government revenue officers should she attempt to enter any Calverinian port. glandelinia even claimed the full right to stop all vessels no matter what nation they came from in order to find out if munitions and provisions were being sent to Angelinia secretly or if they had glandelinian persons on board, if any such were found the whole ship with all on board was seized, the prisoners taken on board the rebel ships, and made prisoners on the charge of harboring a christian enemy of glandelinia. Such seizures and even imprisonments were frequent by the glandelinians and the rebel officers were more and more overbearing.

Once to show the nerve of the rebels the glandelinian flagship called the given stopped an yormomian frigate glaser off Vicky Hat Bay, and by force compelled her commander who was in no condition to fight to give up ship and all the men declared by the rebel officer to be glandelinian seamen. This gross indignity was resented by all the yormomians and so yormomia though it did not actually go into the war gave all the aid she possibly could to Abbeiania.

Hanson, ivian on account of this had ordered and warned all christian nations not to attempt to send their vessels into Calverinian and Angelinian harbors on this condition and during the time called a session of one general to decide what should be done to frustrate the rebels intentions. Also he had forbidden the departure of any vessel for any foreign port, foreign vessels were advised and forbidden for safety to their ships not to try and unload or received goods in Calverinian and Angelinian ports on the charge that should enemy ships commit untold of damage the Angelinians would not be held responsible for what was done. He also claimed that this law should be strictly attended to and that vessels of all kinds in the ordinary coasting trades were to be required to give bond that they would not attempt to trade outside the region of glandelinian blockades. Indeed this terrible attempt to trade outside the region of glandelinian blockades. Indeed this terrible blockade by the enemy of ivian wickey and western and eastern seaports was surely disastrous not only to Calverinia but to the whole world itself. All shipping of scores of christian nations ceased to exist, yoromunian and Abissinian and Protestantian and even Angelinian commerce was completely annihilated, this causing the recent christians sorrow, all seamen were forced to seek employment in factories still operating, and rebel ships war and all other kinds watching for other christian ships alone occupied the coastlines of the yic-Whirthian, Angelinian, and Calverinian seas.

The whole world saw their chief means of support almost destroyed at a single blow and after vain attempts to get this proclamation repealed, many seamen had to turn their attention to other pursuits. Hardly any manufacturing could even be accomplished, many mills were shut down and all those who had been working in foundries, factories, mills, and other companies had to seek employment on farms.

#### CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

#### THE FOURTH DAY OF THE BATTLE OF ANDREAN.

The same afternoon of the third day of the battle a rebel force of nearly two hundred thousand men in the absence of their commander made a desperate counter attack upon general Grant Eh Hearts right wing but was totally defeated by general whiter John Harrison. Indeed the entire army of christian besiegers were eager for the pressing of the siege of ivian wickey to a close by the speedy capture of andrea sect ion. General Hanson ivian through the advice of his own generals had in a general message set forth the grievances of the whole christian civilization. These were, the unjust sinking of thousands of neutral ships of other nations, the destruction of the lives of an unusual number of innocent children, the forceful lure imprisonment of seamen of all christian nations by the glandelinian spies, violation of the full neutral rights on all coasts of other christian nations by rebel cruisers and warships, and inciting great massacres against calverinian and angelinian women and children as extensive as one of the glandelinian oppressments that at one time the names of six hundred thousand persons who had been thus seized by the glandelinian warships were on file in the Angelinian government authorities of Calverinia itself. The extent done to the injury of the commerce of christian nations who had unhesitated the Rebel embargo act was shown by the official statement that between May 1912 and July of the same year on various pretenses, more than nine thousand vessels mortally transports or steamers had either been captured by the glandelinian submarines or sunk with all on board, and worse than that the enemy had seen to it that no one was saved or saved themselves, even if they were women and children on board the sunken ships. The struggling persons in the water were ruthlessly fired upon.

On the early morning of the fourth day most of general yic-Hollester Johnstons army having suffered great losses in the three days engagements, and not having received reinforcements that was promised was very ill prepared for resumption of the battle especially with general Maurice Costelloes army of Abissinians and Angelinians, whose supporting navy numbered about one thousand five hundred big dreadnaughts and nearly 10,000 gunboats and one hundred warships. The rebel navy defending yic-Hollester Johnstons badly crippled army consisted only of twenty large dreadnaughts two of which were christian ships captured by the enemy and some almost useless gunboats. The main navy which was promised to help general yic-Hollester Johnston had not arrived. His land forces so badly handled in the three days battles, with the loss of many officers were now ridiculously inadequate, miserably equipped, and officered by very incompetent men. If yic-Hollester Johnston had not been in command there could be no telling how things would have resulted that horrible fourth day. Though the supporting fleet of yic-Hollester Johnstons on the river was small the dreadnaughts were the best of the rebel class afloat, and were well armed like the Angelinian warships themselves, while the rebel officers and men were very skilful and well trained by experienced in other naval conflicts in and outside of ivian wickey. These two reasons are probably enough to explain the rebel successes on the water and the christian successes on the land. Indeed the rebel forces there had rashly plunged into the wildest battle which like most battles of the war resulted in little better than drawn battles or indecisive victories.

Nevertheless despite his condition general yic-Hollester Johnston authorized preparations for action early on the morning. The plan of operation was to attack general Gandas divisions and recover the lost ground on his left, and to defend the rest of the main line should the Nationals make another headlong attack like the days before. General Dearborn Henryson an officer of the enemy also was made senior major general. A general William Galey the governor of Andrea section, another veteran of the first battle of the war was entrusted the conduct of the

well planned attack upon general Gandas rear. He however soon surrendered Troiter Bridge to the Nationals without a blow in its defense and with it the whole line of glandelinian intrenchment which fell into the hands of the Angelinians. For this act the general immediately after the very day was tried by courtmartial in Norma Catharins for this act, sent to the rebel Tribunal for sentence, found guilty of cowardice and was condemned to be shot. He however was not shot.

SENT IN PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED THREE.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

CONTINUED ANGELINIAN SUCCESSES. THE PLANS OF THE ANGELINIAN GENERALS CONCERNING ANDREA. .... ((A. 1111))

like the days before. General Dearburner Henryson an officer of the enemy also was made senior major general. To General William Staley the governor of Andean section, another veteran of the first battle of the war was intrusted the conduct of the

An attempt to strike general gandabner flunk a blow was made by or using the gorge un river by way of goras bridge but it was a failure. general Garbner Haysen also simultaneously led a assault against general Yorkers division of Abyssinians forces but after destroying some supplies and unwisely burning ten christian encampments and six headqu of six christian generals, he retired his assault having been repulsed, and for this was forced soon after to resign his position as general. Agal in the western division of W. division of whom had been given the command of the western grand division tried to recover the works and positions surrendered by general Staley, but was unsuccessful.

An hour later, general Perry Oliver Thatcher who had come up in time with an extra fleet of rebel ships completely defeated the Anglinian naval fleet under Admiral Sanduskey thus opening the way for general Staley's army to advance again in a titanic charge upon the lost positions surrendered by general Staley, capture it and make another attempt to flank general Gaudere's rear. Soon after an hour the forces under this rebel general met the combined Anglinian and Abyssinikilian forces near the very Trotter bridge and after fierce and sanguinary fighting routed them and drove them toward the works. In this action general Teunus Ter of the christian side was killed, his success restored a portion of the rebel army, the rebel navy was increased, and the excellent Anglinian and Abyssinikilian seamen and vessels were as manifested elsewhere as on the river. Learning that one morning the Anglinians themselves were greatly surprised at the number of rebel naval victories.

The success of the "landslings" on the water was almost made up that day for the disaster on land. In this instance the success of the warships and dreadnaughts were in favor of the "landslings" their success was due mainly to their superior seamanship and discipline. The "landslings" generals were greatly elated over these victories on water and during the terrific conflict within the rear of the christian lines on water with a Angelinian fleet a rebel flagship under Admiral "Louise" came captured the Angelinian dreadnaught St Lawrence with a deckload full of dead and dying, and five minutes later the Angelinian Marston St Peter was sunk by the same flagship a flagship of the rebels, and in the following hour the Marstoner, the plangio, mean, and the Gertrude other Angelinian warships had to yield to her. In this naval engagement with the whole two fleets the loss of life was dreadful nearly ten thousand killed alone.

life was dreadful nearby ten thousand killed a day. Enraged however on account of the failures in recapturing the main towns surrounded by the Chinese and incited by the influence of booze and opium and whiskey, the fierce Hordes of Gargolian Gavarly and Kurdish, landlineans all on horseback led by General Weatherford Jemina surprised in a dashing charge the fortified works and encampments of the christians under general planes near the junction of the andrea and gondina railroads which passed through this region. the resistance of the christians was terrific, half of the gargolian forces was mowed down in a few minutes but so precipitate was the onslaught of the survivors that the Angelinians could not hold, and being assaulted in rear also broke into confusion and fled before the horsemen. The whole encampment of tents was set on fire, and many women and children who had not been able to be saved by the Angelinians in all over four thousand were captured, and would have been put cruelly to death if a new body of christians had not promptly counter charged in which the counter surprised Gargolians were conquered, the Angelinians in their rage over the treatment of the child captives retained by the christians, showing no quarter, and seemingly trying to surpass the gangelinians in meanness. Nearly all of the Gargolian squadron was killed and the survi survivors had to flee for dear life, taking the danger of being shot down as they knew they could receive no quarters. General Weller Jemina was the commander of the Angelinians who brought up the reinforcements against the Gargolians and his success in this effort to regain the children gave him a high reputation for military skill. A terrifying in meanness were Gargolians called the Hooded 'Ku Klux Klan of the landlineans' that in an engagement with them any time the Angelinians if capturing prisoners seldom ever gave these rebels a quarter on account of the horrible meanness of many children, priests, and nuns and women committed by it them.

CONTINUED ANGELINIAN SUCCESSES... THE PLANS OF  
THE ANGELINIANS CONCERNING ANDREAN. (A) 744-1111

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Taught by their severe reverses, the rebel commanders set about to reorganize their armies and under the instruction of young and newer officers, Scottier and Winfield and others the rallied troops were greatly improved in condition, discipline, confidence and strength. Not despite all results of this training, and despite the fact that the glandelinians received well needed reinforcements, more provisions and artillery, and even stronger bodies of cavalry, and two strong glandelinian fleets to hammer the christian rear constantly the Angelinians continued to win advantages in the desperate struggle. Several whipsaw, Lundyton, and Kristor on the rebel side in leading three desperate assaults fell mortally wounded, the assaults of these three divisions were repulsed with exceedingly heavy losses and the rebel troops were compelled to retreat in a panic across the river for shelter behind their own earthworks and fortresses.

At the same time at another point of general Maurice Costelloes right a desperate attack of long duration was made by the glandelinians but the rebel assault was repulsed with the loss of one quarter of their number of men, and a simultaneous naval attack was likewise repulsed with great loss of ships and men.

The success of the christian forces allied against general Napoleon Lundy was also repulsed when repelled successfully by a vast rebel force in six hours fierce contest along the main christian left where thirty divisions of rebels were held against them general Napoleon was killed and the Angelinians then relieving more men and artillery were able to tear up to pieces the remaining assaulting glandelinian columns and drive the survivors back pell-mell. So many ships had stemmed up to the defense of Andean that the water route to Andean was blocked and from Norma Catherine to Andean, and all christian merchant ships finding it a hard matter to get out of the trap fought incessantly and within six hours that day nearly forty thousand ships were engaged in a contest of a distance of thirty miles and many were sunk disabled or captured and set on fire, and the roar of a hundred thousand cannon shook down many ruins in Andean from the concussion and the battle smoke over the whole region hung like a thick fog.

The rebels also had countless submarines and other warships at sea around Vivian Wickey Bay and elsewhere and most of the rebel naval operations to prevent more christian fleets reaching Vivian Wickey to increase the christian blockade were carried on by not only warships of iron and steel, but also by many steamers and privateers, gunboats, merrimans and torpedo boat chasers and also big war launchers. These as said, before were very heart hurtful to worldly commerce and during the whole siege of Vivian Wickey it was estimated that over twenty five hundred Angelinian ships alone were captured.

The plans of the Angelinians concerning Andean and Andean had been to attack the main rebel armies under Mic-Hollester from three points, on the northern bend of the rebel army, on the main river coast, and on the southern bend. The attack from the north however though lasting all day in series of assaults had been so far a failure. A part of the Angelinian plan was to also make attacks at various places on the Norma River coast near Andean in order to keep the rebel troops in a state of continual fear and uncertainty and to have batteries placed to protect their rear from rebel fleets shelling them from Gunbeam Creek or river. In carrying out these schemes the battle that day became exceedingly fierce, the firing all over on both sides was general and fearful, and general Stonnington, Lewis, Frank Delawareton, Havre, Stoner, and Marylander Gracedelinia on the christian side were wounded and their big brigades reduced to regiments from their terrible losses, general Maine Stoner was seized as his troops were routed with great loss. The chief part of this bloody attack was made upon general Mic-Hollester centre late that afternoon and confirmed to be six or seven desperate assaults or sorties in that one afternoon of unspeakable horror and confusion. A strong christian fleet also accompanied by an army of about four million men under general Pennington appeared to the rear of the rebel fleet during the height of the afternoon battle and routed it after a terrific conflict on the water in which the thunder of cannon was fairly wild and deafening. Forces of new christian troops were simultaneously landed at St Benedict Junction near the mouth of the Gunbeam Creek, and marched toward the main wing of general Mic-Hollester Johnston's army. The rebels kept up a running fight and resisted the christian army successful advance until general Plan Gladensburgers troops coming up stopped the retreat. He had a force of six million ursermannins consisting of large numbers of regular troops and marines with the militia and the whole force was hastily drawn up to defend the works. The conflict was so terrible that men fell in dreadful numbers, all the officers and generals were almost annihilated and this part of the battle speedily ended in a rout. The Angelinian forces in this direction (south) entered the main rebel encampments, burned general Mic-Hollester Johnston's main headquarters, from which he was driven and most of the rebel barracks and other army siege buildings besides the Y.M.C.A and other structures making a great conflagration.

So hasty was the flight of this line of rebels that Mic-Hollester

Johnston himself with a number of his child slaves and two other officers and his own wife gathered up some of the precious documents in the building as he and they fled from the headquarters building, and that same time the Angelinians ate up the very same dinner and drank the wine prepared for the generals for the coming evening. The loss to Mic-Hollester Johnston from a money point of view was large, but it was nothing in comparison with the loss of glandelinian public records and other documents, which it was impossible to replace. In his flight general Mic-Hollester Johnston had two horses shot under him, his orderly was

END OF PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED FOUR

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

ACTS OF MEDIATING.  
MEXICANIA CAMPAIGN, VIA ANDREAN.  
SERIES OF DEADLY CONFLICTS IN ONE DAY!

that if the disloyal Calverinian governments had been watched closely and their treason discovered in time Vivian Wickey would be never have been captured by the

supply of all kinds were

CONFIRMED ANGELINIAN SUGGESTIONS.... THE PLANS OF  
THE ANGELINIANS CONCERNING ANDREAN.!!! ('A\_344/""#)

#### CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH

704  
Jo Johnston himself with a number of his child slaves and two other officers and his own wife gathered up some of the precious documents in the building as he and they fled from the headquarters building, and that same time the Angelinians ate up the very same dinner and drank the wine prepared for the generals for the coming evening. The loss to Gic-Hollister Johnston from a money point of view was large, but it was nothing in comparison with the loss of Glandelinian public records and other documents, which it was impossible to replace. In his flight general Gic-Hollister Johnston lost two horses shot under him, his orderly was killed, and two of the child slaves were wounded by stray bullets. A shell exploded near his third horse and wounded it, and he had to abandon it and get another in which he continued his flight to the main left wing of the rebel army where he received help and managed to drive back his pursued with terrific slaughter though in the close fray he lost his other horse and securing another lost that also until he saw it useless to use horses during the fray. All his general's statements that so many horses were shot that they lay almost as thick as the men themselves. The fury of the battle of Andean that day was horrible. An attack on general Salisworsian Glandelinian troops was a failure lasting only ten minutes in which the Christian losses resembled that at the battle of Easter Starring and a bombardment of the outer fortifications of Andean making a splendid din and sight was also a failure.

The other attempt of the day of the Christians was upon the last division of the rebel left wing. The Angelinians in a successful charge had occupied general Fenna Gola poroto works but the rebel troops in counter charging had driven them from it pell mell. The rebels here showed the greatest skill and energy and forethought in their preparation for this part of the defense, they had built barricades of abatis, cotton bolls, bales, and earthworks of great height, and had lined them all with cannon of many sizes per line and another attack of the Christians bringing the battle once more that day to general fury was repulsed with heavier loss. The general in command was killed, five others were mortally wounded, and two million five hundred thousand men were reported killed wounded or missing, and on the rebel side eight generals were killed, and thirty mortally wounded, thirteen disabled and seventy one other officers of different rank killed or wounded. The Angelinian survivors spat out at such a dreadful slaughter abandoned further attacks that day. This sort of advantage at Andean restored confidence in the rebels and had a marked effect in raising their military reputation in the whole world.

#### CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

#### ACTS OF MEDIATORS.

The fourth day of the battle of Andean did not in any way effect the enemy in the least though really in this story it had raged or began two weeks before Christmas. We even go back a little before continuing with this titanic struggle before Andean we will have to state that ten times during the war already many nations had offered to act as mediators between the rebel states of Glandelinia and the National states of Angelinia itself the offer was every time repeated without avail. General Hanson, his aid and his orderlies, had been consulted by letter but he refused to receive any mediators declaring in his statement:

"The war cannot be over unless Glandelinia and her rebels rebellion against Christianity is overthrown. The enemy have forced horrors of child slavery throughout a region of two thousand five hundred miles in Galverinia alone besides the territory of slavery in her own country, the Glandelomenean and other islands and as she wishes under any conditions to maintain the child slavery and is fully able to do so nothing can be done until child slavery is completely wiped out. I have refused mediators from Glandelinia and Glandelinia once before at the outbreak of the war and will not have no further negotiations either. The war must go on until the enemies of god and humanity in general is crushed and put into her place and the Glandelinian states brought back to the union of Abbieannia by force. We have started the fight and I will finish it."

Early in August while the horrors of Ivian Wickey was manifesting itself at its height in Gorma gathering during the "Reign of Terror" the Protestantian King himself had appointed ten commissioners to go to Angelinia for the purpose of treating with Angelinia but after their perilous arrival the prospects of peace were gloomy and not only that but on account of the dangers of foe ships they were unable to return by way of the Gic-Whirthean seas from Angelinia western coast and had to go east by train to the coast there and take ship for their country by route of the stormy Angelinian seas and thence to the Gic-Whirthean seas. The success of the Angelinian armies in crushing Glandelinia's invasion of northern and southern Angelinia simultaneously, the rigid rigorous and maintained siege of Ivian Wickey, Browley and Federal, the capture of Anna Aronburg, the defeats of the foe elsewhere and the addition of one captured rebel general while releasing many armies of troops which could be sent to Galverinia at the same time took away any chances for mediators to bring peace. Nevertheless with the exception of rival glory in Ivian Wickey and elsewhere for her defense the besieged Glandelinians had already really gained little or nothing except maintain their strong holding out, they had lost hundreds of millions of dollars in a few months in Ivian Wickey alone in military expenses the utter ransacking of Glandelinian commerce, the great fires in all sections of Ivian Wickey and outside, and countless lives had been sacrificed in men and generals. There is little doubt that if the disloyal Galverinian governments had been watched closely and their treason discovered in time Ivian Wickey would be never have been captured by the

...supplies of all kinds were

glad 18 lands Indians and all this horror could have been avoided. The many defeats, the destruction of worldly trade of all nations, and the apparent hopelessness of the conflict was making many a discouragement all over by now.

All through the night after the fourth day's horror there was almost incessant long range firing of infantry and artillery and general Maurio Gostello in his instructions from Hanson was allowed to pursue a flying enemy across the river should it be repulsed after a petty sortie during the night, but he was not to attempt to take any rebel stronghold in any night assault without direct orders from general Hanson. In the conduct of these actions throughout the night however he did not without regard to orders. During the time he repulsed several small rebel attacks he counter charged and made attempts to seize rebel positions and received severe repulses with great loss. However two rebel officers were seized, tried at night by court martial, and promptly hanged though the evidence against them about being guilty of massacring a hundred girl child slaves was of a doubtful character. Thus in one night general Maurice Gostello had defied the rules of international laws and at night brought the two opposing armies almost to the verge of continual general activity at once.

So now for the state of the terrible conflict in front and to the north and south of Andean had already dragged on for four days with great loss of life on both sides, it was marked with many incidents of greater horror and cruelty than is usual even in such warfare. The sergeant Vivian Wickey had already cost the Angolians about thirty billions of dollars.

#### MEXICANIAN GAP CAMPAIGN. VIA ANDREAN. DREADFUL CONFLICTS IN ONE DAY.

On the fifth morning the struggle was again renewed and this time by the enemy. Their plans embraced four projects: Another fierce attack upon the christian right wing directly from the north, this was entrusted to general Zachary Andrew Gump (2), a main attack upon the whole christian line following this movement this was to be led by general Gertrude Chester Phin Phumster (3) an attack upon the main christian rear under general Maurice Gostello, including what was known as Jennie Riches gun section of the christian line, this was to be made under the direction of general Kerney Stephen Turner, an attack upon all other portions of the christian lines by ten glandelinian fleets of warships, gunboats, and merrimacs which was already being on its way in anticipation of general battle with the main christian lines.

General Andrew Gump against most heavy odds so far as numbers were concerned defeated the main christian divisions under general Henry Darger Monterey and also those under general Yistna purma, but the other sections of the christian line he failed to force and as so many of his men fell that they lay in the field like swarms of flies on a million tanglefoot papers he was forced from horror of the situation to cease operations, and then for backing out was compelled to resign his command.

Simultaneously the expedition or long distanced onslaught against general Mexicanian's long line of christian artillery and infantry supported by double lines of cavalry was completely successful but after tremendous sacrifices of lives of men and officers. It had been a terrific and horrible inferno of battle along this part of the line and it took six hours for the success to be accomplished and at a dearly bought cost. Elsewhere the region of the positions of captured christian works was controlled by the rebel troops and general Kerney Turner leaving large forces of his troops to retain it set off for the region of Mexicanian junction, but before he could accomplish any success it was already in the possession of other rebel troops and a fleet was shelling a portion of the christian rear, through the cooperation of Commodore Storterton, and Landerton who had captured almost without a struggle, the rear positions of Monterey's, Jennie's Francisco, and Anselmo's pursuers christian trenches a possession of works of almost incalculable value to the rebel cause, a great force of maurice Gostello's army had pushed around by another route and suddenly came upon these apparently victorious rebel forces and after most sanguinary fighting along a front of nearly forty miles badly defeated the rebels and retook all the positions but with great loss.

It being positively clear to the rebel generals that Maurice Gostello would be exceedingly difficult to over come it was that afternoon determined to attack the christian lines with infantry, artillery and the flanking fire of the glandelinian fleets as well. A large naval force of nearly twelve thousand men had been annihilated in meeting the fire of christian guns on shore however, and after a fierce bombardment of four hours general Gutzler Verre caught in the ground was compelled to surrender to the Angolians. He orthodox general Miv-golleston (known by his discipline, skill and intelligence, and the excellence of his troops proved for a while even very much superior to much larger numbers, and got great advantage of the leading Angolians. The only last serious resistance of that day that the glandelinian's really met was in the attack upon general Corretor, a doctor's army and here after a short sharp conflict the Angolians with the death of general Amator Santa glaus was driven back for two miles and the victorious glandelinians continued the advance and after several more sharp conflicts the main force of christians arrived to the scene and finally the attack was repulsed but the Angolians did not press on long enough to regain their lost positions.

One was it can hoped by the many christian generals conducting or directing the mighty Gostello's attack might acquire some territory which would be open to still more christian armies and more strong batteries of cannon.

END OF PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED SEVEN.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY.

OTHER CONDITIONS CAUSED BY THE BRICE OF VIVIAN WICKY, AND ALL CALVENIAN SEAPORTS.....

One of the terrible artillery storms at Andean seemed to unite the armies attacking Andean. When general Maurice Gostello issued his call for one hundred and seventy five thousand men to go forward to attack the rebel lines the answer was prompt. More men than were called for volunteered for the preparation of the desperate assault, and provisions, ammunition and supplies of all kinds were

land islands and all this horror could have been averted. The many deaths, the destruction of worldly trade of all nations, and the apparent hopelessness of the conflict was making many a discouragement all over the world. All through the night after the fourth day's horror there was incessant long range firing of infantry and artillery and general Maurice Costello Anatolia in his fortification.

po i post positions.

One was it was hoped by the many christian generals conducting or directing the night Lucille Jackson's army into Acapulco was territory which would be open to still more christian armies and more strong battering of cannons. For this purpose the islands of the planglounn and boyking offered great attractions, in them all the horrors of child slavery still existed in all its grandeur, the islands were also well fertile and well adapted to the cultivation of all kinds of crops usually raised by child slaves for labor and it was they were in possession of also by the planglounn who might be forced into disposing of them to a powerful christian army. At first many expeditions throughout the whole beginning of the night had tried to seize these islands causing many sea battles in a few months but these attacks probably hundreds were completely unsuccessful, many Angellians were captured and were promptly executed by the rebel governments in any one of these islands. During great raids upon these islands by those making the expeditions many thousands of men were shot killed or wounded, public buildings, houses and wooden forts and even whole villages of rebel encampments were destroyed by the attackers. The Angellians themselves in some successes retaliated with a severity perhaps quite equal to that to which they themselves experienced.

During the late evening of the fifth day of the battle of Andean the whole rebel army was startled by what seemed to be an attempt of christian spies to enter the rebel lines in disguise and make attempts to incite the older child slaves to make an insurrection. General Browner had been prominent in the past days of conflict and was filled with a desire to liberate all the child slaves confined within Poverty power. Andean, supposing indeed that some opportunity and a number of leaders were all that was necessary to arouse and encourage the child slaves to with a force of about twenty five thousand men carrying concealed weapons for children who in any case the attempt went into the rebel lines. Of course unfortunately he and his followers after a bloody conflict within the very rebel lines were overpowered and nearly five thousand of his followers in including three of his leaders were killed or wounded. He himself badly wounded, was taken prisoner with most of his surviving band. Browner was tried by the Tribunal in Porto Catherine two days later, condemned as spies and on the charge of inciting insurrection and executed. Among the planglounn authorities of this desperate attempt to liberate the child slaves was regarded as a proof that many Angellian generals and other officers and sympathizers wished to incite insurrection among all the child slaves, while among many christian authorities surprise was indeed mingled with pity and great admiration for the self sacrifice and courage of the leader and his men, though the majority of christian officers had wholly disapproved of his action and looked upon him and his followers as reckless fanatics. In the meantime fortress Andean Tearbell in the harbor of Andean on the river was garrisoned by a large body of planglounn troops under the command of general Henderson, anticipating a general storming of the christian armies very soon he determined to remove his little and larger forces to Lucille Jackson itself, which had already offered to him strong rebel garrisons a complete chance of successful defense. So on the evening of the fifth day of the struggle he began to transfer his troops and supplies. At the same time general MacAllister Stank sent a large number of merchant steamers to the action of Andean with supplies and provisions for the battle. Planglounn armies under general MacAllister Stank, but seventeen batteries of christian cannons which the Angellian authorities had thrown up all along the line on every shore of every different river near Andean fired upon the fleet of steamers, and they were forced to retreat without landing the supplies. Already since the beginning of the siege all the outer forts around Andean were far as from Norma Catherine, hence to Anna Aronburg, and toward Andean except the main Gederline, Lucille Jackson, and Stank, and Lucille Jackson fortifications and also other main ones had to be surrendered to the christian armies and if it was believed that if any force were used to compel these other fortifications to give in the worse battle the world ever observed would break out. The views of the soldiers everywhere within the main christian lines were unknown and yet the conflict raging at Andean had lasted five days and the christian were no near capturing Andean than when they started the attacks. Such was the condition of affairs and the prospects was very discouraging.

Big Fort Seward near Andean still held out against the christians. Toward the early morning of the sixth day of December general MacAllister Stank made an official notification that the fortress Seward would be provisioned by force and this news reaching the christian generals and their armies in front of Andean startled all. The rebels had given order that a strong fleet from Andean could be sent thither but before this rebel fleet reached its destination the Angellians from all batteries had fired upon Fort Seward and the whole rebel encampments further beyond and also by batteries which had been built along the shore of the river and to this the rebels in the fortifications and along the works quickly replied. A steady fire was kept up for more than twenty four hours that day, the barracks of the forts were on fire, explosions tore everything to pieces and many infantry charges were made. It was a terrible conflict indeed that sixth day of the battle.

The effects of the fall of Fort Seward however was very marvellous. Up to this time few in our part had believed that even the beleaguered planglounn were really in earnest, except for the many few who sympathized with planglounn the news of the terrible artillery storm on Andean seemed to unite the armies attack attacking Andean. When general Maurice Costello issued his call for one hundred and seventy five thousand men to go forward to attack the rebel lines the answer was prompt, more men than were called for volunteered for the preparation of the desperate assault, and provisions, ammunition and supplies of all kinds were



The slight successes of the Angelinian troops in the w early part of the battle gave an undue con confidence to the Angelinian armies, even general Hannon said that the battle would be ended in another ninety hours. the result of the pressure to advance was the fierce struggle along these many points already mentioned almost simultane- ously great armies moving forward in six double lines of charges supported by many batteries of christian cannon. contrary to the general opinion at the time it appeared to have been on the part of the christians a well planned, well executed action until the arrival of mandelincian reinforcements at the moment opportune for their cause gave them the advantage and the christians were severely repulsed at a all points when the christian defeat so n became a rout and Maurice o tollis had all he could do to prevent a disaster entirely, so severely had the rebel victors suffered that they did not attempt to follow up their slight advantage. the mandelincian forces were more disorganized by their victory than the christian forces but t the defeat.

The importance of this part of the struggle was threefold if it has any folds, first in its effects upon the christians themselves, second on the wicked lamdelinians and their generals and their aur authorities and third in its effects later upon the whole world. The armies in the christians had first surprised and dismayed reeobg recognised that the conflict at and was to be no childa play, or even a ninety hours battle and prepared with added earnestness for three more days of fighting, the glandelinians became completely overconfident. The governments of other nations believed that the battle of ndran and the whole resistance to the seigs itself indicated superiority in generals htp and fighting qualities of the glandelinians and that ultimate victory wt would be with them and the horrors of a sorrowful christmas day to come. General Maurice gostellio who had gained prominence in the top up campaigns elsewhere in the sea- was at this time called to general gansons headqut heady headquarters with the concurrence of general Scotter who had been disabled to command what had become the army of Ablesham. General Maurice gostellio a firm Ableshamian had been educated at Angelina and had seen service in other battles of the war in Angelina and glandinia but above all had been successful in bring his armies to the sup port of the seigs through all difficulties so Good Mide curty as the soldiers called him was belid by the Angelinian armies to be on the one man who could bring succours to the christians seigs immediately. In the west under generals J. B. Lyons, Fremont and Heller the Angelinian forces drove the christians from christian o works the rebels had still retained.

After that terrible repulse of the three hours action it was clear to general Maurice Gottlieb and his advisers that in order to insure success it would be necessary to hold the line together more firmly along the east side of the river, and if possible to take fortress Seward or reduce it, to open the way to run through even Ivisak to the sea, and maintain a close blockade of the seaports of northern, thus cutting off from the Greenlanders any supplies from Ivisak and Waduk, the many christian cruisers, merra marionnes, warships, frigates and gunboats and torpedos boat destroyers and armed merchant steamers and other craft and even armed rafts had done what they could to make an effective blockade proclaimed by general Hanson Ivisak but they were frequently almost incessantly opposed by ships of the enemy and the fire of the Greenlanders forts on key seaport and river delta, and despite the rigi rigor of the blockade enemy vessels flying the Argentinian flags would steal in and out running the blockade. Ivisak it were for god's sake only possible to capture some of the ports of Ivisak it would make the blockade of Ivisak more effective, and less difficult.

[illegible]

opportunities as for running the blockades.

On the same day of the struggle one of the most important incident probably not of the seige itself but of the whole war also took place on the afternoon of December sixth 1912: it was completely essential for the success of the landelinian Confederacy that the landelinian governments at vivilian wikey should obtain supplies not only from Galverinia but from agra abroad as well and in order to do this to be able to maintain the seige more successfully the recognition of the landelinian Confederacy as an Independent nation from all christianity by galverinian loyal governments to landelinia would be of very incalculable assistance. Accordingly seventeen envoys were sent to Galverinia by way of the gin-whirlin seas to thence go the route to southern landelinia and take course on the Angelinian seas east of Angelinia and land on the eastern coast of Galverinia. During the blockade they managed to reach one of the glenglomenian islands and then took passage on a rebel warship for vivilian wikey in hope of getting there but finding blockade running impossible there tried a course down the mouth of the Erwinia pun river through Abissindania disguised as an Angelinian warship disguised as Angelinians on an investigation.

but for the arrival of general Walter Jennings with reinforcements Maurice Costello's light have been totally defeated and in this two hours struggle the firing on both sides in cannons and machine guns had been unusually severe and heavy, the glandelinians remained finally retired with the loss of their two generals, while over one hundred and ten thousand men were killed wounded or taken prisoner. 84

SEEN IN PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED ELEVEN.

## CHAPTER TWENTY ONE.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT WHICH STAPLES THE WORLD: : : : :.

### OTHER GREAT ADVANTAGES OF THE BATTLE OF THE SIXTH DAY

**DURATION.**

During the afternoon in the meanwhile General Maurice Costello had continued to make efforts to capture the plantelino and positions at Andean. After much fighting all morning till toward two o'clock General Maurice Costello moved his left wing down the gorge run to approach the plantelino works and positions from the south.

seventeen ex envoys were sent to Uvalde, Texas, and take course on the Angelinian thence go the route to southern Greenland, and land on the eastern coast of Uvalde. The same east of Angelinian land on the eastern coast of Uvalde. The same took passage blockade they managed to reach one of the plangiomenian islands and found blockade running impossible there tried a course down the mouth of the Ermlina run river through Abbinanuda disguised as An Angelinian warship disguised as Angelinians on an investigation.

So far it was only in the western section of Andean that the advantage had been decidedly in favor of the national forces of Abbaquma.

## CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

The navy yards once belonging to the Angolians near Irian yskay had during the victory of the rebels been captured by the glandelians. They had captured many wooden ships and transferred the Atlantic steamers into still more gigantic iron clads called Merrimacs. These like the "Confederate Merrimac in the civil war" had been fitted with a bank to run into an enemy's vessel but were armed with one hundred big guns. They were added to the other glandelian warships, gunboats and merimacs and much submarines and so the rebels during the afternoon of 5 December the sixth prepared the whole fleet of merimacs defense for a desperate trial and so sailed down the norma un and northward down the gunboat creek with the intention to shell the christianian rear and land troops to assault by land. In norma a gun could near by were four or five of the best christianian fleets of the Angolanian Navy. The score of thousands of seamensters in fray color and flying the lamellianian flag for which they seemed to be attacked the christianian fleet and shore batteries. All along the river coast at the same time, but though they rained shot and high explosives on them they could not make an impression on the christianian batteries which answered with a roar beyond describing and whose missiles torn and riddled many ships so badly that they were sunk. One of the Merrimacs ran into the Angolanian warship with her bow with the purpose of sinking her but was disabled by a volley which put out of commission thirty five guns and tore the sloping roof all to pieces and killed and wounded two hundred and fifty men. The others would have met a similar fate had not the christian fleet began a slow retreat southward opening a general fire as they started and flashing wireless signals to general jansson at the same time. The news of this titanic conflict on water still going on with redoubled fury spread dismay in the christianian lines. Should the rebel fleet succeed general jansson's fleet would have to withdraw and all hopes of capturing merimacs would be lost. There however seemed nothing to prevent the terrible lamellianian warships gunboats, submarines and torpedos and other crafts from going even to Jennie Irian and Caran, a harbor on the christianian fortified water fronts which would be utterly at their mercy. The christianian fleet had started the slow retreat christianian batteries from Mandana a great battery. From general jansson vivanna batteries and also gunboats and submarines started a tremendous hammering beyond endurance and after a fight of four hours duration the Angolanian fleet slowing down in its retreat began to reverse direction and the firing of so many cannons became terrific and sounded as if the end of the world was fast approaching. The rebel attack was thus repelled in four hours and was compelled to retreat back to merimacs. The joy of the christians at the result of this tremendous naval engagement on the sixth of December was proportional to its previous dismay.

At simultaneously Angellian fleets on the southern coast of Gjovik Run had such success that all the good ports of Andruan, such as Aspt Andruan, Fair, Charlestown, and Wilkerson were a lost to the glandallians. On the morning of December sixth an expedition commanded by general Benjamin F. Schlieder and Commodore David Porter steamed down the Norman Run river to take Andruan by river. A whole day was spent in fierce combatting in the vain endeavor to capture the Andruan fortifications which had been during the last occupation of the city section erected to defend the approach to Andruan by the river and men, then failing he was determined to burn them. There was a most desperate conflict but he remained to succeed but he could not control the city or form to surround and so the expedition had to be given up. The fleet went up the Norman Run.

In the afternoon in the meanwhile General Maurice Costello had continued to make efforts to capture the glancielindan land positions at Mureau. After much fighting all morning till toward two o'clock General Maurice Costello moved his left wing down the Norma run to approach the glancielindan works and positions from the south.

This really was attempted on November eight but on the day of December sixth while at Andean the conflict was raging in greater fury than preceding days of the battle. Admiral Jacques Wilkerson commanding three Abbeonnan warships stopped the disguised Glandelinian warship ten miles from the river mouth, and seized the Glandelinian envoys with their secretaries and the whole crew and warship and brought them to Pandora Abbeonnan, where they were confined in Fortress Angulus. On receipt of this startling news, both Glandelinia and Abbeonnan were thrown into the greatest excitement, knowing things that would happen from this seizure and that Glandelinia demanded very bluntly for the envoys to be given up to the Abbeonnan fleet. In all Glandelinia, the Abbeonnan Admiral Wilkerson was loudly and enthusiastically applauded, the Abbeonnan King passed a resolution declaring the thanks of the whole world were due to him and that he deserved a gold medal and a higher commission for his conduct. Later during the siege the prisoners were accordingly given up to the Angelinian governments for trials, were found guilty on the most dangerous spies the Glandelinians had ever commissioned. Many authorities however had felt that the court-martial had been unnecessarily firm and for a while much hard feeling had been felt. By the close of the morning after that three hours struggle had ended with a Christian defeat it was evident that the struggle was going to be long and very severe. While the Glandelinians had been generally successful in this actual conflict their operations had been little more than defensive; they had failed to retain the foothold on the Christian right wing, or seriously threaten general Maurice's position rear. Glandelinia's whole coast on all sides east west, south and Galvernia also had been fairly well blockaded, and at least three or four important sea points of Galvernia,iskey besides Anna Aronburg had been captured. All along their northern border of Galvernia,iskey large armies of Christian armies well experienced were ready to resist any rebel counter attacks anywhere, and were threatening a general attack upon all parts of the besieged city as soon as they were sufficiently supplied and prepared for this tremendous effort, without commerce, and almost without a manufacturer as in Galvernia, with scores of hundreds of thousands of child slaves already wrested away from them to freedom and all rebel property in Galvernia ruined it did appear as if the Glandelinians were not in a good condition to sustain a very long siege. Skillful officers, the bravest armies, and a united people also were not the only essentials to success in resisting such a bearing like siege.

On the other hand as to say the Angelinian states except Galvernia were having little experience of actual war warfare, everything with Abbeonnan, and Angelinia and northern Abyssinilla was going on as usual, manufactures were perhaps even more active than formerly but unfortunately she dared not start commerce on account of the roving Glandelinian submarines along the coast east and west watching for just such ships. Many large armies and navies had been raised even before the war without much difficulty. The Glandelinian country was almost surround surrounded by titanic fleets and armies, and the Angelinians who were besieging Galvernia,iskey instead of being disheartened by want of success in carrying the siege to a close were only nursing themselves for greater efforts, and profiting by their mist mistakes.

The Glandelinian Congress at Galvernia,iskey in which the Glandelinian war party had an overwhelming majority by now vote voted more men and money without hesititation and throughout all of Galvernia the writ of Habeas Corpus had been suspended and scores of thousands of arrests per week of men and women suspected of aiding and abetting the wicked Glandelinian confederacy were incessantly made as this indeed was to everyone, it was believed to be a complete military necessity, for throughout many portions of western Galvernia the Glandelinians had many friends among the Galverinians who did their level best to send supplies and information across the lines. Any Glandelinian sympathizers were even in Pandora city, and many of the Galverinian government and even Angelinian and Abbeonnan government employees furnished secret information of great value to the wicked Glandelinian cause if you please to know.

The next second stage of the morning's fighting was in the western section of Andean, the Glandelinians during the time they captured Andean had built two great fortresses in the northwestern section of Andean to protect the city from invasion, Fort Zangustopolis on the Gunbeam, and Fortress Brignabo on the Gorne River. To reduce these places general Maurice Costello who had already shown military ability was planning to cooperate with Gompore Foster Brarker who was ascending the river with a fleet of gunboat, marine and warships and some submarines, before the Christian land expedition could reach Fortress Zangustopolis the rebel fleet had revealed the Christian fleet with success and the combined rebel forces were proceeding against the rear of the Christian line. After three hours of fierce fighting a force of Christians through the cowardliness of one of their generals was compelled to surrender and about fifteen thousand prisoners and a large quantity of arms fell into the hands of the wicked Glandelinian army. His during the siege so far was the first real great victory on the side of the Glandelinians, and an important one for with that victory of general Thomas Cleveland near Gunbeam Springs it compelled the Angelinians to abandon that a portion of the positions on Gunbeam Creek, and leave for a while a large part of the Red Riding Hood Woods once again in the control of the Glandelinian troops but only for a day. Two hours later general Maurice Costello was fiercely and most desperately attacked with dogged determination by the Glandelinian forces under general Shilio and by forces of rebels also under general Johnston Sidney Albert, there was a most severe two hours fight all along the line in which

General Walter Jennings was left near Redriding Hood Woods and Oostown to protect the main line from a surprise from rear or front and a force of troops under general Gresham was stationed in the Andean Valley. The whole rebel army opposing the Christian line in front of Andean was still under general Mio-Holleser attacking here Costello moved his army to the mouth of the Gunbeam Creek and proceeded to attack to capture this Glandelinian position, and meanwhile Johnston was waiting ready to re-attack upon him. Glandelinian army, after taking various positions general Lee Corbin pushed on and succeeded in setting within a few miles of Andean in answer but swollen by floods caused by the enemy divided his forces, general Mio-Holleser Johnston at once attacked the left wing of the Christian force, general Lee Corbin and though Mio-Holleser Johnston received a small wound on the arm in the terrific conflict which followed and forced to retire he had succeeded in driving in delaying general Corbin advance. Meanwhile the Glandelinians under general Huelum yio-wi-Mio-Whirther drove general Walter Jennings down the Christian general that the other Christian army so frightening the other to defend the rear, general Mio-Whirther having disposed of Jennings and the other Christian commander being held back to protect the Christian rear, general Mio-Whirther Johnston at twelve thirty o'clock and who had been joined by Huelum yio-whirther forces attacked general Lee Corbin in general ferocity and after seven dreadful losses, were following another desperate encounter that sometime general Huelum yio-Whirther was severely wounded and his forces severely repulsed, but general Lee Corbin however rallied his troops and was a complete failure, making another charge and led by general Porter was repulsed. By evening at this section of the will Andean battlefield the two forces occupied about the same positions as when the struggle here started.

At another part of this section however the Glandelinians as early as one o'clock thought it a good time to cross the river and strike general Gresham's severe blow. A general Fletcher crossed the Gunbeam Creek above Gresham's works, took Fredericks position after sharp fighting and prepared to move on toward general Baltimore. General Mio-Gellener followed crossing the Glandelinian to turn back outwards. Meanwhile general Huelum yio-whirther was also captured with eleven thousand five hundred men, after a struggle and a position and artillery fell into the hands of the Glandelinians. The armies met in a first and also collision when general Huelum yio-whirther divisions closed upon the enemy rear of the advancing force and after an unusually severe conflict of an hour's duration general Corbin was forced to retreat still further. General Corbin had been much disappointed in meeting with such slight success however, general Fletcher did not persevere the retreating Christian army and force in into a general struggle as quick as he had been ordered on account of being wounded early in that last charge and on he was that very afternoon removed from command, and found himself not able to be assigned to any further active duty during the war. The command of the rebel troops was now given to general Caldwell Ambrose.

If general Fletcher was overconfident general Ambrose was completely rash and foolish. Attempting to reach the Christian rear by making a violent attack upon the strong Christian positions under general Fredericksburg and Free burrow his army was driven back with a terrible loss of life and officers and he himself killed. With the appointment of general Joseph Warren the most unfortunate Glandelinian army at this section toward evening received a new commander again.

In the northwest the Christian forces had been gradually advancing though the Glandelinians had made a number of most serious attacks the result of the days fighting there was decidedly against them. General Braggard Braxtonia the Glandelinian general was defeated in making a violent and extremely furious assault upon the whole of general Fergus line. Not long after he made another desperate attack of three hours duration resulting again in his defeat after a heavy loss on both sides. At this time a large number of fugitive child slaves came into the camp of general Jacob Baldwin at Fortress St. Jane. He refused to give them up to the Glandelinians who was the commander of the rebel forces near by and who asked by a flag of truce that they should be returned to him and other commanders under the fugitive child slave law. General Baldwin replied that all child slaves were contrabands of war as they could be used by the Angelinians with full pay and full clothing and provisions and materials could be used in working in or on fortifications for Christian works near and in other ways and that they would not be given up to the rebels. They were afterwards known as ex-child slaves and were placed in Abyssinilla for adoption. In the evening of that same day general Jacob Baldwin commanding a portion of the Christian armies on the right issued a proclamation declaring that all Galverinian citizens who should either side with the Glandelinians or be their sympathizers or take up arms against the Angelinians and Abbeonnan governments, or assist its enemies in any way whatever should whether rich or poor have their property confiscated and their women and children interned throughout Angelinia as exiles, and the child slaves if any they have in their possession would hereafter be declared to be free boys and girls.

That evening another christian general in a military order could  
 "child slavery and a civil law of the glandelinians in a free

country like Angelina and Abbeville are altogether incompatible and wicked. All persons whether glandelinians or not who are known to be holding self children as slaves are therefore declared enemies of god whether they are Angelinians or not. He had in freedom many child slaves by force snatched the older boys and girls into a regiment of boy and girl scouts. The feeling throughout the whole of Angelina against child slavery was rapidly growing so this was as stated before the cause of general Hanson. After a debate in a convention of generals to issue a general Proclamation stating that all children held as slaves within any glandelinian state, or Calverlinian state itself, or designated part of any glandelinian state where the people shall be or are in rebellion against all Christian and shall be thenceforth and forever free and should be set free by main force if necessary.

Of course by the glandelinians as we can readily expect no notice whatsoever was taken of this Preliminary Proclamation by the Angelinians generally by the rebel districts raised and so general Hanson indicated the proclamation of which he had given one hundred hours notice to all Calverlinians loyal to glandelinia holding slaves to free them or otherwise have their property confiscated and their women and children parted from them and they the slaves shot. In this he declared; women and children parted from them and they the slaves shot. In this he declared;

"equal though the proclamation seems it is for the sake of the freedom of innocent children a grave necessity, one third of the Calverlinian population are sharing in the rebellion or holding child slaves unlawfully, when for each child slave held they commit a mortal sin grievous beyond nature in its effects, and as the governor general of Angelina, and ruler of whole Angelina and Abbeville as well, and acting as commanding general in chief of the army and justice of the Angelinian States it is a fit and necessary war measure and I will have it enforced if I die a black death for it...."

At As declared before this proclamation was the first official official blow struck at child slavery and henceforth not only made the war a struggle to maintain the union of the Abbeville states, but also one to set free all the child slaves and to treat glandelinia not as a state of Abbeville any more but as a conquered province. Perhaps the greatest effects of this blow was abroad for the long and most brave resistance of the glandelinians everywhere, even at Ivyan, Ikey, and also at Crowley and the siege of Francis Atlanta had begun to make many christian nations think sadly within themselves that the wicked glandelinians might succeed after all and that the recognition of her independence to do with child slaves as she fit see fits might be officially extended to her. The most important and immediate results was the putting of boys and girls of older age especially all child slave fugitives and those rescued of any size who knew how to do it well whether young or not into the ranks of the Angelinians as boy and girl scouts. Many who had been rescued before had been already employed by the Angelinians even as helping the soldiers in throwing up trenches and for other purposes but not working as slaves for they got all they needed for their services and little money besides and all the liberties with the soldiers and in the encampments they wished. The faithfulness of the rescue child slaves to their soldier friends and even officers particularly in the boy and girl scout business was scarcely paralleled in the war or Angelinian history, and was worthy of greatest admiration indeed.

The in enlistment of little boy and girl scouts nearly all of them really by the Angelinians was fiercely resented by the glandelinians and led immediately to a complete cessation of the exchange of prisoners, as far as the glandelinian authorities on account of this naturally refused under any conditions to exchange any prisoners captured in battle, the Angelinian governments refused to exchange at all, feeling bound to protect equally all who had entered its service. Within only seven months at least it may be said that about one hundred and eighty thousand child slaves in various christian armies entered the ranks of the christians during the war as boyscouts and girl scouts, or as boy and even girl drummers and their their record was a very creditable one indeed. And also of the main evils of the war in any point of the country the confinement and ill treatment of prisoners whether soldiers or even child captives was not the least, and when the exchange of prisoners was not practiced or such restricted the evils were greatly increased. This true was unusual about the war was sorrowfully true for this story of the glandelinian war. Seldom seldom if ever in this world, or in any war have such heart rending sufferings especially among child slave captives been endured, and Ivyan, Ikey, Calverlin and other places in the hands of the rebels had become synonyms for terrible miseries of children who were held as slaves. These were for the children places of horror beyond any ones descriptions.

To add to the difficulties of the Angelinian armies a certain number of Calverlinians who were loyal to the glandelinians inside the city rose up against the christian population within falling upon women and child children and murdering them. Nevertheless by the end of December sixth there were facing andean four great christian armies one under general Greathart, in the vicinity of Fortress Seward, one under general B. Bankers and Louisiana, one under general Walter Jennings and one under general Gindor. The main purpose that late evening of the first three was to forcibly open the Norma River through andean and thus divide the glandelinian confederacy in andean and outside of her. The object part of the latter army was Sunbeam Creek on the west. General Vagabond and pseudonia knowing that the works he faced were held by the glandelinians under Mic-Holleston Johnston in particular and were very strong points. Leaving general Gindor general Greathart with the cooperation of gunboats, warships, merchanes and transports, tried operation after operation and plan after plan of the most desperate kind in order

under general Billie and by forces of rebels also under general Johnston Sidney Albert, there was a most severe two hours fight all along the line in which

to defeat the strong glandelinian forces and to reduce their works and fortified positions again and again and still again his efforts were unsuccessful. He sent ten large forces around the country opposite the rear of the enemy works and made ten ineffectual assaults upon the fortifications itself. He was repulsed with the main army came to his support. In the end of the siege and fighting of andean general Walter Jennings that evening had been successful in reorganizing the army of troops driven into confusion by an enemy assault. He determined to approach general Caldwell Lee Jenner from the gunbeam river. He met the rebel forces at six o'clock under general Hancock and in one charge was defeated with a loss of about one hundred and seventeen men thousand men. On the rebel side the loss in numbers of men was not so heavy but their great soldier general Mic-Holleston Johnston was shot by a glandelinian snapper scout by party of boy and girl scouts in the dusk of the evening and his death was instant. General Lee Gorbin of the christian side having been driven back as stated before had in the meantime received heavy reinforcements and resolved on a second effort to force the enemy back a movement practically forced upon him by public opinion of Angelinian soldiers. His division of forces of about one million eight hundred and seventy three thousand five hundred well armed troops thus at seven o'clock moved across the gunbeam Creek. General pseudonia Mic-Holleston Johnston under general Hooper kept his divisions between Central and Mic-Holleston Johnston.

General Lee Gorbin crossed the gunbeam Creek general Hooper followed his movements by means of scouts. Lee entered the fortified woods and after spirited fighting captured general Chambersburg works and the general and his whole command. A part of his force also fighting his way through through reached yourkens trenches, while his cavalry within sight of general Chambersburg works and a tremendous charge carrying all before them and clearing the roads of the rebels. The glandelinians were now thoroughly alarmed and with good reason indeed.

All the glandelinian divisions were hastily called out and hurried forward to protect the forces driven from the woods, and to reinforce the rebel army. Now the one of the glandelinian generals in command of the retreating forces was annoyed by the orders of the rebel general Mic-Holleston Johnston by wireless and asked to be relieved of his command. This glandelinian general whose name was not given was on the evening later after the forces were being rallied succeeded by general George Chambersburg. He however was a steady officer and general who would run only a few risks and he conducted the rally of the glandelinian troops in his own way.

Finally this action became general and general Gettys of the christian side led a dreadful charge upon the rebel positions. The conflict was terrible and exceedingly exceedingly dreadful and lasted all that evening and night. At this part of andean little no part of the field ever was more stubbornly contested, but general Lee Gorbin was again forced to retreat. The loss of each division was great about four hundred and forty four thousand men killed or wounded on the rebel side and about one third of those engaged in the christian forces engaged in the night tidal tidal conflict were killed wounded or missing. Gettys charge the greatest charge of the battle was generally regarded for the enemy for the turning point of the battle. Lee Gorbin retreated once more across the gunbeam Creek and without aid from andean did not intend to make any more assaults upon the enemy. It was indeed impossible, all that general Lee could do was to resist fierce glandelinian attacks and prolong the struggle.

#### OTHER GREAT ADVANTAGES OF THE BATTLE OF THE SIXTH DAY DURAI DURATION.

General Meander followed Lees retreating christian army and slowly until both armies were not far from the point from which they had started. At Four O'clock general Chambersburg glandelinians surrendered to general Greathart and one hundred and thirty two thousand prisoners fell into his possession. A few hours later general pseudonia f works surrendered to general B. Bankerton and the gunbeam Creek was now completely open to its mouth for fair. The glandelinians still held the works at andean on general Maurice Costelloes main center which commanded Eastern andean and the entrance to the city. General Maurice Costello was forced or able to force general B. Bankerton and George to retire from a point of the line, but later general Baldwin Braggard George receiving reinforcements from Mic-Holleston Johnston attacked Maurice Costello in most general fury early in the afternoon routing a terrific conflict along. In whole center for all the afternoon, and defeated him where it had not been for the steadiness of general Walter Jennings and his army the defeat would have been a rout and his forces would have been driven from the siege entirely. As it was each army lost more than six million six hundred and sixteen thousand men that afternoon on the center. General Braggard had gained a treacherous victory but he did not get the christian works as he had intended, to though he shut up the christian forces in their works.

However general Gresham by some of his grand successes had become one of general Maurice Costello's best generals and now a little western army besieging the Andean section were put under his orders. He came to see Gorbun and Maurice Costello help bringing reinforcements and a number of officers and generals who had served under him in his previous conflicts with the enemy, the siege of general Maurice Costello's central works was raised early in the morning after fighting of very savage character in which the losses on both sides was exceedingly heavy once a more general Braggard still held strong positions on the hill portion of the positions in front of Andean, and from these general Gresham determined if possible to drive him. In this he was even of the night the fight of Hill No. Ten. It looked like an inferno of volcanoes that dark morning so much was the bright flashes of firing of muskets and cannon and the thick smoke but general Braggard was compelled to retreat toward general Dalton's works where again serious resistance was offered and which would have been successful if he had not been wounded. Here he was unable to command further and general Johnston must have taken his command.

During the sixth day of the struggle one of the most striking incidents was the raid of general Morgannia Mexicana Maxi milli n, the glandelinian cavalry general. Starting from Jennie's gun ten miles south of Andean, he passed in a desperate assault through ten christian encampments in a fiery inferno of firing, his force being increased by reinforcements and all its supplies on the way. Capturing one or two other christian encampments and all its supplies on the way, he reached the Sunbea river, and seizing two fleets of a steamer and christian transports crossed into the vicinity of the christian lines near Jennie Andean, he then turned toward Cardonaler and crossed the southern part of the region all the time fighting his way through though suffering great losses and going by night through the very outskirts of the main christian lines under general Gonsentinian Aronburg. Everywhere he went he not only fought his way onward but plundered and destroyed the encampments that he captured. His daring raid and charge caused the greatest alarm indeed and after starting to retreat general Gonsentinian Aronburg with a troop of cavalry and dragons pursued him not only with cavalry and regular troops but also with the aid of everyone in that part of the country of siege capable of bearing arms. Finding that the whole christian army was aroused, he made for the sunbea river on the bank of which his force was almost annihilated after sanguinary fighting and he himself captured. He was passed for two hours in confinement but through the help of secret spies within the christian lines managed to escape and get again within the glandelinian armies.

Meanwhile the blockade was maintained with the same vigor and it had become more and more difficult for the many thousands of blockade runner as such vessels were generally called to slip into any ports which were not held by the Angelinian fleets and forces. On the sixth day an attempt by a christian vala naval force to take fortress Seward by sea water was a failure. Later in the same day a combined naval and military force under general Gillsmore made a desperate attack battered fortress Seward in the rear to pieces with a rain of shells and explosives at a rate of a hundred per minute and took fortress Att Atlanta one of the outer harbor defenses. Hells by an enormous number were thrown into the city of Andean itself but the city was not taken. The Angelinians had also during the beginning of the siege built an immense ram six hundred feet long in the Norma river but on its way to the sea it encountered a whole rebel fleet and was captured half disabled and in a sinking condition after a short but fierce action. From the first the glandelinians had expected foreign governments who sided with her cause to interfere for the sake of getting supplies of all kinds, if for nothing else at least. They had hoped also to secure a large navy to patrol around the coast coasts and help their help their sun submarines but the close blockade maintained by the Abbissanian authorities prevented with every exception any more vessels built in the Angelinian ports or elsewhere from getting to sea. In the country of Gonsencia agents of the Confederate government of Glandelinia succeeded in having many thousands of vessels built and manned.

Francis Smither the Angelinian Prime Minister in Gonsencia warned that foreign government of the nature of the vessels and their destination at least, but for some reason the Gonsentinians though believed to be an ally to Angelina did not stop the building of these glandelinian warships in her own harbors. They were even allowed to put to sea and the result was that during the time up to December many vessels of all christian nations entering or trying to enter the region of submarine siege were captured or sunk with all on board and all nations shipping was driven from the ocean, owners of vessels putting their ships under glandelinian flags in order to prevent the glandelinian ships from capturing them or submarines from sinking them. Hundreds of horrible tragedies shocking to relate occurred on account of this, for instance of women and children being on ships sunk and thousands of them drowned or burned in the conflagrations started in steamers by attacking glandelinian ships. The glandelinian ship the most noted glandelinian cruiser was the Vanity Fair followed by others known as Andean, Vivian Wickey, and the Anna Aronburg. Most of these war ships were purposely built for cruise cruising around to prevent foreign ships from entering christian harbors of Angelina and Galverinia. One of these ships the Anna Aronburg alone took sixty five transport steamers belonging to Protestantia, and sunk ten others loaded with women and children passengers on the charge they were transports bringing provisions to the enemies of Glandelinia.

## CHAPTER TWENTY TWO.

In the meanwhile while all these things were happening and the siege of Vivian Wickey was in full progress and the battles along sunbea creek were all raging besides Evangelina Grania and Jennie Andean the novelty of the war for glandelinian subjects in Glandelinia had worn off for the cause of the child slaves and enlistments for the army were increasing rapidly but nevertheless it was deemed necessary to resort to conscription by the glandelinian governments or a draft. There was no objection to the draft as was expected but especially in the city of Vanio Vanity Fair where the christians had fought before there was a serious riot not on account of the conscription but because so many were put out of the draft because of slight physical defects and the mlb had a control for nearly three weeks of December 1912. During this time about five hundred and fifty buildings were destroyed or burned, over two hundred and fifty million dollars worth of property destroyed and a terrible number of lives sacrificed. The mob had a special hatred of children who were foreigners in particular or slaves and many were brutally murdered because their parents had refused to become glandelinian citizens or allow their children to do so. Among the buildings burned was a child slaves confinement house, fortunately there was time for the many thousands of frightened children to escape by back doors and windows before the fiercer fiercer rioters gained entrance to the front. The riot was finally put down by the police aided by the militia who were hurried from the National Home guards for the purpose. It was estimated that over twelve thousand five hundred of the rioters were killed throughout the three week insurrection. The draft however was very successful, and it even tended to greatly increase the volunteering and so far answered the purpose and all men between the ages of eighteen and forty five years except those who were mentally or physically unfit for service were subject to military service and all men between those ages were enrolled. For various reasons in Glandelinia there were many exemptions that caused many more riots. The rioters threatening to gain power and cause a general rebellion in Glandelinia made the exemptions become much fewer and the law of draft was rigorously enforced. There were no substitutes for every able bodied man was himself a conscript.

In Angelina no draft was made and there was no one except Major Galverinians who had conscientious scruples against fighting and those among the Galverinians who had suffered very much for conscience sake.

Though on account of the siege of Vivian Wickey and the blockades the advance in prices was great in Angelina and Abbissania and Galverinia it was still in comparison with that of the other far away christian nations. Early in December the following were some of the prices quoted in national money in every country: shoes two hundred and twenty five dollars per pair, flour and vegetables, three hundred and seventy five dollars per barrel, bacon ninety five dollars per pound, potatoes ninety five dollars per bushel, butter twenty five dollars per pound. Many other things which were considered the necessities of life were absolutely unobtainable so close was the blockade of ports and Vivian Wickey. The suffering in those nations for want of those articles was exceedingly great but it fell more heavily upon women and children who had suffered the sad, giftless Christmas day. In the armies in this war itself the lack of quinine and other drugs and main medicines was also severely felt.

And it was evident on the sixth day of the battle of Andean that final success was to be on the side of the Angelinian forces whether they captured Andean or not. In spite of the bravery and endurance of the glandelinians they had steadily lost almost everywhere except in main sections of Vivian Wickey.

The battle of Andean had now been going on for six days and one night. General Hic-jollyster Johnston's army cut off from the rest of Vivian Wickey and her section sections was rapidly using up his resources and was suffering from lack of men supplies and officers. But there was not a few in the christian armies under Maurice Costello who failed to see this, they were getting tired of this terrible continuous fighting indeed, and no one did not hesitate to say so. Moreover it was getting near the time for general Hanson well planned movement against the rebel armies under Man ay at Norma Gonsinia and unless there should soon be some signal success with the capture of Andean the war parties feared that general Vivian might not be successful at Norma Gonsinia and Evangelina Grania and also that a compromise might be made with the rebels by some one to end the war in favor of their side. It was also evident that a single head for all the besieging armies in the field before Vivian Wickey was needed in case general Hanson would withdraw his own command, for general Hanson himself had no intention to stay there himself or allow his generals to stay there. He intended only to bring the armies he first commanded, force his way in a certain distance so as to reinforce Hanson and then leave his commands behind to go elsewhere to command new armies but he wished to have a general to be appointed to take command at Vivian Wickey in his place—a man whom who so should be responsible, for the whole plan of operations everywhere around Vivian Wickey.

Accordingly General Hanson Vivian had held a convention on December fourth during the battle of Andean was raging far to the north and general Hanson felt it might certain he would have to revive the rank of lieutenant general in chief, which had been previously been held by himself and general Robert Vivian his brother. In the convention many declared that Concentinian Aronburg would be the man surely needed but though Hanson knew it was a wise plan yet Concentinian Aronburg was needed by him as he was to move Aronburg to another command as early as June the next year if the war was still raging, place him in command of a vast army already being mobilized and move it in full force upon Galverine and elsewhere in Galverinia. He wished also the capture of Francis Atlanta, Big Girlknool and other places and new forces to be commanded by Bonlign to defend Angelina Agathia (Angelina) the main goal of the rebels. Concentinian Aronburg at once bestowed it upon the man whom public opinion as well as military judgement pointed out as surely fitted to relieve it and for whom the rank was really created; general Ulysses S. G. Manso the one who had started the seige of Vivian's key. The wisdom of the step was soon to be made manifest.

In the meantime on the morning of the seventh day of the battle of Andean a plan of connected action against Mic-Hollister Johnston was immediately arranged. General Maurice Costelloe making his headquarters that night with his main army had general Great Heart to carry out his most desperate orders. In the western line of battle the most important movements were intrusted to general Jacob Baldwin.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY THREE.

#### MAURICE COSTELLOE'S MAIN PLAN OF ATTACK.....

General Maurice Costelloe's main plan was that the main armies under his command should attack Andean in general army and that general Herman Raymond Equal should move southward from Jennie Vivian toward the rear of Andean and storm the rebel positions there thus penetrating the heart of the wicked Glandelinian Confederacy. By engaging the Glandelinian forces in that part of the country he would and could prevent the sending of reinforcements and supplies to Mic-Hollister Johnston. That latter part of the rebel positions to be assaulted was believed to be entirely free from the actual presence of very large armies. It was now indeed experienced in a marked degree many of the hardest of war measures during this tremendous battle. General Maurice Costelloe and Greatheart were convinced that at Andean the whole Glandelinian confederacy was a mere shell and that vigorous and relentless measures would make it easily collapse so that the capture of Andean would be certain.

The march and assaults were begun simultaneously by Great Heart and Maurice Costelloe. And they had the ablest generals of the Glandelinians to contend with, general Mic-Hollister Johnston and Meldonia. General Maurice Costelloe with an army of 11,200,000 men nearly double that of Mic-Hollister Johnston started at once that morning to attempt what had been the ruin of many brave men and generals before him, a general battle for Andean. The Christian forces in long tremendous battle lines entered the very rough country near the Red Hiding Hood woods near the Sunbeam Creek, known as the Sunbeam Region where general Mic-Hollister Johnston's sixty two million men were quite a match for general Costelloe's larger number. For the beginning of two hours and a half there was a most terrible struggle with fighting of the most savage character and a fearful loss of life beyond estimating indeed. Gradually by combined assaults covered by artillery and cavalry charges general Mic-Hollister Johnston's army torn up badly was forced to move back his thinned lines until general Maurice Costelloe reached Meldonia Harbor Junction about eight miles from Red Hiding Hood Woods. This occurred until ten o'clock in the morning. A brave and fruitless assault numbering ten alto together was then made upon Mic-Hollister Johnston's works in which six million men were shot down in half an hour and lasted all day convinced general Costelloe that it was useless to attempt to take Andean from the north, north or south. Altogether he had lost in the seven days conflict nearly sixty million men in killed, wounded and prisoners and his wicked antagonist about half as many. General Maurice Costelloe that afternoon despite his losses determined to cross the Sunbeam river and attack from the south and west simultaneously hoping to seize all the railroads in the possession of the foe and the fortified works also which brought supplies from Galverine to Mic-Hollister's army and Vivian's key. General Johnston now resolved to try an offensive movement of desperation and so sent general Do Convention down the Sunbeam Valley. The authorities at Jennie Vivian were greatly alarmed, and justly so. At Monocary Creek near Jennie Vivian general convention defeated in a severe conflict general Frank Wallace's division of Abyssinians, who courageously faced certain defeat and disaster in order to delay Convention, a matter of the highest importance.

General Convention then hurried on toward Jennie Vivian and appeared before the defenses on the north side of the town and tried to get the other foe forces there to join him in an attack but not receiving help and fearing to attack them alone he retreated but carrying with him much booty. One incident of this raid was the taking of a line of Christian works held by general Chamberlanger's detachment of his forces. On the refusal of the Angelinians to yield the works a bitter hard fighting fighting.

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#### CHAPTER TWENTY TWO.

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SEEN IN PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN.

#### MAURICE COSTELLOE'S PLAN OF ATTACK.

LOSSES FROM THE SEVEN DAYS CONFLICTS OUTSIDE OF ANDEAN.

Thompsonia would take care of himself did not follow though he sent reinforcements to aid him. Hoodwinked meantime, pressed on toward general Nashville's divisions of Christian forces and after a severe fight of four hours duration with four divisions of the Christian armies under generals Schofield, Butterly, and Franklin Piaroor tried to besiege the whole Christian army under these leaders. But he immediately sallied forth and fiercely attacked Hoodwinked army cutting it all to pieces and routed it completely. So thoroughly was this done that this section of the wicked

Accordingly general Hanson Vivian had held a convention on December fourth during the time the battle of Jordan was raging far to the north and general Hanson felt it mighty certain he would have to revive the rank of lieutenant general in chief, which had been previously been held by himself and general Robert Vivian his brother. In the convention many declared that Generalissimo Aronburg would be the man surely needed but though Hanson knew it was a wise plan yet Generalissimo Aronburg was needed by him as he was led to move Aronburg to another command as early as June the next year if the war was still raging, place him in command of the vast army of the north.

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General Convention then hurried on toward Jennie Vivian and appeared before the defenses on the north side of the town and tried to get the other foe forces there to join him in an attack but not receiving help and fearing to attack them alone he retreated but carrying with him such booty. One incident of this raid was the taking of a line of christian works held by general Chamberburger by detachment of his forces. On the refusal of the Angelinians to yield the works he after hard fighting retreated after setting fire to a great part of the encampment while the seventh day battle of Jordan was in progress general Mic-Hollister Johnston had reported to general Mic-Aillister Stencki;

"At last the christian armies before us have a head. If I receive no reinforcements before to night Jordan is lost as I will have to abandon her." General Mic-Hollister was right. General Castellio though he warned Hanson of conventions raid sent reinforcements to Jennie Vivian, but nevertheless such raid he sent general Sheridan into the gunbeam valley and put him in command.

This general forty four years old had shown great ability throughout his services of the siege of Jordan and was perhaps the best of all christian officers at that time. It was apparent that this beautiful and war itself. General Castellio's orders were that nothing whatv whatv ever should be left to invite the enemy to return in that location. Take all provisions whether take and take all the stock wanted for the use of your cow and. Such as cannot be consumed or used destroy or blow up. Burn everything that can be burned. Make a clean sweep.

The order was indeed thoroughly carried out. Sheridan had destroyed over 10,000 barns filled with wheat, hay, and all kinds of farming implements, over seventy five big mills with flour and wheat making the bigger grain elevators ever seen, and had driven in front of the advancing army over forty two thousand six hundred head of cows alone and thousands of other stock, and had killed and issued to the troops not less than a score of thousands of rebel sheep. Many houses and other places were burned railroad belonging or in possession of the enemy destroyed and all trees that could burn set on fire. Bridges blown up or burned and the rivers dammed to make floods. General Sheridan's tactics proved to be unanswerable general than any of his predecessors and Convention was so completely worsted that there were no more valley raids during the siege of Jordan. The glandelinians could not spare men to make another attempt and the country around was so thoroughly ravaged that there was little to invite invasion of the christian lines by the rebels.

Maurice Castellio's movements brought him in front of Jordan fair. He succeeded in cutting two of the railroads supplying general Johnston. He was thus greatly inconvenienced. General Mic-Hollister Johnston had such a long line of trains elements that he was unable to send reinforcements to other parts of the battling rebel line the resources of the glandelinians had been hourly growing less and less, and it was impossible for Johnston to receive reinforcements to fill his badly battered ranks. The courage and energy shown by general Mic-Hollister Johnston and his army in thus fighting a slowly losing game were more wonderful than can ever be conceived. General Greathart in the meanwhile was slowly forcing general Franklin Atlanta division of Mic-Hollister and the worse fighting glandelinians there are. General Johnston was however only waiting until he could get general Greathart far enough from his base of supplies to offer more general battle under great circumstances which would be completely unfavorable to the whole christian army under Greathart's Greatharts single supplies were brought by ten wagon trains, which his immense cavalry forces had to continually defend in sharp fighting with rebel cavalry and thus the further he advanced against the stubbornly contesting rebel lines the weaker was his force indeed. Just at this time general Franklin Johnston was wounded severely as the conflict grew in fury and Mic-Hollister Johnston had to put general Hoodwinked in his place before the army without a leader would become demoralized. This glandelinian general with his Mic-Hollisterians was one of the hardest fighters in the glandelinian armies but nevertheless general Greathart succeeded in taking general Atlanta works destroying everything which would be likely to aid an enemy of our Dear Lord, such as iron foundries, manufacturing, and Grain Elevators.

In the hope of checking general Greatharts further advance and success the glandelinian main general now ordered general Atlanta and Hoodwinked to leave his torn and broken positions from which he was being forced and marched around toward general Nashville's flank of general Greatharts rear which general Thomason of the rear army was covering in general Greatharts movements. It was hoped that by this movement that general Greathart would be compelled to follow general Hoodwinked and that two things would be immediately brought about, the destruction of Greatharts christian forces, and the removal of the seat of fighting again to Jennie Vivian or Red Riding Hood Woods. put general Greathart believing that general Thomason would take care of himself did not follow though he sent reinforcements to aid him. Hoodwinked meantime, pressed on toward general Nashville's divisions of christian forces and after a severe fight of four hours duration with four divisions of the christian armies under generals Schuffield Butterfly, and Franklin piercer tried to besiege the whole christian army under these leaders. put he immediately sallied forth and fiercely attacked Hoodwinked army cutting it all to pieces and routed it completely. so thoroughly was this done that this section of the wicked

glandelinian army was never reorganized. . . . The loss to the the glandelinians was irretrievable. . . . General Greathart after resuming his fierce advance found himself with no glandelinian army of any strength between him and the sea near Andean, nor indeed between him and Mic-Holleston John Johnston. He could march through the Georgian region to the old abandoned positions of general gannun's there thence to the rear of Mic-Holleston John's army closest to Andean, which thus attacked front and rear, would be either compelled to surrender or forced to retreat from Andean itself. In order to move with the region of the country through success general Greathart resolved to live off the region of the country. He which he might advance around to the rear of Johnston's vast glandelinian army. He took his vast wagon trains with only ten days provisions, and left behind everything which possibly could be spared. On the hour of eleven o'clock he left the captured positions formerly held by general Atlanta with sixty million troops to begin his march to the rear of the rebel army under Johnston. To prevent the enemy learning his abrupt intentions he cut all the telegraph wires to the north tore up immense lines of railroad tracks within half an hour if you will believe it and burned thirty small bridges and ten big ones so that no intelligence of his movements or means of approach would be left for general Howe Hoodwinked or Johnston in case general Thomson's would be defeated. . . . or nearly six hours nothing was heard of general Greathart's army from other christian division divisions. General Greathart's route was southeast, the orders were to advance wherever possible and practicable by all roads and fields, over lanes and meadows and through woods, as nearly parallel as possible. During the swift advance the army foraged in the country in that region of Andean most mercilessly, and to this end each brigadier commander organized a good and sufficient foraging parties, who gathered forage of any kind took many child slaves, ruined houses and farm buildings, took meat and provisions of any kind vegetables, cornmeal, or whatever was needed by the command, shipping all the time to keep in the wagon trains at least ten or eleven days provisions. Orders were even ordered to enter dwellings, or commit any trespass of any kind in order to secure child slaves and set them free, to gather any thing necessary, turnets potatoes or other vegetables and to drive in all stocks in sight of their camps. . . . all the other vegetable and to drive in all stocks in sight of their camps. . . . Here corps commanders alone they had issued orders to destroy mills, houses, cotton gins, child slave plantations, child slave mills and other war works etc. . . . Here was permitted, but as guerrillas and bushwhackers collected the christian advance and no loyal Galverinian burned bridges and obstructed roads and lanes and meadows, and showed signs of local hostilities, the army commanders ordered and enforced a devastation more or less relentless accordingly to the measure of such hostility.

As for horses, mules, wagons, railroad trains etc. . . . printed to the glandelinian Galverinians the cavalry and artillery as a repro printed freely and without limit, discriminating however between the rich, who were usually more hostile and the poor and industrious who were usually neutral and most friendly, or sided with christians. In a all the foraging parties engaged endeavored to leave with each family who proved to be loyal to an Angelinian's cause a reasonable portion for maintenance. . . . These raids and instructions were carried out as far as practicable, but war is indeed war or war is "Hell" as Sherman said, and the path of the advancing christian army sixty miles long and ten miles wide advancing and pressing forward was as the track of a tornado, an array of floods, and a gigantic conflagration combined. Railroads operated by the glandelinians were rendered useless by the men and soldiers tearing up the rails, heating and twisting each one so that it could not be of any further use as a rail, bridges over where across every small or large stream were burned or blown up, buildings were demolished and in short everything which might be of use from a military point of view was taken, rendered useless or destroyed. During this six hours advance there was comparatively severe fighting, besides cavalry engagements by the score and on the evening late the rebel forces evacuated that portion of the rebel line and the christian troops marched in. General Greathart had already communicated with the main line of Angelinian gunboats warships, and numerous on the rivers. This was the first real news that had been heard of Greathart's army since it had pressed on from the captured works under general Atlanta. Meanwhile the blockade was being maintained more closely than ever. . . . in desperate and unsuccessful attempt was made by gunboats, warships, and shore batteries and floating batteries on the rivers combined to shell and captured port towns Aurandocillo which guarded the main entrance to Andean, a great resort for blockade runners. Simultaneously general B. Bankers Mic-Fern was sent with a large land force supported by a long line of gunboats and warships, and other warcraft up the Sunbeam river to attack Shreveport's army of artillery defending Aurandocillo and desperate a rebel army and cavalry in that part of the region. These expeditions were all bloody failures, general Mic-Fern being defeated with the loss of his under generals Sabin Mic-gunner, and Pleasant Horner who were wounded. . . . the sun fire over a length of ten miles all day at that. The blockade blockade which had been frequently evaded while the Junction of Andean was now shelled but without success. A hitherto successful christian cruisers and armed transports and warships had been fairly successful in blockading the entrance to Winkley Bay but a few vessels from time to time had slipped in or out. It was determined to storm the forts which defended the entrance. This enterprise was trusted to admiral Thomas who with fourteen thousand armed transports, a thousand warships, and fourteen hundred gunboats and eighty big warships, and four hundred and forty four monitors were to force their way

past the fortifications of Gertrude Angelina and Cedernine and the obstructions in the channel into the bay where the rebel iron clad rams were stationed protecting the main glandelinian fleet of warships. The uproar of this conflict thus staged at this part of the siege was beyond describing, all flames in the bay were killed, and great jets of ice along the shore was shattered to bits by the concussion of so many guns. Explosions occurred by the thousands, and all the forts in particular Gertrude Angelina demolished many ships, tearing them to pieces, and filling the bay with floating wreckage. The slaughter on board all ships was horrible the flagship went down and many other ships and the sky over the fleet was fairly covered with burning shells and high explosions and the smoke was as thick as if it was a canopy of atoms clouds. The rebel fortress was commanded by general Buchamer Grutizer who had been commander of the Lucille Jackson fortifications earlier during the siege and who had been transferred to Gertrude Gertrude Angelina. In order to get a clearer view of the fierce and sanguinary operations admiral Thomas stationed himself in one of the shrouds of his own warship to which one of the officers insisted on fastening him immediately in case a sudden shock from a volley of shells exploding high in the air, or from firing guns should throw him off or being wounded he should fall into the cold ice water. Admiral Thomas had the aid of the land forces also to whom he expected the forts would soon surrender.

The frightful engagement also lasting here for a whole day was a total failure and during the struggle the Angelinians met with most severe losses themselves.

To oppose admiral Thomas' intention to run the gauntlet of fortifications the rebel warships swarmed against the fleet, submarines got busy and the rebel warships joined in amid the crash of hell and the fighting was redoubled and the noise also.

The rebel flagship the Calwell Wilkerson, and another ship the Janet meeting side by side with one single Angelinian warship was rased and scattered and sunk with all on board. During the engagement also an Angelinian and glandelinian warship went down fighting together, another rebel ship was captured with nothing but dead or wounded men on board lying amid the wreckage of guns and timbers and obstructions another called Portugalier was also captured in the same collision and the glandelinian was also, and the ship following it the Marler was captured floating alongside and two other rebel ships were completely destroyed by means of a christian torpedo and the portine was captured with decks strewn with killed and wounded. The Bahia was sunk with forty followers, and the Braziller surrendered.

The peculiar sight of the results was astonishing. The water was smeared in wreckage, dead bodies and floating smokestacks, half submerged gun turrets and broken fragments of ships, shattered timbers, spars, signal towers, big boxes, large beams and all things imaginable in a conglomeration of mass.

Notwithstanding the successes and slight failures of the christian armies and the continued non-intervention of foreign nations siding with glandelinia there was a party of considerable size in the Galverinian country which was clamoring for the siege to be pressed quickly to a termination. The siege and war had been prolonged for nearly a year with out any certain signs of an end, taxes were too high to be borne, the expenses for keeping up the military and naval establishments were terribly enormous, countless hundreds of families had lost one or more members by death on the field, or in the hospital, or in rebel prisons. The fact that over a hundred million more men had been called for during the past months led many to believe as even among christian nations that the christian armies either at Vivian Wickey or elsewhere had not been so successful as reported and that ultimate triumph was hope a hopeless.

Nevertheless the Angelinians were not thinking at all of ever giving up, such an idea was out of the question and not only that but the grim determination of the Angelinian and Abbeismian governments not to compromise with rebels and enemies of Our Blessed Lord or to offer then any terms of peace, except such as may be based upon a complete and unconditional surrender of their wicked hostility, and a return to their just allegiance to the Abbeismian country and laws and to return back to God and all that they should.

Many had also declared that after ten months or less already of failure to restore the Abbeismian and Angelinian Union by the experiment of bloody war—justice, humanity, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for the capture of Vivian Wickey and Galverina with a view to an ultimate convention of the remaining Angelinian states of Abbeismian, and various acts of the treacherous Galverinian disloyal governments which had been responsible for the capture of Vivian Wickey were declared to be a most shameful violation of the Angelinian nation and it was clanged among many other things that such usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers in helping the rebels should be crushed like a snake under a steamroller. If others thought there had not been enough gained to make the recapture of Vivian Wickey likely, the destruction of so many christian ships in desperate attacks on water, the success of the rebels in northern Andean, the successful holding of Evangelin's Granin, and Lieghburg Landing by the glandelinian glandelinians, the capture of Norma's Bridge only a day or two after the world had renounced the rebels resistance to the siege a failure, the arrangements by which Mic-Allister made to prevent the capture of Andean and Norma Gathierine—the withdrawal of Hudson's army from Norma's river and St. Dominian fortifications, the conviction of many that it was a very bad policy to change to leaders while the horrors of the siege was in progress and a growing recognition of the greatness of Mic-Allister Stanck and so on gave the whole world christian or not the full impression that Vivian Wickey would never be recaptured.

In the meantime general Greathart left St. Atlanta's works and owing to the numerous little fortified streams and swamps along the region of gulches River he struck directly for Col. Golub Golubator. A little later he entered this portion of the rebel works and a large part of the rebel army was totally burned. Whether the fires were started by the glandelinian troops as they went out of the rebel trenches or by the Angolinian troops as they came in as they had been shown at all, each side charged the other with the action. But he had never been shown at all, each side charged the other with the action. But he had never been shown at all, each side charged the other with the action. But he had never been shown at all, each side charged the other with the action.

By the time Greathart approached general Goldsboro's line general Bragg felt able to risk an attack, which was made with great vigor, he was however repelled fiercely and Greathart carried his positions where he received reinforcements under general Wilmington. Both armies at this section not halted waiting for further developments in the issue of Mic-Holleston's line of battle elsewhere.

during this same day there had been several attempts of both the glandelinians and Angolinians to bring about the conflict when general Alexander Sternerton of the rebels with two companions and a party of officers met general Hanson, Ivian and his brother Robert Ivian by previous arrangement on board an Abbeannian battleship on the Morris gun River, and indeed had a full intelligent and amicable discussion of the state of affairs. But as general Hanson Ivian refused to negotiate except upon the basis of the complete disbandment of the glandelinian forces, the restoration of the Angolinian National authority in Calvernia and the unconditional surrender of Ivian, Ivian and the main glandelinian generals, the leaving of rebel armies from Calvernia, the ending of child slavery and the acknowledgement of the abolition of the massacres of innocent victims of war, the conference came to nothing. During the conversation a general Alexe Alexander attempted to show that general Hanson Ivian would be justified in making terms with "Rebels" by referring to the case of Abbeannian in Eighteen fourteen One eighteen forty one. To this general Hanson Ivian replied:

"I'm not strong of Abbeannian history or any descriptions about that rebellion and its results. I depend mainly on general Robert Ivian my brother for that. All I remember is that the world the whole world had a hard time from wiping out the rebel provinces all together during the siege of the city of glandelinia in eighteen fifty.

On the afternoon of the seventh day of the battle of Andean general Wilmington's works had been taken and the rebel armies were almost completely without their works. At the same time general Greathart at the head of his infantry and cavalry made another raid down the Unbean Valley if you please as far as to Andean cutting the railroads rivers and bridges and other points upon which general Mic-Holleston Johnston largely depended for his supplies. Then after joining Maurice Costello general Greathart was sent to the southeast of Andean. Sharp conflicts were fought in the evening and the Angolinian troops were again victorious. General Amickson found unable to hold his own works sent a telegraph message to general Mic-Holleston at Ivian Wickey announcing that it was completely necessary for general Mic-Holleston Johnston's army to evacuate the whole line of works outside of Andean and take refuge in the fortifications around Andean at once. The message reached general Mic-Holleston Johnston on the late evening of the seventh of December when he was in his own headquarters holding a convention with his glandelinian generals. The preparations for the evacuation of the works told the glandelinian armies and the loyal inhabitants of Andean what was coming and everywhere there was indescribable confusion.

By the Christians a hundred glandelinian glandelinian naval rams and batteries were captured just when rebel troops were in the act of placing explosives with the purpose of blowing the up, rebel warehouses were set on fire, hundreds of thousands of barrels of liquor were knocked in the head and their contents poured into the gutters or into the rivers as a precaution. Some rebel soldiers getting drunk from the whiskey and brandy and scoop up began to pillage their own comrades in their craze. Early at night general Wheeler learning that the rebels soldiers under general Mic-Holleston Johnston were evacuating the main glandelinian works advanced under general fire from all the rebel guns of the fortifications and despite difficulties and horrors of losses entered them with his troops and held them. At last after seven days fearful conflict almost every night also the main rebel works in front of Andean had been taken and the glandelinians had been forced to retreat to a little long lines of fortifications.

Six hours after this early the next morning general Vl Felixator of the rebels being surrounded by Greathart's army was compelled to surrender his division at the Andean Courthouse seven miles north of Andean whether he had retreated after Johnston evacuated the main works. The prisoners thus taken were held and their horses and arms and ammunition taken from them. The surrender was an Uncon-

ditional one. Those among the rebels who were not guilty of any murders and assassinations of children or other helpless persons or who had not been guilty in holding child slaves were allowed to keep their horses and return to their homes on the agreement not to fight further against the Christian nation.

The surrender of general Felixator was recognized to be the final issue of the struggle at Andean. general Maurice Costello himself visited the captured rebel works and arrangements the first hour after the capture, and walked through all the company streets and paraded at the scores of thousands of wooden barracks of the rebel army. The rejoicing of the Angolinians however had not ended when the whole Christian army at Ivian Wickey, and the whole country and world itself was horrified by the news of the accepted assassination of general Hanson Ivian by a rebel spy on the evening of December sixteenth. He attempted crimes seemed to have been the plans of a Calvernian rebel sympathizer or filled with probably a half crazy idea of vengeance against all Christianity joined with a desire with of great notoriety. general Maurice Costello was attacked by another rebel spy conspirator but he was not wounded.

SEEN IN PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED TWENTY THREE.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE TERRIFIC FIRE AT ANDEAN, WRITTEN, IN WHICH VIOLET AND HER SISTERS HAD THEIR EXPERIENCE IN THE CITY, AS TOLD IN PREVIOUS CHAPTERS PAST.

44 Vol 7 Part 1.

In the meantime general Greenheart left St. Atlanta works and owing to the numerous little fortified strongholds and camps along the region of gunpowder River he struck directly for Col. Columbus. A little later he entered this portion of the rebel works and a large part of the rebel encampment was totally burned. Whether the fires were started by the gladiolus troops or they went out of the rebel trenches or by the Angellian troops as they came in had never been shown at all, each side charged the other with the action. Simultaneously with the taking of these rebel encampments, other works were being evacuated by the gladiolus after sharp fighting and the christian troops took possession. Other gladiolus brigades followed the example and the troops thus gathered together with the remnant of the rebel army were in answer to the public demand of the Allister Stank placed under the leadership of general Bragg. Bragg's Greenheart to lead through this region to gain the Hollister. The four was in reality much more hazardous than his march through the other portions of the country and each was difficult to travel through for supplies were less in sure and resistance was more severe than usual. Above all there was an opposing general who if not strong enough to risk an open fight was not a strong enough

ditional one. Those among the rebels who were not guilty of any murders and assassinations of children or other helpless persons or who had not been guilty in holding child slaves were allowed to keep their horses and return to their homes on the agreement not to fight further against the christian nations.

The surrender of general Hollister was recognized to be the final issue of the struggle at Andromeda. General Maurice Costello himself visited the captured rebel works and encampments the first hour after the capture, and walked through all the company streets and traveled at the scores of thousands of wooden barracks of the rebel army. The reloading of the Angellians however had not ended when the whole christian army at Vivian Wickley and the whole country and world itself was horrified by the news of the attempted assassination of general Hanson. Vivian Wickley was the scene of the execution of December sixteenth. He attempted crimes seemed to have been the plans of a Calverinian rebel sympathizer or filled with probably a half crazy idea of vengeance against all christianity joined with a desire with of great notoriety. General Hanson was attacked with a desire with of great conspiracy but he was not wounded. It was not until after the attempt to kill general Hanson and the whole country itself north and south except gladiolus realized how much they loved and honored and respected this man christian commander in authority and though strict in military discipline no vindictiveness had been apparent in his word words or actions and the Calverinians were furious over the attempt to kill the Allister. For they felt they had been in danger of losing one who would have been their total friend and who was at the same time a believer and on the early morning of December eight the day of the Immaculate Conception general Davis Jefferson of the rebels was captured and shortly afterwards two more rebels, rebel armies surrendered, one after another laying down their arms. General Hollister, Johnston still had a strong force and was now sheltered behind the strong fortifications of Andromeda. A column of gladiolus soldiers captured if lined up in squads could be over thirty miles long and would have been a sight indeed. In all that morning about one million had surrendered and were sent to the rear for transport transferring to the internment camps and never before during the siege had such large forces been taken prisoners in one single hour.

#### LOSSES FROM THE SEVEN DAYS CONFLICTS OUTSIDE OF ANDROMEDA.

If the losses which can be estimated during the battle itself the total was appalling. A loss of life in battle, far from mortal wounds was thought to have been nearly equal on both sides and was as unestimated while the number of christian prisoners captured by the rebels amounted to six hundred thousand and in all, the losses resulting from the facts that countless hundreds of thousands of men were permanently disabled, killed up a vast debt to interest and principal of which would be a heavy burden for many years to come being about 9,458,999,656 Dollars in those seven months of the siege probably alone. The cost of the Angellians to maintain the siege of the child slaves rescued to be transferred to other states for adoption at a cost estimated to be about two and a half billion five hundred million dollars, the property destroyed, the besieged rebel armies during fierce conflicts at all the Angellian governments. All southern notes and bonds of Angellians were a total loss as well as the states, counties, and city loans issued in aid of the christian armies besieging Vivian Wickley. Altogether while the cost of the war written here cannot never be correctly estimated or calculated the total cost of the two years of siege of Vivian Wickley was over eighty nine billion dollars alone. The debt reached its highest point just a few weeks before the fall of Vivian Wickley when it amounted to \$89,830,786,423,124... This included the greenbacks on which no interest was paid. Nearly eight hundred billion of money had also been spent or expended and the cities towns counties states had also spent much in cash besides incurring debts. The payment for pensions was also a vast sum, enormous. Soon after the beginning of the war and the siege of the war the terrible accounts of the sufferings of the wounded and the needs of the soldiers on the fields and in hospitals, and also the needs of rescued child slaves, wounded and maimed children, frightened refugees and the sick from disease driven in now from horror and fear led to the establishment among the Angellian countries of the Sanitary and the Christian Catholic commissions, the former but the corps of officers, doctors, physicians, nurses, and students, whose duty was to look after the many millions of suffering, the countless maimed and the needy. It had countless hospitals, hospital cars and trains, and digital boats and ships, and hospital encampments. Its litter and countless ambulances were on the field before the battle were over to care for the many wounded who needed help. Through it were distributed vast amounts of clothing, medicines, stores and various other comforts which had been prepared in the Angellian hop homes. Hundreds of millions of dollars to carry on this work of mercy



It was indeed one of the first most terrible disasters which had been known so early in the siege and the column of water which had been nearly two miles wide, scores of miles long and forty to fifty feet high swept from the river from the bursted levees with amazing rapidity having traveled a distance of twenty miles in fifteen minutes. Without scarcely a moment's warning whole encampments by the scores and many cities of army barracks on the christian side were carried away, even express trains and freight trains and other cars were unable to get away from the flood, and was overtaken with complete destruction. The flood swept on toward Jennie, Vivian even which was almost completely inundated with many buildings destroyed. About thirty two thousand two hundred and fifty christian soldiers were thought to have lost their lives, millions of tents were swept away and in some instances whole encampments of wooden army barracks were swept away and the flood was smashed in the wreckage of the buildings and the substance hurled up by the explosion, within the christian lines army property valued at ten million dollars was destroyed or rendered worthless.

So also on account of the explosion one of the long and beautiful suspension bridges in Angelina or Calvernia I mean stretched over the wide Norma River which was more than three miles in length and supported by wire cables, steel cables more than two feet thick, and which was one hundred and thirty three six feet above the water was shaken down by the concussion and totally wrecked.

Such is the horrors of war.

During this time also there were many serious disturbances which were especially frequent in the month of December the worse of which took place near Lucille's picket fortifications. The terrible disturbances culminated on December fourth when a immense crowd of glandelinians was addressed by a number of generals who acted as speakers who urged the most violent methods of gaining their ends against the christian besiegers. While the Angelinians were moving forward to disperse this tremendous concentration of rebel troops an immense mine was exploded under the christian lines two miles from Mansions headquarters killing and wounding so many that the loss was not to be estimated. In return the Angelinians charged down in terrible fury upon the one concentrated troops of rebels and fired upon the glandelinians with cannons and musketry with equally fatal effect and drove them back to their own fortifications in terrible confusion. Many glandelinian officers and the ringleaders of the explosions cause were taken prisoner, and brought to trial as murderers, forty four hundred were hanged, and all the others imprisoned.

It was a relief however to the Angelinians to find that all the ringleaders who caused the two immense explosions but one were Pure glandelinians and not Calvernian rebels as it had been suspected, and were of that class of glandelinian war anarchists whose purpose was to overthrow all christian governments and to do away with the rights of christian property in order to force the christian armies to raise the siege of Vivian Wick.

Again at the same time one of the chief generals of the christian army was shot and killed by glandelinian spies or assassins believed to be treasonable Calvernians siding with the glandelinians. A good number of these glandelinians were trailed by the powerful Angelinian civilian spy society and captured and tried for the murder, or abetting it. On the trial six were acquitted and in the case of others a mistrial was entered. It was therefore universally believed that the Angelinian jury had been bribed and popular feeling was greatly stirred in regard to the matter. So a mob of christian soldiers broke into the guard house and lynched seventeen of the glandelinians confined there, including those who had been on trial as well as ten who had been acquitted by direction of the court-marshal. The Calvernian government on the ground that that the murderers or hanged men were Calvernian subjects not in favor of the glandelinian rebellion, protested at once, though its minister at Pandora demanded reparation or otherwise otherwise they would compel all of Calvernia to make secession and side with the wicked rebellion. The Angelinian authorities were obliged to reply that while the Angelinian governments regretted the occurrence the punishment of the offenders or the mob of lynchmen rested with the authorities under general Hanson Vivian and that therefore without his consent the Angelinian governments could not grant an indemnity. On this the Calvernian minister took his departure and it seemed for a time as if the Loyal Calvernian governments would declare the whole state out of the Abbeonnan authority and also that the whole of Calvernia would side with glandelinia, but the affair was settled by the order of general Hanson Vivian who found the persons hanged not guilty of the offense that the real assassins had escaped and were glandelinians of the worse kind and so the lynchmen were disassociated from the army in disgrace and other members of the mob put on probation for two months. Shortly after diplomatic relations were resumed by both sides and more Calvernians then ever broke away from glandelinia and sided with Angelina.

Again if you please at the same time other trouble occurred. Some sailors from a Calvernian war vessel believed to be glandelinians were attacked by the rebels on the charge of being traitors and two were killed, others roughly handled taken prisoner and shot. The government of both the Angelinians and all of Calvernia fiercely demanded reparation. Glandelinia refused and now there was serious danger of the loyal Calvernians from becoming disloyal and breaking relations with glandelinia. The wholesale slaughter of many child slaves who were found to be unfit for further service threatened to exterminate these poor unfortunates in a short time, and the Angelinian government determined to interfere claiming that under the privileges which were acquired from Abbeonnan the Angelinian and Calvernian governments had the right to consider all child slaves under their own control so far as they were concerned.

General Hanson even sent a message to general McAllister Stanek that all such massacres of children should cease or all glandelinian prisoners would be shot and no quarter given to the besieged hereafter at all. Even vessels loaded with child slaves were seized and the children found on them sent to Abyssinilla. Other ships like these were immediately fired upon by christian fleets whether loaded with children or not, as they approached Vivian Wick and forced to surrender. So great was the disturbance over child slavery that the rebel governors of Vivian Wick were obliged to call out the whole militia of the city to preserve order and stop these christian raids upon child slaves if possible. The seizure was also in neighboring rivers and places within Vivian.

SEEN IN PAGE SEVEN TWENTY SIX.

SPECIAL:

SPECIAL

#### CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE.

THE BLENDOLOMMEAN AND BOYKING ISLAND QUESTION..... ("1444")  
THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE BLENDOLOMMEAN AND BOY KING ISLANDS AND ITS RESULTS. GREAT AND BRAVE EXPERIENCES, OF BRAVE MEN DURING THE SIEGE OF VIVIAN WICK ON THE SIDE OF THE CHRISTIANS. ONE GREAT BATTLE...

THE EXPERIENCE OF GENERAL BRUCE ROBERTSONIA DURING THE LONG AND BLOODY BATTLE OF RED RIDING HOOD WOODS, OR SUREKAM JUNCTION, AS IT WAS PROPERLY CALLED. FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE CHRISTIAN GENERAL ROBERTSONIA..... THE PANIC CAUSED BY REBEL SPIES..... BATTLES OF BADAONIA, AND GASTEPFORT..... AN EXPERIENCE A CHRISTIAN PRISONER, AND SERVANTS DURING THE SHORT HORRIBLE SIEGE OF CARONDALE, TOLD IN PAST CHAPTERS, BUT RELATED HERE ONCE MORE.....

to obtain food and provisions captain... of this order was that no christian troops who had secured the island were to collect all the child slaves even slaves of any district near the towns and villages or place where christian troops were stationed, and in this way have them under close guard until they could be



transferred to the christian warships. In carrying out this order many innocent children all slaves were taken from the slave houses and plantations, their masters, farmers and other men who owned them being driven from their homes while the children were collected in or around the towns. Their houses were burned and their mills and plantations laid waste. It was estimated that by the end of the month three hundred thousand child slaves were thus here huddled within the towns or in their immediate neighborhood, and even the Angelinians admitted that more than one half of these would have perished if the children had not been taken to the ships sooner, for they were in the same pickle as christian soldiers, constantly under fire, without sufficient food and shelter and thousands of them could have easily died of hunger and skin sickness and diss disease if the Angelinians had not taken measures to prevent it.

"This treatment of child slaves taken from the enemy by the enemy, is not civilized warfare," said the christian admiral. "It is cruel extermination of helpless innocent child slaves."

It was thought and also believed that in all over two hundred and fifty child slaves in all the islands had perished during the early part of the siege at the hands of the glandelinians as a result of the rebels rather slaying them or compelling them to die by torture than allow them to be rescued and set free. The distress in any of the plengiglosenean islands was not by any means only caused by this barbarous action. It must be remembered that the smallest island was larger than Cuba itself and that many plantations on them had been laid waste by the war and siege and that all the rebel industries of the islands were prostrated. The devastation was mostly the work of the besiegers and not the insurgents.

The whole world itself had been deeply interested in the affairs of the besieged city of Vivian Jockey and its up starting plengiglosenean and Boy King Islands. Lying at the mouth of the Norma Run River but further out in the bay and only a few miles from Federal City the island punchkin could be made an enemy base for attack in time of war as all plengiglosenean and boy king islands were strongly fortified. In time of peace their productions would naturally seek a market in the whole christian world and many toys, picture books, story books, playthings and every delight children love naturally were manufactured in these islands as well as in Calverinia and it was believed the Wizard of Oz once resided in the biggest of the islands punchkin which was now held by the worse devils in human form that ever was known. From time to time even during the time Vivian Jockey was besieged and the islands under close guard from christian warships the full annexation of the islands had been proposed, and more than one ruler of the world itself had thought well of it pussy in the well.

President Furtherton of Mericinia had offered glandelinia in 1886 a sum of one hundred million five hundred thousand dollars for the punchkin island alone with its famous places and Emerald city but the offer was promptly rejected. Filibustering expeditions from Abbeinnia were attempted during the war and these were stopped by the rebels. While the siege was on there were many times when the petitions of the whole christian world were sorely tried on account of the giftless christmas day and by the injury to their trade, and by the fearful atrocities committed in the city of Vivian Jockey and its supporting islands. In October at night on Halowen the Mormonian steamer sailing under the Angelinian flag was captured by an Angelinian war ship and taken into the harbor of Anna Aronburg.

Here fifty three of her passengers and crew were shot as glandelinian spies using a foreign ship to carry out their purposes and flying the Angelinian flag in the bargain. The excitement throughout the whole christian world over this occurrence was exceedingly great. A protest having been made by the King of Mormonia Angelinia gave up the ship and paid a large sum for the benefit of the men who may have been Mormonians when shot as spies. The Angelinians and even the whole world had before the war invested large sums of money in sugar plantations and other farms and profits in these islands of Calverinia's coast and as a result of the glandelinian-Angelinian war, and the siege of Vivian Jockey and the policy of destruction followed by both sides, a vast amount of property belonging to Angelinians and many other nations had been destroyed and the profitable trade with the many islands and Calverinia ruined. Popul t feeling in the whole christian world was deeply moved by the stories of cruelty in the islands and in Vivian Jockey.

In accordance with this feeling the president of Mericinia, Protestantia, Blawlinia, Hine Hiskanelle, Mormonia and other christian nations offered to mediate between glandelinia and Abbeinnia, but their offer was declined by the glandelinians themselves and so the rebellion had to go on.

A few days later the glandelinian Prime Minister was assassinated at Vivian Jockey fair by a unknown person and a new rebel dynasty came into power. Upon the protests of the whole world which at that time feared the approach of such a gloomy kind of a christmas general pashberry was ordered to leave the islands but he would not yield. One whole fleet of christian ships had been lying in the harbor of punchkin island for about two days waiting for the foe ports when at about ten o'clock in the morning of November on Thanksgiving day the whole fleet was destroyed by mysterious explosions which occurred simultaneously. Two hundred officers and nearly fifty thousand men crews, and marines and sailor sailors perished either killed or drowned. An intense excitement prevailed in the whole Angelinian country and the world itself and the cry;

"Own with glandelinia" was heard everywhere. General Hannon Vivian ordered the Calverinian government to appoint men of the navy as a board of inquiry. After making a very careful examination they reported, on the last day of November that

the ships had been literally blown up by mines placed under each ship and set to explode simultaneously and that the evidence to who was responsible for the disease disaster were the glandelinian authorities of Vivian Jockey. The Calverinian congress governments claimed that the explosions had taken place also inside of the vessels as well and proposed that a convention be held on the matter and to bring the ones guilty to justice. To this general Hannon Vivian at the time made no reply. Meantime affairs in Vivian Jockey and the plengiglosenean islands had not improved. General Hannon Vivian and many of his officers spoke of them as "completely intolerable." There seemed no reason to expect any improvement whatever unless the city of Vivian Jockey and the islands and all the strong fortifications were captured during the time the battle of ndrean had been raging general Hannon Vivian sent a special message to the Angelinian and Calverinian governments in which he said;

"It is plain that the besieged city of Vivian Jockey and her fortresses and fortified islands cannot be captured by present methods. In the name of god and humanity, for the sake of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and his blessed Mother, in the name of humanity tenfold, in the name of civilization, in the name of the endangered interests of the world which gives us the right and duty to speak and act, the horrors in Mormonia Catherine and elsewhere in Vivian Jockey and her islands must stop under any conditions. General Hannon also passed a series of resolutions declaring;

"That as declared before all child slaves are and of right ought to be free and independent and have homes and parents as they should. That it is the duty of not Angelinia alone but the whole christian world itself in behalf of coming Christmas to demand that glandelinia should give up the islands and Vivian Jockey and withdraw its forces from the city and the whole of Calverinia altogether and cease the rebellion. That the Calverinian and Angelinian governments are empowered to use all the forces of the national states thus mobilized and to call out all military militia even by draft and conscription if necessary to carry out these enforceful resolutions. That for many children rescued from slavery that Angelinia and her loyal states disclaim any intention of control of said child slaves except for their freedom therefore and to the fact of obtaining men and women to adopt them and give them good homes and better times, and assert the determination when the time is accomplished to leave the government and control of Calverinia to Abbeinnia."

These resolutions were cabled to the Angelinian government who were directed to give an answer as soon as possible. On the first day of December general Hannon Vivian declared a proclamation that a main and vigorous attempt must be made to try and capture the plengiglosenean islands and the Boy King as well. Public opinion in the christian army had been divided in regard to the plengiglosenean and boy king island difficulties. Many persons felt that while a tremendous naval engagement in that location was sure to come at last, wisdom required delay; the army and navy for that part of the expedition were not believed to be ready and others believed that a deliberate attack upon those islands so filled with many defenseless child slaves who may be exposed to the fire of the ships as well as the enemy believed that the general attack would be completely unjustified, but the division was in no sense sectional. When the news of the bombardment of punchkin island broke out, from all parts of the besieging army men volunteered to go and join the expedition for the islands and all stood side by side in the support of this campaign.

#### THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE BOY KING AND PLENGIGLOSENEAN ISLANDS AND ITS RESULT...

It was clear indeed that most of the fighting of this expedition would take place outside of Vivian Jockey and that the Angelinian Navy would take a most important part. The main christian general Hannon Angelia Vivian issued a proclamation declaring anew the blockade of all Calverinia seaports to be resumed with greater strictness. The carrying out of this order was given to Admiral Whilliam Gamptonia Ureumanna. And in anticipation upon of an attack upon the Angelinian coast a squadron of many war vessels under Admiral Thompson was stationed at Angeline. Meanwhile the swiftest vessels in the Navy protecting the Angelinian coast from attack patrolled the whole Angelinian western ocean coast to give warning of the coming of any glandelinian warships. Very harbor from Grovelly to Calverinia was laid with a submarine mines to be used in case of attack, many submarines and torpedo boat destroyers were also there and old fortifications of every Angelinian seaport were armed, guns and batteries placed into position and a watch was kept indeed for the approach of the rebel enemy. When the expedition to the plengiglosenean islands was declared to be in actual session Commodore Newton and Admiral Saunderton was in command of one of the immense fleets blockading one of the harbors of Vivian Jockey and was then lying within sight of the fortress Gertrude Angelina. He was ordered and by telegraph to proceed at once to the plengiglosenean and boy king islands and capture and destroy the glandelinian fleets which was there, and cooperate with the fleets besieging the islands. Also the other fleets were to remain to keep up the blockade.





All such sections of this enormous city were divided from each other by ten deltas of the river upon which the city had been erected in early days. Gallic and German settlements being divided by the wide river of the city. In the city there were many narrow bridges and thus no doubt the city deserved the name of "the city of Bridges". The bridges were all steel ones some ranging from a hundred to a mile long. You can see therefore that given victory was divided into many sections all fortified inside and outside. Though not the largest, there was Norton Catherine and Julio Gallic which was the richest and best parts of the city and which mostly had been inhabited only by Angelinian non-combatants. Then there was Andrean partly buried up guarded by great fortresses, by fortified hills, and great streams, and difficult and dangerous passages, wild heaths, and great morasses. This part of the city was mostly inhabited by people men and women and children who sympathized with the cause of glandelinians and which section held a great number of child slaves, or children reserved to be murdered to a certain number every day. And there was Anna Aronburg already in the possession of the christians, also protected by a wild and hilly country fortified by christian positions, whether many of the non-combatants escaping from the enemy had fled to obtain safety from the glandelinians. The glandelinians here had defended their positions in front of Anna Aronburg for a long time and lived under their own government and laws, yet the Angelinians by their perseverance and good work and brave got possession of it at last. put on account of opposition from its other section called Federal they were not yet able to become masters of Anna Aronburg, though they tried it frequently and those in possession of Anna Aronburg were under fire constantly from the rebels still in possession of Federal. These two sections therefore were in possession of opposing sides who fought together very often and very desperately, and thus you see that Anna Aronburg and Federal were enemies of each other. In one section called Aronburg flew the Angelinian flag, in Federal the rebel flag, and from both sides firing ensued from house windows, roofs, and doors, and attacks from street to street were frequent. Oh bloody ivian wickey what has thou come to at last!

THE EXPERIENCES OF GENERAL BRUCE ROBERTSONIA DURING THE LONG AND BLOODY BATTLE OF RED RIDING HOOD WOODS OR SUNBEAM JUNCTION AS IT WAS PROPERLY CALLED.....!!

I hope that my dear readers have not forgotten that all the cruel battles around ivian wickey, either on land or on the water, sea or rivers arose out of the debate between the great glandelinian lords and generals who claimed that ivian wickey would not fall within ten years if all heaven and earth was arrayed against it after general Francis Burners death which induced many glandelinian generals and nobility to rashly submit the decision of the matter to general Six Mic-Allister Stanek and thus opened the way to his endra endeavoring to secure the whole Calverinian country and have it rise in rebellion with him and the glandelinians themselves. You recollect also that general Purgatorian had discharged one of his generals from command on account of his attempting to declare that child slavery was the cause of all the woes of ivian wickey and for attempting despite being a rebel general to restore the independence of the child slaves and that when severely rebuked by Purgatorian he had threatened to resign his commission immediately and thus his resignation was accepted. This general therefore was very little respected among the glandelinians, he on account of the opposition of the rebel generals against him had renounced the glandelinian authorities and preached again the rebellion, and had been absent from the glandelinian army for fifteen weeks during the great part of the time of which he remained at home in Calverinia in the east preaching against the rebels and calling all Calverinians to traitors who would thus favor the wicked glandelinian cause or at least side with it. It was therefore natural that such of the millions of people of Calverinia as were still determined to fight for the deliverance of their dear country from the enemy and for the freedom of child slaves and their friends should look around for more troops and generals under whom they might unite themselves to combat the power of the rebellion of glandelinians. The feeling indeed was universal in Calverinia among those favoring Angelinians that they would no longer be under any conditions whatever endure the glandelinian governments and Congresses, and there therefore such Calverinian nobles and generals as believed they had the right to lead armies began to think of standing forward to claim the freedom of all child slaves.

Amongst these the principal candidates were two powerful christian soldiers Calverinians by birth who had enlisted in the army and were now helping in the operations of the siege of ivian wickey. The first was general Bruce Robertsonia, the son of general Robertsonia. He other was general Joseph Mic-Gantler usually called the "christian cyclone" so named from his daring expeditions, charges and so forth. These two great and powerful christian generals had taken part with Maudion and other famous christian generals in the siege of ivian wickey. In one of the numerous battles and skirmishes, which took place at the time between the glandelinians and the Abbeannians near Jemina ivian and Carbondaler on the one side and the insurgents on the other general Robertsonia was present and assisted the christian besiegers to gain the tremendous victory which brought the capture of Carbondaler.

After that frightful battle had been over and the rebel general and his remaining army had surrendered he sat down to supper with some of his Angelinian generals and other officers in the private mess hall without washing his hands having forgotten to do this on which there still remained spots of enemy blood which he had shed during the action. Some of the other christian generals observing this whispered to each other:

Look at general Robertsonia who is eating the blood of the enemy. Higher authorities ought to be notified of this."

Robertsonia had heard what they said and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might indeed be called the enemy's sin as it was that of the rebel country men who were fighting for the maintenance of child slavery and the rebel horrors. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from the table and washing his hands went into a neighboring chapel. shed many tears, and asking help of God to repel the crime glandelinia was guilty of, and made a solemn vow that he would help atone for all the misery of child slaves by doing all in his power to deliver child slaves from the glandelinian authorities. Accordingly he left the army under general Maudion and remained watching for an opportunity to join the continentian Aronburg army itself for the restoration for the freedom of so many innocent children. Now this great christian general was a remarkably and most brave man very strong, and there was no man among the glandelinians or among the Angelinians couched that was thought a match for him excepting Maudion. Robertsonia was also very wise and most prudent, and a most excellent general, he knew full well how to conduct the biggest forces and armies alone and place them in order for battle as well or better than any other great man of his time. He was very generous too, greatly religious and very courteous by nature, a tremendous lover of children of all kinds pretty or not and never could resist taking them in his arms and holding them in a tight embrace no matter if they were even bad covered, but he had some faults which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes when in a rage sometimes relentless and cruel to the rebel prisoners he had in his camps.

General Robertsonia had fixed his purpose as I told you to attempt himself at the outbreak of the battle of gunbeams junction to drive the rebel armies out of the Red Riding Hood Woods and he desired to prevail upon general Mic-Gantler who was his rival in ways of leading armies but great friends nevertheless to join him in expelling the rebel Angelinian enemies by their common efforts to help the main christian generals. With this purpose general Robertsonia with his generals and other high officers following him rode down to Mic-Gantlers headquarters and requested an interview with the great general. They met in the generals headquarters in the generals council room. That passed between them was not known with certainty as all was a secret as possible and all wore black hoods and regalia but something went wrong with all the plans, for a spy had been in their midst hiding under the table and being discovered had attempted to shoot down the generals in his effort to escape and while his shots went wild the general Bruce Robertsonia struck the spy a blow with his sabre. The spy however was mortally wounded but he still fought shooting out of a side door and officers and having done this rash deed he instantly ran out of the bushes for him in called for his horse which two secret aids had hidden in the bushes for him in called for him when discovered. Two of the Angelinian generals general Robertsonia and Kirkpatricker Fran Francis both brothers friends of general Robertsonia were in attendance on him when the spy showed his ferocity in attempting to escape when discovered. seeing the spy escaping with some important papers each escape when discovered. seeing the spy escaping with some important papers though mortally wounded as he was, and seeing the pale generals all assembled in confusion they eagerly set out after the spy and called for troops to pursue.

"I doubt," said general Mic-Gantler "that the spy can be captured."

"No you leave such a matter in doubt!" said general Kirkpatricker. "I for one will be certain that the spy does not escape."

Accordingly he and his companion and several other officers having the matter certain with a vengeance by dispatching of the wounded spy by a storm of volleys from the pers using cavalry. Two of the spies followers in firing upon the pursuers were slain at the same time. This slaughter of the spy and his followers seemed a cruel and rash action but it seemed necessary as a spy pursued is a deadly enemy who will never give up no matter how any are after him and to capture him you will have to outcapture him dead. It was probably in that the glandelinians however incurred the displeasure of heaven for in expeditions and attempts or successes re no glandelinian soldier or officer ever went through more misfortunes than rebel spies and glandelinians who frequently pursued and ill treated the ivian girls known as violet and her sisters. After the spy and his aids were dispatched of the Angelinians might be called desperate.

Nevertheless general Mic-Allister Stanek in Vivian -iskey, Manley and other high generals of authority in Vivian -iskey and woman Catherine as written in previous chapters had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon them the vengeance of all christian slaves, the resentment of the whole world, the dis like displeasure of all churches of all religions on account of having committed many outrages to Catholic churches, for the murders of children, for the horrors of child slaves, and for forcing battles on consecrated ground. One of the shocking things done in the middle of July was that rebel soldiers to defy general Mansion had committed a horrible deed. Fifty boys and girls were assembled together mostly child slaves not able to stand the hardships of slavery much longer.

They were stripped naked, tied hand and foot, and then tight instruments were placed around their throats which such wise like grip that death was almost instant and with this they were packed in boxes sealed shut sent to cold storage, thence from there to a place where they were dim dismembered, cut up open with entrails and everything inside of their bodies taken out and placed in separate articles and thusly sent to general Mansion with the note:

"This is done to all child slaves who are unable to work any more. What can you a christian dog do about it huh?" General Mansion was furious and disgusted over what he received and so were his generals. The boxes with all the contents were immediately buried out of sight in a bog and general Mansion wrote back in answer:

"Sent me any more such things like that and all prisoners within my command no matter whether they are private or the highest generals will be shot before your very eyes."

General Mansion.

P.S. I may be a christian dog all right, but one of those kind that bites more than licks, as mad dog that causes hydrophobia when he bites so beware."

After receiving such a sight and after disposing of it and sending back an answer he drew his generals together summoned to meet him and declared that he would do all in his power to prevent further massacres of children and so warned general Mic-Allister Stanek that if massacres of children still continued no hope would be held for rebel prisoners within the christian lines and that the defenders of the city would receive no quarter.

Indeed generals Obertsonia and Mic-Cantler were dreadfully incensed when they heard that after all the pains the main generals had taken to prevent the recurrence of the horrors and Julio Callio Reign of Terror and all the innocent blood which had been spilled, the rebels should sent such boxes with such contents to general Mansion. They had seen them also with their protruding tongues, and the small rounded straps which had been placed around the necks of the children were too tight to be removed by the tight strongest man and had to be severed. He and Mic-Cantler vowed that they would take ample vengeance upon all the rebels if they did not discontinue this horrible practice.

This horrible occurrence occurred before he and Mic-Cantler went to join Aronburgs army at Red Riding Hood Woods.

When this tremendous battle begun he marched his divisions against the rebels accordingly at the head of his powerful army and Mic-Cantler did his part. The commencement of Obertsonia undertaking against the rebels was most disastrous.

In making a desperate charge upon the rebel positions in the woods which broke out like an inferno he was soon completely defeated near Juneham junction by the rebels under general Pemberton. Obertsonia's horse was killed under him in the bloody atelo nation, and he for a moment was a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a rebel soldier who somewhat favored Angelina's cause and who had been conscripted into the Landelinian army much against his will and so though serving in the rebel army did not choose to be the instrument of putting Obertsonia into the hands of the other rebels and taking advantage of the almost sea like expanse of smoke caused by the terrific firing of cannons, musketry, and explosions of shells, allowed him to escape. The Landelinians who won this advantage executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty those especially who were wounded. Among those were some gallant young Angelinian officers who were mercilessly put to death because they were wounded. The Landelinians here seldom took wounded men as prisoners though in other parts of the war they slackened up on the cruelty a little but not on the children.

General Obertsonia with a few brave officers among whom was colonel poglusa Fairbanks who afterwards became a general retired into the deepest recesses of the woods where becoming lost they were chased from one place of refuge to another, were under fire constantly, and were often in the greatest danger and suffering many hardships. Some faithful child slaves who had been rescued by him during the battle accompanied him and his followers during their wanderings and refused to leave them. There was no other way of providing for them during those three days of being fugitives than by hunting and of finishing in the streams of the woods.

It was a remarkable that colonel Doglue was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate child slaves all girls such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or killing some game could furnish to them. Driven from one place in the woods to another, almost shot out of some districts and forced by the opposition of rebel Calverinians giving them opposition, general Obertsonia attempted to force his way through the woods to find his way back to the distant christian lines but he found rebel enemies everywhere seeking his life, and the lives of his friends and child slaves. General Mic-Douglass had a powerful detachment not far away toward which the fugitives were pushing their way and hearing of the superior approach of the fugitives sent men and cavalry to intercept them as soon as the fugitives entered their territory. The leader of the pursuers colonel Corner Johnston hated general Obertsonia on account of his being responsible for the rescue by christian soldiers of so many child slaves and christian prisoners. The fugitives seeing the rebels coming gave some little resistance after placing the children in safety but were again defeated by the rebels under the cavalry leader who pursued them most relentlessly the rebels being in force of numbers while the fugitives contesting from behind trees and rocks continued to retreat more swiftly, but he showed against his misfortunes the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a large lane or pass and placing himself and several men the last of the party and with the four beautiful child slave girls in front of them, they fought desperately with and slew much of the Angelinian rebels as attempted to press hard on them. Three Calverinian officers who were followers of the Landelinians all very strong men when they saw Obertsonia thus protecting the retreat of his followers and covering the children made a vow that they would either kill this redoubled christian dog

climber or make him prisoner and recapture the children. The whole tree with blasphemies and curses rushed at the Calverinian general at once. General Obertsonia was on horseback with a little girl in front of him with one arm around her protecting her rushing through the straight pass we have described betwix a precipitous wall of rocks bordered with trees on top and on the other side a deep river. He struck the first man who came up a blustering Calverinian officer (and seized his horses reign) such a blow with his sabre as cut off his right hand and freed the bridle. He was bid to death, the other officer leaping up on horseback was struck down on the ground by a blow of the sabre but he recovered and racing after him with an oath managed to catch up with his horse before he sent in full gallop and demanding him to surrender grasped general Obertsonia in the meantime by the leg and was attempting to throw him from the horse. The general then setting spurs on his horse while the little girl screamed in fright at the scene of fight and confusion made the animal sudden suddenly popping forward so that the rebel Calverinian fell under or was thrown thrown under the horses feet, and as he was endeavoring to rise again and draw a pistol, Obertsonia clift his head in two with his sabre. The other officer seeing his two comrades slain flew desperately at the general riding his horse like mad and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body that he could not have room to wield his sabre. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon the general struck his third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still however the rebel kept his grasp or dying grasp on the general's mantle, so that to be free of the dead body, the Calverinian general was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp by which it was fastened and leave that and the mantle itself with the dead body behind him. He finally with his comrades and the children escaped the remainder of the pursuers who captured however the brooch and preserved it as a memorial that the celebrated christian general once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the rebel Calverinians. General Obertsonia greatly resented this attack upon him. General Obertsonia met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings with the child slaves with him, yet though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the rebels and of the Calverinians as aided with them, he and his followers still kept his own spirits.

At last dangers of all kinds increased so much around the brave christian general  
and his fugitive companions that he was obliged to do something desperate,  
and he fled to separate himself from his faithful children he had rescued from  
was also obliged to face the full fury of winter coming on it would be impossible  
for the little girls to endure this wandering sort of life even for a few days when  
the deep snow and frost should set in, and calaverita in the northern parts usually  
has fearful snowstorms and severe cold waves. So General Roy Robertson left the  
child slaves with some soldiers and others in a small walled fortress which he  
had actually secured after a small but sharp fight of two minutes duration and which  
was situated at the head of the river. The general slipped away before the soldiers  
could attack him and he returned alone to defend the small fort against the "landolinians"  
who were determined to take possession of the solitary islands in the river where he and the remainder  
of his men decided to erect a fort and pass the winter after coming for those left behind  
and bring them across. But in the meantime ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends  
for the small fort was taken by the rebels and the soldiers and the girl children  
were taken prisoners & the soldiers being cruelly put to death by the victors.  
The little girls were thrown into strict confinement and treated  
with the utmost severity..... These child slaves had given the landolinians  
it appeared great offense for thus allowing the Angolan soldiers to rescue them  
and were therefore not placed in child slave houses or plantations as expected  
but instead imprisoned within the fortress of Lucille Ricken in a large cage  
used for wild animals. This cage was hung over the walls of the fortress  
one used for the poor children like a parrot cage out of a window in summer time  
to shoot and apprehend fire from the besieging christian guns. This cage was indeed  
a strong and one made of iron and wood mostly of framework. There were many such old  
cages in most of the fortresses to which early in the war only wild animals had been  
confinement with peculiar vigor if you please to mention.

JAMES EARL RAY

a combined with peculiar vigor if you please to mention.  
The news of the taking of this small fort, the renewed activity of the poor unfortunate child slaves themselves, and the execution of the hiding in the miserable tent reached general Robertson's while he was residing in the hiding in the miserable dwelling on that lonely island and almost reduced him to the point of utter despair. It was also about this time while far away he could hear the continual roar of battle for days that an incident took place which altogether it rests only on tradition was rendered probably by the summer of the time. After receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from spies general Robertson was lying one cold morning on his wet wretched back listening to the howl howling of countless cannon and other battle sounds deliberating with himself whether he had better resign all thoughts of again recovering the stolen child slaves from him, and dismissing his followers, transport himself and his other friends into Abyssinika and spend the rest of his time or his life fighting the rebels trying to cross the Galverlinian border, by which he thought he might perhaps succeed in gaining some honor and fame. But then on the other hand he thought it would be both criminal and most unwomanly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to the child slaves while there remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which really seemed to him to be much more his duty than to help drive the infernals from rightfully his own land and Galverlinian boundary line. While indeed he was divided between these reflections and doubtful what he should do, and while listening to the far off wild sound of battle which he knew was in the Red Riding Hood Woods general Robertson was looking upward to the roof of the small fort or fortress above the bed in which he lay, and his eye was at once attracted by a huge green spider which hanging at the end of a very long thread of web of its own spinning was endeavoring to work its way to another for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant desperately to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again struggling and working furiously but without success however, and at last general Robertson continued or at least counted that the poor spider had tried to accomplish he was unable to do so. times and had not succeeded in carrying its point having at last himself caught six

It then came into the narrator's head that he had himself fought six skin fishes and battles against "the glambellious rebels and their other statements, and that the poor perservening epider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many friends indeed and been as often disappointed in what it was aiming at. Getthour hat."

"Now thought general Robertson in trying to divert his attention from the distant roar of battle! As I had no means of knowing what is best to be done to rescue those poor little girls again and probably other children also I shall be guided by the luck which shall attend this poisonous spider, not to keep myself from being bitten I will not mind this, the insect shall make another single effort to fix its long thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my luck. In rescuing the children and others also, but if the spider shall fall I will go to the state of war on the Abyssinians border or frontier, and never return to my own native state no more unless the rebellion of the gladiolus is crushed...""

When General Robertson was forming this resolution the brave and toilsome spider had made another great exertion with all the force it could muster, and after a still further desperate attempt finally succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often tried in vain to reach.

General Robertson, seeing that the final success of the spider resolved to try his own lot fortune, and he had not as yet before gained a victory in behalf of the child. He knew no one, he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat; being determined to try a game in efforts to obtain possession of the same. The little girl he had lost on his quest notwithstanding the smallness of the means removed himself and his followers from the little island fortress to another island at a little closer to the shore which unknown to him lay near the first delta of the young gun river. The general landed and inquired of the first person he met if there were rebels or Angol Indians. He returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers in red uniforms, who had defeated a Calvinian rebel officer and took him prisoner. He also captured the governor of the island, gave him and captured his men and most of his men and were now passing themselves with hunting and roaming about the island. The general himself to be added to the words which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly..... or at least his bugle. Now the chief of the strangers or Angol Indians who had taken the island from the rebels on it, was a colonel James G. H. Graham and General Bolger and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of the land of abolition soldiers. When he heard general Robertson's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out to his men that General Robertson's general, he knew by his manner of blowing, go he and his companions hastened to meet General Robertson, and there was great joy on both sides, while at the same time these brave Angol Indian soldiers and officers could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted, and also the loss of the poor little girls whom they had rescued. But they were about heartened and looking forward to freeing the children once more into the hands of all that had not abandoned.

The general was now in sight of the far distant and yet for fortifications and the enemy encampments, the mighty Lucille Jensen and not distant also from his own possession which he might best renew their efforts to form plans with general Douglas Turner who had abandoned. He began immediately and interprise against the rebels, and also plan against some way to gain access to the fortress and secure the children. General Douglas Turner was to go disguised to the main christian mission through the enemy territory and bring a force in order to begin their interprise by taking revenge on a landwilder general called general Clifford turnerton upon whom general lucille-jensen had given command, and who had taken up his headquarters not far from the outer encampments of Lucille Jensen fortress.

General Robertson on his part opened a communication with the opposite coast of vormo run river by means of his followers under colonel guthrie Johnston, pretending they were slaveholders wishing the information as to the lay of the distant christian tribes seen especially their main rear. This person also had directions that if he should find the rebels suspicious of them and disposed to move against them he should make a signal with a flag, but if the rebels were not suspicious of the ruse, he was to make at night a great fire on a small headland, or lofty cape near the river opposite to the island he had just left.

The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for general rebellion to put to the water with such men as he had - who were not more than one thousand three hundred in number if you please for the purpose of landing at Carrick's Oak Ford and on pretension of being rebels join the insurgents with the effort to get in the fortress if possible and secure the children.

General Robertson and his men were watching until night fell, lights from the distance, but for some time it was in vain for no signal fire appeared. At length a fire on the headland became visible, and flared up brightly, and the general and his followers warily betook themselves to their ship concluding their Cornwick friends who were all in arms and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight where they found they saw colonel Gutherbert alone in waiting for them with, indeed very bad news. General Lucille Fin leaders was in the region he said with two or three hundred thousand Galverinian and Lancelinian rebels and had terrified the loyal Galverinians so much both by threats and actions that none of them dared to work in any scheme to cause the rescue of the children. and he also said that the rebels were wise as to his intentions.

"Traitor" said General Robertsonia "Why then did you make the fire signal and deceive us like this?"

"'Ain't Alan,'" replied the spy "the fire indeed was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I do not know, but as soon 's I knew it burning I knew that you and your men would come over as quickly as possible, thinking it was my signal and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach, to tell you how the matter stood. The rebels are wise as to your plans and are watching that you do not approach Lucille Jackson without caution."'

General Robertson's first idea was to return to the island after this sad disappointment, but his followers refused to go back. He was also his followers however men of daring, even to rashness.

"I will not leave my native land." Said one of them "Now that I am so unexpectedly in it once more. I will give freedom to the same little girls and other child slaves or leave my cara carcass on the surface of the Holy Angelina land which was my birth. No rebel can daunt me..."

General Robertson after some hesitation determined that since he had been thus brought across the river to the other side he would remain there, and take



So he stood and listened, and by and by the cry of the hounds came nearer and still nearer and then very close by he began to hear the trampling and trampling of horses, and the voices of men speaking in Latin, and the ringing and clatter of accoutrements, and then he was sure the rebels in search of him were coming to the river side at last. Then the general thought of himself:

"If I go back to give up men the alarm these Glendalians eagerly men will get through the ford without any opposition; and that would be a pity since it is a place so advantageous to make good defense again at them."

So general Robertsonia looked again at the steep path most carefully and at the deep river and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the small and narrow passage with his own hand until some of his men came to assist him. He found so many objects of protection that he had no fear of bullets and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to arrange a men and order them to open a cross fire at the ford, and remained alone by the bank of the river. In the mean while the loud noise and the trampling of horses increased, and the moon became more brighter as it rose higher in the sky general Robertsonia beheld the glancing sabre arms of about two hundred and fifty rebel soldiers and a smaller squadron of Glendalians and Gergolians in the rear who had come down to the opposite bank of the river. He rebels under colonial Galilio on their mark, saw one solitary figure guarding the ford, and though the main body held back for the time being suspicious the foremost of them were sent forward to capture him.

The ford itself was large enough to admit of eight men in a rank but no more and as they could pass the ford only in this manner general Robertsonia who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land saw his followers as they raised his men who started firing at the main column of the rebels across the river and received a return fire. A score of rebels fell within a few minutes and the flashes of hundreds of rifles made a startling scene. In the meantime while this firing on both sides was going on general Robertsonia called the foremost man with a thrust from his long sabre and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down kicking and plunging in its agonies, and then killed and wounded two other men with well aimed shots until all on the narrow path the ford was quite blocked by struggling horses and men which prevented the others which started to follow from getting out of the river. The general had thus a good opportunity to deal blows right and left among him, to fire into the crowd and shoot and out many down while the rebels could not have the chance to strike at him one blow. The others fired at him but he was protected by a barricade of rocks and only one shot took away his hat and cut a lock of hair from his head but did not hit him. In the frightful confusion of struggling men and horses in the river fifteen or sixteen of the enemy were killed by his hand alone and others having been borne down the stream mortally wounded or disabled were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified not only by his way of fighting but from the terrific fire from the Christians on the opposite side which was picking them off like flies. The survivors for the moment drew back to the other side of the shore and started a general fusillade which kept on for two hours before anything more was decided upon. When general Galilio looked again and saw that that were opposed only by a mere handful of men and only by one soldier in the pass they therefore being so many and better armed and being better marksmen, they cried out to their officer that their honor would surely be lost forever if they did not force their way despite all odds odds, and encouraged each other with loud cries to plunge through in a body and assault them on the opposite bank.

By this time the general's soldiers came to his assistance, and yet despite the terrific rush they made the rebels received a fire that mowed down fifty men at once. Scrambling however from rocks to rocks, they finally carried this small position and general Robertsonia and his men and the little child were forced out of their little stronghold and retreated thus showing the desperation of the rebels who on some occasions will not give up an assault even at the cost of extra re-examination. However their losses were so heavy that though they won the victory after four hours of such fighting they were compelled to give up the enterprise. General Robertsonia lost sixty men in killed and mortally wounded, while three hundred rebels out of four hundred and fifty men were shot down dead not a one surviving or wounded.

The adventures of this general and his followers are as curious and entertaining as those others which men invent in story books. About the next morning colonial Galilio had retraced his steps and gathered among the other rebels a larger force than ever. Colonel Galilio had among one of his score of faithful bloodhounds one with him which it was said had formerly belonged to one of the beautiful little Irish girls themselves, who had on one occasion sold him to general Robertsonia for fifty three dollars to spend on the cause of securing a child slave for ransom and thus having been fed by the general's own hands, it had become attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere he went as dogs are kind known to trace their masters' footsteps, even if they are bloodhounds or other kinds of dogs. By means of this house to be chosen as the leader of the other nineteen colonial Galilio thought he should now certainly find out general Robertsonia and take revenge on him for the massacre of so many of his men the night before.

When this large rebel force advanced upon general Robertsonia he at first thought of fighting desperately with the Glendalians officer, but becoming aware that lieutenant John Lorton was moving around with another large body of rebels eagerly to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting this time lest he should be oppressed and overcome by mere numbers.!!!

For this purpose the general divided all the men and soldiers he had with him into four bodies, and commanded them to retreat by four different ways; for by this plan he thought the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He did not know that the rebels had the bloodhound he once possessed himself and whom they had once stolen on his during a raid. He had also appointed a place at which the men were to assemble again if possible, but when his lieutenant John Lorton came to the place where the small army of Robertsonia had been thus divided, the leading bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other three, and then the lieutenant realized that the Christian general thus argued must be in that party, so he also made no pursuit after the other three divisions of Christians or Angolians but followed that which the leading dog pointed out, with all his men. The general to his disgust and surprise saw again that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from the place if possible he rode the Angolians soldiers who were with him disperse themselves in as many different ways as possible, thinking that thus the enemy must lose track of him at last. He kept only one man along with him and had sent the boy with the other squadron of men who were dispersing. When the rebel lieutenant came to the place where general Robertsonia had disappeared the rebels in six different ways, the leading bloodhound after it had snuffed up and down for a while, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking up the track of the two soldiers out of the whole number followed by some of the dogs. When the rebel lieutenant knew that one of these must be general Robertsonia and accordingly he surrounded seven of his men that were speedy of horsesmen to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him; the rebels started off accordingly and their horses dashed forward so fast that they gained sight of Robertsonia and his companion. The general asked his companion what help he could give to him in case of necessity, and the soldier answered that he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the seven horsemen and after a shooting down three killed the other four after a fierce fight. It was supposed they were better armed than the rebels were, as well as stronger and much more desperate. By this time the general and his companion were much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down and take any rest, for whenever they stopped for an instant they heard the cry of the bloodhounds behind them and knew by that that their enemies were coming fast upon them. The horses of the seven rebels they had slain had been disabled during the short conflict and were useless so that the general and his companion had to kill the all. At length after being closely pressed and fired upon constantly by their nearest pursuers they came to a wood through which ran the upper part of the river. When general Robertsonia said to his companion:

"Let us wade down this stream for a great while, instead of going straight across and so these unhappy hounds will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should be afraid of getting away from, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuing rebels."

Accordingly the general and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, indeed taking care to keep their feet in the deep water; until neither of them came no altogether so that the dogs could not retain any scent whatever wherever they had stepped. When they finally after swimming a for nearly half an hour and half hauled were from the cold and tormented by the floating ice cakes came ashore on the further side from the rebel army, and went deep into the woods before they stopped to rest themselves and built a huge bonfire in a ravine to them out their frozen clothes and also dry themselves and keep themselves warm. In the meantime the bloodhound led by lieutenant John Lorton went straight to the place where the general and his men went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled not knowing where to go next for my readers are well aware that the running deep water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf or even snow. So the rebel lieutenant seeing that the dog was at fault as it was called, that he had lost the track of that which he pursued, gave up the chase not even seeing any glow from the bonfire as it was too far away in the woods and well hidden in the deep ravine; they therefore reluctantly gave up the chase and returned and joined the other squadron.

#### FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE CHRISTIAN GENERAL ROBERTSONIA.!!!

But all general Robertsonia's adventures were not as yet ended, his companion and he himself had rested by the gigantic bonfire in the ravine in the woods but they had not yet food and were becoming extremely hungry but did not dare to venture outside in the daytime and so had to wait until night time before they could venture forth again. However when night time came they walked on with their clothes still matted damp but in the hopes of coming to some habitation in which they could find the slaves and dry their uniforms were fully at length in the midst of the forest, they met with six strange men who looked like Glendalians or ruffian slaves. They were well armed and one of them bore a sheep on his back which it seemed that they had taken from somewhere in a raid. Whether they were loyal to the Glendalians or the Angolians he could not tell.

However they saluted the general and his companions very civilly, and he replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going, who answered they were seeking for one called Prince Robertson, for that they were Calverinians loyal to the Angelinians and intended to help him and his companions. The general answered that if they would go with him he would conduct them where they could sooner or later find the Angelinian general and his squadron of men.

When the men who had spoken opened their mouths and the Calverinian general Robertson who looked sharply at him began to suspect that the Calverinians guessed who he was and thought he was not sure he feared that the Calverinians were to rebel sympathizers and that he and his companions any day for the reason of loyalty to their own cause some designs against his person in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life...

So he said to them: "My good friends as we are not well acquainted with each other you must go before us, and we will follow near to you." "You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us whatever," answered the men.

"Neither do I suspect any of you," said general Robertson, "but this is the way I always choose to travel."

The men did as he was commanded and thus they traveled through the woods with revolvers drawn till they came together to a vast and ruinous barn, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep with which their companions had been or was still carrying. The general was glad to hear of food, but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself, one for his companions at one end of the stable barn, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men fell as he desired. They finally broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave the other to the general and his attendants. They were obliged to eat it without brand or even a drop of salt, but as they had been very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

When so he saw a drowsiness fell on general Robertson that for all the danger and excitement he and his companions were in he could not resist an inclination to sleep. At first he desired his companion to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicions of their new acquaintances. He did not like their looks and so had feared they were traitors. His companion promised to keep watch if possible, and did his best to keep his word. But the Calverinian general had not been asleep a long while as his foster brother or at least his companion fell into a deep slumber also for he had undergone so much fatigue as the general had himself.

The three men had also fallen asleep and friends. Then the three men characters themselves being loyal Calverinians and friends. Then the three men fell asleep also the door opened slowly and carefully and six men entered the room, each armed with a sword and a pistol with the purpose of killing all in the room. The other three men who had accompanied the king had left the house and just then returned and saw what had happened and killed three of the intruders in the back causing some confusion.

The noise of the confusion and of two shots being fired aroused the general who was only a light sleeper and as little noise as the rebels had made in entering he was awakened by the confusion of the sudden conflict inside the barn and starting up, he drew his sabre and went to meet the rebellious rebels.

At the same time he pushed his companion's foot to awaken him and he also got on his feet to help before he was killed. He was pleased to see what was about to happen one of the ruffians that was advancing to slay the general and the others, killed the man with a stroke of his sabre. The general however was not alone, but nevertheless the six Calverinians were against seven loyal Calverinians, but the rebels had been carrying in strength and very good at the sword and in the desperate conflict that ensued the general and his friends were in great peril of their lives for six thousand were almost wasted in the sabre duels, but finally they killed all of the six Calverinians and seeing others appearing in squad jumped out of the nearest back door and then left the region with his loyal friends the Calverinians very sorrowful for the death of his faithful companion and took his direction toward the place where he had appointed his little force to rendezvous a number of miles after their dispersion. There was now night once more and the place of meeting proved to be an old abandoned farm house, and believing it meant to wait boldly into it where to his utmost amazement he was confronted by a little girl of dazzling and most amazing beauty with six others, and two girl companions all in the uniform of girl scouts.

"By the Planned Sacred Heart of Jesus if it is not the virgin child and their companions Gertrude Angelina and Jamie," answered the general, "what are you little girls doing here?"

"You seeing the general enter she at first did not recognize him, and would have asked him who he was if she or her sisters had not recognized his voice. They now knew it was general Robertson and so he is here for she is answered."

"I was coming on the same way and so I am here," answered the general, "I thought you a Calverinian officer from your dress and seeing you heading for this house had an intention to surprise you as you entered and take you prisoners, but what are you doing here as far from the National Guard?"

The general answered that he was traveling for his health, meaning that he had been laid in the woods and was recovered night and day by the rebels.

"I am not at all surprised," answered the general, "and you are welcome to us for the sake of our little friend Gertrude."

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the firing that day along the whole christian line had been unmistakably terrific the rebels yelling their fierce "devil yell" coming on like a whirlwind of men rushing on like the last but fiercest wave of a tornado or tempest blast.

On one the whirlwind of men though came there torn in their lines, steel plumes of shell flashes broke and flared like sheet lightning through the rolling smoke, the fury of the battle being naked anew.

Three thousand three hundred cannon along the christian line roared aloud and from their throats with flash of sheet of flame and clouds of smoke threw their showers of grape and shell and other iron missiles dealing dreadful havoc.

Beneath their fire in full career, rushed on the ponderous landelinian, columns, the lancers charged among the guns and hurrying on to seize havoc, their flags for a few minutes flew over the christian works and in one dark roaring screaming torrent broad and strong the advancing onset rolled along through the inferno and the rebels by fierce volleys shot from the shroud of smoke flame and explosions perished wildly when the "devil rebel yell" was nevertheless on the hearts of the angelinus everywhere on account of the bravery of their officers the columns of the christian force were completely lost, for not an eye the terrific storm that viewed showed its proud plumes of fury and fortitude, nor was one forward footstep was stayed as dropped the multitudes of dead and dying gasping as their dissolving ranks thundered, yelled and roared nearer, the thunders rose, fast as the rebels razed each line and square, and on the mountains of wounded and slain, closed their finished files, till from their torn and jagged lines three hundred feet away emerging from the smoke they saw the angelinus helmets, and plumes and panoply then waved their own uproar of firing at once each muskettar muskettar revolving knell opened up and as fast as men fell as we when they practice they practiced to display their discipline on fatal days. One went line after line of men, down were the rebel files sent torn and jagged rage of what had been banners, corselets were seized and persons sent rushing, and to argument the desperate fray, wheeled full against their staggering flanks the foaming ranks of angelinus horsemen forced their resistless way and the confusion was terrible. Then to the musket knell succeeded, the clank of swords, the ring of steel on steel, the roar of pistol and a musket shot face to face, the death wail of steeds as plied the death his clanging trade, against all rebel cavalry and christian horsemen rang the opposing blades, and while amid their most closest array the well served angelinus cannon were raining their way carrying all before them with shot and shell. Amid the scattered rebel bands raged the fierce riders of angelinus like a mighty bloody strand while the rebels recoiled in common rout and fear, horsemen and footmen in mingled host their leaders fallen and their standards lost retreating in utmost confusion and panic back to their own lines with christian soldiers in full pursuit.....

#### THE PANIC GUN CAUSED BY REBEL SPIES..

At all at once during the month of November itself to go back a little once more all sorts of uncomfortable rumors got afloat within many sections of the christian lines banishing ivan wiskey. There had been many robberies or thefts caused by invading spies and men from the robberies men had been up before the army magistrates and committed for trial very frequently, and that made many women and child refugees within the christian lines awfully afraid of being visited by the spies, the children stolen or murdered and also of the women being robbed or assaulted and for a long time women in some of the headquarters of the christian generals used to make a regular tour all round the rooms, kitchens, and cellars every day and night, sometimes a soldier leading by the way, he armed with a gun armed with a bayonet, the women following with a poker, hearth brush, and others carry the shovel and fire iron with which to sound the alarm if any spy spies were seen, and sometimes by the accidentally hitting together of them the women often frightened each other so much that they bolted from the rooms and ran into the back kitchens to lock themselves in, or even storerooms, or what wherever they happened to go till when their fright was over, that they recollected themselves and set out as fresh with double valiance. Day after day officers and soldiers and refugee women and children had heard many strange stories from the outer christian encampments of cars that went about in the dead of night, drawn by horses and with felt, and guarded by men in dark velveting or uniforms going their rounds of the company street streets no doubt to search for some unwanted christian general headquarters or some unfashioned door. One of the women who was a army red cross called Mrs Antonio Gorris who had effected the greatest bravery herself on the ivan wiskey battlefields was the principal person to collect and preserve these reports so as to make them indeed assume their most fearful aspect, but nevertheless many others and even christian officers had discovered that she had heard general Benson ivan to loan her a hat to hang up in a general's lobby and many had their doubts as to whether she would really enjoy the little advent adventure of having her room broken into as she often protested she should.

Another Red Cross nurse made no secret of a being an errand woman when it came to prowling spies but she went regularly through her housekeeping duties of inspection, only the hour for this generally became earlier and earlier until at last many following her example made the rounds at half past six and all adjourned to their beds soon after seven. In order to get the horrible night over sooner.

One afternoon by five o'clock while the distant roar of the in general Benson ivan headquarters was on they were startled when one of the little girls to run and tell the Red Cross nurse that on no and she armed herself with a footstool to drop down on the head of the strange visitor in case he should show a face covered with a mask or black black crepe as he looked up in answer to her inquiry as to who was there? But it was no one but Gertrude Ameling and Jennie Urner returning from a scouting tour with her carrying some important papers in a little hand basket, yet she was evidently in a state of great agitation and excitement.

"Take care of that," she said to one of the women as she offered to relieve the child of the basket. "It's some important papers I secured from some rebels who chased me just two hours before. I am sure there is a plan for the year's hospitality, Miss Matthews. Jennie is going to sleep in general Benson's headquarters. I can sit up here all night, if you will allow me to, but my quarters is so far from any of the other army barracks that I don't believe any of you could be heard if we screamed ever so hard."

"But Gertrude," said Miss Matthews, "what has alarmed you so much who are usually such a bright and brave little girl. I have you seen any suspicious men lurking about your room house?"

"Oh yes," answered Gertrude, "Seven had looking ill dressed men have gone past the house three or four times until ordered by sentinels to be on their way, they having some past very slowly and an Abbotinian woman refugee came not half an hour ago and all but for of herself in past Jennie Urner saying her children were in danger from three strange men, and she must speak to the general and obtain protection. You see she said general Benson" though there was a strange hat hanging up in the wall of the hall that did not resemble a nurse and it would have been more natural to have said spy. But Jennie shut the door in her face and came up to me, till they saw most of the soldiers going to their encampments, when we called to some of them and asked them to take care of us into our ride into the main christian line."

Many of the soldiers might have triumphed over poor Gertrude Ameling who had professed such bravery, but they were glad to see that she shared in the weakness of humanity, and the Red Cross nurse gave up her room to her very willingly and shared another bed for the night. But before retiring the woman and little girl rummaged up out of the recesses of their memory such horrible stories of spies deeds and the results, and of their robbery of general headquarters and of murder of women and children that many quite quaked in their shoes. Gertrude was evidently anxious to prove that such terrible events had already occurred within her experiences during the war through which she was serving as a girl scout, that she was justified in her sudden panic, declaring she feared no battle or any enemy spies, or soldiers but such rascals as these profligate Ugh, and neither did any of the other women like to be outdone and capped every stone with one yet more horrible. till it reminded one of the woman oddly enough of an old story she had read some where of spies murdering and scouring spies, and of spies being captured and if not shot down brought to trial found guilty and hanged. One of the stories that had a haunted Gertrude a long time since her early entry into the war was of a little girl slave who was left in charge of a house full of younger slaves, when all the plantinian masters all went off to the army parties.

The main general was away on his duty and a man as a peddler came by and asked to leave his large and heavy and very strange looking sack in the millroom saying he would call for it again at night, and the little girl running about in search of amusement during her leisure hour chance to hit upon a small run hanging bag hanging up on the wall in her masters room, and took it down to examine it and look at the opening, and it went off through the open millroom door, hit the sack or sack and a slow dark thread of blood came oozing out. The child terrified ran out of the room and her master coming home finding a dead child body in the sack gave it up to the authorities. The murderer was never found, now Gertrude Ameling enjoyed this part of the story dwelling on each word as if she fairly loved it. She rather hurried over the further account of the little girl's bravery, and she had but a considerable idea that somehow she baffled the murderer with some human from heated red hot, and then restored to blackness by dipping in grease. They finally parted for the night with an awe struck wonder as to what they should hear off in the morning--and on her part Gertrude with a vehement desire for the night to be over and gone, and she was so afraid lest the spies or suspicious looking men should have seen from some dark-luk lurking place, that she had on tried off her important papers and thus have a double motive for attacking the house.



And both sides fought all the rest of the day long till most of all the rebel and christian soldiers lay upon the ground dead and wounded before the enemy victorious forced a retirement of the christian forces for the distance of one mile.

Then the glandelinian general looked about him and saw of all of his host that were left alive but two soldiers, 1. lieutenant Juan and colonel Redivere and they were full some wounded. The Angelinian general himself saw where the rebel leader leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men.

"Now give me my sabre which I have dropped," said the christian general to one of his surviving men. "For yonder I spy the rebel traitor that had wrought all this tragedy and woe."

"Sir please let him be," said one of his men. "For if you pass this and and most unhappy day you will soon be rightly revenged upon him. Please leave off now for you have won the bloody field and if you leave off now, this evil day of destiny will be passed."

"It'll be a life, beside me death," said the Angelinian general. "He shall not now escape from my hands."

When the christian general took his sabre in his right hand and ran toward the rebel general crying:

"Traitor now is thy death this day come upon you!"

And the general smote the rebel general with a thrust of his sabre through the body. The rebel general at the same time had with the might he had smote the christian general with his own sword on the left side of the head the sword piercing the helmet and the brainpan and then the rebel general fell stark dead upon the earth. And the noble christian general fell into a swoon. One of his surviving men raised him up and two men led him gently between the selves to the christian encampment not far from the river side. They were on their way to the rear of the christian lines when they heard a far fierce cry in the distance and the man going to resume the attack upon other portions of the large forces of rebel advancing to resume the attack upon other portions of the christian line. And he returned and said to the wounded general pleadingly:

"I believe it is best that we should bring you to some town where the christian line is stationed."

"I would that it be so," answered the general. And when he tried to go he fainted from loss of blood. Then colonel Lucanada took up the general on one part and another officer on the other part and in the lifting Lucanada himself fell swooning to the earth from his own wounds for he had been previously wounded; and then the noble soldiers heart burst, and when the general again awakened to senselessness he beheld colonel Lucanada how he lay foaming at the mouth and speechless.

"Alas alas," said the poor general. "This is to me to day a full heavy sight to see this noble officer so die for my sake for that he who would have helped me had more need of help than I, and he would never complain, his heart was so set to help me."

When the other soldier wept.

"Leave this foolish mourning and weeping," said the christian general. "For wilt thou well if I may live myself the death of Lucanada would grieve me evermore, but my own time is coming fast. Therefore take thou my sword and men and go with it to yonder riverside, and when you reach it I charge thee to defend and see if any craft loaded with persons or of good provisions approaches and tell me what thou see."

"Your excellency," said the soldier. "Your commandment shall be immediately done."

So the officer departed and by the way he beheld his own noble sword that the pommel and the hilt were all of precious stones he nevertheless drew it and watched as hidden. But soon he came unto the wounded general.

"What did you see there?" asked the general.

"Sir," answered the lieutenant. "I saw nothing whatever but empty craft." "Alas the rebels are trying to deceive me," said the general wistfully. "Go though lightly again please and as though love me spare not to try and see if they come."

Then the lieutenant went again and stood by the waters edge but soon returned and told the general that he had done his commandment that no one was yet coming whom he was seeking.

"What did you see there now?" asked the general.

"Sir answer," answered the soldier. "I saw nothing but the ice floes in the water and the waves lashed beach."

"As thou has been unsuccessful twice," said the poor general. But now go again and do again as I bid thee for the one carrying putter me in jeopardy of my life. Then the soldier did as he was bidden and now riding on the icy water a little large with seven fair girl children in it and among them was a pet beautiful child and all had purple clothing on and they wept and shrieked when they saw the wounded general.

And all adjourned to their beds soon after seven. In order to get the horrible night over sooner.

"Now it is in the morn'g early," said the general. "The soldier did as he was told and there received him three beautiful little girls with great mourning and in one of their laps the general laid his head. And one of the little girls said:

"Ah dear brother Jirrie why have you tarried so long? And this wound on your head had caught over a feverish cold as it is exposed to the winter air."

And under cover of the darkness they rowed from the shore and the lieutenant beheld the go from him.

"Then he cried: 'Oh general, general will you leave me here alone among the enemies of the Lord.'"

"Comfort thyself," said the general. "For in a is no further help, for I will go to the hospital camp to have my grievous wounds healed."

As soon as the lieutenant had lost sight of the girls he wept and wailed then he took to the forest and went all that day and night.

#### AN EXPERIENCE OF A CHRISTIAN PRI PRISONER AND SERVANTS DURING THE SHORT HORRIBLE SEIGE OF CARBONDALIER TOLD IN PAST CHAPTERS BUT RELATED HERE (ONCE MORE)...

During the time when the siege and battle of Carbondalier had started, and when the rebel soldiers in possession of the town were resisting furiously at every point the desperate christian attacks on every side death had stared the non-combatants which whether christian or not in the face. It seemed as if no human skill could avert it any more, longer. The inhabitants began to see the moment when they must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which much have been experienced by other victims at the battle of Julio Gallo in July and August.

The christian inhabitants were even resolved to die rather than to yield to the rebels and were fully persuaded that in twenty hours more all would surely be over at least if the besieging christians did not win the struggle.

Many glandelinian generals declared so that if the besiegers were wanted all christian inhabitants would be slaughtered for the loss of men caused by the attacks of the Angelinians, so all knew the worst. All the women and children even strove to encourage one another amid the ruin of shot and shell in the streets the burning of houses, and to perform the light duties that had been assigned to them, such as convey conveying orders to the christians by secret series and supplying the necessaries secretly with provisions and information, and especially gave numbers of the rebel troops inside the city itself.

This was dangerous work and if discovered meant sure death right on the spot. One of the bravest of the Glandelinian women loyal to Angelina's cause had gone outside to try to make herself useful in company with many other women and one woman who was the wife of one of the leaders directing the assault upon the rebels in the town. Many of the poor women had been in a restless state of excitement and horror all through the siege and had fallen away visibly within the whole night. A constant fever of horror and dread consumed her, and her mind was wandering. A constant fever of horror and dread consumed her, and her mind was wandering. A constant fever of horror and dread consumed her, and her mind was wandering.

At last overcome with fatigue, she lay down literally on the snow covered ground, wrapped in some heavy blanket, the other women to console her on her side or around her, promising to awaken her when the Angelinians would at last burst into the city. She fell at a length into a profound slumber motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in the lap of one of the women. One of the others themselves even children everywhere could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannons, the explosion of shells by the hundreds, the roar of blasted houses and falling wreckage, the crash of artillery, the yelling of rebel troops and the loud hoarse confused commands of many of their officers and the screams of many women and children as they saw shells hurtling toward them and trying to dodge them. It was a surely a wild and horrible night. The flashes of shells studded the winter darkness like lightning in a thunderstorm but more frequent and equally as bright and the continual roar of artillery shook the city itself. Suddenly the women who had fallen asleep were suddenly awakened by a wild unearthly scream or screech close to them, and awakening saw their companion who was standing upright beside them, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance as a regular burst of firing broke out greater than before, attended by a typhoon of yelling and commands, and curses among the rebels, she grasped the hand of one of her lady friends, drew her toward her and exclaimed excitedly: "The city is saved!"

"Don't you hear it? Don't you hear it? Yes and I'm not dreaming at all. It's the slogan of the Angelinians themselves, we are saved, we are saved, they are hurrying through into the city on all sides!"

Then thinking herself on her knees, she thanked God with the most passionate fervor. The other women and even children felt utterly bewildered by the new and louder sound of excitement and firing and confusion, their ears could only hear still the roar of rebel artillery though somewhat slackened, and her friends thought the poor girl was still insane, but she dared to the window of her prison house and she cried excitedly to the prisoners within, women and children:

"Pourage, courage. Hark to the Angelinian slogan—to the new roar of battle, the president of these all. Here's help at last! The Angelinians are in possession of the city!"

Indeed the effects of these words upon the prisoners within would be impossible, noticing that the rebel artillery itself had ceased firing for a moment every soul listened with intense anxiety for new sounds. Though they heard a wilder and more ominous tumult of conflict, they as yet heard nothing else, and gradually however there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wife of one of the women and children who flocked to the window burst out when she saw one woman shook her head, they could hear nothing but the increased roar of the artillery, wilder yet of the enemy and sterner and more excited commands of the officers, and only noticed that shells stopped dropping into the city in their quarter and this made them believe the enemy was being victorious and had drove back the Angelinians. A few moments more of this death like suspense, of the agonizing suspense of the Angelinians, and there was a sudden backward pressure of the Angelinian troops in the streets, fire of musketry and a great burst out from house windows and doorway doorways and house tops, and into the streets streamed a line of soldiers wearing different uniforms who mingled with the rebel troops in the streets and a demonstration broke loose, the poor excited girl who had come to the ground, spring to her feet and cried in a voice as clear and ringing that it was heard all along the whole line:

"Will you believe it now? The firing of cannon had ceased indeed, but the Angelinians are coming into the streets; go you hear! go you hear!"

At that moment all did hear a the Voice of God, when a roar of voices pitiable in the streets brought them into their prison with a crash of battered doors, armed soldiers in purple and red smoke came in and fierce who took the women and children out, while out in the streets the rebels had retreated back further and further and firing in their locality had ceased as the Angelinians were in possession of the houses. And the still, restraining a ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the retreating enemy, nor from the bounding of artillery or rattle of musketry. No. It was indeed the yell of victorious Angelinian soldiers pressing victoriously through the streets, mingled with the blare of their own musical bands, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the rebel foe, then in more softer tones seemingly to promise succor to their friends in need and-----

Daylight had broken into noon time, and never was a sight more grand than in the streets of the city of Carbondale partly burning yet, to witness two many long lines of unarmed prayants, formed up with the Christians also drawn up in lines and their general receiving the surrender of the Angelinian commander who was almost weeping. Never surely was there ever such a scene as followed the surrender of Carbondale; but a heart young the Christian non-combatants of the town but bowed itself before God. And by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but the murmur of sobe, and the murmured voice of prayer, the crying of children since now the suspense was released and the noise of commands of Christian officers on the long divisions of prisoners were being marched out of the city with their Christian troops on and also as some of the prisoners were ready to be released as yet, when all the women and children arose and there ran from scores of thousands of lips a shout about about of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to the prayers of God and His Blessed Mother.

To their Ours Ours "Glory God to The Father, and The Son, and the Holy Ghost, they ran with all their strains that move every soul. On the Catholic to tears. The Catholic Hymn of Thanksgiving. After that that no nothing else made an impression upon many of the recent terrible scene and children. Many of the heroic women and children or nearly all of them received were presented to saintal Hannon Anfe. Angelina given himself on his entrance into the city of Carbondale, and at the grand banquet of the many generals. Their health was drunk by all present, while musicians marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of Angelinian National Hymns.

DEED IN PAUSE SEVEN FIFTY TWO.

SPECIAL

SPECIAL

## CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

TO MAKE MATTERS MORE RELIABLE, I MUST SAY AS WELL AS MANY OTHERS MAY SAY THAT THE DEED WAR IS ONE OF THE MOST AWFUL THINGS THAT CAN EVER HAPPEN TO MAN OR THE WORLD IN GENERAL, AND EXCEPT IN THE DEFENSE OF BIRTH, OR OF RIGHT, OR BORN CAUSES AS THE CHRISTIAN SIDE HAVE BEEN IN THIS SUPPRESSION OF A WICKED REBELLION, WAR IS ONE OF THE MOST WICKED, AND YET ONE OF THE MOST BRUTAL OF ALL THINGS THAT CAN EVER HAPPEN TO MAN, AS IT HAS BEEN DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES THAN EVER OF ANTI-CRISTIAN, EARTHQUAKES, AND SO ON, AND FILLED WITH COUNTLESS TRAGEDIES.

INDIVIDUAL MEN HAVE BEEN CALLED HEROES WHO WERE VERY BRAVE, OR NUMEROUS BOUNTIFUL, SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY FOUGHT WELL, BUT I WILL SAY THAT INDIVIDUAL MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILD PROMPTLY WHEN THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE TRUTH OF THE WORDS OF JESUS: "BLESSED ARE THE PEACEABLES" AND THE MEN OF PEACE WHO HAVE HELPED OTHERS TO LIVE BETTER, WILL BE MORE HONORED THAN THOSE WHO HAVE CAUSED MANY UNNECESSARY DEATHS.

A BOYS ADVENTURE WITH A BIRD SPY.  
BUILDING A SANITARY OF GUIN ON THE NORMA RIVER.

"Don't you hear it? I don't you hear it? And I'm not dreaming at all. It's the  
slough of the Angelinos themselves, we are saved, we are saved, they are burning  
through into the city on all sides!"  
Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with the most passionate

## CHAPTER TWENTY

SIXTY-ONE (1912)

TO MAKE MATTERS MORE RELIABLE, I MUST SAY AS MANY OTHERS DO SAY, THAT INDEED WAR IS  
ONE OF THE MOST AWFUL THINGS THAT CAN EVER HAPPEN TO MAN, AND EXCEPT IN THE DEFENSE  
OF LIBERTY, OR OF RIGHT, OR SUCH CAUSES AS THE CHRISTIAN SIDE HAVE HERE IN THIS REPELLED  
REBELLION, WAR IS ONE OF THE MOST WICKED, AND YET ONE OF THE WORSE SCOURGES OF  
HUMANITY ENTIRELY, AS IT HAS SUCH MORE DISASTEROUS CONSEQUENCES THAN EVEN CYCLONIC  
STORMS, EARTHQUAKES, AND SO ON, AND FILLED WITH COUNTLESS THEATRICALITIES.

THE INDEED MEN HAVE BEEN CALLED HEROES WHO WERE MERELY BUTLERS,  
OR NUMEROUS SCOURGES, SOLELY BECAUSE THEY FOUGHT WELL, BUT I WILL SAY THAT INDEED  
SOMETIME WILL COME, AND COME PROMPTLY WHEN THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE TRUTH OF THE WORDS  
OF JERUSALEM: BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS: AND THE MEN OF PEACE WHO HAVE HELPED OTHERS  
TO LIVE BETTER, WILL BE MORE HONORED THAN THOSE WHO HAVE CAUSED MANY UNNECESSARY  
DEATHS. MANY WARS, REBELLIONS, AND OTHER STRUGGLES WHICH HAD BEEN THOUGHT  
GLORIOUS AT ONE TIME, ARE NOW TO HAVE BEEN BOTH FOOLISH AND WICKED, AND MANY MEN  
WHOSE LIVES MIGHT HAVE BEEN USEFUL, HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THESE WARS BECAUSE OF SOME  
ONES FOOLISH FANCY, AND THOSE WHO SURVIVED AND RETURNED HOME FOUND NOTHING BUT  
DEVIATION, THEIR CHILDREN GONE OR RENDERED HOMELESS AND WITHOUT SHELTER!  
GOOD COUNTRYSIDES DESOLATED AND EVERYTHING KNOWN AS WAR DESOLATION. THIS IN THIS  
STATEMENT I WISH TO REMIND THE READER THAT THIS WAR I'M WRITING WAS ON THE SIDE OF  
THE ENEMY THE MOST WICKEDST WARS EVER KNOWN OF WHICH IF IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE  
REALLY HAPPENED WOULD HAVE BROUGHT THE WORLD ITSELF AGAINST CALIFORNIA ALONE.

SO TO LEAVE OFF BATTLES I'M GOING TO GIVE DESCRIPTIONS OF EXPERIENCES  
THAT HAD BEEN MADE BY MANY DURING THE SEVER OF THE MONTHS OF DECEMBER AND  
JANUARY, AND ESPECIALLY THE ONES THE VIVIAN GIRLS WENT THROUGH AFTER LEAVING  
ANDRAN A LETTER BEFORE CHRISTMAS, NOT ON WITH THE WAR!!

December 13th 1912, was indeed a sad harrowing day that will long be remembered  
with horror and apprehension and feeling of vengeance by the surviving soldiers  
of General Hamilton. Christian army in the beautiful valley of the gunbana Creek.  
On that date occurred one of the most terrible disasters I already told in  
previous chapters which was known later to the whole imaginary world and will be  
named in this story as the "Fennie Vivian Flood".

For many days previous to that terrible date it had grown cold and it had  
been continually snowing very hard with occasional hurricanes along with it,  
and the rain at times mixed with the snow, and though reports of great  
floods of water was extending over a vast region of the country on  
account of the rebels flowing up leaving levees of the Norma Run River in  
the region of Carbondale, Jello Gallo and the other districts of Vivian.

Wicked great rescues had been accomplished and no loss of lives had yet been  
occurring. Never before had there been any winter such a fall of snow in western  
Calaverita within the memory of the oldest Calaveritan inhabitant and it was appear-  
ing to be one of the coldest winters ever known yet, the waters of the partly  
frozen river and creeks of the beautiful Sunbeam Valley being filled with the floods  
coming from the broken levees of Norma Run began to rise rapidly despite the  
cold and snowstorms and overflowed their banks forming thick slush among the deep  
snow, while the Angelinos not thinking of any great disaster coming on looked on  
in wonder and interest and only constructed pontoons over the flood believing that  
on account of the intense cold it would in due time freeze over and do no harm  
and so await the enemy's passage of nature itself.

When one day there appeared to the wondering gaze of many  
Christian soldiers gathered in a group while returning from a scouting trip,  
a great horse black in color galloping at breakneck speed and bearing a rider a  
Calaveritan officer who waved his hands to them and cried:

"Rebels are going to flow up the great Lake Angeline Dues. Urge your  
troops to abandon the enemy's camp to the higher ground for your lives. It is  
too late to stop the rebels from their intention."

The officers were immediately alarmed and they ordered  
the troops to the high ground and General Hamilton rushed to live the command to their  
officers and the troops. For to the distance in the direction of the lake there  
was a terrible noise as if the earth itself were roaring and thunder and a smoke  
cloud rose high into the air and there was a scene as if a volcanic eruption had  
just broken out. On dashed the rider to men still others of the burning  
horses and alarm given him but alas he himself and the horse was dashed to  
death when great rocks falling down which had been buried up by the explosion  
fell falling everywhere like great hailstones and demolished the bridge.

Of course I wrote again a description of the flood but only a graphic account which I should and will write are the many acts of heroism which were performed by many brave men and women and even children themselves, 9-year-girls and little boys, boyscents and girl scouts in rescuing victims of the floods. So many of these rescues occurred that it would take me all my life time to write them.

As the train reached the nearest portion of the flood at Jennie's town itself, they all observed to their surprise and consternation a large frame house pitching down the mad rushing tide of the black waters, a tremendous whirling eddy floated it in, near to the slowly moving train so close that the wailing of children could be heard piercing their way through the roar. A woman, a stout, stout and her sisters and many of the boys

sacrifice their lives in order to survive in the surging waters of the flood. One of no matter who was Violet and her sisters were resolved on one of the boys suddenly cut the bell cords from the oars, and securing also some strong rope, managed to find it fast to his body, and asking the vivian girls to hold tight, he managed to rope went out into the swirling gulf. After desperate struggles, he reached the house, secured one of the children who happened to be a boy two years old and th returning through one of the maddened waters with the rescued child in his arms handed it to the men passing on the train through one of the windows of the coach.

delight. As the lad had entered the door however she had a sudden change of mind and never

returned bravely again for the two little girls and found one of the  
unconscious on the floor, and the water was fast flowing in at the door.

One of many travelers and war correspondents who had many times approached the scenes of the terrible rebellion related the following experience with fierce Mandanlinas covetous as during the night the flood was at its height. From the very explosion and the breaking of the dam the whole country of the Southern Yungay was subjected to the sudden flood produced by the water bursting from the ruined dam which had already as described caused many human beings and many beasts to be drowned or they could make their escape to the higher ground.

of keeping two large boats in a small ditch close at hand.

of keeping two large boats in a small ditch close at hand.

The snowy season began and as the snow had broken levees the creeks and smaller rivers had received floods from the Norman gun yet a small flood had begun in the region of the gumboes Grank region but as yet did not threaten the interior and as it was so cold and so much snow falling during early December the interior of the small flood quickly froze over and no damage was done. On the morning near the region of Tataria the traveler and his friends and even his wife and children noticed that the distant hilly ridge in the region of Highburg Landing and even the plains before it, and elsewhere were covered with heavy wreaths of white or gray smoke and there was a peculiar noise in that direction which to them sounded like the noise of an approaching thunderstorm only that the booming was a thousand times more frequent. so snow that day was falling, though the sun was shining through a thick wreath of cloud but nevertheless they noticed many animals, wolves, and steers or reindeers and other creatures snout out of the wooded region in that location, hide for a few moments among snow drifts and then looking hastily back toward the wreath of smoke make for high ground. the traveler thought maybe despite snow on the ground it was a forest fire, so long look the war correspondents after listening intently and to him a good long look through a field glass declared it was a battle raging near the rebel lines at Highburg Landing. The most curious thing however was all kinds of small scampers or in which crows, groundhogs, rats and even birds of all kinds came scampering or flying away from the threatening unseen danger. These latter came in such crowds toward their house that not only the fowls about the place but the crows and even the birds of all kinds began to swoop down them but kites and crows and other winter birds of all kinds and the noise of their in such numbers that the air was filled with their cries and the noise of their rushing wings. While watching the immense destruction of smaller animals they were startled by the outbreak of a tremendous roar high up on the ridge top in the direction of Highburg Landing but far above the peal of thunder from many canons could be heard another tremendous roar somewhere else further away to the north something like a tremendous explosion and a volume of smoke rose into the air and looked like a cloud issuing with great force from the crater of a volcano suddenly bursting into action.

Gaining the open country the scene was one of great desolation, but the sun came out so strong, so they turned round toward morning seeing that the flood was slowly going down with quieter portions beginning to freeze over and that by next nightfall they had gotten back to where their house of refuge stood. Every vestige of the pretty house had disappeared, with its lake and cattle though the fowls had managed to find a roost in the topmost branches of some pine trees, which alone remained to mark the spot. As the winter came upon the men and their soldiers coming down from distant villages like emigrants on higher hills, and embarking on rafts, canoes and boats and also coming on large rafts round the different hills shooting and layingnet the many animals that had swum there with the purpose or purpose of obtaining provisions for their comrade elsewhere the Christians would see them.

A BOYS ADVENTURE WITH A REBEL SPY.

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes," replied Sidney innocently. "A very fine one indeed. I paid a big price for it in Pandora, I can tell you."

for it in Pandora, I can tell you."

"Let me look at it please," replied the other with ill concealed eagerness. "I do admire a fine weapon."

giddy unlocked his saddle and produced the revolver, which he handed to the stranger without the slightest hesitation. The stranger handled it very carefully, he observed that all its chambers were well loaded, and he then loudly commented upon its beauty. He then rode a few steps in advance and he wheeled, the horse around suddenly, presented the weapon full at giddy, a loud and covering, violent and her sisters with another and he, called out in a loud commanding voice:

violate and her sisters with the exception of the night of 1941. His own countenance so changed so severely to be recognized, when Judy and Violet and her sisters knew what was before them, probably death at the hands of the man who was none other than the desecrated my leader himself. For a moment there was profound silence as the little girls and the soldier stood facing the spy, Judy and Violet and her sisters remembering with a pang that he was they; were traitors unworthy the little girls having not taken their vengeance along with him; could not resist them.

not hear them. "Well said the rebel officer at last "You are the poorest fool I ever saw in all my life. You are not worth a single one of your little girls can beat it and beat it quick, get back here and up your pockets and be quick about it, now, and take off that army belt too. Now you will find and heavy give was every thing you have in I declare I will drop you where you stand."

"I'm coming to your friends." He called out in a voice of thunder. "Till the  
all the time that the rebel spirit is, I'll assist a woman and as a spare  
man for the use of the rebel cause and if any of the Angellines venture to oppose  
him to do so at his own risk." "I've taken your reflections."

By on the rebel officer turned on his heel and strode away to the woods, leaving your platoon to return to his comrades with his dismal story. Over no Angolinos are ever killed by any rebels no matter how terrible he told it is need not be taken to know that the missing, in care or on credit that some day, he was not dead in a skirmish with the Angolinos proper. Here is the account of the revolt:

of the pursuit. However, the following dangerous adventure with the spy occurred while the Aviation Division on the small mountain Greek branch not far from the region of the terrible flood, while the pursuit was on by a large force of men a trap had been set by other Angelinos elsewhere with the intention if catching the spies it is way to either make them prisoners or dispatch them in the manner spies are dispatched. As the Angelinos were progressing in their pursuit one of the Angelino soldiers who was far in advance saw one of the spies and in the trap his feet having been caught, and taken away from the Angelinos looking man alone at a distance in a way such that he could not release him a fact which made it necessary for him to retreat behind a tree immediately as the spies if seeing him would all shoot at once and he would be killed.

He went from tree to tree until he had reached his other comrades and immediately raised the alarm and the officer drawing his dragon sabre lead the men to the scene where the soldier had discovered the rebels the other officer Colonel Frank Barker armed with a shotgun following along side the other officer and the others with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles, they proceeded direct to the rebels one of which was still in the trap his comrades having failed to release him. The American's slowly and cautiously proceeded forward one of them having a gun, with the intention of trying to capture one of the desperate spies alive.

It being a short time after dark, the object could not be very distinctly seen, but on approaching closer to the scene of action, a grunting among the snow and branches was heard, and other indications warned them of the close proximity of the other rebel spies. When within a few steps of the spot, a dark figure was seen standing by the trap, a growl was heard, and a rebel from an unseen location made a furious leap on one of the soldiers whose name was Jacob Turnerton - who was in advance catching him by the leg with his leveled bayonet. In the same tangle the infuriated Angelinian soldier inflicted a severe wound on his knee, upon which he drew him off a sword and defense defended himself with great coolness. Upon receiving several wounds from the sabre the rebel commenced to growl and curse and swear and yell in a frightful manner when other rebels came to the spot belonging to the rest of the spy gang rushed on the furious Angelinian Lieutenant Harrison and attacked him from behind and he was rescued. The other Angelinians coming on behind and with a trusty weapon with much energy and success, that the new rebel force and well as the rest of the rebel soldiers and deprived one of them of his hands by a lucky stroke, and completely disabled him, eventually by a death blow cut across the neck which divided the tendons and severed the spinal vertebrae. Having completed his bloody conquest, he had ample time to take the rebel who was caught in the trap prisoner, and also ample time to dispatch another rebel who assailed him to rein release the prisoner.

another rebel who snatched him to relief. Release the prisoners was  
morning this time a stirring and dangerous scene  
was occurring. War with the other rebels was starting and vigorous  
at eye at a very short distance the rebels having discharged his gun at some of the  
other rebels who had tried to shoot him down killed two rebels and mortally wounded  
others, but a rebel officer who he only slightly wounded sprang at him with a  
furious howl. He met met with a terrific blow from the butt end of the fowling  
piece. At the first stroke the Angelinian officer raised his blow and landed the  
gun against a tree and the stock flew in places, and the next the heavy  
barrel was hurled a distance of twenty or thirty feet from the des dexterous  
nature of the rebel officer. Drawing his entire power retreated a few feet by then  
leaving his back against a large hemlock tree followed the whole party by then  
rebel also will draw sword so outdistanced him and it was as if they were all together,  
but being again again acquainted with the nature of the rebel officer and his  
mode of attack, he drew a large knife from his belt after replacing his sword,  
and placing his arm coolly on his side awaited the close onset. The maddened rebel  
officer approached, shouting, swearing, and gnashing his teeth, and with a savage  
spring and using no impression, ensnared the body of the Angelinian officer  
in a iron grip and tried to throw him to the ground. There was a moment of wrest  
ling, and then the next moment the finishing blade of the knife tore his abdomen  
and his entrails rolled upon the ground as he fell dead. At this exciting crisis  
of the desperate struggle the other Angelinians accompanied by two Bloodhounds



instantly. At that instant Andrus having learned that his brother was alone in a struggle with two rebel soldiers, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the bank above, in order to assist him. A number of Angelican soldiers followed him closely, and the rebel soldier seeing Andrus in the water & covered with blood and suffering rapidly from shore fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Andrus turned out seeing his brother and five men within in called loudly to him to shoot the "Big rebel" on the shore. Andrus upon hearing was a sorry having just been disarmed, fortunately he pulled his disarmed "Big rebel" gun in firing the first shot that wounded Andrus & he had also an empty magazine. The second shot was fired first, the rebel officer put in his shell and fired and drawing his revolver out he shot at Andrus a third time and finally three times it into the river, and while he was to recover it, Andrus pulled out the advantage.

mere to quicker quicken their steps.  
 But when was there general Ivan underneath his comrades indeed from respect to  
 his great grief, had kindly suffered him to fall a knee down behind--and not he  
 was once a glow and fear was on every face for they knew only too well the terrible  
 risks of being netted in the forest with dangerous rebels and even prowling wolves  
 around. Suddenly their words loud outcry--"shrill, agonized, yet choking yell"-----the  
 cry of some man in a full need--the next moment all of the soldiers were rushing  
 in the direction the cry speedily they found their brave general grappling with a  
 great black monster whose eyes were glowing in the darkness. The soldiers were rushing  
 and his terrible teeth baring, pummeling uniforms, the poor general had lincered  
 far behind his comrades and had not heard the rustle of the stealthily throng  
 of rebels and though he had succeeded in killing them, their blood hound which they  
 had brandt with them had attacked the general with great fury. It had with a snarl  
 shot out from the thicket and fallen upon him to revenge the death of its master  
 then the general being overcome and brought down by the creature had uttered  
 that cry of agony which brought his comrades to his aid-----and not a moment too  
 soon. The general was completely exhausted, everything was swirling before his  
 eyes, a million points came in his ears, and he had fallen to the ground  
 and eight fatal bullets were buried in the sides of the blood bloodhound and his  
 shoulders were battered by blows from more than one gun butt--the general though  
 insensible at a picked up was scarcely even wounded, his thick shapskin uniform  
 having saved him from the terrible man a fringe of his natural adversary,--perhaps  
 the very dog who has been belonged to the rebel that had robbed him of his only  
 daughter, they however had not found the object of their search and getting too  
 near the rebel lines had to beat a hasty retreat.

Also on the Eve of Christmas near Worn Catherine during one of the vigorous bombardments of the christian anti-artillery an explosion occurred near a high tower of one of the fortresses of Auradencillo and an adventurous and defiant cat being in the way of the big explosion was by the shock

and vibration hurled upward to a height of a hundred and thirty six feet into the air and then fell that high down again to the hard earth and even covered the ground below. In the descent which was watched closely by an immense crowd of Christian soldiers and officers and even women and children the cat spread itself out like a creature called a flying squirrel and alighted on all fours. After turning over on the ground a number of times completely dazed she prepared to leave the ground and had gotten almost beyond the scene of the explosion when a sharp shell landed quite near her, exploded and mangled her so badly that she died in a few minutes.....the poor cat was not in her best running trim after performing such an extraordinary feat and more so she had been foolish for as the shell fell such an extraordinary feat and more so she had to go up and sniff at it to see what it was. At this moment it had went off and she was killed. One of the Angolan soldiers procured the body of the dead cat even at the risk of his own life from burning shells and bombs smoothed out her silky coat as best as he could, and he turned the remains over to a representative of one of the Christian generals who mounted the skin and placed it under a glass case. The rebel on the case told this wonderful story in a few words:

"This cat on the evening of December 23th was blown up to the height of a hundred and thirty feet and would have yet lived if she had not been killed by a sharpshell shell after landing on the ground."

A general in Jemba Jivan who usually had his headquarters fairly overrun with rebel spies every now and then was now no longer troubled with them, and he did not use traps, nor dogs in driving them out. About the time the spies were so more numerous he purchased a tame wolf from one of his best friends. The wolf a big one was given the freedom of the whole building and became attached to sold soldiers and officers and in a short time after its arrival all spies who dared come into the building found it mighty convenient to depart as fast as possible, and very few of them who knew the dog was there seemed to believe it very expedient to return. The wolf did not only scare away rebel spies but caused the conviction of spies and raiders, and when not engaged, he was frequently seen following his masters about like a real well behaved behaved canine, to which he bears no little resemblance. He thought a big wolf had been captured when a small little puppy and had been brought up with a real puppy and in this way had become as tame as any other dog and went about the company streets of the Christian armies without being molested by the army dogs that roam around ready to attack any other animal of their own tribe.

Perhaps every one in the whole world who can read at least knows somet hing about "Trials by jury, or even perhaps about trials by dogs. But how many of them, we wonder know anything about trials by battle in the Christian armies it was generally believed and still believed as god and his blessed mother Mother was always on the side of right as against wrong, that therefore

In a case of contest, He would always give the victory to the side whose cause was just and righteousness among the very beginning Christian lines itself arose the custom of "Trial by battle, where the plaintiff and defendant were each armed with a weapon of some sort and required to determine their dispute by a duel, the right always being adjudged to rest with the victor. A very remarkable trial of this kind occurred during the arrival of general Hanson's army near Liechburg anding after his advance from Calverine where a great Dane dog was admitted as one of the parties to the trial. A rebel officer named Montidier Antonio who while entering a headquarters of some general found the general present with his Dane dog, and in effort to secure some important papers shot and wounded the dog and killed the general. It was sometime however before the dead was known but the murdered general's dog was always seen to go in and out of the house mourning and howling something fierce as if he was and, finally being suspicious a number of soldiers went into the building the following morning and the body of the murdered general was discovered. It was also noticed that since the murder of its master the dog had taken a great and fierce dislike to a certain stranger officer and man who pretended to be a guard named Macarrie turn a snoring upon him whenever it saw him, and on one occasion would have either choked him to death or torn him to pieces had it not been forcibly taken off. Suspicion was at last aroused as to the guilt of the stranger, and he was believed to have been the man who murdered the general, and he was taken prisoner, held for investigation and the summoned before general Hanson Jivan himself who required him to be brought face to face with the dane, when the rebel at once sprang furiously at his captian and howling loudly. The general then charged Macarrie turn with the murder and also of being a dangerous and treacherous spy, but the latter strenuously denied his guilt and protested that he was innocent of any share in the murder and spying work. The general however believed that the great Dane's actions were based upon his knowledge of the stranger's guilt, and he decided that the matter should be determined by a "trial by battle" between the man and the dog.....

The general and his entire staff assembled to witness the battle. The rebel prisoner was armed with a long sabre, but the dog succeeded in avoiding his blows, and with a sudden spring and snarl fastened on his throat with no firm a hold that the man could not free himself no matter how he struggled and finding that he was being strangled he cried out that he was guilty, and he allowed the dog to be taken off. With much difficulty the dog was made to let go his hold, when the any made a full confession of the spying work and of the crime and was taken away and executed. It was not the only case recorded where a rebel any was duly tried and convicted by a dog.

A ship called the Alexander commanded by Captain H.J. Davis sailed from Mormoni June the first, 1912. He intended to go to Galverinia with the intention of securing goods for the coming Christmas day of that year. Having taken about five hundred barrels of oil and other provisions and even dishes and many delicate articles he started on the cruise taking the route of the McWhirther as seen northeastward to the more placid Galverinian sea and fortunately reached the region of the Galverinian shores after four months of travel without mishaps from storms and other convulsions on the terrible seas. Finding many ports along the Galverinian shores blockaded by the Christian fleets, he proceeded on his voyage to the seaport of Galverine, but failing to land there on account of the enemy in possession of the city he went for Ivian whiskey.

Nothing of unusual interest occurred until when passing the region of the well known Devils plow hole he encountered a rebel gunboat suddenly and only by putting full steam did he manage to outdistance the craft which fired several shots but did not take effect. But during the excitement one of the men named Walker Jackson was lost overboard when a fragment of a shell exploding over the steamer killed him. Reaching the region of Wiskey Bay the captain intended to stop at one of the Boy King Islands and coming to Mookin Island from a rebel fleet in sight and dared not approach for fear of being pursued and captured. However the ship stopped at Valdivia Island not far from the Blanglowsen for fresh provisions, and on the thirty first of November, she called at Patia for the purpose if possible of learning condition at Ivian whiskey. He learned that the Christians had blockaded all the seaports of the city, but foolish man as he was he decided to make an attempt to run the blockade. The vessel proceeded on her way. On the twentieth of December the ship came within sight of the blockaded city and reached what is known as the inland part of the sea called Lake Mis-Hollesley in latitude five degrees, fifty minutes south, longitude one hundred and twenty degrees west. In the morning of that day in the thick haze of smoke from fires burning in the mean, yorms and pulio Gallo many peculiar looking and black warships of monstrous size were discovered in the neighborhood in the far distance and about noon in the same day they succeeded in passing a number and crept past one so close that if they were not discovered it was almost a miracle.

Two ships however unseen on account of the haze had gone after the blockade runner, one of them commanded by Commodore Deblois Francisanna, the other by a captain. The other ship which the ship had passed, was soon following. After running sometime a submarine was seen coming toward the boat, and two other ships were rushing after it with tremendous force. Thinking it an enemy ship and not knowing whether the black craft were Christian or Galverinian as no flag could be seen on account of the haze the captain on board the ship turned his ship so fully upon the torpedo boat before those on board had time to make a change of direction. There was a terrific collision and the big ship running down the submarine before it could discharge a torpedo actually crushed in into fragments as small as a common chair. One of the other warships and a dozen smaller craft then immediately struck for the scene of disaster, with the lowering of boats from other ships and succeeded against all expectation, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the submarine, ninety in number before it went down.

There was however nineteen men in the boat of the rescuers who had been injured during the collision, consisting of the captain of the submarine, the first mate and the other men of the torpedo boat. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from other ships, and other boats were lowered and sent to their relief. Taking advantage of the confusion the blockade runner succeeded on its way in full steam. The distance from the other ships was six miles. As soon as the boats arrived the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the blockade runner and signal the other ships as well by wireless, and make an attempt to run it down or capture and take possession of it. The Angelinians thought the blockade runner was a rebel ship trying to pass through with supplies for the besieged rebels. In a short time the first two war ships came within sight of the fugitive ships and seeing it was a steamer made an attempt to overrun it and make it give in without firing upon it as the lookout announced the ship which they pursued had women and children on board. ....

four feet of water, he however succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant and chart. Reaching the docks he first ordered the boats to be cleared away and to all hands to the ship was beating away while the

SAILED IN PAUL SEVEN HUNDRED SEVENTY SIX.

SPECIAL

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#### CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.

A LITTLE FUGITIVE SAILED BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND.  
ADVENTURE OF ANOTHER BLOCKADE RUNNER, MY HE DID RUN....  
ADVENTURES OF TWO LOST BOYS OUTST.....

THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF AVANGALINIA GRANIA, OR NORMA RUSSINIA, AND  
THE RESULT.

...a short time the first two war ships came within sight of the fugitive ships and seeing it was a steamer made an attempt to catch it and make it give in without firing upon it as the lookout announced the ship which they perceived had women and children on board.....

four feet of water, he however succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant and chart. Reaching the docks he first ordered the boats to be cleared away and to all pile on the boats women and children first as the ship was keeling over while the mate quickly drew up a flag of truce on the mast, while this was being done he again descended into the cabin but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing whatever. He then came upon decks, and seeing to it that all the women and children were in the boats, and finding still more boats ordered all hands in the remaining boats, and was the last to leaving the sinking and now fiercely burning ship. (The parts of the ship still burning where water had not yet reached it). The captain threw himself into the sea and swam to the nearest boat. The burning ship was now on her beam end, top gallant yards under the water. Then as another thick overtook everything they pushed off some distance from the ship expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon examining the stores they had saved or been able to save, he discovered they were only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind. The boats contained eleven men each, as well as the women and children a whole crew of over eleven hundred being on the merciless waters, the boats scraped by shots from the burning ship during the attack on the ship were leaky, and night coming on the men were obliged to bail them to keep them from sinking while hoping the warships had lowered boats of their own and were coming to their rescue.

The haze for the time however had obscured them from the warships. They were afloat all night in danger of collisions with warships which could easily run them down, but by a miracle they were not harmed. Next day at daylight they saw the steamer still floating a perfect derelict the fog of smoke being no more intense so that the men on board of the warships perhaps did not see her, and the captain only went on boat with board with the intention to cut away the masts, and fearful the moment that the masts were cut away that the ship would go down. With a single hatchet the captain went aboard and cut away the mast when the ship righted. The other boats came up, and the men by the sole aid of spades and shovels cut away the chain cable from around the foremast which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes around their bodies, got into the water and cut a hole through the decks to get out provisions. They could succeed in getting nothing, but about five gallons of vinegar, some brandy, and twenty pounds of wet bread and biscuits.

They soon found out to their amazement and surprise that during the night they had literally rowed themselves past the ships out into the bay and ocean and that through some cause the derelict had followed after them. On the following afternoon some of the haze had lifted and they all had the indescribable joy of seeing a ship in the distance. They made signals and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by an Angellian transport ship heading for Wickey Bay who took the whole swarm of persons on board women and children, and instead of making prisoners of them as was expected extended to them the greatest possible hospitality.

In progressing toward the bay the captain of the transport on hearing the reason of them being in such a condition went to the wreck of the ill fated Alexander for the purpose of trying to secure something, but as the sea was somewhat rough and a blizzard was raging with all its fury, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The ship then proceeded to the bay landed the provisions and took the rescued party to some port of Abyssinia where they were landed. In one of the boats were they were all received and hospitably entertained at Melasceby the Abyssinians and the women and children taken care of. But Captain Davis learning a lesson from his recent experience, thought of his foolishness and never made another attempt to run the blockade. The warship which had fired upon him he knew was not at fault for the crew on board did not know he had women and children on board, and after darning the ship the crew of many ships had made desperate attempts to reach the derelict and rescue those on board but were frustrated on account of the haze and lost their bearings and so were compelled to return to their ships.

## A LITTLE FUGITIVE SAVED BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIENDS

## CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN.

Jennie Mulledonia was a little Abbeisannian girl and before the outbreak of the war she had been held in slavery in Anderson. Though a little girl she was very brave and yet meek and forbearing but as she could earn no money for her labors, and as she desired freedom she had planned many ways to make an attempt to run away and one day while the edge of Adrian Wickey was on she had finally succeeded in doing so by the aid of a little boy friend. He had learned that ten miles from the city of Adrian Wickey was the mighty christian armies and so he decided to make a break for freedom. There was a small tunnel way under the rebel lines out side of Adrian Wickey and so having gained confidence in the little girl and deciding to take her along he started out from the mill at night and after going through many perils and pursuits finally got to the tunnel and taking the little girl by the hand went in. It was a long while before he emerged beyond the glandelinian perils and pursued by the christian soldiers. It was from there only eight miles from the christian lines, but nevertheless that was a long walk for the boy and girl, and for his faithful friend he had picked up on the way a dog which had accompanied him. He was a large black coated dog, with a dark brown face, and soft sad brown eyes. After they had gotten through the tunnel they came to the dark and thick woods of Red riding Hood deep in snow and so first keeping an eye open for enemies they slowly and cautiously went through the forest, with its rows of straight pine and other trees standing a regularly as soldiers on a parade, and when the thickest of the trees were left behind they had to travel some three miles on a snow covered road, with tall outlined woods on each side.

Far to the distance they could see the immense fortresses of the rebels and realizing that they were far away from the foe lines gave them hope, and indeed the christian encampments would be a very welcome sight to the three little tired travelers. One afternoon after traveling for all the morning when the sun was still high though the weather was intensely cold they had by four o'clock reached the edge of the woods and saw far in the distance a long city of tents of purple and red color and further off sights which would tell them of the siege on in earnest. Besieging fortresses, fortified hills, great breastworks and all an active army were in a siege. At first they were almost afraid to go forward but after they had left the snow covered road, and were in the shade of a small log house the children thought it best they might rest a little, and once inside the cabin they started a little fire in the fire place while the place getting warm the dog lay down he was so cold and tired.

The boy himself had chosen a lovely place to halt, and the warmth of the room produced by the fire soon took away his tired feelings and he skipped and romped about with the little girl quite forgetting that he had still a three miles walk before him though only a short time with her the little girl was so pretty and good and gentle in manners that he had become quite attached with her and he amused himself jumping backwards and forwards and playing all kinds of games with the little girl. While he was thus playing with the little girl there was a moan outside and then a heavy pounding on the door of the cabin. At first fearing it was an enemy they were afraid to go near the door and so the boy going to the window looked out and saw a man half lying by the door in apparently a helpless condition.

Feeling sorry for him they finally opened the door and he crawled in. After he had rested himself he finally told them what his trouble was. "I had been pursued by Glandelinians who are rebels" He said and in my race for life had cleared a small ditch but my right foot got caught in a willow pussy willow which I did not see in time and I fell in the ditch which was six feet deep. I was hidden by the enemy as it from the enemy as it was dark but for the time as I tried to get up I found I could not do it, and even when I moved the pain was so great that I could not help crying out. I was also shot in the shoulder during the chase. Finally believing the rebels had gone away I called and yelled for help but could not get any response. So finally seeing a light in this cabin I managed to work myself here and you be your kindness you let me in."

The children however could see that his story was no falsehood for his sleeve and arm was bloody and he winced with pain. They were desoritized at his condition but the brave boy and girl managed to help him take off his coat and then the little girl too tore open his shirt by the shoulder and almost winced when she saw the bloody wound. Half crying and shivering with fear and

excitement she asked the boy to secure some water in a small basin which was in the room and thus making it warm over the fire she carefully bathed his wound. While this operation was on the dog saw something was indeed amiss but he did not know what to do for the little girl and boy saw that by the same notions and the dog licking his hand that the dog belonged to the man, as for as he licked his masters hand with his rough tongue he looked the sorrow which he could not speak. "This is indeed unlucky for me" Said the man as the little girl carefully bandaged his wound. "And so far from the christian lines too, and such a lonely place, no one will pass by for hours, if then except probably enemies, but you will stay with me Jane he said pleadingly to the dog. "We have never been separated before like to day."

The poor dog, set down beside the wounded soldier, expecting the man to get up, and when he made no movement but groaned the little boy patted him gravely and the dog in turn patted the man gravely with his paw as if to warn him that he must return home to his comrades as it was getting late.

"I can't get up Jane I have hurt my foot, and I cannot stand," He said. "And my shoulder is wounded."

Again the gentle paw was raised and the dog rubbed his head against the soldiers hand while the boy and girl looked on in bewilderment.

"If we only could get there" Said the little girl pointing to the christian encampments. "We could bring you help. "But I'm afraid to go out there now as it is dark and we are alone."

"I'm afraid we will have to remain here all night," Said the wounded man as the dog continued to win. "And I don't know what you want Jane but unless something turns up we will have to stop here all night. You two children will not be afraid here with me would you?"

"No," They answered. "If the glandelinians do not come here, for in your condition you would not be able to defend us, and we dare not go out and leave you alone here. If only we could fire a gun we would not be afraid."

"I know what I will do," Suddenly said the man, placing his good arm around the little girl fondly. You two have proved yourselves heroes and I made up my mind we will not have to remain here all night. I will send Jane to the christian encampment with a note and a squad of soldiers will come here and rescue us."

The little girl herself wrote the note as he worded it and it was then given to the dog who gave the man a farewell paw and set off at a full trot in the direction of the christian lines. If the poor man shed some tears when the dog was gone it was not only from the pain in the shoulder and in the foot, the good dog realized he had some kind of a business to perform, and he was quite too full of it to heed anything else. The snow was deep and made heavy travel for him, and the poor dog was tired and hungry and thirsty, but he got over the remainder of the distance as quickly as his tired little feet would carry him.

By seven o'clock in the evening the dog was running through one of the company streets of the christian army. The dog went straight to one of the quartermasters tent and scratched loudly with his paws holding meanwhile the note in his mouth but he could not make himself heard by the soldiers within who were busy. The poor dog at last grew tired of watching the entrance of the tent which was closed tight to keep the cold of the December air out with his wistful eyes, and seeing a soldier pass him went to him and stood before him wagging his tail.

"Come on Jane and find you your master," Said the man playfully patting him on the head, and suddenly perceiving the note took it and read its contents. It was childish writing but he managed to make it out. He had wondered why it was when he had seen the dog standing dejectedly at the tent door and that was the reason he had come up to speak to the dog, and then patting the dog once more, who now looked delighted and licked his hands, he ordered the dog to follow him and went before general Hanson, Adrian W and presented the note. The note startled him or the note rather and Hanson said:

"I wondered where Francis Claus was all this time. And so the dog had come home without him and two little children are with him in the cabin. The colonel is hurt somewhere in the forest having been pursued by rebel when lost in the woods. I will immediately organize a strong cavalry squadron and have them follow the dog to the place. Surely the dog will guide them where the man and children are. He is as sensible as any man."

"I will lead the squadron," Said the soldier who was a captain. We will go and look for the man and children whether the dog comes or not but I will first gather a force of one thousand men in case of need. Those darn woods in that region are swarming with glandelinians."

the warship flew the flag of Angelinia. "He cried I mistook them for the glandelinians."

with a shot was now sinking rapidly. The captian having gotten everybody on deck everybody on deck went into the cabins where he found nearly four feet of water already

you will take us straight."

obscured and the wind was making mournful music high up in the leafless branches:

opened his eyes in a flash and seeing, Jane he remembered what had happened, and said:

'Well Jane you dear old Aunt did you bring help.' 'I

and the soldier or colonel trying to sit up and looking about him. "I

shoulder was also examined and the soldier being a surgeon soon said;

help will pull you through. The dog and the children have saved your life.

the lines.' The officer was lifted up very carefully and carried to a horse and soon

their approach the little fugitives were saved from the rebel snare and the

from camp to camp by entrainment to Abuysinkile with the children and they were

Aurandecallio on the month of December the seventeenth and while Violet and her

ADVENTURE OF ANOTHER "SOCIAL ENGINEER" BY THE SAME AUTHOR...

100

the poor old fishermen, that volley I suppose means for us to leave to the

<sup>11</sup>Of course, otherwise we will have our ship sunk and as we used it for a

to a standstill as soon as the steamer had come

with the exception of pistols and revolvers which the steamer afforded

came up to them and stopping lowered his voice. "How much empty mags do you have left?"

not come closer but was lowering lower air more boats luffed under the steamer.

"Are you the commander of the steamer?" Demanded the leader of the band.

"Why are you attempting to run the blockade?"  
"Run what blockade sir?"

and the Captain: "I'm surprised."

The port of the city of Calaverina, and this is the next name.

WICKED: You are suspected of making an attempt to run the blockade. What is your cargo?"

At this moment the captain's eye caught what looked like a fleet off to the

of the pickleha bent hesitatingly replied;

'why sir perhaps you are sadly mistaken' Said Capt

to counter-reiturn the most extreme and peculiar persecution. (You see the property on board of this steamer was given to me as a sort of trust to the Angelinians in the support of the city of Galvestine and it would not be right for me at all to give it up to the glandlinians. you can take anything else if you please to do so for I suppose I can't help myself now, but I was not blockade running.)

\_\_\_\_\_

"You appear indeed to be an honest man at any rate as I see you and your crew are Abhisindians," said the Angelinian officer, "but I don't trust any one no matter who they are who are suspected of trying to run the blockade. At least you appear to have tried to make them think they are glandelinian ships loaded with glandelinians. You see we use captured enemy ships to fool blockade runners and make them think they are glandelinian ships loaded with glandelinians. We fooled you this way. But just the same if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me truthfully what you have got on board the ship beside much machinery and women and children, and exactly where it lays."

The sight of the cooked pistol brought the old captain to his senses, but the captain really had nothing else on board and so in a deprecating tone he muttered in reply:

"Don't kill me sir, don't but I told you that in all I have. The machinery is in worth forty thousand dollars and is stowed away just forward of the cabin but bulkhead but Mr. Pantha who sent it to Galverine did not suspect that the glandelinians were in possession of the city and so did not suspect that any glandelinians would seize us and would think of looking for it or anything else there. If you don't believe it go with your men and look for yourselves."

"Perhaps so I will," chuckled the Angelinian officer while his eyes sparkled with suspicion. "I still don't believe you but just the same I'll take a look and if I find anything else in your possession besides what you said to me, you and your whole crew will go to the prisons on the charge of attempting to run the blockade. And turning to his men he ordered all but three of the men to go down the hatchways and make an investigation. In a few moments the Angelinian had taken off the hatches and in their haste to make the search they forgot all else but not so with the officer in charge, he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the soldiers disappeared below the hatchway than he turned to his three remaining men.

"Now boys keep the captain of this ship under your guard. Seth Spinner you slap your knife across the forehead and peak his halyards to prevent the crew from making an effort to climb the rigging to escape us, and you John Stanek cut the main. Be quick now and the moment you have done it, order the other men coming in the boats below in the water to jump aboard this ship. Andrew and Sam you cast off the anchor and other grapplings and then you jump down into the hatchway and help in the investigation. I have a number of men to watch the crew of the ship."

No sooner said than done. The fore and main halyards were out and the grapplings for the anchor cast off at the same instant and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down the other boats arrived under the ship and the men leaped aboard. Another Angelinian warship was now about a cable length to leeward to corner the steamer in case it would make a desperate attempt to escape sweeping gracefully forward but slowly while the crew and women and children watched the scene in amazement.

Halloa there," shouted the Angelinian officer down in the hatchway to which he had gone as the other crew crowded around the lee gangway of their prize. "When you boys find that machinery let me know. I have found nothing else yet."

After the investigation was thoroughly made pistol shots, about half a dozen in number announced that the search was over and the crowd of soldiers and marines came up again on decks and then explained all that had happened. The steamer now towed by the warship was cutting through the water like a dolphin and in a remarkably short space of time they were within sight of the immense fleet of Christian battle ships all black in color. The ship proved to be to the Angelinian officer an Abhisindian steamer surely bound for Galverine but had went into the port of Yivian Wiokey instead having all told three hundred and thirty men aboard besides one thousand two hundred men women and children passengers, boys and girls combined and now as all of the crews had jumped on board and officers offered their services the ship was completely interred. Before dark the steamer was conveyed among the fleet and in two days time after being confined for a time it was fully proved that the steamer captain had made no attempt of trying to run the blockade of Yivian Wiokey and so for having made him all the unnecessary trouble the Angelinian treated him with great respect, and while remaining on board the ship for those two days played with the troops and children and saw to it that everything was all right. In return for his trouble the loyal Galverine government gave the captain of the ship a sum of money sufficient for an independence during the remainder of his life as well as a very handsome medal from the government.

This however proves that no one no matter who he is he can run the blockade of Yivian Wiokey successfully. One ship a little after this had been also pursued by Angelinians when it attempted to run the blockade and this one proved really to be a ship in charge of a crew really attempting to run the blockade to give provisions to the enemy. Two warships pursued and also some gunboats and even opened fire but the steamer which was running the blockade was fully armed also with great cannons and there was quite an exciting combat before the ship was finally reduced to a half sinking condition and forced to halt or be destroyed altogether.

"Steamer boy," demanded the captain of the warships, "Will you blockade runners quickly surrender yourselves on pain of war if we come on board?" "Come and try to make us surrender," returned the captain of the blockade runner as he brandished his sword over his head in a very threatening manner. This really indicated that he was a very desperate man though really a Mormonian that and that if pursued he would really fight to the last. But this was his last moment for as the rebel leader was in the action of turning to his men the sharp roar of two guns burst forth there was an immense cloud of smoke as the weapon the blockade runner and the next moment an explosion occurred on deck of the ship badly mangled by the debris and fragments of flying implements caused by the blast.

"Now," shouted the admiral as more big guns were turned on the fugitive ship. "I'll just give you survivors just five minutes or less to make up your mind to surrender and if you don't you will receive no quarter and the guns of three of my ships will blow you into the air ship and all."

The death of their captain and withal the sight of the blockade runners to their senses immediately, and they threw down their weapons and one of them raised a flag of truce and gave themselves and the ship up.

On board the ship was found plenty of ammunition for the enemy besides provisions, and also some small number of women men and children passengers on board. The ship however with everyone on board was delivered into the hands of the civil authorities of the Angelinian, the crew of the ship were taken to Jamie Yivian as prisoners, and the men women and children transferred to another steamer bound for Abyssinkile....



## THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF EVA CRANIA, OR NORMA ROSSINIA, AND THE RESULT/

While Violet and her sisters were prisoners within the enemy's lines as stated in the last few chapters the battle of Evangelina Crania was on for fair. On the morning of Christmas day a great surge of Glandelinians swept over the Christian line though in a whole minute a whole score of regiments had melted away before the Christian fire. Hundreds of thousands of the survivors with a quick or scramble swarmed over the high banks of earthworks but they went down mangled and bleeding in tens of thousands. At the head of the main charging column galloped general Simon Legree, and he was at a loss what to do for the whole Christian line was storming with fire.

Despite the odds Simon Legree galloping ahead urged them on. The effects of the Christian fire was awful multitudes of Glandelinians laying dead or wounded, but portions of the right grand divisions of the foe were already forcing back the left grand division of the Christian forces, but at another point Legreesmen were being forced back, and only by dint of courage was he able to rally them and press them forward once more. As Legree's main line was going into action it seemed now that the fiercest conflict ever seen raged, and Legree launched three of his most powerful forces against the Christian lines. In the meantime general Hanson Vivian commanding the Christian center held his line of battle formation as he was fearing an attack. He could hear the roar of carnage along general Evans' line also but along his own lines there was still great silence like the calm before the storm. No shots were heard and neither were the sweet twitter of birds to break the lonely silence. An hour later a new and more tremendous roar of musketry came to his ears, and it sounded as if the very bowels of the earth was growling in anger.

"The enemy's attack has begun," he cried. "Forward to the help of Kindernine." His own veterans then pushed on and when they reached the scene of the conflict, they saw something of the fight which lay before them. Hundreds of thousands were lying outstretched on the ground in long streams and the fields and plains were lined with the Glandelinians who were attacking with indescribable fury, while Kindernine was forming the battle line and attempting with all his ability to hold the enemy back. General Jerome could not go into action here so these troops changed position. With a yell like an army of fiends the Angelinians under Bob dashed toward the works where the foe under James Bengier the brother of the other Bengier of Hedda Shoemannies army was attacking and all along the line the roar of the most terrible and the heaviest firing ever heard before if telling the truth told that the battle was on in general.

"Here general Nance. Your main forces are at general Kindernine's left, and are moving in a wrong direction," said Hanson Vivian riding up at this moment. "They are waiting for orders. I have placed them under Kindernine until you would appear. Get them into action at once. This conflict is not bad at present but it is likely to get bad in a very few minutes more for Shoemannies main line is now moving forward to the attack."

Hanson had barely given the order when the roar of musketry roared now like a million cannon mingled with the thousands of thunders from many heavy calibre and machine guns. Nance went at once to his command almost deafened by the din, and here indeed hell seemed to have broken out along the line. General Jack Dane himself had dashed ahead to where his own command was forming for action.

"Forward to the left!" was Benignus' sweeping order. With a sweeping dash they came up to the wide plains and stopping squarely in front of the advancing enemy, and then general Greatharts divisions also arrived to the scene.

"I'll try to hold this position," said Kindernine, as his artillery battalions answered his call.

"This is the riskiest place," was Hanson's answer. "Try to hold this position but be extremely careful that the foe do not surround you. I have sent general Nance to repel the enemy's right grand division which is attacking with all their fury, while general Love Child is repelling their left center. Love Child has a fearful time there for monstrous divisions of the foe are successively thrown against his lines with all the violence they can assume, and his lines are already smoking like a forest fire."

Kindernine knew well by the sound of incessant musketry and cannon which was louder than along his own lines that Love Child was having a most desperate fight. The first attacks had been made on general Kindernine's army and before the alarm was sent to general Hanson the conflict had become so fierce that general Kindernine, had been compelled to send a messenger to general Hanson for help, and Hanson had sent Nance divisions to support him until Nance himself should appear. Now he supported Kindernine himself with all his entire force, and even with every reserve and artillery battalions. Hanson galloped up as close to Love Child's army as possible and noticed that the Glandelinians all being half drunk Omerian Curdes were attacking with ten thousand furies, but also Love Child's men were standing their ground with such stubbornness that the losses along the enemy's smitten lines was simply terrific and beyond description.

Even now general Evans' divisions were rushing up in full force to support general Love Child, never halting until his lines were reached. General Jack Evans could see the enemy attacking all along the line, and so he sent a large force to defend an ungarrisoned stockwall, and as soon as the Angelinians reached it a pall of smoke all at once seemed to hide the foe, and there was such a terrific roaring as to drown out the thunders of a mighty eruption of a thousand volcanoes in hell, if there are any there to be seen.

Hanson left the spot he had been surveying and made his way rapidly to general Nance's command in the hope that he might discover if the foe were attacking in full force against his overwhelming numbers. If they once got a hold of Kindernine's position especially at the right under general Nance, Hanson knew that Kindernine's whole line would be rolled up in great confusion. From along the rolling plains a long line of the foe though torn and mangled were rushing forward with fixed bayonets and the first portion of the line were already close upon the position, and engaging Nance's lines in a hand to hand fight.

Instantly he drew rein for he had seen that the foe were leaping forward and that the pressure of the enemy's lines at close quarters was becoming too much for Nance's men. Indeed the enemy at this point was massed in great numbers, and had hurled themselves against the overwhelming Christian line and so turning back Hanson made his way to his artillery batteries and ordered them forward to the support of general Nance, while general Maurice Costello was also sent forward, and the struggle now became more fiercer, and as he dashed upon a bridge general Hanson had a narrow escape from being killed as it gave way under his horse and threw him headlong into the stream. He found his horse floundering in quicksand, now he himself got out he could not understand but the horse could not get free, and disappeared before he had a chance to look back. Even now a glance toward the eastern portion of the battle line showed him that general Pare-Not-Lies army was in danger of annihilation so persistent was the attack of the foe these Glandelinians being under Jennings and Simmermann, and so he had to send an order to have Pare-Not-Lies heavily reinforced before it was too late.

Hurrying on he reached a point half way down the bank of the Angeline Run river and halted just as a solid shot cleared over his head. Here a greater force of the enemy was attacking the Christians under Maurice Costello and Harold Stanley, and also the fierce Abyssinians under general Pickens Montrose. The enemy were attacking at this point with spasmodic violence, but he could not see anything that was going on here for everything seemed hidden in a sheen of smoke. Here indeed was the main danger, and here was the place for them to fight it out with all their might.

Reaching the southern banks of the same river he came upon general Powell Buster Johnson's army just coming on at double time, but the general just then was absent having not recovered from his latest wound last wound. So general Hanson ordered them to advance advance to the right of the Angeline river and to try and check the assailants under general Snyder Bassett, and to take the positions captured by Ruebaun McWhirther on the double quick. General McWhirther who was in command here was taken by surprise at this order for from the raft reflection of the gleaming bayonet through the pall of smoke which he saw to the left of general Montrose's position where he was having a worse fight than any before, that the Glandelinians would not have by this time advanced so near to success yet, but he realized that the enemy had come on like the approach of some great whirlwind

which strikes without warning. It was the work of an hour for his infantry lines to place their batteries into position and to advance to the position, pointed out by general Hanson Vivian. He already noticed that the enemy's assault had grown worse in its pressure, and that the foe had increased in numbers. The enemy had fairly made their way through the long barricade of fallen trees, and it was now very difficult fighting to force the enemy back, and it seemed indeed as if the whole Christian line would soon be driven in despite the reinforcements steadily arriving. His infantry men were waiting impatiently for the order to commence firing, and it was with the greatest energy and zeal that they went to work, when finally McWhirther waved his sabre over his head, and ordered them to hammer away. With might and main the infantry men worked at their stream of musketry fire, and at the first discharge the very first line of the enemy withered away, while at the same time there was a yell behind the infantry!



Instantly Madison and Costello Benigan recognized the value of this suggestion, and soon had all their reserves and other reinforcements which had arrived in time thrown upon the point suggested, and now again the enemy's lines were being fairly torn to pieces. However the enemy had already made a splendid and brilliant advance and success, and were now coming on in great fury just as the christian guns let loose their storm of shells, and even canister by the hundred shot per minute. The uproar almost deafened the generals, but they ordered the firing along their entire line to increase.

"At then, men. We have got to check them screeching demons in gray uniforms before they come too near. Give it into their very faces, and show them that we cannot be beaten like Kindermine. Give them hell..."

At it the Angelinians went with a will. In a moment the air and earth seemed to abound in one terrific reverberating roar, there was a dense pall of powder smoke, and now the enemy though their main columns went to pieces, came in close quarters with the christians, and even in the fierce struggle large gaps were seen in Madison's lines, but these were closed up again and the Angelinians massed themselves upon the enemy, presenting a bloody tumult of bayonets, and bringing the glandelinians down as fast as stars would shine in the heavens. General Hanson pined, looked on in awe.

He watched this force of christian infantry men at their thrilling work without one word of criticism. They were fighting as he knew soldiers would. They had been through their primary training again and again, and had learned their lessons well. The pressure of the glandelinian attack was terrific, but nevertheless the Angelinians would not fall back, and soon the enemy unable to face such a bristling barrier were starting to waver, and at last came the loud thundering roar of Baldwin's batteries, and fresh gaps were torn in the enemy's line, gaps that could not be closed, as this artillery fire became annihilating, and soon the glandelinian columns even in the glen were recoiling in confusion, while general Kindermine's forces had been withdrawn, and general Cannon now poured his forces through the glens and again the enemy were on the retreat, and neither the commands of their leaders could stop their terrible disorder. From the rear of general Benigan's division came the roar of more cannon which were being trained upon the retreating glandelinians.

It was at this time when huge columns of fresh glandelinian infantry swarmed over swarmed forward at a rush to the rescue of their comrades already driven back, while every outlying stretch of woodland seemed hidden in a pall of smoke. In due time the retreating glandelinians were gradually rallied and now general Nance's divisions which were the first to receive the new attack were also almost surrounded, for there was only one breach in the field, where there was no furious glandelinians the river and the bridge, which the enemy had not seen in time to destroy.

The christians did not turn to see where the terrific tumult of bayonets and pikes came, did not turn to watch the enemy as they again pressed in their headlong drive from the rear, where a more terrible slaughter was going on, hand to hand with pikes, and all kinds of weapons at close quarters. Instead of being confused at being almost surrounded they stood their ground fighting fiercely, and with all their might, desperately, hopelessly, vainly trying to crush back the furious driving onslaught of the Omarians. Indeed it seemed as if it was of no avail, but they manfully fought hand to hand, for they would not surrender to the enemies of God.

"Fall back to the river, but keep up your furious resistance..."

Thus came Nance's orders as he saw the other columns were not ready to yield to the advancing enemy. Slowly the christians responded to the order, and now on one side they could see fresh columns of the enemy moving on in heavier numbers, and feared within themselves that the bloody battle was lost. Even the christian generals believed that nothing could check the fresh attack of the foe, and even Kindermine and Greathart applied directly along the other points of the christian line had been unable to check the straggling progress of the foe, and had only been driven back, with many of their regiments, and brigades annihilated.

"Stay as long as you can general" was Costello's advice to Nance, when he rode up to his lines to see how things were getting on. "Kindermine and Greathart's armies have been crushed, and if we fail to hold at this point all is lost..."

Then just as he said this poor Nance fell severely wounded. Hanson pined himself was dashed back and forth along the active christian lines, and now as he came riding up to a point where the christian fire was the fiercest, he espied Kindermine coming up with a new force and also with fresh artillery. Shells by the thousand were now exploding among the enemy's lines who seemed to have fallen back from the right of the christian position at that point. Then he saw general Greathart and Lovochild arriving also, and these soon advanced on the enemy, Kindermine saying with a scowl,

"Those damn glandelinians have desecrated my first grand division, and I kill me before they can drive me back again..."

The effect of the arrival of reinforcements of and of the steady resistance of the Angelinian columns was beginning to tell on the enemy who were again wavering at many points as their lines were so terribly thinned that they could no longer face the christian fire.

General Hanson exultant, taking advantage of the moment when the enemy began to fall back, had remained there for several minutes, and now he sent a messenger to order his main cavalry forces forward, saying that the enemy are falling back all along the line.

"Good for you general Kindermine. All the other divisions on account of your perseverance are now fighting the foe back. I believe we will be able to make a good impression on Rheemania's main line after a while. Keep it up. Pay no attention to these glandelinian columns at the extreme right, for my cavalry forces will attend to them, and help these other infantry lines to drive them back. Watch those main new columns, and let the cavalry take care of the other..."

Indeed Hanson was plainly happy over the turn of events. Then up came his torrent of cavalry, just as a fresh roar of artillery from a distant plain to the right had broken into action, the shells crashing through the trees and now among the christian line causing awful havoc.

"Go at them in those plains" Told Hanson to his cavalry forces who were waiting for his commands. "Dash at them full tilt. Go into them hard and show them they got to respect the flag of Angelinia!"

On the instant the storm of grape and canister from the christian cannon were pouring among the lines of the foe in the plains causing fearful destruction among them and sweeping them down in brigades, the christian cavalry dashed forward like a thunderous avalanche, and before the storming onslaught these glandelinians also began to retire.

Nance who had gotten out of the ring of glandelinians was also pressing forward with his command, advancing now at a fearful pace, and undaunted by the yelling of the foe; the soldiers pressed on, following the slightest advantages that were offered to them. Though severely wounded twice, Nance, for fear of his command suffering the same rout as Kindermine's first command would not leave his lines though urged by his officers many times, only saying:

"I'm going to stak it out to the last, and there is nothing that is going to daunt me now, not even the very devil himself, and should he appear and try to force me to leave I would not do so, and so leave me alone, and do not mention the matter again..."

General Hanson himself watched the enemy who were still advancing, watching the forward progress toward the river, and waited for the time when he would have to change tactics. In a few minutes that time came, and he was compelled to order Nance's division to fall back despite the protest of that commander. When suddenly came an explosion in the plains that threw a column of earth and rocks, and smoke for the height of a hundred feet."

"Fight the enemy back along the line of the river bank. We have got to hold this position at all hazards. Don't let the foe reach here. As long as we check them along this point, while the others of the christian columns are going forward now we will be able to help the other divisions which are still hard pressed, and we will then have a chance to fight the enemy back from his own positions..."

It was gratifying to Hanson to see that the plains where they had been battling the foe was now clear of the glandelinians. This seemed to presage good. It showed that the steady fire along that point had at least its effect, and so long as the fight was conducted down along the river banks there was a chance of winning a quick victory. It was only an hour after more stubborn fighting when the Angelinian columns having first moved forward were soon seen coming back in fragments.

"Call your men to fall back general Nance. Fall back to the other side of the river if you can, for the enemy are now again pressing the whole christian line back, and are advancing again successfully despite our overmen overwhelming force, and are again crushing everything before them..."

How Nance's heart sank at this. The enemy had tricked them. The Glandelinians formally retreating had met with heavy reinforcements, and the reinforcements had poured upon the advancing christians such a fire to as to shatter their whole main line of advance to fragments, while other columns of the enemy had found a way by getting onto the pontoon bridges where they had a fair chance of crossing unobserved, and forcing lines poured a destructive fire upon the christian flank.

"Send an aid to give Baldwin an order to cannonade the assailants and drive them off general" cried Hanson through a foghorn. "We have a full advantage here and are controlling the foe, and keeping them away from the river..."

The fury of the conflict now did look worse than ever before. The enemy had driven all the christians who had advanced into indescribable confusion, and there was only one line of christians who were still standing their ground, and trying to hold the assailants off. Here indeed seemed the place they must stay.

"Stay right here boys. Hold them back! We must fight the enemy off at any cost!" Said Nance.

Bravely the christians made their stand against the advancing glandelinians, watching every inch of the space between themselves and the enemy, watching every check that might be given to the foe. Undaunted though by the seemingly impossibility, Nance directed his men but the enemy had already passed through the same glen, where Hanson had seen Kindermine's confused masses pour through only a few hours before, and had made their way forward, and advancing along a way nearest the river point, and soon they were upon the christians and the struggle was fearful in the extreme.

The peculiar thing to general Hanson as he stood by directing them was that the large plains within his view and many of the fields were again swarming with the enemy, while at other points the enemy had also come but were now within close quarters with Kindernine's main line, and Hanson's flank which was also threatened, for the enemy had advanced past the orchards, and rushed for the flank of Hanson's divisions. Then he was wondering what was happening on the flank of the left of his own line. Telling Kindernine to hold his ground more stubbornly he galloped within sight of general Hanson's flank, finding that at the left, the enemy had not yet reached it. These woodlands were entirely clear, and now he started to view the right flank. Reaching it he found that the enemy were already swarming forward through the woods showing that they were already making a charge for the right flank, which was now on guard. On he galloped and within twenty minutes reached the rear of the infantry under general Hanson to find that there was not a sign of the foe, only those assaulting him in front, and not the glimmer of a musket could be seen. Galloping on to join his main forces he found that they were making little if any progress against the enemy, who had stopped advancing against the Christian fire, but they were not driven back, and they were returning just as fierce a storm of musketry all along their own line. Indeed they were at a standstill. In most cases this bodes good, but he knew that at other points the enemy were assaulting still, and going at it hammer and tongs, and he believed that the enemy were doing some kind of mysterious flint, which he could not make out, neither could the signal corps. Indeed a great mystery was to be solved here.

"How are you making it general?" Hanson asked as he galloped up to Kindernine and found his divisions also fighting at the same spot to where his first columns had been driven before.

"At a standstill your excellency," said Kindernine. "We are in hopes that the men under Greathart and Lovochild will hurl the foe from them, and hoping that Hanson succeeds in holding them from crossing the river. So long as we can keep the foe in check, we know that those Christian columns are safe. If they once get too near the river we will have to fall back."

"That sounds rather pessimistic," thought Hanson. "No chance of saving the river out of their hands?" He said.

"Not a bit general, but we will keep them here as long as we can. If we abandon the line here too soon it will be likely that the whole line will be jeopardized. The distance across the river is mighty short. If we use artillery here—"

"We will make the enemy all the madder, and too many cannon here would only hold us back from any regular action for the infantry lines, and also would tempt the foe there by making their fire so hot that we could not get near enough to fight without being wiped out of existence. Here we have a fair fighting chance of keeping the enemy checked enough so that they will have to keep up their fire where they are."

Hanson stood irresolute thinking over what general Kindernine had said. It seemed altogether probable that the Angolians could continue the fight against the foe not without any idea of driving back the glandelinians before they could reach the endangered lines, but with the view of causing the enemy to stay where they were and thus not produce such intense anger into the foe that they would advance again as to drive the Christians back too far.

Once the rest of the Christian divisions would come into action and sweep the enemy's lines through and through with their destructive fire, the enemy would probably give way. Across the River stood a Catholic Asylum usually for children, a building four stories in height, and now with the furious glandelinians so near it, it was in great danger of capture and destruction, and the Christians were attempting with all their might to keep the enemy from advancing across the river. Leaving the matter in the hands of Kindernine general Hanson again galloped to his own forces of veterans seeing little of the other infantry forces for he knew they were helping Lovochild's men as desperately as they knew how. Thousands of the half-drunken Zimarrundians and garrian Curdes were swarming against the Christian lines near the asylum, while the rest were pressing on at other points, and indeed it was terrific fighting they were doing, and general Hanson who was watani watching the fight saw that there was not hardly another thing which could be done now as his whole line was engaged, and he was forced to send an appeal to Jack Ambrose Evans for reinforcements, general Ambrose Evans having not arrived yet.

"How are you holding them general Kindernine?" Shouted general Greathart riding up.

"Holding our own general," answered Kindernine. "The enemy at the left of our forces is dragging up parks of artillery and my men are also trying to shoot down the artillery horses, drivers and the gunners."

The words came quite loudly and Greathart heard them plainly amid the din and uproar of the battle, and the scream and yells, and groans of the wounded and dying.

"It isn't a lost fight!" Thought general Hanson as he stood to one side with or on his stand, having dismounted and was watching the awful struggle, all excitement gone, a kind of apathy settling upon the whole fight. It was a second time in the war he seemed to have no interest in a battle. The enemy at this point were not advancing but they were holding their own against the Christian fire. Baldwin's batteries were making a fierce and grand volley of sound. Fortunately

SEEN IN PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR

784

#### CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT.

A REVOLTING IDROP, AND A BATTLE OF DAMNATION.

THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS SHAKEN BY THE  
cannon of every description, which volleyed and thundered.

The peculiar thing to general Hanson as he stood by directing them was that the large plains within his view and many of the fields were again swarming with the enemy, while at other points the enemy had also come but were now within close quarters with Kindermans main line, and Hancoes flank which was also threatened, for the enemy had advanced past the orchard, and rushed for the flank of Hancoes divisions.

The voice came quite loudly, and was heard clearly amid the din and uproar of the battle, and the scream and yell, and groans of the wounded and dying.

"It must be a lost fight!" Thought general Hanson as he stood to one side with or on his side, g having dismounted and was watching the awful struggle, all excitement gone, a kind of apathy settling upon the whole fight. It was a second time in the war he seemed to have no interest in a battle. The enemy at this point were not advancing but they were holding their own against the christian fire. Baldwin's batteries themselves were in general action making a fierce grand volley of sound. Fortunately however the enemy along general Hancoes front unable to make out any headway, against the fierce resistance of his troops, were now giving way abandoning also the attack on his flank, as the fire of Baldwin's batteries was becoming unbearable. Then came a simultaneous discharge of musketry along the rest of the enemy's lines, and the other glandelinian divisions began to give way.

"Hurrah!" Shouted many voices at once. "The foe are at last giving way." Crossing the section general Hanson glanced at the retreating foe, and saw how the enemy had captured the outer line of works near the orchard. They had charged in three directions from their main positions. The Angolinian generals had been unable to restrain the hundreds of thousands of christians who now pushed and jammed their way forward, and at last the remainder of the strong gray line parted under the terrific strain of the crushing number of Angolinians, who pressed upon them with fixed bayonets, and now there was a furious fight hand to hand. The trees almost fifty feet distant were hidden in the smoke of the firing that had been so fierce three minutes ago. The angry combatants fairly leaped at each other like tigers clashing fiercely, but nevertheless the glandelinians were forced to give way, but they were not in confusion, and the christians were suffering terrible losses in their advance against them. General Dane himself bended low to avoid a pistol shot aimed at him, and found that many christians were surrounding him to save him from the foe. Even many times bristling bayonets or pikes gleamed in his eyes, and the scores of thousands of combatants struggling like demons with merciless fury was an awful sight. The purple and gray lines were fighting most determinedly, there being a tremendous tumult of bayonets all around him, the enemy yelling and hooting so fiercely as they hurled themselves upon the opposing Angolinians. Thousands of more dead and wounded of both sides lay in heaps while hundreds were piled up around general Dane.

The hand to hand conflict had now become awful and men were falling in hundreds per minute everywhere. The crashing of musket butts on musket butts, the ring of steel on steel, and the cracking and snapping of pistols was becoming worse every moment, the Angolinians themselves gathering close, while many of the graycoats leaped at the christians guarding general Dane like fiends. However overwhelming numbers were thrown against the wavering lines in gray, and the glandelinians finally withdrew. Along the left wing of general Hanson main left wing the struggle was more terrible. The whole christian line was shaken by a volcano of flame and din, the roar of cannon and musketry seeming to rend the heavens, but screaming with rage the enemy pressed upon them, the two million glandelinians under general Anna Deldon charging against the christian line with impetuous fury, hurling themselves again and again upon the purple lines. Glandelinian divisions with their leader wounded were placed between two fires, and crushed and mangled were compelled to fall back, but the main line continued the onslaught and the ferocity of the conflict was insupportable, and at last a portion of the christian line was forced to give way, the glandelinians pressing on in the face of a fire from ten batteries of cannon from the rear where the gunners had brought their artillery into action just at this critical moment. The main portion of the christian line held firmly repelling the glandelinians furiously. For five hours this conflict had been raging along the left of general Hanson's line, and with such fury that the christian leaders declared that it was the worse conflict they had ever seen since the struggle at Saxton Run or Mc-Holleston Run, the concentrating onslaughts being fearful, the carnage awful, but for a while the situation did not turn out favorably for either side, though general Hentione had within nearly four hours managed to mass fifteen million against the christian line left, which had in mighty columns crashed against the christian line but now after two hours more of terrible and merciless fighting the onslaught was gradually repulsed and with such heavy loss that general Hentione's line crushed to fragments, and their surviving columns mangled beyond reforming were demoralized and panic stricken and began to fall back.

General Franciscalic had simultaneously struck against the christian line with nearly ten million, and here the struggle went on with such a fury that the commanders of either side were amazed at the bravery of the opposing forces. The conflict had become fiercer and fiercer, and millions of brave and desperate glandelinians had charged upon the christian line with crash and roar only to have their own lines ripped and torn up, and their survivors go down in tens of thousands all along the line.

Despite this awful carnage, and even when fresh batteries were brought into action the glandelinians continued the attack, Giacomo Gooso falling severely wounded his whole command decimated by the destructive drum fire of four thousand cannon of every description, which volleyed and thundered.

One column after another of the Landolinians rushed on furiously the field of battle being fairly strewn with a perfect sea of dead and wounded. Just as the main line of the assailants came within a few hundred yards of the Christian line the whole Christian line delivered a fearful fire followed by another and another dreadful volley and now the Landolinians went down in hundreds of thousands, and the surviving columns suffering exorbitant losses, were soon compelled to fall back, the Christians swarming forward as the Landolinians retired in confusion, and indeed it was an awful harvest for a Christmas Day. In this battle the Landolinians had lost in killed and wounded and prisoners and missing near to 10,000,000 and the Christians 18,500,000 in killed and wounded alone."

#### CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT. LAY THEM STRAIGHT.

##### A REVOLTING HORROR, AND A BATTLE OF DAMNATION.

While all this had been going on there had been indeed a revolting horror between heaven and earth along general Viviana's lines thirty miles away from Hanson's. While during the battle of Norma Rossinia the Glandelinians had crushed their lines in their assaults against Hanson, general Vivian wishing to force the siege of Evangelina Grania had ordered a general attack to be made on Manley's lines. He feared that if he allowed the enemy to attack at this point his right would be rolled up. Gertrude Angeline had pleaded in vain to him not to make any slaughter on Christmas Day, but her pleading had been too late and only angered the general in the bargain as he knew his daughters were prisoners in the hands of the foe. Soon heavy firing by the Mc-Sterner Run creek gave warning that the Angolinian Angelinians were making their way to the banks. Ahead of the Christian columns loomed many wagons. They pulled up along side the river near the wreckage of the blown up bridges. The soldiers looking in the distance like busy ants at work were tearing their wagons to pieces and throwing the bits into the river. Other men picked up the bits and in what seemed an amazingly little time pontoon brig bridges began to grow in jerks across the river. The Glandelinian guns all this time seemed dead. Indeed the Glandelinian gunners were waiting all the time, and were getting their line on those pontoon bridges.

The first brigade of Angolinian soldiers crossing the bridges were just half way across swinging with the bridges, and had broken for a quaint slow waddling march into a run, when all the Glandelinian batteries let go. When the frightful roar stopped, the only part of the pontoon bridges left was about two feet of them on the side where the Angolinians were, and the surface of the river was alive with the Angolinian soldiers struggling horribly to free themselves from the thousands of dead and the shattered pontoons, and swim to the other side. However thousands of new ones had been made simultaneously on other parts of the river out of range of the enemy and now to respond to the enemy's first discharge of artillery, general Viviana's main line of batteries let go a general discharge that was continuous and within an hour and a half a hundred thousand shells had exploded everywhere for many scores of miles, and the cannon's carnage and destruction of whole woods and the furrowing up and smashing up of whole plains was terrific. The Landelinian batteries responded with all their fury, the balls booming and banging with the screaming maddening fury of hell. Army after army crossed the pontoon bridges under cover of their artillery fire, and reached the other side, and for hours and hours the noise of battle roared in a way to awaken the attention of the suffering souls in hell itself.

A large force of Landelinians extending their lines for twenty miles advanced to repel the attack, but after frightful slaughter were driven back to their trenches. The armies in purple not yet engaged with the enemy's lines were still marching across the plains looking beautiful and strong in the flashing sun. Hundreds of thousands of clamping horses were seen, millions of flaunting flags, and standards and guns. All of the Christian cannon were now concentrating upon Manley's center and as the cannons did roar, thousands of graycoats per minute were seen to stagger, fall, roll, convulse and die. General Pelhander did all in his power to rally his shattered infantry. Four other batteries were trained upon his lines alone, and horrible and shocking was the slaughter. Hundreds of his companion general officers fell, multitudes of privates go on going down mangled and bleeding, while hundreds of balls burst around general Pelhander, and he dropped mortally wounded, and so fierce was the storming fury of battle all along the line that fifteen small ridges were seeming to be enveloped in flame and smoke, and despite the distance which separated them from the battlefield ten days of steady travel the inhabitants of the city of Evangelina Grania could hear the rumbling of the two big battles as raging on that one day simultaneously plainly.

Kindernine, Lovechild, pure-Hot-Lie, and Benligan stormed Manley's center and the firing here roared steadily. So furious was the conflict at this point that the flashes worse than lightning seemed to play along the whole battle line, the heavens and earth seeming to split in twain, fire seemed to take the place of the earth and the very ridges seemed to whirl up in mighty shreds from gigantic avalanches. The earth seemed for miles and miles to be a vast sea of fire.

END IN PAGE SEVEN EIGHT SIX.

#### CHAPTER TWENTY NINE...

##### THE BATTLE OF MIC-CHANDLER.

One column after another of the "Landelinians" rushed on furiously the field of battle being fairly strewn with a perfect sea of dead and wounded. Just as the ruin line of the assailants came within a few hundred yards of the christian line the whole christian line delivered a fearful fire followed by another and another dreadful volley and now the Landelinians went down in hundreds of thousands, and the surviving

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A horrible pandemonium such which is beyond description ensued. Millions on both sides poured in a murderous storming fire point blank, struck at each other, and howled and yelled and cursed in a deafening tumult, and out and bayoneted, and ran each other through with sabres, pikes, bayonets and daggers, while amid all this was an indescribable tumult of bayonets from the enemy's lines.

At last the Angelinian columns shattered and mangled anew began to waver, stagger, then broke and ran, but they were undaunted, and gathered again plunging into the mighty inferno of fire and smoke, but crushed and mangled with redoubled losses the Angelinians again wavered and fell back, but again they rallied and rushed to the assault. Manley's line again and again blazed like hell and its damnation. Again the brave Angelinians swarmed over the first line of works, only to go down in hundreds of thousands. Again and again and still the survivors rallied to the assault but were beaten back, again they rallied and swept to the assault, but the murderous canister and grape cut their multitudes down like grass.

They again reached the first line of works but Manley's whole line again stormed with fire all along his front with a roar that shook them off their feet, and the torn tottered and bleeding lines with their dead, dying and wounded piled in long windrows again withdrew, only to rally again and rush to the assault like a whirlwind. For twenty minutes they continued this new attack with frightful fury until they were almost withered and then again they withdrew. Again they rallied and like a whirlwind of flaming flesh and steel they swept within a hundred yards of the position as far as the second line of works. Over the dead bodies of their dead comrades they came. Here they met a withering roar of artillery and musketry that seemed to stun heaven and earth, and though ten million of them had made the attack which numbered really about twelve only two hundred thousand returned after seven hours of this horrible slaughter. Suddenly by two o'clock now managed to sweep forward with his men but as he reached the position he met an annihilating fire and his columns being cut to pieces within an hour fell back the general himself being severely wounded. General Mc-Glasne next took his turn. His men swept forward with most tremendous fury, six times they charged and six times they were repulsed with excruciating losses. General Crowley and Crafts divisions now rushed forward to try it, their whole line sweeping forward with fixed bayonets. Hundreds of thousands went down mangled and bleeding. Oh what a slaughter it was, and what sacrifice on that beautiful Christmas Day, for Peace on earth, good will toward men.

The onslaught was horrible and amid the almost preternatural carnage general Crowley and Crafts went down mangled and bleeding. More than twenty million Angelinians from the whole days battle strewn the hills and plains and among them lie fifteen million Landelinians. Hansonia now advanced his forces to the attack!

Poor Gertrude watched him go with brimming eyes. She made a beautiful angelic figure with her flowing hair and what cruelty it must have been to make her suffer such crushing sorrow, or that one so young should witness such a massacre of soldiers over a complete hopeless cause. She could hardly stand it any longer. "Oh how could he expect to win where the others had lost so disasterous disastrously!" She screamed. "Oh Hansonia, please, please, please come back. Oh please if you love me as you say do not go into that awful slaughter. You will not win and may make only further useless loss and go to your own death. Oh please come back, please come back."

But he was too far off to hear her frantic pleadings now, and throwing herself on the ground she wept as if her heart would break. Indeed his attack was fierce and terrific and again the whole scene was like a maddened hell and its damnation a hundred fold.

The roar of the conflict as when general Vivian joined in that is Robert Vivian, could be almost felt for five hundred miles, and three times while the heavens seemed to be on fire with hell fury, and while his lines were shattered again, and again, general Vivian was driven back, and though all the battles did more piercing than the screaming shells could be heard the dying sorrow of hundreds of thousands of shell raked bodies, and shrieks and groans of dying martyrs. Even for miles could be heard the groans of dying and wounded christians, and curses and blasphemies of the wounded glandelinians. Everywhere was the cry of agonized despair, the cry of death, the cry for water. Jesu Jesus Meroy, thousands did shout, crawling about blood stained, blinded, pain maddened, with arms or legs, or parts of heads shot off, or bodies ripped open or mangled beyond recognizing. Such revolting horrors filled Gertrude with unspeakable horror. For a long time she watched the scenes with horror, and her expression was like as if she was being choked to death. Soon she saw the christians make a backward flow, and frenzy stricken she begged God to end this slaughter of whole armies.....

## CHAPTER TWENTY NINE.

## THE BATTLE OF MO-WHIRTHER.

In the meantime attempts were made to capture the fortifications of Mo-whirther from the enemy. Admiral Zimmermanns expedition to the Boyking Islands was started on December 21th, and nearing the region of the glanglagonian lands the Dondobian fleet was repelled by a large squadron of glandelinian warships and torpedo destroyers. Every glandelinian ship poured in a stream of fire, but yet more awful was the fire of the Dondobian ships. One glandelinian ship after another was sunk or blown up, and the rest after an all days fight was put to flight. On December 24th the fleets reached the vicinity of the Boyking islands near Vivian Wikey Galverinda, and made preparations to bombard the Mo-whirtherian fortifications, the greatest stronghold in that Angolinian world. When night came the move was made cautiously but the Dondobian fleet unfortunately being in black color was discovered by one of the garrisons of the Mo-whirtherian fortifications, and the fortifications of cedernine, and Mo-hollister opened a terrific fire, every ship responding with stupendous broadsides. A good number of the Dondobian ships were raked fore and aft and torn in pieces but terrible was the pounding of the glandelinian fortifications. Soonward morning every battle fleet was involved in the frightful conflict and also the aeroplanes of both sides. Many glandelinian airships shelled the attacking fleets sinking many ships, but one after another they were brought down. For thirteen hours ninety three thousand cannon roared with unceasing fury upon many of the fortifications being badly damaged and set on fire. However the first attacks of the fleets were repulsed with the loss of many ships and thousands of men. Zimmermann was then attacked by all the glandelinian warships stationed there. Three glandelinian ships were sunk or disabled by the awful gun fire of the christian fleet and six hundred torpedoes, one thousand being captured and made in use for the christian ships. Late the next day the attack on the islands of the fortifications of Mo-whirther was resumed with redoubled violence. All the ships opened fire at once as they steamed past the glandelinian fortifications, which replied with the fury of hell and waging one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles ever seen on the water before. The flagship of the Abbeismian fleet with admiral Gallio on board blew up and all were hurled to their deaths. 17,000 perished with the fighting admiral. Seventeen other ships struck mines and were also destroyed. The Glandelinians concentrated their fierce fire on the Tripolygonian fleet also and admiral Hoban was killed when his ship went up into the air and every one on board perished. Many other ships were mined and the second attack had to be given up having raged fully forty eight hours, but in this second great engagement many fortifications along a new point had been badly damaged. The Glandelinian commander at Mo-whirther was general Thomas J. Phelan.

Though unsuccessful Zimmermann was not undaunted and so he began a blockade by sea making it sure that the glandelinians at the fortifications of Mo-whirther could get no aid by sea or land and he decided to wait also until he could get more fleets to add to his and then give the Glandelinians at Mo-whirther a more pleasant time. Terrible damage was committed by Angolinian airships which soared continually over the islands dropping shells and explosives by the many hundreds between the glandelinian and child slave plantations to prevent the success of the threat of the foe to butcher the children in case the bombardment of the fleets would come out successful. Terrible damage and carnage was committed by these airships and when a considerable number were brought down by gunners others came to take their places. The losses on both sides were so great that they were not accurately estimated.

Despite his bloody repulses, and of the crushing disaster to the expedition of Admiral Zimmermann the siege of gyan Grania did not cease. General Vivian and Jansson was only enraged over the repulse and decided to tighten the siege. He had received reinforcements during the day after the Eva Grania horror, and decided to tighten the siege by pushing his armies more forward and to extend the lines more than they were extended now. He decided to move his own armies in the location of Jennie Vivian, and to occupy the town of Jennie Vivian itself, and to concentrate his heaviest forces along the Sunbeam creek a very prettyspot in this portion of northern or southern Galverinda.

It was a great movement indeed, and which during the concentration caused for about six days and night without cessation one of the most tremendous artillery duels for two to one of any other artillery duel of the war up to that time. Fire was started by the explosions of shells which threw a glow soon for two hundred miles, and the crashing did was no loud that the soldiers were almost driven deaf. It had been Janssons intention to assault the enemy immediately in this vicinity, but it was not believed a good thing as great forces of the enemy in withdrawing back a little had concentrated upon the town of Harroosema, near the Harroosema fortifications, and so it was abandoned and the artillery firing only continued.

Jansson was warned several times by the Black Circle, and even their leaders that the enemy were planning to surprise his left wing which was concentrated along the banks of the Sunbeam creek, to and to guard against this Jansson threw general Concombinan A-cubange an army close to the town of Jennie Vivian, and also ordered general Vivian to move his armies a little more forward to tighten the siege.

"We must not allow the enemy to get any from us now by all means," said Jansson. "This Mo-whirther is causing a unspeakable sorrow for the whole world with its dreadful blockade by the enemy, and if we can only force the fortifications of gyan Grania, even by force if they do not be surrendered it will open a path for us to move direct upon Fort Cedernine and then carry all before us."

A part of Janssons army was besieging the great St Dondobian fortifications held by the glandelinians under Jeshum Mo-whirther, and the Angolinians under Hindacrine were concentration upon the enemy in possession of some line of works along the Eva Grania river, which was so closely lined up with batteries of cannon of both sides that it received the name of "Battery Line alive". The position of the enemy at many points was very strong, but here the positions of the enemy was considered almost impregnable, and after some debate over the situation it was believed that the most determined assaults of the war should be made upon these positions and to accomplish an assault along the whole line of the enemy simultaneously. During the long lull in the severe activity more heavy explosions tore the earth open in this section, and it was evident that the enemy was mining the ground all along the point of positions to make it as hard as possible for the christian armies to make any advance. The siege was closer however, and it was believed by many that the foe would soon be thrown down and be compelled to surrender. Jansson had learned also that general John Hanley, and his brother general Jeshum Hanley had had a parley over the telegram and decided to see what the trouble was now that brewed. He soon found out readily that his brother Jeshum Hanley was asked most earnestly to advance his armies forward, to his rescue and general Vivian detailed some scouts to seize the messenger and capture the note. The scouts went out in different directions and soon hearing the sound of horses feet hid in the dark shade of trees. Soon a large squadron of glandelinians came within view and one man guarded it nearest as he was not dressed in a uniform. Despite the fact that the messenger had an escort the soldiers decided to secure the note just the same and charged the glandelinians most furiously scattering them after a fierce conflict and capturing the plans though in the excitement the spy got away and was able to escape the watch he and his escort comrades had fallen into. The message was brought immediately to general Jansson, and it was detailed for the purpose of finding out if the spy had succeeded in doing as he had been commanded by general Hanley.

"Well," said general Vivian to his brother, "The enemy intend to frustrate us no doubt and have a large army attack us in the flank. Only general Jeshum Hanley's army can do that, but this we are to prevent. General Hanley directed Jeshum Hanley to move through the cities of Indgo Erma and Jennie Turner and come down upon our rear. We can prevent this by having Zimmermann place himself between the enemy and general Jeshum Hanley. If Hanley attacks Zimmermann he will only be crushed."

One of the most gigantic explosions recorded of the war's first and second year of the war altogether occurred on the 27th of December after the Eva Granda horror, between Jennie Vivian and the ammunition positions along the Sunbean Creek. After eight days of variable activity of other Christian forces around the St. Damienian fortifications before the assault upon the positions in front of Eva Granda, the siege had been continued with ever increasing violence, and during the artillery duel already described a series of violent explosions followed by more violent detonations began on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of December, continued continuously throughout the whole night without a single cessation and subsided with the gigantic explosion on the morning of the 27th. The explosion was as disastrous in its consequences as a most destructive earthquake would have been in destroying the eighty Lisbon houses, and the flash of shooting fire during the explosion among the suddenly rising clouds of dust and smoke was reported to have been seen at Jennie Granda eighty miles away. Sunlight was excluded by the thick cloud for four hours and forty five minutes, so that midnight darkness continued throughout that time over an area of fifty miles, and the air was completely gloomy to a distance of a hundred miles. Thrown by the explosion were shattered by the dreadful concussion though seventy miles away, and Jennie Granda reported every house window broken, fallen steeples of churches and with her streets covered with dirt and mud which was said to have been blown that far by the force of the great explosion.

To accomplish this it was estimated that the blast blasted fragments of the debris of the explosion must have been projected not less than nearly ten miles up, even beyond most of the atmosphere, and that it did suddenly reach this great height was shown by the unexpected oscillations of the barometers all around the country of California and Angolia indicating a series of air waves that spread over at the rate of seven hundred miles an hour from the shock of the frightful explosion. The explosion was heard in southern Angolia, and elsewhere besides the whole of California over a circle of 1,800 miles in radius with Jennie Vivian which was leveled to the ground as a center. The fall of debris and houses, and other materials blown up into the air by the gigantic explosion was noted at points 915 miles north west, 1,800 miles southwest, and 1,080 miles southeast.

By the dreadful outbreak of the explosion a million tons of earth was hurled far into the air, and the falling fragments killed the Christian lines killing scores of thousands of soldiers, and leaving a hundred thousand others by 3 besides wrecking a portion of general Hancock's headquarters which was raised a enough as it were by the concussion of the blast. The explosion made such a noise as if millions of water had splashed with millions of tons of white hot lava in titan forces for that horrible instant moment. The finest dust thrown up by the explosion continued suspended in the upper atmosphere and was wafted over the entire globe causing a peculiar red glow at the time of sunrise, and sunset that was noticeable for nearly two years after wards.

Dreadful as was this great explosion it was a very mysterious one although believed to have been caused by the enemy through some means of their own which could not be known. It was very disastrous in its effects, and had killed more than a score of thousands of Christians also, and injured hundreds of thousands, but the Christians lay fully in the way of the terrible blast and suffered very severely also.

While thousands upon thousands of Christian soldiers killed for many hours seeking the dead and injured, trained investigators and even the general were trying in vain to determine whether the explosion had occurred from a great mine set by the enemy or that some wagon filled loaded with explosives had taken toll or whether a large fortification filled with war materials had taken fire and blew up on account of the severe artillery duel then going on.

General Franklin Francisco one of the most able investigators of these dreadful calamities declared after arriving on the scene that it was his opinion that not a great mine plot of the enemy, but a accidental explosion of ammunition works of some extensive fortifications on account of the artillery firing had been responsible for the most terrific blast. The Angolian federal investigators and General headed by General James Flynn, chief of the department of justice of war bureau of investigation, summoned from general Vivian's command, centered their attention on the wrecked provision train which had been destroyed also by the blast. Some of the higher General's members advanced the general theory, that the ammunition train had been struck by a volley of random shells, and general Hancock was asked immediately to find out whether any of his trains of ammunition wagons and so on had been in the vicinity at the time, this being done

especially after construction engineers of the Angolian ninth corps had expressed belief that the wagon train was of the type used in delivering explosives to the artillery men. Other investigators sought diligently to run down reports that a great mine had been exploded in front of the main Christian position in the vicinity of Sunbean Creek. Assistant general Tally after visiting and investigating the scene announced his belief to general Vivian that the explosion could not have been due to an accident. He announced also that his staff would question all witnesses of the gigantic explosion declaring that one thing that led him to the reason that it was some conspiracy of the enemy, this he declaring been fixed by an army fortification at a creek which stopped at the time the explosion occurred.

"The facts that lead me to this belief," said general Tally, "are at the time of the explosion, which was at the time the clock stopped, was when probably the greatest damage was done, and the location of the explosion was midway between the positions of the opposing lines, along the Sunbean Creek called Second Battery line river or in the vicinity of Jennie Vivian."

Working on the conspiracy theory, the soldiers of Hancock's command picked up all the remnants and fragments of the wrecked provision and ammunition trains and wagons, even going so far as to remove the shoes of the thousands of dead horses in order to establish the identity of the vehicles and their drivers or owners. Some officers also picked up near the scene pieces of cast iron window weights swelling of powder. There were scores of thousands of these though where they came from no one could tell and the theory was advanced that they might have formed part of some infernal mine placed carefully under ground after the enemy had tunneled under the part between the opposing lines. All pieces of clothing, including shreds of cloths and battered guns and hats, and all kinds of wrecked substances like wheels, of cannons, muzzles of guns, broken gun caissons and hantons were collected by the soldiers. As far as it could be learned by the Christian officers the disaster did not take the lives of any of the Christian officers.

The most peculiar explosion ever witnessed within the region of war rivened windows from the city of Jennie Vivian though forty miles away from the scene, and leveled down the higher buildings, and within a short time thousands of soldiers, and all the reserve companies that could be assembled were placed to guard the region of disaster. Windows were shut so that were in the city of Angolia itself in buildings even as high as the twentieth floor, and soldiers established a dead line around all the buildings of high stature lest people passing through the streets be injured. Injured by glass which for days was dangling in jagged pieces in hundreds of thousands of houses. Many scores of thousands in that city were injured by glass, and many who were killed by glass had their bodies so badly mutilated that hopes of identifying them virtually had to be abandoned. At twenty six hospitals in the city of Angolia seven hundred miles away from the scene of the explosion from ten thousand to twenty thousand persons were admitted, and the internes stated that six hundred of those died from the pain from loss of blood. So crowded were many of the hospitals with injured persons persons victims of falling glass that the injured were laid on floors and in hallways.

The whole Christian army itself had been fairly thrown off its feet by the explosion. Vivian and her sisters had been in general Vivian's headquarters lying down on their beds and listening to the drum roll of the guns of the enemy cannons in action and also of the thunder salvoes of many scores of thousands of exploding shells, now near, now distant with new when the explosion on a scale. They stated afterwards that their beds seemed to jump a about a up to the ceiling, and that before they knew it they were digging themselves out of mounds of plaster which had come down from the ceiling from upon their beds. They had heard the noise which they stated sounded like the loudest crash of "St. Catherine's" or "St. John's" and had on rising outside seen the large cloud of smoke in the air, and the no shower of debris falling like clouds of rain in the distance, and then had to run back to their beds as all kinds of rubbish began to shower them. They wondered what had occurred, and were surprised to see that general Vivian's headquarters on the front side was completely razed by the concussion and they were surprised that no one was killed or injured and that their themselves had escaped so well wonderfully.

It was evident to general Hanson and his brother also that the enemy might take advantage of the gigantic explosion to make a desperate assault upon the christian lines and so the christian general had all precautions taken and all were on the watch that night. Hanson had decided to move forward at the very break of day and storm the enemy lines fiercely as the enemy were or had been during the bombardments making many strong demonstrations, and Hanson always feared that these demonstrations were sometimes something more than demonstrations, and that the war was fast assuming a fearful form and for a while had it is true the whole enemy force in a very tight fix and though it was a siege he knew very well nevertheless that he could never capture the whole glandelinian force. This was impossible. None of the glandelinians just now were even near to surrender. If only he could capture or destroy the fortifications of Harococillo and the others, and open a direct path to the fortifications of McWhirther was all he wished.

But the enemy were holding out so stubbornly that general Hanson did not know what to do. The battles had been extremely severe for their duration and his losses were exceedingly heavy despite the fact that he could replace them while the enemy could not. And general Hanley he knew was a most treacherous general. Hanley would do anything to gain his end, and to accomplish a victory for the cause of glandelinia no matter how wicked it was and so general Hanson decided to keep the enemy busy as much as possible and not give them much respite. He decided to force the main division of the enemy from the location of Jennie Vivian if possible, and not allow them to retake the place either.

He saw that it was best to send general Williamsburger Zimmerman to force his way through this section especially in order to be able to march his army to oppose piebaum Hanley's advance on Jennie Vivian. So Williamsburger Zimmerman was ordered to attack the enemy on the 11 following morning. Zimmerman prepared his forces and got all his artillery ready to start the fierce attack intended while general Vivian sent forward large forces of infantry to support him. On the morning the engagement of Jennie Vivian or Sunbeam creek began. For the two armies confronting each other here it was the most stubbornly contested battle of the whole siege so far. The enemy crushed back one of the christian charges, and woeful losses to themselves, and then counter attacked with all their might but as the enemy came on in a perfect storm of assault it seemed apparent that the christian armies would be worsted for the main chief leader who had led the whole christian army at this point called Henry Johnston had been killed and the whole christian line was thrown into confusion.

Both Zimmerman and Hanson sprang their forces to the rescue in that meeting inferno, and finally drove the enemy back after sustaining that day over fifteen hundred onslaughts made by the glandelinians themselves.

The enemy's losses were fearful and the losses of general Hanley greater. Hanley during the night directed a dreadful artillery duel with twenty thousand cannon, but the christian artillery replied as fiercely as he gave, and the scene was a perfect inferno of shell explosions, and it did seem evident as if the fortifications would be blasted into the air.

Once during the night general Hanley hurled upon the christians a tremendous onslaught which lasted four hours, but the whole line of attackers were literally torn to fragments, the remainder disorganized and forced to fall back badly separated and cut off from each division. It was a disastrous repulse for the enemy. Yet again they tried it and received another bloody repulse and the loss of three generals. Death took general Spooner of the glandelinians, and ten flag bearers fell in one minute one after another. Three times more the inferno of battle was repeated with the most redoubled fury under the cover of the heaviest artillery firing, but in vain the assaults were torn in pieces and the survivors compelled to recoil in the utmost panic. Thus ended the fray for that day.

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS OF THE CAUSE, AND THE RAVAGES OF THE GLANDELINIAN WAR WITH ANGELINIA. HOW THE BATTLES WERE FOUGHT AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT. THE GREAT CAMPAIGNS, DISASTERS AND EVERYTHING KNOWN IN THE HORRORS OF WAR.

SEEN IN PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED NINETY ONE.

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CHAPTER

THIRTY.

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THE FIRST KNOWN TROUBLES WITH GLANDELINIA. WHAT SHE DID. THE CHILD SLAVE REBELLION, AND WHAT IT RESULTED IN. THE BATTLE OF SWAMP WOOD. THE BATTLE OF VIRGINIA'S FORD.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE.

SEEN IN PAGE SEVEN HUNDRED NINETY TWO.

WHAT COMES OF THE RUINING OF ANDISAN.

It was evident to general Hanson and his brother also that the enemy might take advantage of the gigantic explosion to make a desperate assault upon the christian lines and so the christian general had all preparations taken and all were on the watch that night. Hanson had decided to move forward at the very break of day and storm the enemy's lines fiercely as the enemy were

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS ON THE CAUSE, AND THE SAVAGES OF THE GANDOLINIAN WAR WITH ANGOLINIA. HOW THE BATTLES WERE FIGHTED AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT. THE GREAT CAMPATONIST DEBATES AND EVERY THING KNOWN OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

#### THE FIRST KNOWN TROUBLES WITH GANDOLINIA. WHAT SHE DID.

What was the first cause of the great glando-Angolinia was known as the frightful glorinia calamity of the year 1899. The enemy had seized the entire province of Galverinia jeopardised and crippled the country so terribly that both Angolinia and Angolinia had to use forceful means to try and crush the glandolinian authority and made preparations to drive the foe back to where they came from. The loss of killed and injured was never stated but in this storm of the galverinian rebellion the victorious glandolinians devastated over thirty six thousand cities and villages, wiping out hundreds of cities totally by fire with the amputation of the inhabitants. Angolinia junction at the time had been severely devastated by a great storm, and the rashly glandolinians had invaded the ruins murdering all who survived the cyclone.

The rebellion had lasted fully three years and that three quarters of the surviving inhabitants of one city alone had been slaughtered and five hundred cities wiped out. Glorinia was wiped out being the center of all the horrors.

For this deed Abbieanna and Angolinia demanded the glandolinian nation to pay a heavy fine of a billion dollars. The glandolinian nation pretended that she could not pay it and requested the loan from other allies of hers, but Abbieanna refused to accept it from any other countries, and then after secret service persons and the geminis good companies, and geologists were sent to investigate it was found out that glandolinia was making a treacherous movement, would not pay the fine, and only the mediators from the nations of Glorinia and Gaudencencia, by pleading to the governors of Angolinia averted a war right at that time. Angolinia had been fully aroused, and it was all that the two governors could do to appease her rage and feelings for revenge. War for the time being was averted by these mediators, but it almost brought the enmity of Angolinia against these two Catholic nations, and if it had not been for Abbieanna giving good advice Angolinia would have crashed into these two nations on the charge of harboring an enemy of god.

#### THE CHILD SLAVES REBELLION, AND WHAT IT RESULTED.

Having conquered the Galverinians the glandolinians used the country for the placing of child slaves, and by that time galverinia was a no-man's-land to Angolinia on account of these horrors and by the year of 1911 about three quarters of the number of children there who were made slaves by the glandolinians had grown up to rebellion. During the rebellion many thousands of children were massacred by the glandolinians. One of the most peculiar accounts of the scenes was of the yivian girls the daughters of the great christian general who had been several times seized by the glandolinians and cruelly treated. The child slave master Aronburg and another called Mc-Gollister was their special enemies, but one of the worse they had was a glandolinian called goobhead who had tried to assassinate the yivian girls by causing them to be boiled alive in the eruption of a geyser because they took the part of the child rebel leader Angolinia Aronburg. At this time the rebellion was spreading and growing worse, the rebels had set Andraan a large city on fire, and at other points wrecked scores of fact factories and child slave plantations and liberated many children still in slavery. The child rebels had set the city of Andraan on fire during the rebellion, and though the reports to the fact was confirmed nevertheless the two Angolinian governors Robert yivian, and his brother Hanson yivian kept to the statement that it was no child slaves who set the glandolinians factories in the city on fire, but that the glandolinians did it themselves to cause the destruction of the children, and many prisoners who were taken by the rebels and sent to the governors were treated as firebugs, and sent to prison in chains and in disgrace, while Hanson plotted to start a war on glandolinia without the mediators knowing of what was going on.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE.

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WHAT COMES OF THE BURNING OF  
ANDREAN.

Then he carried them to an automobile standing near and hastily prepared to run it as full speed, for one screaming wail of fire, was now nearly upon them. He never had he gotten about fifty yards away from the burning factory when it collapsed with an immense crash. The walls fell outward, but he and his car caught in its way. He had saved the children just in time, and another minute more they would have been hurled under the fallen walls. Seeing that there was no time to lose, GANNON ran the car full speed, and got far ahead of the advancing fire. By the time he reached the mountains he could see that the child rebels who had been taken, were well on the retreat, and their enemies were in full pursuit. He wished to reach the armies under governor Virian but it was over three days before he had learned of the governor's whereabouts. Four days after when over fifty miles from the city of Andrean GANNON believed it safe to bring the children to their father once more. Governor Virian and his aids were sitting in a tent conversing about the child slaves.

"The child rebels have lost the battle, but the child slaves, and my children where are they?"  
"Maybe there's hope," said one of his aids gently. "They may be rescued, and if not, they will be in heaven."  
"There's no hope for their rescue," remarked the governor. "And besides maybe they are dead already. Why did I let them go to spy around these child rebels? When I knew that it was dangerous: it's all my fault I should not have let them."

THE governor sat still, and quiet, now thinking sadly of poor Virian and her sisters. As he gazed longingly at the rising moon, thinking of his children, if not dead, threading the drear wild, a deep emotion seized him, and he buried his head in his hands. And wept like a heart-broken child. The soldiers themselves were looking on the moon from their tent doors, while the fragrance of beautiful flowers from some rose, the only odor of the mountains around, passed through the tent, but it did not cheer the poor governor, or seemed as if it never would. He was heart-broken indeed.

"Oh Dear God, my children are exiles from home, despite the splendid decision in the Calvinian's army. Oh please give them hearts too."

He could hear many birds singing gaily, and he was going to pray again, when a sentry came in, and paying no attention to the governor's surprise, saluted and said:

"There's an Abolitionist general within our lines, and he has six children. Five look like your daughters, but one is a stranger and she is dead, also that one looking like Gertrude. He wants to see you and says that his name is GANNON Præcia."

THE governor did not believe that it was really GANNON but some of the Glauconian child murderers, and rose to his feet folding his arms.

"What does these old Glauconians want here anyway?" He snapped. "I haven't got time to see any of them. Put them back in the guard house where they were."

"But he is not a Glauconian, nor a prisoner, and was not captured but entered our camp in a big white car," said the soldier. "He said he would not leave his standing post until you consent to see him."

"I may that I don't want to see him," said the governor in a voice that showed that he meant business. "I don't believe that he is GANNON but a Glauconian in an Abolitionist uniform. And I don't believe that they are my children. But bring the children anyway."

After saluting, the sentry left, but after five minutes, GANNON came to his tent, with six Abolitionist children, carrying the children who were not dead. Some of the governor's generals did not know GANNON, but the governor did recognize him and the poor little girls who were half naked. At the sight of Jennie with her hair soaked with blood, and with a bloody bandage around her head, the governor gave a start.

The children were laid on the grassy floor of the tent, while two of the soldiers summoned the doctor. When he came he examined Jennie's head closely. After it was done, soon afterward proceeded to nurse the wound caused by the blow.

"What is the matter with her head?" asked the governor fearing that she too was dead.

"She has been struck in the head by a piece of wood or something like that," answered the doctor. "But my close examination has shown me that the poor child has been seemingly hopelessly out of her mind."

"But of her mind?" asked the governor. "Well for God's sake I hope she is all right now!"

"She will be in her right mind, all right," said the doctor. "And the blow on her head, which caused that would will restore her reason. But she has to be kept entirely awake, and must recover herself, without any one bringing her to her senses, or she will surely die. Her wound is painful and very severe but will not be fatal if you prevent anybody from making her recover too soon."

For a moment the governor was dazed but when he recovered he flew into an indescribable rage.

"It's all the fault of the countess Glauconians," he stormed. "Oh if I only knew who done it to the poor children."

The doctor was pinning the bandage, and when he got through he stepped down and kissed Jennie's forehead. He had never seen prettier children before, and he kissed their foreheads. The doctor after taking one more look at the silent form, left the tent, telling the governor to let them recover at their own speed also for if he brought them to their senses himself the same result would be the same as Jennie's. The governor his wife the doctor good bye and turned to king GANNON: "Well GANNON I see it's you for facts," he said.

"Yes it is and you now recognize me," answered GANNON smiling. "There was no one else during the panic to rescue the poor children when the Glauconians set the districts on fire, and as I alone went and did it. I loved them; I have heard that you have the Calvinian governor in your hands I advise you not to let him go. You are a real if you do."

He handed the governor a note which several Angelians approached with four Glauconian prisoners, who had been by some of the child rebels and given up to the governor. GANNON recognized these Glauconians at once. He had been told by one of his officers who had spied on the Glauconians that these rebels had murdered many of the poor children, and also that governor Federal was at the bottom of all this. Taken with furious rage for a moment he drew his sword and threatened to strike the brutal Glauconians. The note the Angelian governor read told all; that thousands of the child slaves had suffered so far all this time, and what they suffered from the four Glauconians. THE Angelian governor fairly raved with uncontrollable rage.

"Governor Federal was the chief plotter of all these cruel deeds and murders," said GANNON. "And---" pointing at the four Glauconians he said: "They were the ones who did the cruel work."

"They did not," belied the governor. "But it is all right I don't think I know how to settle with such devils. They can break the stones in the worst stone quarry of that horrible Glauconian prison in the city of Angeline. As for Governor Federal he shall suffer yet more worse. Take them to the front, and put them in on the first train that comes, but bind them hand and foot with chains."

The Glauconians were taken away but when the governor saw them coming back with Federal among them, clanking in the rusty road, all in a row one behind another like some upon a short string being linked together by the neck to a huge iron chain, and mangled bodies. They were guarded by five heavily armed men with long rifles and six men clad with bayonets. Governor Federal was strangely loaded with iron a heavy chain clogged his leg and was so long, that he could have talked about his black skull and bones severed waist like a giraffe. He had a number of soldiers about his neck the one like the rest of the Anglian prisoners, and the other two of these iron ruffs from whose iron went down to his middle, and to their two hands were riveted a pair of of manacles that gripped him by the wrist and fists and were secured by a large padlock, so that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth or bend down his head toward his hands.

Jennie Virian fairly laughed when she saw how how the Calvinian governor, and the four Glauconians were chained.

"You ought to attach new chains to them!" He said laughing. "They must get through!"  
 Even all the Angelinians who were there to witness the scene, laughed heartily. After looking at Cannon for a long time, the Angelinian governor held out his hand to him. Cannon first looked at him in surprise then took it and shook it heartily.  
 Then the Angelinian governor said:

"You are the only Abissinian who would have the nerve to rescue the children from a burning city. This has made me your friend for life. You will have to punish me for I did not know or believe that it was really you. You did great bravery in rescuing my children; one of the bravest deeds I have ever known any man to do."

"It was my duty," answered Cannon. "I have not set against the Angelinians; I am fighting for them."  
 The governor pushed aside the curtain of the tent and saw that Cannon had come. Cannon quickly dismounted and ran toward the tent the governor and Cannon meeting him. Cannon gave a start as he saw the Angelinian governor with a handsome looking Abissinian in his arms.

"Why if it is not King Cannon," Cannon exclaimed as he shook him by the hand. "And I know what has brought him here. Oh I know indeed what he is. He is the only Abissinian Cannon is. He was the only Abissinian Cannon is, that dared to risk the peril of a burning city to rescue the little darlings, Cannon is!" He said, turning to the king. "I'm your friend and Abissinian for ever!" And with this he put a golden badge on his uniform. Then Cannon turned to the string of chained prisoners, and laughed at all their slights. Smiling heartily, he turned to the governor of Angelina, and asked seriously:

"Why are they chained this way? Are they too strong for the ropes?"

The Angelinian governor handed the keys to Cannon telling him to lead it; Cannon did, and was shocked:

"I'm doing this to them for all they did to the poor children and the misery they caused these little daughters of mine." He said to the Angelinian governor sternly. "They are going to have a nice job of it. King Cannon at Angelina. They are going to be as fit there as this train!"

Cannon turned around and the look he gave the wicked Umdalians was appalling. As the train was already approaching the governor's palace hastily got ready to get on. The prisoners were hustled into a cattle car, guarded by twenty men. Tents were taken down blankets rolled up and the ammunition boxes were placed on the flat cars. Then having the cannon did not want to get on these trains saying that the artillery was too heavy a load, and would take so long to put on that it would delay in the governor. So it was agreed to take the last train behind the others. All the cavalry horses were gently and quickly led into all the cattle cars and the guns were placed on the flat cars. Governor Vivian and Cannon got off at Calverline and went in the direction of their headquarters there, and as he was happily and the governor's wife, and the aunt of Violet and her sisters. Governor Vivian, Cannon and the other officials entered the headquarters followed by the soldiers who were carrying the children.

"Hurry them up to the bad rooms!" Said the governor. "Jimmie you lead the way for them!"

The soldiers obeyed going up the steps with Jimmie at their head. "We must hurry in for there is a great storm approaching from the west!" Said Mrs. Vivian.

"It is as that we are in for a hurricane!" said the governor. "But we will be safe here inside if it does not turn out to be one of those railing typhoons. But I am afraid that the roaring and howling of the wind, will awaken Jimmie. Oh!"  
 One thing that did awaken Violet's mother was the sight of Jimmie's bandaged head. But her husband told her to have no fear, and she told her what the doctor had said. Clouds in the west appeared in great purple masses, and then in a while a flash of lightning sent these clouds up the steps, while other began to pour in clouds.

"How long has it been since the last storm?" Asked the governor.

"Quite a long while!" answered his wife as they themselves bridged the stairs. "But how did you succeed in the child labor question?"  
 "Not very good!" answered the governor as they reached the door at the top. Just then there was a blinding flash of lightning that illuminated all the place followed by a crash of thunder that almost

shattered them.

At this moment they had reached the door of the bad rooms, and when the crash of the thunder occurred, she suddenly opened her eyes, then rose up in bed. A fearful sensation of strangulation took possession of her, which made her mouth open wide, her tongue protruded, and her eyes to bulge. Then she fell back like one dead.

"Oh my she is dead!" Wailed Mrs. Vivian, hastily running. "Oh, help, call up the doctor!"  
 Who in the name of common sense brought her back to her senses?"

answered Governor Vivian.

"No one who had brought the children up. She came to herself just as you reached her bed side. The doctor must have done it."

"Well she is dead anyway!" Said the governor sadly.

"What good would it do to call up a doctor? Well I'll get one anyway!"

The governor called the doctor by telephone, and the same one came who had examined Jimmie before, and told the governor what would happen to her, if he or any one brought her to her senses.

A girl named as she had been must recover at her own peril when knocked by a beam or she will surely die!" He said to the governor as he entered.

"I told you so!" said the doctor.

Mrs. Vivian had bowed down by Jimmie's head and asked as if her heart would break. It was over four years since the death of her small little sister Catherine, and since that mournful period, the horrible child labor conditions had not affected the remembrance of poor Catherine's dying happy smile. It surely seemed to poor Mrs. Vivian as if the blessed sound of her well remembered bird like voice, was still ringing in her ears.

Of course this little Jimmie was no daughter of hers but she had indeed been her son. Now poor Jimmie was dead, and cherished it as if it had never spent any more, never smile upon her, neither her daughters, or her husband or any one, and when she touched Jimmie's hand that was protruding from the sheet it was as warm that it made her start. A feeling passed Mrs. Vivian that Jimmie might not be dead. The doctor approached and

laying a soft gentle hand on Mrs. Vivian's shoulder, and told her that she had to get up, for he wanted to examine Jimmie, and saw if she was really dead or not. After uttering a short prayer, the weeping lady arose slowly, and staggered up against the wall. First the doctor examined Jimmie's pulse, and then after laying a gentle hand on Jimmie's chest he laughed.

"She is not dead at all, only unconscious, that is all!" He said easily.

"The only cause that was from sudden strangulation, caused by some suffocating, from an air in the tight place. This strangulation was only short, lasting until it rendered her unconscious. She will live. There is no danger."

"Oh doctor are you telling the truth?" asked Violet's mother and went together.

"Yes I'm telling the truth," answered the doctor. "There is no danger of bringing her to her senses, now, but as they had no rest off, and her friends also."

Mrs. Vivian knelt down by the bed side, and laid her head between her folded arms, uttering a long prayer of thanksgiving. Suddenly there came a sound as if Jimmie was coming to again, then she moved to lay on her side. But she still remained unconscious.

Seeing that the doctor was not feeling the woman were glad and fairly hugged him. The governor thanked the doctor, and offered him the pay.

"Why what is that money for?" asked the doctor in surprise.

"To pay for your services," answered the governor.

extending the hand that said the money.

"I don't want it!" said the doctor. "I don't do this for pay, only because I love children like you do."

The governor then went out into the sitting room, and he and Mrs. Vivian

looked at each other. A piece of news paper was laying on the floor and stepping the soldier's out side the governor picked the paper up and glanced over its contents.

"It's only a severe gash, caused by the piece of wood, that fell on her head. She can be able to get up to-morrow, but I'll come every day to dress her wound."

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"Up gracious girls!" He gasped. "Here is the whole story of the battle with the child rebels in Andromeda."  
 The two women looked at him and then at each other in a moment.  
 "Read it. Read it." cried Violet's mother. "We like to hear how the battle raged." The governor proceeded to read the battle. First he sat down on a beautiful couch, and when the others sat down, he read as follows:

The child rebel leaders Angelina Arenburg, and Lina Zimmermann were furious when they learned that the Glandelinians refused to comply with their demands, and made a series of furious assaults, on a long line of factories, which seemed impossible to carry. The conflicts were cruel and sanguinary, and raged for hours with indescribable fury. Charges were numbered by the hundred. And the factories were taken and retaken over and over again. Zimmermann took the factories she attacked, but suffered terrible loss, and in making six assaults on another main line of slave houses, in which both sides fought with indomitable courage, she was killed, her heavy losses having resulted in every one of the six assaults. Over Zimmermann's death, the assaults were repulsed, and the Glandelinians retook the factories. Zimmermann had recently captured. The line of factories first attacked made the stoutest resistance, though time and again Arenburg's rebels threw heavy assaults upon them, the rebel grenadiers bombarding the factories with seven hundred green grenades. For seven hours and a half, the whole region was made to tremble by the thunder of more than 1,700 grenades. The terrible destruction caused by the grenades was impossible to describe. The walls of the factories were broken and streams of grenades found their way inside the factories, killing many of the men and setting the buildings on fire. Time and again the child rebels swept on in fearful fearful charges in the face of a fearful fire of their enemies guns, and assaulted the factories with indescribable fury. The struggle was fearful and more fearful was the loss, but at last time for sunset the child rebels were terrified and discouraged by their terrible losses were driven back, at every point, all the factories not burned by the rebels were retaken, and the fiercest conflict, ever fought in the child labor rebellion was won by the Glandelinians. The combined losses on both sides in killed wounded and captured was about 365,000.

The greatest losses were among the children no over three hundred thousand (300,000) were engaged with the soldiers and child labor masters and other Glandelinians.

The Angelinian governor, and Hansen looked at each other.  
 "I feared it would come to that," said Hansen. "But these children were indeed brave to dare such a kind of conflict with the Glandelinian soldiers."

"Well they must have their way," said the governor. "But how about these little angels in the cage? Won't they be surprised when they do recover and find where they are?"

"I should say they will," remarked Hansen looking at the clock.

"But it is time for us to go to bed, isn't it?"  
 The Angelinian governor glanced at the clock and nodded. So they went to their bed rooms. In the meantime Violet and her sisters were having a horrible dream about all they had seen in the child labor factories just before the burning of Andromeda. But what a surprise was in store for them in the morning.

The cause of the burning of Andromeda was soon found out by Hansen's best detectives. The way had been laid by the Glandelinians, with the aim in attention to force the child rebels out but they had not very well succeeded, though they had won the victories on Zimmermann, and Arenburg. The result that came from the burning of Andromeda was this:  
 58 "The Glandelinians who were found guilty of the deed were arrested on the charge of not only arson, but of murder, as more than 50,000 were killed and over 240,000 wounded while over 3,450,000 were rendered homeless. The number of houses destroyed were about 8,789,999 and the property losses were about to exceed \$3,450,745.

The fire would have not burned the whole city if not stopped in time but would have not only whole forest regions on fire north of it. Heavy rains and wet snow tended to suppress the conflagration so far, that the fire departments were enabled to battle successfully with the flames, and prevent the flames from spreading northward, and threaten the best part of the city.

After a whole day of the hardest work, and as night came on Jennie and Violet who alone had not been rescued by Hansen, and who was now a child slave also slunk off to bed, but first Jennie fell on her knees and prayed thus:

"Please dear Jesus, please bring me back to papa and mama. I am so lonesome and sad. Please bring uncle or my papa to my rescue. Please do. Oh please." Then she added: "Not my will but thine be done. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." She crossed herself, and scrambled into the poorly covered bed, and pulled the rough blanket over herself. The next morning when she awoke, it was very cold in the house, and she said her prayers, as she dressed herself as fast as she could. Then just as she was dressed as she was hurried into a factory again, out side the city limits of California, and made to work harder than the day before. This was an ammunition factory, and the Glandelinians in the gun rooms were singing and singing in an awfully loud voices as they worked, which tormented Jennie. It was snowing out side again and the sky was dull and gray. It was late in the morning when the Glandelinians had their breakfast. And when they did come they were very rude to the poor child slaves especially to poor Jennie. Jennie, who suffered terribly from their cruelty, and the more deader she became, the more crueler the Glandelinians were and said untruthful words that Jennie that had not made the rooms warm enough, when it was already too warm and needed airing. After the dishes were washed they set the foremen over the children who made them scrub the floors every night after the machinery shut down, except Sunday, which of course they tried to make them do, but as the children feared it was a sin in sin they refused, saying that the cruellest death is far better than losing their souls for ever. The boss was a great terror shaver, and always spat on the floor, and then always complained that the children did not scrub it clean, and would punish them and scold them every minute, nearly incessantly.

He would not let them have any fresh air, but they got it any way at night, and when he was on duty with the rest of the child labor forces. The poor child slaves could get bread and water to eat and and to drink, once a day. Many a time they suffered from thirst. The poor children were it weekly, and the men tried other means to make them sin, but it was of no use. One day as Jennie was praying all the harder, and the more faithfully, she suddenly found herself surrounded by tall angels with beautiful dazzling white wings, bigger than the biggest bird of the world has. Among the tall angels were some of the very children she had dreamed of at Andromeda, who had also been killed by the wicked Glandelinians but dressed in such beautifully white robes that the dazzling light from them almost blinded her.

"Save us, save us from the cruel Glandelinians, or take us with you, PLEASE PLEASE OH PLEASE!" screamed Jennie throwing out her arms toward the celestial ones.

"Within two weeks, thou wilt see your father and mother again," was the answer. "And for thy faith in your cruel suffering thou shalt never be captured, and enslaved again, and instead shalt thou be placed under the greatest happiness."

Then the celestial children flung their arms toward poor Jennie, and to say one who could have seen the vision, saw the celestial ones fade away by but Jennie was left lying on the floor while the room was filled with the perfume of a million flowers. The Glandelinians who she missed Jennie that morning went to her bed room and seeing her lying prostrate by the bed strove to arouse her by shaking her roughly but of no use. One of them lifted her up and placed her on the bed, and made an examination, finding that she was in some deep happy trance, which all their shaking and pummeling could not bring her out of. Though they could not do any thing with Jennie they treated the other children worse than they did before, which made the poor children more miserable than ever, and they wept piteously for a long while, and time and again threw their arms imploringly up toward the high ceiling, begging GOD to send them their freedom if he wilt and either return them to their own country, or call them by death, and bring them into heaven. But their imploring prayers did not seem to be answered, and as they tried to be cheerful, and let God have his will. Faithful children they were indeed and if all in this story was true how gladly we would have liked to see a glimpse of the poor child slaves, and the beautiful kind hearted loving Vivian girls who were fifty times more loving and grave in manners than little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Well we are ready for them at any time," remarked one of the managers, whose name was Richard Sinter. "If they do come we will try to give them a very warm reception, warmer than they care to. ." Sputtered a major who was very impatient.

"Are they coming fast?" Asked the manager.

1000

"Get ready for them men," said Dick Slater. "Manger Hoblin, take three more of your men, and go out beyond the edge of the wood, and wait for them, but do not show yourselves until you hear."

"Very good returned Boblin with a salute.

He rapidly selected sixty of the best men, and went out, concealing his party in the thick bushes. Then captain Mark was sent out with another party, a little to one side of Roblins party, but in plain sight, on fast steeds.

"We want them to know where we are," Explains Dick, "And in fact we would like them to follow us into the swamp of they will..." A number of the men built smoke, and fired fires not far from the edge of the weed and in plain sight of the road, and people going hidden at some distance, the way to it being hard to find, and difficult to follow. Dick and a considerable detachment of the Olandellian warriors remained in hiding back of Marks suppressed camp, Mark himself going on to meet the child rebels, and show them the way inn.

THE BATTLE OF SWAMP WOOD/

THE BATTLE OF SWAMP WOOD/

before long they heard the sound of the tramping of feet, and childish shouts, and soon on a tall gallop, he sat the revolutionists. At length the child rebels appeared, who set up a shout at seeing the wicked Glanleolinians, and dashed forward, firing a volley, and Mark and his band took a hasty retreat. Into the woods the Glanleolinians went, being in plain sight, and soon hurried forward to meet the child rebels. The child rebels supposed that they were all the Glanleolinians, and pushed on into the woods with a shout. When they were well in, the wicked Glanleolinians under Mark offered serious resistance. The revolutionists made attack after attack, despite their heavy losses, and was on the point of winning, when Boblin and his Glanleolinians suddenly appeared, coming up behind the child rebels, and opening withering fire, while from the woods came Disk Slater, and were thus the combined forces, under Boblin and Mark; and at once the child rebels realized that they had been led into a trap. However they fought with the fury of desperation, and held firmly for four hours against the three combined forces, and at last so great were their numbers, that they finally won, but they were so impaired in strength, from their frightful losses, that they did not care to press their advantage, as to capture the factories, and allowed the beaten glanleolinians to go on their way. However,

Several days after this battle both sides had claimed that their combined losses were 25,000 in killed wounded and prisoners. The Reichswehr lost 16,567 in prisoners, and 2,345 in killed, with the remainder were wounded, 1,000 fatally. The total loss in wounded was only 1,939.

The next day Jennie decided to try and sneak out, and by her companion slaves some good feed. She managed to do so, but had no sooner reached the shore, when she found herself grasped by a strong arm, and before she could utter a word, she was gagged, then blindfolded, and bound hand and foot. She prayed inwardly in fright as she found herself raised onto the back of a horse. The man held her on the saddle as he sprang up behind her, and then set spurs to the horse, and dashed down the street at full gallop. It was cloudy again that day, and began to snow heavily, and a strong wind was steadily rising. As they left this city they headed for a town in the far distance, but the hills in front of the town was not yet in view, on account of the pull the snow was making, but he turned the horse up a mountain path after leaving Galvernia, as it was the shortest way to on the of the main line of child slave factories. Then they suddenly rode into a yard, attached to the child slave factories which was on a land lane close to the hidden hills. At the hall of the Olanedalinian, a rough looking fellow appeared and Jennie having been taken out, and her legs and arms unwound was led up to the room on the top floor of the prison.

It had stopped snowing for a while, but a downpour was threatening  
and hence a big child labor camp filled up far away. It was even new  
en full way, and at that height it could be seen a mile away, as the  
en full way, and at that height it could be seen a mile away, as the  
en full way, and at that height it could be seen a mile away, as the

Jennie looked out of the window, with  
left tears brimming in her eyes, and a war like spectacle was presented  
The innocent and beautiful little girl had read about such glorious  
battles in war stories, and though this was the first sight she had ever  
seen close at hand she could realize the picture of the Glandelinians.

the old sorrowful child then looked carefully around the room, and at the other room windows which were barred like those of a prison. When she flung herself wearily on a sofa, and sighed deeply, she heard the noise of the distant conflict increase. The Glandelinian boys did not appear for more than an hour and when he did appear, the rough fellow accompanied him bringing her bread and water.

"New kid." Said the Glandelinian who was an officer. "Here's your dinner, and that is all you'll get. I must lead my brave fellows against the revolutionists into action."

"Galden, I'll hold you responsible for the escape of this

"And I will hold the child get general," Answered the man called

Delden: "Or kill her if she tries." -----  
"Do not kill the child or I'll break your neck." Hastily interrupted  
"It is better to let her live than to let her die."

The young officer then retired to mount his horse, and to dash away

toward the hills. Jennie was a sensible creature, and though somewhat  
resolved to make the best of her position. She did not hesitate about  
and she said to herself;

"I may be rescued before long. For my guardian angel is always with me in any danger, and so I will bear the suffering until my release happens."

She said the grace before meals as the rough fellow retired, and then started eating. She could hear them belting the deer on the out side and having finished her meal and said her last grace, Jennie glanced out of the window again and saw that the Glandelinsians were changing their positions to repel the child's rebels in full force.

Jack Elden, which he learned loaned to Jack Evans, and the morning was well advanced as the brave child rebel leader rode away to the rescue of poor Jennie it being he who had been ambushed in the woods by Slater when on the way to the factories to rescue the peer children. He now had an idea where she was, though Jack saw could not perceive a single soldier of the Glendelins, as he rode on at a gallop. Jack often looked up the mountain side in quest of a strong shepherd, who may give him some information, but he could not even see a sheep grazing on the snowy sides of the slopes, as there was no grass. It was then getting cloudy, and Jack feared that it would snow, before many hours passed. Jack rose fearfully, until he reached the path, a landing up to the lime ore child labor factories, when he detected some fresh foot prints in the deep snow. The cunning child rebel dismounted to examine the prints carefully. Jack then mounted again, to ride up the sloping hill, keeping a careful watch ahead, as he muttered:

...the Vivian Girl to , and that

to ride up the steeping hill, keeping a close watch on the situation. He muttered:

"There's one place, they could have taken the Vivian Girl to, and that is these child labor factories. They may be there."

He then took the horse back to the barn and, as he was about to lead him back to the top of the hill, he was thoroughly convinced, that he had made a great discovery. Not caring to show himself openly, the cunning boy rebelliously secured the horse to a tree back from the path, and he stole cautiously toward the line of factories, just as he began to fall again and increase. As he moved from bush to bush he kept his eyes well closed. Jack could not see a single person moving around the child labor factories, but yet he approached at an cautious distance. It was here that he was haunted by ghosts or witches. He succeeded in reaching a small stable, at the back of the factories, when he looked around carefully. He wanted to get a peep at the windows in the front. A high wall surrounded the factories and several trees grew at the back, and front. Jack stole around to the front, and climbed up into one of the trees, when he at once noticed the barred windows at the left corner of the child labor factories.

He was watching the windows, with eager eyes, when he was startled, by hearing rough voices below him.

"Come down you rascal," cried the voice. "Or I'll put a lead of shot into you."

The startled boy looked down, when he at once recognized the fellow known as Delden. Jack knew the man. The fellow was over seventy, but he was still active and muscular, and he had the reputation of being a perfect brute, when excited to anger. The man pointed a gun at Jack, until he reached the ground, when he seized the boy by the neck, and dragged him to the back of the factory. Jennie was reeling she hastened to the window in time to see Jack, her best friend, seized, and dragged away. Delden dragged the boy into a small kitchen, at the back of the factory, and the big fellow was searching for a piece of cord to strap the prisoner's arms, when he received a severe blow on the head. Jennie's attention was then attracted, to the road, and she covered fields below, where the child rebels were displaying out on the open grounds, below the range of hills, held by their enemies, who were about to give way before the desperate onslaughts of the child rebel armies. She could tell, some how, that the falling snow, had not reached the battle fields as yet, and she could see them plainly. In the meantime Delden was a little staggered by the first blow, but he warded off the second with his gun, and he struck back at Jack. Jack darted aside to escape the blow, and he then closed on the fellow to strike him with the heavy pistol again on the arm, when the gun fell from his grasp, and it exploded as it struck the hard floor. Delden, fell on the floor with blood streaming from his face, but he was not as badly hurt as he feared. Jennie was still eagerly watching the movements of the child rebels, who were pressing the enemy steadily back, when she heard the explosion of the pistol. She did not believe that Jack was shot, but she hoped not. She then listened eagerly, and soon heard footsteps ascending the stairs.

"Where are you Jennie dear?" cried Jack, as he reached the landing.

"Here we are, brave little soldier boy," Jennie answered, as she darted to the door and knelt on it. Jack drew back the bolts on the door and entered. They were standing inside the door of the room, and gave a start as they heard, the roar of the distant battle increase in resounding fury. They were about to go out.

"Don't you budge or I will pepper the two of you," cried Delden as he dashed up the stairs, with a pistol in each hand, and with the face covered with blood.

"Back in there with you children, and you Jack, shall be strung up tonight, you young puppy," Jennie was fearfully startled, when the rough blood stained keeper appeared before them, at the head of the stairway, with a pistol in each hand, and her first impulse, was to draw into the room. Then Jack hugged the door on his enemy, as he whispered to Jennie:

"He is mad enough now to my murder the two of us, and eat us without suit."

Delden the keeper sprang forward on the instant to secure the bolt on the cut side of the door, and he chuckled aloud, in a fiendish manner as he said:

"I've got the pair of you fast now, and I'll lash the life out of you Jack, before you are strung up on the gallows. T..."

The prisoner did not reply, as they did not care to invite the passionate rascal into assaulting them in their helpless condition. Tears mastled across Jennie's eyes, as she ran to the window to gaze on the making a thick pall so they could not see a great distance, but they could hear the noise of the conflict on each side, and they knew by the manner of the bullets roar, that the retreat had long begun, and that the enemy were now fleeing, closely pursued by the revolutionists. They saw perceived a small body of Glandelinians riding up the mountain side with general Gladlin dashing along in advance with his shoulder and hot white with snow. It was larger flakes again and coming heavier, than ever.

"I fear Jack," said Jennie. "I fear our enemy is coming to take us away from here. Oh would that you could escape, to inform papa, or my uncle or the child rebels where I am."

"I'll try it with my guardsmen angels help," responded Jack bravely, as he glanced out at the snow, and the Glandelinians.

"Anyway that means a rope for my neck, if I don't make off."

"Have you thought of a plan Jack?" asked Jennie.

"Not a one dear Jennie, but sure I'll trust in Almighty God, and the guardian angel, when the rascal comes. This pistol is heavy and it will give a good crack when I hit away with it." And the brave boy hid his weapon inside his coat pocket. The Glandelinians rode into the yard and they all dismounted to water their horses and to refresh themselves, in the kitchen. The snow was now falling in a regular blizzard, and the wind was blowing a gale whirling it in clouds.

Jack took a stand at the door and bent his head to listen eagerly and he whispered to Jennie:

"We will both try together, to make a dash when they come to open the door. I'll engage to slunk the regus of a keeper, with the crack of my pistol."

"I will try it Jack, but don't you keep back with me if fortune only favors you," said Jennie. "Then go and tell papa or the child rebels in whose power I am an in."

"I will do that dear little Jennie but we may get off together if we were once mounted on their steeds, and I had my eyes on the nags as they ride up."

"Try what you can do as you are in great peril here my brave boy friend, but don't halt for me if we fail. Oh they are coming now!" said Jennie.

"See that the rope is strong, Delden," cried general Gladlin, cut in the hallway. "And we will make short work of the young spy."

"It would hang an ex," was the brutal reply of the keeper, as he drew back the bolt. "And I premised the young spy that I would thrash him nearly to death before he was strung."

Jack took a position behind the door, as the brutal fellow opened it, and then out darted to the young hero, to strike the villain a crushing blow on the head with the heavy pistol. Even while striking the blow Jack was darting out the door, and he raised the weapon to strike general Gladlin. Then out darted Jennie, while Jack tried to seize the officer by the legs to make him fall, while he yelled in a frenzy, to the Glandelinians:

"Seize the child but slay the spy."

Jack gave the officer one sharp blow in the face, and he then darted to an open window, at the back of the factory crying:

"This way Jennie and jump for it."

Three of the Glandelinians were then ascending the stairs, and one of them fired a pistol shot at the daring boy. The bullet missed him and cut the flesh on Jennie's cheek, and out spurted the blood, while the brave boy darted out of the window, and landed on the soft ground beneath, as he called:

"Follow me Jennie if you can."

Jennie could not follow as general Gladlin had closed her arms as he yelled angrily:

"AFTER THAT YOUNG RASCAL! AND DON'T SPARK HIM..."

Jennie was trying to keep a handkerchief over the wound, but the Glandelinians would not let her. Jack dashed into the stable yard, and made straight for Gladlin's charger yelling:

"I'LL TAKE YOUR HORSE CRAZY GLADLIN, AND I'LL BE A GINNER IF YOU'LL YOU'OL EVER RIDE HIM AGAIN."

Leading the steed to the road he sprang on, turned him to the gate, while out from the kitchen rushed several Glandelinians. Drawing Jennie to the window, and still clasping her arms general Gladlin and the others looked out and yelled:

"AIM HIGH AT THE LITTLE CHARGER! AND DON'T HIT MY HORSE. MOUNT AND PURSUE THE FINDER! AND AIM HIGH AND WELL."

Several bullets whistled close to the little hero's head, as he dashed out of the yard and one of the bullets did hit him in the back. But it only hit his shirttail, and he would have surely been killed had it not been for them, though he did receive a painful wound.

Fourty of the Glandelinians sprang on their horses to give chase. Tivies Jack made straight for a pasture, as the crowd flies, paying no atony attention to the snow, which flew in his face, the boy forgetting in his excitement, that he was dashing toward a point of the hill, where there was an abrupt fall of one hundred eighty feet, to an open plain below. Giving Jennie in charge of one of the Glandelinians general Gladlin dashed down to mount a horse and to ride in pursuit as he yelled:

"WE HAVK THE LITTLE DEMON NOW! AND HE WILL DOON BE LUNG."

Jack did not notice the point on the mountain he was making for until he was well in an ugly trap.

Jack was so bristling with excitement, that he thought of only making straight for the pasture, and he was laughing at the pursuing Glandelinians, when he discovered that he was riding straight to the brow of the hill. Jack cast one glance back at his feet, who were almost hidden in the pall of snow and he then looked toward the battle field, as he muttered:

"To cause the rescue of the little girl I must get to the army of child rebels even if I have to fly there."

He drew forth the pistol and struck the spirited charger a smart blow on the side. As it was not loaded, he could not fire at his pursuing enemies, and on the edge of the steep fall dashed the daring boy yelling back defiance at his unarméd pursuers. Jack struck the spirited charger again, as they went on the bank of the steep fall, and he tightened his grip, on the bridle as he muttered a prayer for swift aid, and they plunged out into empty space, and went down, swiftly down down, down, went the gallant charger, and the fearless boy. The boy was still clinging to the splendid charger as the horses struck the soft surface of a deep snow drift, and here and rider, rolled over on the snow. Jack flung himself forward, and landed on his feet, when he turned to look at the struggling charger, and then up at the fall. The gallant charger struggled to his feet, and snorted and shook himself, as he moved on ward without difficulty. Then taking the reins of the bridle, he sprang on the good horse again, and urged him down the mountain side at full speed.

"FIRE AT THE IMP." Yelled general Gladlin from the half-girt slave. The Glandelinians blazed away with their muskets but the bullets missed him, and Jack only laughed at them, as he dashed down the steep, and rugged path from the plateau. After reaching the foot of the mountain, Jack drew up to rest the charger, and he looked around in vain, for some friendly horsemen who could dash back with him and rescue the little Vivian Girl.

Then on dashed the boy at full speed, swooping across the snow covered fields and into the road like a nap of death.

#### THE BATTLE OF VIRGINIA FORD.

Annie Arenburg, (not angelina, arenburg), was advancing with with a large force of boy rebels, all over eighteen years old and armed with bayonets, when she was startled by the loud clatter of her feet, and Jack to her utter amazement, dashed up to her, and said:

"The Glandelinians under general Gladlin are coming away with one of Governor Vivian's daughters, to the upper Via Virginia Ford, toward Galverinia. Go to her rescue Annie, for her sake. I tried to rescue her, but I got captured for the attempt, and had to break jail to get away."

"How many of them are there?" Asked Annie Arenburg.

"Not more than forty will tell. They had her in the old factory on the mountain."

"FORWARD." Was the command and Arenburg's force was seen dashing along by the river side, Jack riding on the charger, alone side of his superior Annie Arenburg who spurred on calling calling to her boys to hurry on and to her horsemen to put on their best speed. Jack told her of his adventures on the hill. It was over two miles to the ford, but the child rebel army fairly flew along, as if on wings. The snow was falling faster than ever now, as they drew near the ford which was shut out from Arenburg's view by a sharp bend in the river. Jack was still dashing ahead and he was the first to catch a glimpse of the ford which was almost obscured by the white pall of the falling snow.

"They are crossing, they are crossing, a good sized army of them." He cried to Annie Arenburg.

General Gladlin was then in advance of his men, with Jennie in his arms and followed by the rough keeper. The Glandelinian officer was close to the back of the child rebels dashed around a bar band of the road, and yelled back:

"Sur on Glandelinians, and make a dash for the wood. Delden look to the prisoner."

Jennie sent forth a cry of joy, as she saw the child rebels dash along the road, with Jack in the lead. The three foremost Glandelinian riders in the ford struck the bank far ahead of the others, and the new furious rebels were then over fifty yards away, and opened a withering fire upon the Glandelinian fugitives, and over seventy of the horsemen fell from their saddles to be swept along in the deep ice cold water. The others wheeled about as if panic stricken, and then dashed back toward the bank they had left, delivering a return fire.

"Dash after the Glandelinians, and cut them down." Cried Annie Arenburg to her soldiers. "And Jack and I will rescue the Vivian girl." The boys dashed into the ford, and Jack and Arenburg sprang on furiously after the prisoner. General Gladlin with Delden and the fair prisoner were then dashing toward the edge of the wood, and the Glandelinians turned to look back on being thus challenged. There was suddenly an irregular fire on every side which extended from one part of the ford to the woods, which soon faded away to the right and increased incessantly to the left wing, which gave evidence that a general engagement was on. Then suddenly an overwhelming force of 3,000 Glandelinians under Jenkin, known as Smash-In-The-Head, during in his services in the Glandelinian war, rode up yelling like demons and attacked the force under Arenburg with all the ferocity, they could assume, surrounding a lad called Bob with his entire force and taking him and then as prisoners. Arenburg having 6,789 boys with her by being reinforced by another girl leader stood her ground against the onslaughts of her enemies with great stubbornness, mowing down scores of the Glandelinians, while Jack with his cavalry force of girl rebels, after a bloody fight succeeded in escaping. A hundred and fifty nine of the Glandelinians pursued Jack and his dwindled force furiously, as he and his troop of girls made for the river, but they all recognized general Gladlin's favorite charger, and they did not wish a pistol shot at the brave boy, though they occasionally opened a heavy fire at his feet for fear of girls. Jack faced the charger into the ford, and spurred across across yelling at the top of his voice:

"Come back. Come back, boys and stand to your leader, for she is attacked by heavy numbers of the enemy. Hurry or it will be too late."

The boys were then pursuing the beaten and scattered Glandelinian horsemen, but some of them had seen the large force of Glandelinians dashing out of the wood, at their girl general, and signals were given for all to hasten back to the ford. Jack met them as he rode out of the river, and he cried:

"Load your guns and pistols boys, and prepare for hot work." Arenburg is heavily attacked, Bob is taken, and the result is getting serious."

"Bob is taken?" Gasped Brad. "Well it will be queer if we do not take him from the Glandelinians again no matter about the odds against us. Forward boys to the rescue."

Shouts of rage rent the air as the boys dashed to the river after Jack, followed by the soldier girls, but every boy and girl drew up on the bank to load their carbines and pistols. Jack could see them, could see that the Glandelinians under General Gladlin were retreating into the woods with their child prisoner, and that general Gladlin and the rough keeper were able to mount their horses again while the 3,000 Glandelinians drew up in long lines. Though out numbering the rebels over the river general Jenkin did not wish to give them battle or to wait to see the determination in their eyes when they crossed, but the rebels pursued ever so fast that the battle could not be avoided, but after a sanguinary conflict of four hours the Glandelinians were beaten with two thousand lost and routed with Bob retaken besides 800 prisoners.

On through the afternoon rode the flying routed force of Glandelinians with the snow falling in swirling clouds and after them swept the child rebels pouring in a continuous fire. General Jenkin drew up his ragged weary force on the outskirts of a village, and when the demoralized fugitives of the proud Glandelinian army were huddled in cottages and shed houses to escape the furious rebels and the terrible blizzard. The few prisoners were taken into a farm house near the road side, when General Jenkin glared fiercely at poor Jennie. Then he took a prayer book away from her, and flung them into the fire on the broad hearth. General Jenkin had seized a poker to press it into the blazing fire, when one of the boy prisoners made a dash at him, and gave him such a kick in the back, that he nearly hurt his feet, the angry rebel crying:

"TRAKHROUS BLODDHEDD. YOU YOU ARE W-W-W-WORSE T-T-T-T-TAN SATEN H-H-H-H-HINSKLE. T-T-T-T-TAXE (1) THAT FOR T-T-T-T-T YOUR LUCK." The force of the kick sent the general flat on the blazing hearth and the two Glandelinians guarding Jennie sprang forward to drag him out of the flames. But not until he had received some severe scratches on the face and hands. Other Glandelinians rushed into the kitchen on hearing the cry, and the boy prisoner was seized as he attempted to escape by dashing out of the window. The boy was dragged out in the pelting snow, Jennie protesting in vain with captain base, guardian angel against the cruel injustice of putting a prisoner to death in this way.

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"General Jensen stood inside the doorway of the house nursing his burns, as he cried aloud:

"That big tree near the gate will do Dalden. You yourself or string him up and make a sure job of it."

The Glandelinians as it was getting dark from the heavy storm clouds held up lanterns to work by, and the hot sun had the men around his neck, with the loose end of the rope dangling over a strong limb of the large shade tree.

"Up with the scamp at once." Cried Jensen. "I'll see why the reason he will kick me and-----"

Crack, crack, crack, crack.

Crack, crack, crack, crack.

Crack, crack.

Crack, crack, crack, crack.

So sounded the volley of thirteen shots. Just as Dalden was about to pull on the rope, and a disorderly stampede occurred.

"The child rebels are on us. The child rebels are on us." Were the cries heard, as the terrified fellows fled from the village, their officers calling on them in vain to form, and resist in the enemy. Then alone the road dashed 100 of the boy rebels. The boy prisoner was standing under the shade tree with the ugly rope around his neck, and though surrounded by merciless enemies before he was now surrounded by his comrades, hundreds of others arriving and surrounding the farsha so attacking the Glandelinians who had stayed to resist the boys, several of the men who failed to escape, were themselves dragged out of the house and strung up in short order. As one of the boy leaders stepped at the door, an orderly addressed him with instructions to retreat at once, and to bring up and guard the rear of the flying fear foot soldiers, pushing out of the village, for manager Arenburg with his great force of Glandelinian soldiers and citizens were coming in forced marches to catch them and put a stop to the rebellion.

"I will obey the order," said the rebel leader. To his orderly and off they went.

General Gaddan though defeated twice still had Jennie with him and meeting Arenburg turned Jennie over to him. In the meantime Badmans with seventy of his caverly men determined to sneak over to a place where it was known that many younger children were kept by the rebels, and also see if the rebels were still guarding them. Putting on their uniforms they set out and started on their long way toward the once they wished to kidnap, and toward a certain bridge made out of boats crossing a creek. Crossing the creek, they quietly rode on toward the place of their intention. After three hours of traveling they snatched up to the place. They approached some sentries, and also saw some children who were playing and aside the line of sentries, and as no one else seemed about, they determined to kill the sentries and carry off all the children that was in the place.

"Dismount a score of the men." Said Badmans to his general aid called Gadden. "Force the place and seize every child you find I'll attack the line of sentries. Forward." He added to the rest of the men. Gadden quickly picked out a score of men, while Badmans taking the rest along hurried on to assail the sentries, which numbered about fifty. Gadden made a dash with his men and surrounded the house in a few moments. Then he made a rush for the front door, and sent it and a boy rebel flying, the rebel having attempted to belt it but not being quick enough for Gadden. Gadden rushed in followed by a half a dozen lively Glandelinians, and at the same moment the rest made their way in the rear and clubbed down the boy rebels with their bullet muskets. Two little boys were found in the place and promptly seized, and bound, while a couple of little girls tried to get into a big chest and were promptly hauled out, and strangled cruelly to death. The two boys were taken away along with some boy prisoners. Then Gadden rode after Badmans who had killed all the sentries and captured the rest of the children. The arrival of the Glandelinians created a diversion. He saw boy rebels were in the place, but there were numbers coming, attracted by the rapid firing, and Badmans mounted his cruel Glandelinian Glandelinians took his child prisoners, and hurried away having made a successful raid on the revolutionists, even if he did not care to keep it up.

"King Precille and King Saten forever." Shouted the cruel Glandelinian Glandelinians as they rode away at a gallop. "Down with the followers of Christ. We will come back as soon as we can and get more children." Roared Badmans, and all the Glandelinians laughed heartily.

# CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

## JENNIE IS STILL A CAPTIVE.

"Not a bad morning's work on men!" Asked their leader as they all went swarming away at full full speed.

"Not at all." Answered one of the Glandelinians. "These other

SEEN IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED FIVE.

# CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

## JENNIE IS STILL A CAPTIVE.

"General Jensen stood inside the doorway of the house nursing his burns, as he cried aloud:

"That big tree near the gate will do Dalden. You yourself are straining him up and make a sure job of it."

The Glandelinians as it was getting dark from the heavy storm clouds held up lanterns to work by, and the hat seen had the noose around his neck, with the loose end of the rope dangling over a strong limb of the large shade tree.

"Up with the scamp at once," cried Jensen.

# CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

## JENNIE IS STILL A CAPTIVE.

"Not a bad morning's work when?" Asked their leader as they all went dashing away at full full speed.

"Not at all." Answered one of the Glandelinians. "These other pig-headed child rebels who will be coming will likely remember it. I'll warrant."

"And they thought that they had the children well protected." Laughed Pedemanns. "I think that they will change their minds now." The Glandelinians rode on at a full speed, and at last came in sight of a railroad and a railroad station. THEY WAITED FOR A TRAIN, and when it pulled in they got on bringing the prisoners with them. After riding for an hour they reached Calvernia and when also the station was reached they got off, taking the prisoners with them. Then they took a trolley trolley that ran to the factory houses on the outskirts of Calvernia, near or within sight of the great Dell-Mell-Tell-Mell prison used for criminals by the Angelinians. The children were then cruelly slain, and Jennie was brought to the poverty row factories. Reaching the steps they went up taking Jennie with them, and when she was led away to be placed at hard labor the Glandelinians left grinning like fiends, who were happy over a lost soul. Though poor Jennie was beaten all that day without mercy and as the Glandelinians tried to force her to turn from God, they only became more righteous, and obstinate against the wicked commands of the Glandelinians, and though her she yearned for her parents, and for freedom. She did so, long to feel her father's arms around her once more. But as she was among the human demons, no one loved or pitied her now, and the wicked Glandelinians took no notice of any of the poor child slaves, and nearly every hour cuffed and teased them, while the Glandelinian foremen made them work harder than they had ever done before. Hundreds of the children were still very young, to have to be bearing this sorrow, so great, the grief of being kidnapped, and the near unbearable misery of being hated, always abused, and the parting from their dear parents. The poor children did try to please their cruel masters, in everything that was not wicked, to wait on them in every way, to be patient and winning, with all their enemies, and done everything they asked except sinful duties. Their dear innocent hearts went up in fervent prayer to God, and our Blessed Virgin Mary, but when the children were ever caught at prayer the Glandelinian masters, would be down upon them like a thunderbolt. One the first day she came there one of the foremen handed Jennie a heavy bucket and ordered her to get some thick tar from the vats, and threatened to punish her severely if she was long in getting it. Jennie ran forward hastily, and took the heavy bucket, as she gazed up into the face of the Glandelinian with so wistful a look that it could have touched hearts of stone.

When the poor little girl arrived at the vat it was really indeed a pathetic sight to see the brave little girl's hands made to draw the bucket out of the vat after she had put it in. Her curly golden hair was thrown back showing the pale face with its touching delicateness, of her hard and almost useless effort to do the fearful task, which was indeed really above her strength, though she was a strong child little as she was. It seemed as if the bucket would never be drawn up but at last with a painful struggle which sent a deep flush all over her angelic face, she managed to draw it out, and turned toward the machine room fairly staggered forward under her heavy burden which was really too much for her. She was thinking sadly of her dear parents and sisters, as she continued on her dangerously slippery tar and grease on the floor, and firmly holding the heavy bucket with both hands.

It was so heavy that she had to set it down, and rest a score of times, and when fifteen minutes passed, she was still a good way off from her destination. White scared and trembling in every limb, and eyes full of despair she soon got to the place, to face the blind fury of the cruel but handsome looking Glandelinian.

"You had good for nothing little christian girl." He very fairly screamed. "I told you not to be long in getting that tar, and of course you took twenty minutes in coming back with that light little bucket, you useless lazy little scamp, who cannot fetch some tar for me without taking all day about it. I shall should like to know what good you useless christian children are in this nice country of Calvernia, and what you will do ever do to escape the most cruellest suffering, I'll put you to."

"Oh please sir. Oh please forgive me." She cried clasping her small trembling hands in supplication. "I could not hurry with that heavy buck bucket, without slipping of the slippery floor, and spilling the tar. I could not help being slow, and I tried to hurry, but it was too heavy." She added with a sick shaking sob.

"Don't lie to me you little shrimp." Stomped the Glandelinian giving Jennie such a blow with the flat of his hand that she was sent sprawling against a table. "You can't make me believe that this bucket was too heavy, for you to carry, you lazy beggar. Go to the machine room this minute, and stay there until I call for you again to do something else. I'll make you suffer a cruel death for this within two days."

"Oh sir, please, please, oh please forgive me." Pleaded Jennie beseechingly, clinging to his gray uniform coat, but he pushed her away angrily, and with a breaking heart, and badly scared, and with her hand bleeding from a cut, which she got, when knocked against the table, she went sobbing upstairs, and with a piteous scream followed by a moan she flung herself down on the floor beside a machine in the bitterness of her despair, the Glandelinians forcing her to her feet, and compelling her to work, the Glandelinians laughing at her until tears came to their eyes.

"Oh/ Oh. Oh. Have none of you any pity for me at all." She moaned in a very look of sorrow in her eyes, which made her look awfully pathetic. "I surely did you Glandelinians no harm, and still you laugh at me. Surely surely Dear Jesus I know you would surely rescue me if you would. Oh then grant me, and deliver me from this prison by release or death. Come to me Dear Jesus, and comfort me in my distress. For an hour she enslaved there, having said the prayer silently the Glandelinians being delighted in their sorrow, and looked at her scornfully as she called longingly for her friends, and parents, relief from the Infant Jesus for help in her awful longings and loneliness. At last she heard a step and looking up as she raised her head from her arms saw a handsome boy approach her, the Glandelinians showing great respect for him. He was a spy of the child rebels and ordering the men out of the room he went over to her telling her not to speak over a whisper, as he did not want the Glandelinians to know what he would say to her. He felt sorry for the poor desolate little girl, gave her some nice lunch bound up her bleeding hand, with his clean handkerchief, and sat down by her to talk to her in whispers.

For an hour or two they sat together in conversation. The boy greatly averted at Jennie's innocence and goodness gave her an account of himself and inquired if he could be of any service whatever to her. Jennie shook her pretty golden head sadly, and made no reply. The good gentle boy was not however easily discouraged, and knowing from her name, that she belonged to the Angelinian governor he simply asked her in a kind way if she was an Angelinian catholic?

"I'm not an Angelinian, though I live in that country, but I'm a catholic." Was her sobbing reply, as the large tears rose to her eyes. "I am an Abbeisannian by birth, being born in Pandern Abbeisannia." "Oh I see." Answered her friend, who on hearing his name realized that he too was an Abbeisannian. "But my dear little girl." He continued, in a still gentler voice. "You seem so sad. Have you no friends, no christian friends here?" "Not one friend except you." Was the mournful reply. "Not a soul but you to care for me in this city."

"How do the glandelinians treat you?" "The Glandelinians are just as bad, and as bitter to me as ever, and they laugh at me in my distress. I wish the Abbeisannians would drive the Glandelinians out of Calvernia." The tears flowed more freely than before, and she could not keep from weeping again.

The next day a little girl became convulsed at one of the machines and fell to the floor in a terrible spasm. Jennie and Jack had sat listening to howling wind outside when suddenly they started to their feet aroused by a sound to which they knew well, the sound of the child who had fallen by the machines gasping from a sudden attack of cramp with which that poor child was frequently troubled with during the winter months, of the Calvernian country. Its always summer in the country of Angelinia and Abbeisannia.

"If we could only help her sobbed Jennie, with pity as she and the boy ran to the suffering child, and watched the terrible convulsions, and suddenly her wish seemed to be granted for the moment."

END IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED EIGHT.

### CHAPTER THIRTY THREE.

#### THE TYPHOON.

through the whole room far above even the deafening roar of the machinery, like some happy cry of an angel she fell back dead.

"Oh please sir. Oh please forgive me." She cried clasping her small trembling hands in supplication. "I could not hurry with that heavy buck basket, without slipping of the slippery floor, and spilling the tar. I could not help being slow and stupid as I was." She said.

consequently troubled with during the winter months, of the Glandelinian country. Its always summer in the country of Angelina and Abbeonina.

"If we could only help her sobbed Jennie, with pity as she and the boy ran to the suffering child, and watched the terrible convulsions, and suddenly her wish seemed to be granted for the spasms ceased, and raising herself convulsively from the hard floor, the dying child stretched her arms to Jennie and Jack, with a pleading look ever spreading her face which was also sweet, becoming very piteous, and beseeching. "What is it little girl?" Asked Jack bending eagerly toward her, to some of the Glandelinians hearing the convulsions approached then.

"I want to see God." She said with a yearning look that wooed Jennie.

"And you shall see him soon." Sobbed Jennie.

Although the dying child was a stranger, Jennie had as much pity as she would for her own sisters, if one of them were dying.

"Are you really sure?" Whispered the child in a faint whispered voice, gazing up into Jennie's face with a mere pleading look than ever.

"All baptized children see the face of God for ever and ever in heaven but I I'm not baptized. I was captured when I was a little baby and before my parents could have me baptized."

"Oh my God." Gasped both together. She is not baptized.

Go Jennie. The boy cried. "Fetch some water from the sink quick."

"But by Satana's name you will not baptize her, and you say is a spy."

Reared the leader of the Glandelinian foremen. "We don't want her to see heaven, righteousness or not, and truthfully we tell you, she shall not or I'll know the reason why. Baptize her and she will die in the most horrible torture ever meted out to humans."

"Oh Jack reberts, oh Jack," sobbed Jennie wringing her hands in passionate sorrow, the men ever yonder though I begged and begged, won't let us get any water. You see they are standing by the sink armed with their guns. If we risk our lives it would only make the child more helpless, and really lost. See. See the spasms are returning. Oh God of Mercy have pity."

The dying child was once more in fearful convulsions and her incessant suffering unbearable, and struggling to stop the strangulation was terrible to witness.

"Oh mother of Sorrows. Oh Mother of Divine Love. She will die unbaptized. Oh the poor dear dear little girl." Sobbed Jennie in an agony of pity. "Oh God Please pity her."

"I don't believe so." Said Jack suddenly drawing nearer to the suffering and strangling child as he remembered what was said about baptism. Then before the Glandelinians who dashed forward could prevent him he drew a small bottle of Holy Water, from his coat pocket, and took out the glass stopper. Then he bending over the little dying child Jack sprinkled the water on her forehead or brow, to the blinding rage of the approaching Glandelinians, pronouncing at the very same time, as Jennie made the sign of the cross on the child's forehead, and which won for her the fluttering soul eternal life.

"I baptize Thee, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

As the Holy water touched the child's brow the convulsions ceased instantly, the shrieking which had also been unbearable, also ceased, and when the sign of the cross she had learned to love so well was imprinted there a smile of unutterable happiness lit up the child's face, while by her side but being invisible to Jennie and Jack, an angel of unutterable beauty, appeared suddenly. The angel who did not show itself, to Jennie or Jack on account of the presence of the Glandelinians here in his right hand a small white robe of dazzling brightness which he threw around the form of the dying little one who was now very happy, and saw the angel herself even if the others did not. In his left hand he carried a tiny harp, made of pure heavens gold, and a crown of dazzling white lilies. The child's dark blue eyes no more pleading but blissful as though she understood the greatness of the gift that had been bestowed upon her were raised upward. Then turning then, with a look of tender affection upon the patient devoted little Christian friends, weeping by her side she stretched out her arms and gaze gazing up into both faces of her friends with a look of unearthly joy. The resolute lips smiled as one, who never smiled before, and the dying voice, full of melody, almost sang the words:

"Oh little girl and boy, I am at last in heaven, and with a happy cry, that resounded through the whole room far above even the deafening roar of the machinery, like some happy cry of an angel she fell back dead.

But the smile on her face stayed and she was brilliantly transfigured. The little child was cradled in the arms of our lady, and in another moment she lay on the heart of Jesus. She did indeed see God, and her yearning was satisfied at last. But by the time the child had fallen back dead, heavy hands were laid on both shoulders of the two children, and instantly they were dragged out, of the room and outside. The boy however managed to escape, but Jennie was placed among other child prisoners, to be sent off to a frightful slave house, worse than the most frightful prison.

#### CHAPTER THIRTY THREE. GO ON A SPUR.

##### THE TYPHOON

As they trudged along, a slight rising wind, rattled the leafless branches of the big trees in a thick wood, near the sea which was close to Calverine. The snow from the same snowstorm, which was still raging, blew about in silvery strokes while a strange ominous sounding roar rear, like as if it was some volcanic eruption taking place sounded in the distance to the southwest. Suddenly the wind grew stronger, and swelled into a gale. A frightful gust shook the old oaks and bent the willows, and the snow fell heavier, while heavy masses of black clouds rose from the direction of the sea, toward the zenith, and darker and darker grew the horizon in the southwest. In another minute the storm broke in its regular fury. The giant oaks of the forest snapped like straws before the glass, and clouds of heavy snow whirled through the air. The storm increased with redoubled fury, the Glandelinians and prisoners being enveloped in impenetrable darkness, and in vain did the leaders shout to all to lie flat on the ground. The words or commands could not be heard in the tremendous din of the storm, the snow whirling about in clouds filling their mouths and eyes, and hurling them down sprawling. Houses in a town near by snow, tree trunks and earth were whirled around in an indescribable chaos. Wilder and wilder blew the storm, while another frightful cyclone cyclone more dangerous than the first one that caught the prisoners and Glandelinians in its path, quickly approached from an opposite direction, moving eastward, tearing up trees and rocks in its destructive course. In the path of this second apocalyptic typhoon, which had assumed the shape of a cone, reversed moved for a time in a diagonal course, rearing most frightfully, and advanced with great swiftness, toward thirty large wooden child labor factories. The peer al was heard the deafening cannonading roar of the funnels friction with the upper storm, but before all could save themselves by fleeing to the cellars, the storm struck with a noise that resembled the end of all mankind. The funnel being two miles wide had greater strength than the first storm which had left the prisoners far behind, and rounded the factories to pieces in the short space of time it takes to tell it, and all the children either those who did succeed in reaching the cellars were killed by the swirling clouds of wreckage, thousands being mangled beyond recognizing. The storm then passed on into the distance, followed by terrific clouds of snow which for a time fell two feet an hour. The Glandelinians and prisoners reached their own destination by crawling on their hands and knees, but over 500 of them were killed before they reached the places.

Several days after the storm one of the Glandelinian leaders made orders that that a sun kind of lotin that saves people from dying, but not from pain should be rubbed on Jennie's body, and to throw her into a furnace, for she was to suffer this pain for saving that unbaptized child. They told the man who was to do the punishing, that Jennie was to suffer this once every day. The torments had now passed off way out of sight, but the black under layer of clouds still remained unbroken, and the snow was falling in increasing thickness. Informed that Jennie was a Catholic, who had saved a child from everlasting darkness by baptism, and that she always refused to renounce or abandon her religion, he said angrily to Jennie: "Do you know that a law has been always subsisted throughout this whole country of Calverine, for every one even christian prisoners to be put to death when they refuse a religion that is against us?" Jennie said nothing just then and he continued: "You will be forced to kiss love and adore the beautiful gods we adore and all these who refuse will die!"

Jennie still said nothing, and the Glandelinians continued: "All these who refuse, no matter if they are hundreds looking or sweet, shall be put to the worst and most punishment and death. After one year of the hardest labor!"

"If Jennie then answered:

"I know that this is your wicked and devilish command, but Almighty God is your master as well as mine, and we are bound to obey his laws. It is his command that we worship and serve him only, him therefore I will obey, and nothing not even that suffering, and death to be unfaithful. And wouldn't it be my father hears of your cruelty to me you will get yours in the end. I'm telling you this as a fair warning and not a threat, as my father or any of the authorities of Angelina can't any means trail you down to your next secret lairs and make you suffer worse torture than you can ever put to me."

The Glandelinian flew into a bitter rage when he heard these words and said angrily:

"If you still refuse we will capture your sisters, and condemn them to a cruel death."

Fear Jennie's heart sunk within her when she heard this cruel sentence. She knew what would become of them if they got captured, and knew that the Glandelinians were worse than the very fiends, and would show her sisters though their father was dangerous to the Glandelinians as every and would inflict unutterable tortures upon them.

But she answered though she was badly scared:

"God made us all to love him in this world and if I and every body served him faithfully to the end of our lives he would take us all to heaven. Our suffering would be shorter, if he wills it, despite your powerful medicine, and if death follows, then happiness with God Almighty forever."

At these brave words tears flowed down a boy's cheeks, who stood besides her. He embraced her tenderly, and said despite the guards threats and fury:

"Your sisters are just as brave as you, and would fight bravely, and fear not to die, the cruellest death for his sakes. Even if we are put to a cruel death by these butchers, we shall soon meet again, in that beautiful kingdom of heaven, where forever more there is no separation at all."

Many of the child slaves had already been put to death, for not denying their God or doing the dearest of the goblins of Calverine.

The Glandelinians now told Jennie, that if she still remained stubborn, they would also put her sisters to death, when they caught them, with knives like a butcher would a cow, when preparing it for the meat market. Jennie felt this sorrow more than ever, but though death when cruel, scared them a little she feared more to lose her soul, so she tried to be brave, and would not give up.

"No my God," she exclaimed with a pleading

look toward heaven, and clasping her hands:

"I love even my parents, and relations, and sisters dearly, but I love these still more, and willingly would I sacrifice myself or those rather than be unfaithful to them. Oh God as you guard my papa and uncle, are not afraid of these cruel Glandelinians, and neither are my sisters afraid of the short sufferings, which will procure for all true Christians eternal life and happiness. God will and does protect, and sustain us, and there, Oh ye Glandelinians our youth will guard my sisters too strongly, mine, and harm them we would not let. Oh God, you will only bring a curse upon him and your king."

Many children were taken before the noble governor Federal Johnston and commanded to worship Satan. Said the Glandelinian in a menacing manner but telling the truth, as it really did happen. "They were stubborn and refused." He went on, sternly and with gleaming eyes. "And as the governor ordered the soldiers to string them up, and slashed their bodies with their sabres until their bodies were spilled onto the ground. This was a good, and to the children are still hanging in the slaughter pen of Randome prison. So come a new and offer sacrifice to our beautiful free mason gods and wear Satan. Be no longer estimate, or stubborn, if you want to be free from these terrible place places and also escape death. If you still say you refuse I will take your best friend and have him hanged as the others. Besides I know you, the Glandelinian, will be put to death within two days for being long with the bar buckets."

[illegible]

and go to heaven he will give them more than what they have asked for. "You do not know the puns (punsishments) or had never experience ear seen t them, and if you did you would think and say a different. " Said the Glanadlinian: "If you have seen their punisments for their stubborn disobedience, you would yield. Now t you still keep an in your obstinac disobedience, you shall be put in the steam well of scalding hot water, after having that medicine rubbed on your body."

"God alone knows the grief which filled the hearts of the peer innocents, when they were taken away from their dear mothers to be slain." The bold boy remarked. "But they had the consolation of knowing that the ir death and asperation would really be but for a very short time, and that they would soon see such other again in paradise." And often the same punishments too yes impenitent young

The two prisoners along with the others, were then conducted inside the main factory, and there was a leak of triumph, on the 2 faces of the key and girl's as they were led through a hall/ which had filled machine noise on either side. With a victor. led with anger the Glendelians yelled to the shouting and screaming children inside the working rooms to keep the prisoners. Then after the glendelians tried every means to make his prisoners to turn from Usd, he found that threats and promises were alike unheeded.

the other.  
"You shall go right away, whither you want et or not." He said.  
"He officer." Said Jennie, though she was trembling like a leaf  
"I will not go at all and I don't care what you will do. The old  
religion you Glanadellians have wish we and other christians to serve  
is only a fake religion. There is really one true God and he is God  
the Father Almighty in heaven".

the Father Almighty in Heaven!

"I hate to see her, or any other christian, go to heaven:" He said to himself.

son little Jennie was brought before the great Glandelinian Judge,  
said to her sternly, and with a fearful frown,;  
What is all this I hear about some one

"I am a true little christian girl only six years old." Answered brave little Jennie, without flinching. "And I will always glory in the name of God whom I love above all things."

you are awfully foolish you are. Do you know or do you know that you have  
a year's work yourself liable to suffer a great punishment, for having  
been in this manner to me, that I am

"But brave little Jennie only answered;  
am glad, awfully glad that I am here now, standing before you all  
passing my Smith to you."

...telling me that I am here now, standing before you all  
 confessing my faith to all men. I am affluently happy because I am  
 able, with all my heart, to suffer for my God. I would like to be  
 in this world that I may be rich in heaven, and as for death I do  
 not fear it, because you will be only killing the body and not the soul.'



1644  
 Dick gave a signal for the men within the house, to return, and then went back toward the house, and suddenly discovered the fugitives running down a road in an opposite direction.

"After them men! That's the chance!" he shouted.  
 The children did not stay on the road when they discovered that they were being pursued; but ran across a cornfield, and then a field of wheat, and then a field of barley. He again detailed his men to surround them, which was still possible on account of the advantage their speedy horses had over them on foot. After a while however Dick lost track of the foot-fetters, in the deep snow, for they came to a wide but shallow track, which was frozen, and which which the children had evidently followed rather than crossed. When at length they recovered the trail, it was to find that the two children had found a pair of shoes. They followed on, and soon came to a thick growth of tangled undergrowth and this prevented the horses from going any farther. The horses were left in charge of five men, the rest of the band had been halted. Glandelinians following the trail on foot. It was a matter of patience and nerve to stick up the trail, for Jennie and Jack were covering their tracks. But Dick again went on thinking, and as he had had much experience with cleverer men, than the two little children. Just then they heard a shout from Dick, and they ran as quick as they could over the untraveled ground, to where it was standing and pointing to a foot print that showed clearly on the hard snow. A signal from the men brought some of the glandelinians to them and they spread out, examining every inch of the ground. On the way, Dick set on hands and knees, for the woods were dense and dark, going over quite a space before again coming to another footprint. In this way they went a considerable distance, but they felt sure that they were now tracking the children to their home, and would soon catch up with them. They soon heard a crackling of broken twigs, and glancing up in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of two flying creatures, who were a little girl and a thirteen year old boy.

"There they go!" shouted Sam.  
 "Flee!" shouted Dick.  
 Simultaneously came the crash of firearms but when the smoke cleared away, nothing was seen of the fugitives. It was evident however that the children were not even wounded or hit by the volley of bullets, and again they patiently sought the trail. They found it within a few minutes, much nearer than they expected. Near as bloodhounds on the scent, the glandelinians followed up the fugitives, and once were caught sight of them. This time they were in an almost opposite direction, for they had doubled on their tracks.

"Surrender or we fire!" shouted Dick.  
 But for an answer Jack waved a derisive hand, and plunged deeper into the thicket followed by Jennie. At the same time three shots rang out in succession, and three glandelinians threw up their arms and dropped flat, their muskets being discharged as they struck the ground. The glandelinians were killed by the three shots fired by Jack Penna. Dick was in a rage and ordered his men to pursue quicker. It was some moments before they caught another glimpse of the children, and this time they had put considerable distance between themselves and their pursuers. As the glandelinians saw the children they fired a volley, and Jennie was seen to stagger and fall.

With a shout the glandelinians sprang up the hill after her but it was some little time before they could reach the spot owing to a deep ravine that separated the glandelinians from the fallen child. Half falling, half scrambling down the descent, they reached the bottom, only to begin the ascent on the other side. Climbing up was harder than climbing down. On a little eminence, lay a prostrate figure apparently that of the wounded perhaps dead child. The glandelinians approached their muskets aimed in order not to be taken by surprise. In case the child was only unconscious, there was neither sound or movement from the prostrate figure, so as to the extent of the injuries inflicted. A half were creak was the only thing visible and Dick roughly raised it not knowing but that he might see a face cold and fixed in death. Instead he saw a heap of hard dried snow that the coat had covered. While the glandelinians had been crossing the ravine, Jennie had probably crawled out from beneath the cloak, presumably unhurt for there was no sign of blood about. Now the two children although knot not knowing the vicinity could have made an easy get away, on account of the dense thicket, and by putting their faith in Dick.

"There's nothing for us to do but go for them again," said Dick with great determination. "They've fooled us but we have got to get them and that's the only way to it."

1845  
 "They've fooled down the hillside." Was the quick answer.  
 Down the slope went the determined glandelinians, jumping, sliding, and punning, and across an open space below, saw moving objects, and coming.

SEEN IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED SIXTEEN.

#### CHAPTER THIRTY THREE FOUR

THE DARING ESCAPE FROM FI FORTUNE WOULD BE  
 THE BATTLE OF LAMDALE..... A TYPHOON.

144  
 1801 Dick gave a signal for the men within the house, to return, and then went back toward the house, and suddenly discovered the fugitives had done a good job of opposite direction.

"After them men, then," the parents said in a shout.

The children did not move.

122/5  
 "They've fooled down the hillside." Was the quick answer. Down the slope went the determined Mandelins, jumping, sliding, and running, and across an open space below, saw moving objects, and coming closer saw that it was the children themselves. There was a large tree in the middle of the clearing when the Mandelins had again caught sight of the children and to this they had fled, skimming up the trunk like a squirrel. It was a Christmas tree, and the foliage was so thick that the children were completely screened from view of the cruel Mandelins, who attempted to climb after them but were picked off by Jack's pistols, and they were at his mercy. Two of the wicked Mandelins had brought no axes with them in case the fugitives would climb a tree, and these two set to work at cutting the tree down. The Mandelins sprang out to catch the children when they would make a leap. As the tree came crashing to the ground, the branches knocked both Dick and Mark off their feet, so close had they been in their eagerness to recapture the two children. Others of the men sprang forward, and as the children came down with the tree, to get at a safe distance while they watched to see the place they would emerge.

But they were not to get them even then for as they saw the children, and made a dash forward, they felt something strike them, and in one instant were nearly blinded, for with a quick gesture, Jack had thrown some pepper into their faces, which got into their eyes, and started like fire on the sensitive eyeballs. Neither Dick or Mark had been hurt when knocked down by the tree, but before they had time to recover their feet Jack after blinding the Mandelins, who had come so near capturing him and Jennie, had broken away, and was standing on an eminence, waving his hand at them in a taunting farewell, while Jennie was standing by his side. Five of the Mandelins fired a volley, with great quickness, but the children dodged, and sprang lightly up the snow-covered slope, and once were disappeared. Again some Mandelins were hit as Jack returned the fire. All the Mandelins sprang up the bank, all except those, who were still nursing their eyes, and could not yet see. As Jack and Jennie continued on in their flight, they were suddenly surprised by a large party of Mandelins who at once dashed upon them, seizing the children before Jack could draw his pistol to use on them. As general Poppe met Dick, the latter said:

"You had quite a time with them I see. Who are the children any way?"

"They are escaped slaves, under the curse of Federal Johnson who is governor here. One of them the little girl, is the daughter of the Angelian governor, Robert Vivian."

"Oh, I see," said Poppe. "Well we will see that they don't escape this time. Forward boys to Pounce-Oo-Weelin."

The party of Mandelins who had beside Jack and Jennie a hundred other child prisoners were hurriedly marched across the line, the party travelling many miles before they finally halted. Here a train, composed of cattle cars, drew up at a station, and the child prisoners were sent on board, also Jack and Jennie who showed no fear, at first, until she heard where they were going. It was Jack who asked the question.

"Where are we going?" He asked of a guard at the end of a loaded car, as they started.

"Where are you going? You are going to Pounce-Oo-Weelin."

Was the harsh answer.

"Pounce-Oo-Weelin?" Gasped poor Jennie.

She had heard of the horrors of these child slave pens, now they were to experience them. This made her weep, for she could not help feel afraid.

THEY THEN thought, and by putting their faith in God.  
 "There's nothing for us to do but go for them again," said Dick with great determination. "They've fooled us but we have got to get them and that's all there is to it."

High buildings inclosing several acres of ground, all open to the sky, platforms where the sentries walked, a certain distance from the factories on the inside, a line drawn on the ground, which it was death to pass, the whole line of buildings crowded with suffering child slaves, some under rude shelters, that had been made for them, others, with only the sky to shelter them, all ragged, dirty, and half starved. Such was the child slave pens at Pounce-Corr-Woolia. Two other child slaves sat shivering in front of a wretched shelter, made of pork barrels, and cracker boxes, and covered with a bit of ragged tent cloth, and both were ragged and showed plainly the lack of proper food, or feed of any kind, and for one weary day they had lived, in this horrible place, until hope had fled.

"Jack, I guess it's my turn to go after water." Said one of the slaves, wearing a ragged dress, and old broken shoes.

"And after that?"

"Get all you can Jennie." Said Jack who wore a faded red uniform, coat and trousers, rough shoes, and a battered cap, his curly hair long, and tangled while his face was besmeared with dirt, and his hands were nearly black from constant work at smelting.

"And Jack?"

"And Jennie." Continued Jack. "Be as long about it as you can, and find out when the guard changes."

"All right said Jennie, as she went away, carrying a patched and leaky water bucket with her.

"Do you think that we will have the strength to get away with all the slaves Jack?" Whispered one of the child slaves by him.

"We must my dear little boy, we must. The longer we stay here the more impossible becomes our chance of escape."

"And the tunnel?"

"I think we have already dug beyond the factories, and are within a very short distance of the top."

For a long time Jack and several other boy slaves had been engaged, in digging a tunnel, which led from under their wretched shelter, to a point beyond the factories. Their tools had consisted of the iron hoops, taken by stealth from the water bucket they had been given, their places being supplied with strips, torn from their shirts. They were not all in it at the same time, one always being on guard on the outside. They by the power of God had dug this tunnel in one single day. When Jennie returned with the water, for there was little of it, for the spring was almost frozen, he entered the tunnel, while some of the others remained out side.

"Can't tell when the guard is changed he said to Jennie, before he had entered the tunnel tunnel.

"They have got to doing it different every night now, as as we throw us, off the track."

"You had not better dig any more at present." Said Jennie, as Jack disappeared. Before long there was heard the roll of drums on outside the factories, and Jennie arose to see the gates open and a party of soldiers enter.

"Oh good night. Some new officers appointed to take charge of the place." Murmured one of the boy slaves. "That will mean a general inspection, I suppose."

"Call Jack." Whispered Jennie.

"No, No." Answered the little boy. "It would be dangerous to do so."

The gates closed and the child slaves saw that the newcomers were making the rounds of the enclosures. Fortunately some confusion arose in another part of the enclosure at that moment, and the inspector got generally hurried away to see what it meant.

"That was a narrow escape." Said Jennie.

"Yes said the little boy. "It was indeed God's mercy."

"We must make our escape to night for the sake of these poor children, who as I heard were to be slaughtered with us to-morrow."

In another hour the sky had become quite cloudy, and in another two hours it began to snow. There being every signs of a severe blizzard, the guards were changed early, and by ten o'clock, all was still, except for the gentle hiss of the snow on the ground, as it blew about.

Here and there burned a scanty fire, for the night had turned bitterly cold, and a high northwest wind was blowing making the trees shriek and scream like some legions of ghosts in a dark graveyard. It had been snowing for an hour, but so lightly was it falling that Jennie was disappointed, for she wanted it to be a blizzard, which would enable them to escape easily. It was about eleven o'clock, the snow abating somewhat. Jennie sorrow, when the little boy whispered to his companions and the rest that it was time to try and make their escape. Jennie wanted to give up because she was disappointed in the change of the stars, but the little boy said:

"You go first Jack, and take three little girls with you, while my companions will see to the other poor little girls and boys, and I will remain to cover your retreat. Jack and the three little girls dropped into the tunnel and made their way as rapidly as possible toward the end. And the little boy remained on guard at the opening until (Maybe this would surprise you) over six hundred children had passed through the tunnel. Then he dropped into the dark tunnel, with several more little girls who were not afraid either. He crawled on his hands and knees as rapidly as possible. In a short time all the rest of them reached Jack Jennie and other three little girls, who had reached the surface it still snowing very slightly though a few bigger flakes fell on Jennie's face. After all the other children got out, Jack crawled out, and soon all were standing on the outside free. They all crept on their hands and knees for several minutes for a considerable distance, as they were still too near the factories to run any risks. If it had been snowing as hard as Jennie had wanted it at the time they would not have to fear the guards who then could not see them on account of the thick fall it would make.

"Alls well." Presently rang out a voice of one of the sentries. The fugitives presently arose and hurried on through a little stretch of woods, when they were suddenly startled by hearing a number of clattering clattering volleys which rang in quick succession.

"Our escape is discovered." Gasped Jack "Keep me in sight or we will all be lost. These Glandelinians mean no feeling."

The volleys seemed to sound from all along the sentry lines, and the bugle calls were heard summoning the guard. It was now snowing faster again mixed with hard clattering hail, and the night was very dark, favoring escape. The six hundred and twenty fugitives, ran with all their speed, not daring to speak for fear of using their needed strength. Jack kept the lead Jennie being with him, while the rest followed close behind being guided by the sound of his footsteps, for it was now snowing as hard that they could not see anything for fifty yards. On and on they sped through the flying storm of snow, and the darkness, the sound of the volleys and the bugle call stirring them on.

"Halt who goes there?"

Never pausing for an instant, when he heard that startling summons, Jack dashed on headlong. There was a sudden collision, and the boy and man rolled over in the snow. As quick as a flash Jack clutched the throat of the Glandelinian sentry, who had hailed him.

"Not a word out of you, or you are a dead man." He hissed. As he tightened his grip.

"Quick some body search him for a handkerchief, or something to gag him with." Said Jack. "Loosen his belt. We must secure him."

Guided by the sense of touch alone, they found the man's handkerchief and gagged him with it, and taking his belt bound his arms tightly to his sides.

"I see a light ahead." Said Jack/ "It must come from a house, or a station of some sort."

The fugitives hurried forward toward the direction of the light, and soon came to a little station, within which shone a dim light. Entering cautiously about twenty they saw several boys lying upon benches fast asleep, and several little girls. Three buckets were stacked in a corner, and several coats hung upon pegs driven in the wall. Securing the guns and denning some of the clothes Jack woke the sleeping children who were escaped slaves like themselves, and bounding and gagging one of the guards who had appeared at that moment they then fell upon two other men who came in on the scene, who had children with them finely dressed, and Jack forced them to change clothes with some of the child slaves. Jack hastily donned a Glandelinian uniform, throwing his own rag in a cupboard. Jennie also put on some of the new clothes, and secured a funny looking hat which she put on her head. Four other Glandelinians were also forced to change clothes with four other slaves who put them on. The Glandelinians were forced to wear the ragged clothes of the child slaves though it was a tight fit for some of them.

Several of the Glandelinian children were also forced to wear the ragged clothes of some of the child slaves, and then the fugitives went out after binding and gagging them all and locking the door with the key they had seen sticking out of the key hole.

"Hark what's that!" As if Jack suddenly.

"Pursuers." Said one of the little boys. "I heard them before and feared that they would get here before we finished stripping them."

"Get back into the bushes." Said Jack. "Here we must get this fellow out of the way."

It was the work of a few moments to conceal their prisoners behind a clump of bushes, and a the rest of the child fugitives as well. Then Jack took the captured guards' musket, and began walking up and down the road, being half blinded by the clouds of snow which whirled in front of his face. The tramp of horses was now plainly heard, while all the children concealed themselves behind the bushes.

"Halt, and give to the countersign." Cried Jack in a few minutes.

"And who goes there?"

"Friends." Called a voice. "There has been an escape of over two hundred children. Have you seen any of them pass this way?"

"No." Truthfully answered Jack, as a twinkling of lights shone through the pall of snow. The party rode on past the station, without stopping, and disappeared in the darkness and pall of snow. Then the fugitives hurried away, and all night they had journeyed on through that blinding blizzard. It was now early morning, and they had been walking all night, through the whirling snow and were anxious to rest themselves before proceeding farther. At this moment they met a force of child rebels whom they turned the fugitives over to but Jack and Jennie continued on their way, and were coming out on an open ground, when they suddenly beheld a large body of soldiers wearing yellow uniforms, and had they not been carrying the national flag of Glandelinia Jack or Jennie would not have known who they were, and would have run into danger without knowing it. As the Abbeonians generally wore the yellow uniforms Jack and Jennie had at first thought that they were Abbeonians. The men were advancing upon the right, and were several hundred feet distant. They saw the fugitives and seemed to suspect they were escaping child slaves.

"We've got to run for it." Muttered Jack, taking the lead. "There is a river frozen over with thick ice." Gasped Jennie. "Let's make for that at all speed."

Toward it as toward a haven of refuge sped the fugitives in hot haste. Several shots were fired at them, but the bullets only passed over their heads. Then a dozen men started from the ranks in the hope of intercepting them. They had the long leg of the triangle while the fugitives had the short one. Suddenly the horse man was seen to leave the head of the column and dash forward. The soldiers set up a shout, and Jack turning his head quickly saw the Glandelinians dash toward them.

"Run, Jennie Run." He panted. "I will attend to this fellow."

Whipping out his revolver he hastily examined it, halted for an instant only, and fired at the soldier. The bullet missed, and struck the horse full in the breast, and he stumbled and fell, throwing his rider headlong. And he went sprawling on his back in the deep snow. In a few moments the Glandelinian half arose and shouted something to the others. Presently two more riders left the column and spurred their steeds at full speed toward the child fugitives. The latter were within a few hundred feet of the river, and it would be cruel to be overtaken now.

"You run on Jennie, and take your chances." Cried Jack. "I will look after these fellows."

Jack ran behind Jennie, for a few yards, and then stepped as the horse men came sweeping down upon them.

"Crack, bang."

Two shots rang out and the fugitive fell. He had fallen just as the shots were fired, and was not hurt, and lying flat on the ground he raised himself slightly, and fired to two shots which were almost simultaneous, and both took effect. One horse was struck in the breast, and the other in the head, and both fell sprawling, throwing their riders. In an instant Jack was on his feet and speeding toward the river. One of the fallen Glandelinians rose to his knees and fired the bullet carrying away Jack's hat. Jack was now at the river bank Jennie a few feet ahead. On came the foot soldiers, and then another horseman took up the chase.

Jack dashed on the firm ice and plowed through the deep snow covering it, and made for the other shore, and when the pursuers were within fifty feet Jack fired his remaining pistol shots, and then drew his other gun. The enemy being much more numerous than any of the fleeing children. Two Glandelinians fell, and the others uttering yells dashed forward. Jack looked back and saw that the horse man had urged his steed on over the ice.

"Look out for that man, don't let him get too near." Said Jennie.

"Crack, Crack. Crash-h-h-h-h. Ker-plunk. The horse from his weight caused the ice to give way, and both went crashing through into the icy water. A yell suddenly followed, and half a dozen shots were fired from the bank. Fortunately they dropped just before that, or they would have been hit. A bullet cut off a lock of Jennie's beautiful hair, as she let herself drop. One of the foot soldiers was nearer to the escaping child slaves than the others, and so Jack turned and fired. The bullet struck the man in the head, and he fell with a thud, his musket flying in the air, and when dropping on the hard ice was suddenly discharged the snow sent flying in Jack's face. Jack had one more shot left in his revolver, and he was about to fire when Jennie called out to him until they neared the bank. The whirling snow was nearly blinding them, for it was now snowing more fiercely than ever, but the fugitives were bent upon their escape. Jack now turned and fired at one of the leaders. It was a well aimed shot and every thing depended upon it. The ball struck the man in the middle of the forehead and he fell up sprawling in the deep snow. In another moment the two fugitives were on the bank. Clapping five cartridges into his pistols, almost all he had, he cried:

"Go back or I'll serve you the same as your leader."

"Won't do it." Was the answer.

"Gosh here comes a lot of Glandelinians." Cried Jack.

A party of men in gray were suddenly seen scampering across an open field, and seeing the five fugitives the Glandelinians at once fired at random, and giving voice to fierce yells they dashed forward. The fugitives made for a strip of woods not more than a hundred feet distant, and reached it quickly. In a few minutes they reached a half snow covered railroad track. It was a single line road and seemed very little traveled, and as dead grass had grown between the ties, and the rails were old and rusty. Shots whistled over their heads as they stood for an instant debating on which way to turn. At a venture, they turned to the right, and dashed on for a hundred feet or more. At that instant they saw standing on the track not fifty feet distant, a large band of hands.

It had evidently been left there for a short time.

"Ah we are saved." Cried Jack leaping forward. He placed Jennie on the platform and then sprang on it himself, and gave the crank a few whirles. In an instant the car came to a downgrade, the wheels beginning to revolve with great rapidity.

"Oh Jack we are lost." Cried Jennie. "See there are enemies on both sides of the road."

Suddenly from a clump of bushes along side the tracks there rose a party of men wearing gray uniforms. As the car came rushing down the line they threw their muskets to their shoulders, and aimed at the poor children. Jack let go of the crank, drew his revolver and fired several shots. The enemy returned the volleys and bullets whistled close to their heads and one struck Jennie's ribbon and carried it away. They had a certain advantage over the Glandelinians as they were in motion and the enemy were not. From both sides of the road a fire of bullets was poured upon the fugitives, but on the car and although shots flew all about them they were not struck. Before long they had passed out of range the car still speeding onward. Then they came to a level stretch, and the speed of the car began to slacken but Jack seized the crank again and they shot forward at the rate of twenty miles an hour. There were no enemies in sight now, and the snow was making a blinding pall. They had gone at least ten miles when suddenly as they flew across a little bridge several Glandelinians rushed out upon them, from the signal house and yelled throwing up his musket to his shoulder.

"Halt on there, you crazy christian children."

"Never." Said Jack whipping out his pistol. There was one bullet left in it. Two simultaneous reports rang out sounding as one.

The bridge tender fell in his tracks and Jack was unharmed save safe a for a slight scalp wound. The car continued on its way, and as they neared a town, and houses seen daily through the pall of snow became more frequent, they decided to abandon it.

Jack exerted all his strength to lift the hand car off the rails one wheel at a time and left it alongside the tracks. Then they started on feet toward the city. For a long time they were not questioned, although they met and were accosted by several Glandelinians. At last after entering the city they were approached by an officer in uniform who said:

"Look you here, where are you going?"

But he changed his mind, and made his apologies when he saw the disguises of the captured boy scouts uniform the fugitives had been on believing that they were Glandelinian boy scouts. But the fugitives were still in danger for even if they were not suspected of being escaped children, they would be forced into the Glandelinian service.

For some time no one paid any attention to them but at last when they were almost out of the city they were suddenly met by a large party led by an officer.

"Here where're you going?" Demanded the officer.

"No place but home." Said Jennie.

"I don't believe you." Said the officer.

"And we ain't lying." Said Jack.

"So you ain't lying. Well I don't know about saying that you are lying. Are you brother and sister?"

At first Jack and Jennie were caught by this question, and didn't know what to say, but Jack recovering himself answered:

"What do you expect we are going together for? As sweethearts?"

"You do not look as if you were brother and sister." Said the officer.

"I've a mind to place you under arrest."

"Aw the heck. Let them go." Said a fellow officer. "I believe that they are some of the children of Glandelinia. Can't you see how thr they are dressed?"

"Dressing doesn't matter." Said the other officer. "They may be in disguise. What gets me suspicious is that I've seen that little girl before somewhere. She is also too pretty to be some child of a Glandelinian parent."

"What's the difference, let them go any way." Said the other officer.

"He boy will know the difference. And we can get away with it. Come on we are waiting time."

But the officer could not be convinced and ordered the three of the soldiers to arrest Jennie and Jack.

"Aw shucks, if we are going to monkey with such nonsense as this, we will never get to where we are going." Said the other officer. "If they are escaped child slaves they will be taken up by some other party. Come on, don't bother with them or we will be late and miss our good time. Come on, for the love of Mike."

At the persuasion of his fellow officer he let the matter drop, and continued on their way, letting the two children go on their way.

For four hours the fugitives had journeyed on traveling by unfrequented roads, and after a while they came to another track and hearing that some trains run on it they waited until one came, though they were told by the man who sold the tickets that there were not many trains running on account of the snowstorm. They had to wait two hours for a train. Then as it drew up they got on and as they started out they remained silent. As mile after mile was left behind then Jennie began to have those thoughts of her home which she had thought she would never see again. Now and then the train stopped at a wayside station but for a short time only. Forty miles had been traveled, when the train suddenly at a little station in the woods almost hidden by a pull of snow.

Many of the passengers put their heads out of the windows to see what was the matter. The station agent, came hurriedly forward, with a piece of yellow paper in his hands.

"What you stop us for?" Asked the conductor.

"Because there is escaping Christians on your train."

"Is that so?"

"Yes and I have orders to stop the train and arrest em."

"Yes I have two of them, two soldiers in our national uniforms, and the rest are five women and seventeen children."

"All right, take em out."

Now there happened to be two Methodist ministers in Glandelinian uniforms and two of their wives and five children aboard, four boys and one girl. By this time there was a great deal of excitement, and the agent entered the first car, caught sight of the Methodist ministers and the wives and five children and said:

"These two men two women, and five children, are escaped Christians, these ministers with the two women and five children are wanted."

The ministers began to protest but no one would listen to them. A dozen men seized them and the Glandelinian women and children and huddled them out of the car in short order. The pursuers and the wives and children were bound and left in the station, the agent telegraphing to the chief guard at Penness-Gee-Wailla prison when that the prisoners had been retaken. The train now continued on its way no one suspecting that the ten real escaped prisoners were on board. On and on rushed the train until many miles had been placed between the fugitives and their pursuers. At last all of a sudden there was a shock a grinding crash, a terrible upheaval and an awful rocking and then rolling over upon its side down an embankment throwing its passengers hither and thither. A broken rail at a dangerous part of the road, where the snow was deeper had caused a wreck, and now the exploding of the boiler added a new horror to the calamity. Jack found himself lying at the bottom of an embankment unhurt but with his clothes badly besmeared with dirt and snow, and his nerves somewhat unstrung. Near him by the light of the burning debris for the steam clouds was making it dark as night now, the debris being set on fire by the explosion of the boiler, were two men stone dead. Jack soon discovered that Jennie was bruised and her dress was literally torn from her. Despite the fiercely pouring snow, the fire spread at an alarming rate and many poor creatures were burned in sight of those who would have rescued them, but were driven back by the fierce heat of the flames.

After Jack and Jennie had recovered from the shock, they discovered another handcar and after riding in it for several hours neared a railway station. Then they got off and walked along the tracks, watching in every direction like a chicken hawk and soon was on the station platform but as there was a blockade of trains on account of the wreck they left the station, and seeing two saddled horses they ran toward them leaped and set off at a gallop down a road leading toward the Pandemonium asylum. Looking back they discovered that they were being pursued, and Jack got his revolver ready to discharge at an instant's notice. It was quite late when they ducked their pursuers, and they at once hurried on although they were tired enough to drop down by the wayside and go to sleep. They were compelled to do so at last, hiding themselves in a thickly wooded barn, where they almost immediately went to sleep. They did not wake until late in the day, and then the sound of firing aroused them. They arose cautiously and crept on their hands and knees toward the door of the barn and peered out toward track. A train of cars was rushing toward them and from every car shells were exploding filling the air with fire and smoke. On dashed the train and presently it reached a weak bridge, when it crashed flat into the icy river carrying the frail structure with it. They were on the right side of the bridge having crossed it unobservedly the night before, just previous to their looking for a place to sleep. When the bridge went down the two children hurried forward, and presently saw a large body of child rebels, and soldiers also in the Angelinian, and Abbieannian uniforms. In a few minutes they reached the child rebels and the soldiers in purple uniforms, and joined them in their search for the surprise of poor little Jennie her sisters were with the child rebels and who can tell of the happiness of the reunion of the saintly children.

#### THE BATTLE OF LAWDALE

Violet and Jennie's sisters were delighted over Jennie's rescue and for many minutes were around Jack thanking him and proclaiming that they were his friends for ever. The child rebels who were led by a boy by the name of a Angelinie were on the advance in the blind, snowstorm when they still were to rescue some children held in a prison at Lawdale. The number of the rebels being boys and girls together were about five thousand six hundred, while five hundred soldiers were with them, besides two hundred Abbieannians. There were five hundred boys on horses and six six hundred and ninety five girls, being in fact a part of Jack's cavalry he in truth being the leader of the main army, and this being only a fragment the assistant leader telling him that "3333 23,333 of them had already reached the outskirts of the town of Lawdale."

The assistant leader of the child rebels looked very handsome in his dark purple uniform and his yellow sashers like a Mexican. Violet and her sisters had seen many a man of the officers of the enemy, but Jack's sabre was the longest and seemed the most splendid. So one of the biggest school boys who had seen in school, being captives and was sergeant in the child rebel army. Hearing the town of Lonsdale Jack saw immediate danger of an ambush, and that they were hearing it. He sooner had the child rebels formed into parallel lines, when suddenly a large party of Glandelinians came rushing forward armed to the teeth. They were Dick Slater and his band who had not given up the chase and were resolved to recapture Jack and Jennie at all costs. With a yell they rushed forward toward Jack and his force the first most leader snorting with anger. The nearest boys and girls opened fire at once while Jack drew his sabre raised it above his head, and struck it the Glandelinian a blow across his head that sent him reeling to the one who covered ground twelve dozen feet away. The Glandelinians were all also cut clean off and was also dying for his throat was also cut by the blow. The other Glandelinians were enraged, and as fifteen hundred joined them they fixed bayonets and made a headlong rush.

The whole line of rebels gave way before this desperate onslaught, but Jack seeing himself overwhelmed, he layed about him furiously and cut many down with his sabre, while other child rebels forces who were arriving on the scene rushed forward in time to repulse the assailants pouring a withering fire upon the Glandelinians. However smarting over the death of their leaders and one hundred others and the capture of seventeen others of their companions the surviving Glandelinians howling with rage redoubled the exertions of their attack making a frightful onslaught that increased with varying fortunes on both sides until the rebels seemed to be worsted having lasted over 1,000 in killed already while 2,345 were wounded. The Glandelinians were bent on capturing not only Jack and Jennie but Violet and her sisters also as the attack of the soldiers increased with great violence thousands of the men fell in that frightful onslaught.

"GUARD THE DEAR LITTLE GIRLS MORE THAN YOU WOULD YOUR LIFE." Shouted Jack amid the infernal din of the fiercest of child labor battles.

"We will get reinforcements soon." The child rebels under Zimmer's banner arrived with 10,000 boys armed with several cannons and the Glandelinians were moved down in hundreds. Jennie screamed at this frightful slaughter and her sisters were amazed at the activity of the child soldiers, who were rushing to defend a stone fence which their comrades were defending to the last against overwhelming numbers. The struggle for the fence was terrific but every attempt to scale it was met with horrible loss. Jack's comrade had fallen off his head which was exposed to the cold wintry winds, and his eyes glistened with a fire that were never known to have before as he shouted with all his might:

"HERE COME ALIENS ARMY WITH MORE GIRLS AND BOYS. HURRAH GO INTO THE RAGGALS HAIR HARD BOYS AND WE WILL BURNLY WIN!"

Slater's Glandelinians advancing with a rush made a fifth desperate attempt to cross the wall with shouts and exhortations that shook the air and see fierce because the onslaught and so great the pressure that the defenders were forced to give way, but in the meantime they had mined the fence and as soon as the Glandelinians had advanced over it the leaders exploded the mines and the Glandelinians were downed by the thousands in that single outburst. The survivors were panic stricken, but the main column were still pressing, hard behind and as the child rebels lost hopes of retaking the wall just then and the enemies' storm of fire increased, and was to these exposed to it. Bleared eyes and revengeful were the surviving leaders, and struck a deadly hammer blow against the remaining lines of rebels who had resisted them with greater violence. The Glandelinians poured in fearful volleys and tried to force Jack's position by a wooden fence with the means of battering rams but every attempt was repulsed the assailants leaving the ground strewn with their dead and wounded. The Glandelinians were infuriated by these bloody repulses, and after an attempt was made to scale the fence with ladders, without success the Glandelinians brought their own artillery forward and blew the fence into the air only to set a withering fire from the rebels who themselves charged in fearful numbers.

Above the discharge of cannon and musketry above the shouts of the combatants could be heard the cheering voice of Jack's leader arousing his forces to a pitch of enthusiasm. The onslaught of the child rebel army caused some of the Glandelinian forces to yield as Slater was badly wounded and had seventeen horses shot under him.

As the Glandelinians were about to repulse their assailants a force of boy savarly appeared having been aroused at seeing the battle and they did go into the Glandelinians as hard as they could spanning fire upon the enemy their headlong rush tearing huge gaps in the ranks of the Glandelinians. The savarly troop however were contending against overwhelming numbers and were soon forced to give way under a galling fire, their leader having been shot down. Just then Angelina Arenburg and Annie Arenburg arrived with a large detachment of artillery and infantry, and as the two Arenburgs were getting their artillery into position to fire upon the enemy the infantry was ordered to charge. The rebels with bayonets before them on a line with their breasts followed their gallant leader. The resistance of the Glandelinians was just as stubborn as the rebels but they had to give way as the hedge of bayonets were too much for them. They slowly retreated despite the efforts of their leaders to rally them.

"Forward you savards." cried the leader who had taken Slater's place.

"Forward and fight the enemy child rebels for your lives."

"Follow them boys." cried Angelina Arenburg as she urged her whole force to the attack. "Down with the brutes. Liberty forever."

The whole force of rebels now pressed forward against the main line of the Muscic lines who made a final stand without success, as the rebels were too great in numbers and artillery and they fell back panic stricken flying in every direction. At the summit of a hill the Glandelinians made their last stand and the child rebels coming on saw that to take the hill would cost them awful losses, but nevertheless they were determined and up they charged. The Glandelinians swept the ground with terrible carnage but the rebels though they fell in hundreds charged up the hill and in fifteen minutes carried it sending the survivors down the other side in a demoralized condition. They offered no further resistance but continued their retreat. Three of their leaders were dead and over fifteen were wounded. The child rebels went on but as they were halted as they could not go any further on account of a barrier of Glandelinians that were advancing to repel them. The enemy had lost 4,760, in killed and over 13,456 in wounded. The rebels lost: at over 8,899 in killed and over 34,569 in wounded and missing.

#### THE TYPOH

#### THE TYPOH

In the mountain Robert Vivian and his brother had heard of the great child labor battle and at once with a troop of his soldiers went to claim his daughters whom he got in short order yanking the rebels for protecting them and telling them if they saw help of any kind to send a note to him. The child Jennie who was nearly as sweet as Violet and her sisters had learned a sacred hymn and as the two governors wanted to hear it. So he asked Kindernine to assemble all the officers into the quarters. When all the Angelinian officers arrived he had her summoned before him. How sweet were the childish tones as she sang the beautiful hymn of "Can a boy forget his mother's prayer." All sat quiet and listened. How little did Hansen and his brother or any of the officers imagine that they were listening to Jennie's last hymn on their lands. Little did they or any of the Angelinian officers by the celestial ones really understand that Jennie would see death that very day. Never again would they hear that bird like voice, in the sweetest echoes sound that beautiful hymn in their ears unless by the great mercy of God God they hear it among the angels. Hansen's very soul was or seemed to be touched as he heard the words of dear little Jennie unconscious herself to earth, but when the dear little child reached the fifth every single word which fell on their sharp ears with distinctness that was awfully strange they were moved to tears.

When she finished she said:

"I have a strange feeling that I may see God very soon."

Hansen said that he hoped that she would, but neither she or the officer generals then hit of it by death. It was shortly before two o'clock and Hansen was writing a message in his headquarters, when he was startled by a strange frightful thunderous roaring sound and by a strange sudden black darkness. Violet and her sisters were playing outside in the slushy snow when they saw the blackness covering the sky and looking toward the horizon saw a light that made them scream with fright and dismay.

A hideously, leaking cloud funnel whirling around with the rear of a million cannon was advancing straight toward Calverline and screaming with terror they made a dash for shelter. Hanson startled as he was rushed to one of the windows and seeing the same thing called his brother to come and see what it was. The clouds seemed to be filled with roaring flames of horrible color the storm cloud resembling the glewy pillar cloud shooting out of Mt. Vesuvius in the eruption that destroyed the three cities near her base. Robert hearing the dreadful din and detecting the smell of sulphur in the air ran to the window.

"We are in for it, for its a spiral typhoon he said. He cried. Little Jennie who was outside saw the same storm and being ignorant of its on reality went out side to look at it. However before any of them could save themselves the storm broke with all its violence into the city of Calverline leveling the houses to the ground and slaying over 10,000 in one single moment. On it it tore toward the angelinian governors headquarters rending the wooden houses to pieces like if they were mere dust. A terrible scene of confusion ensued. Thousands who saw the approach of the deadly storm made a headlong dash for the cellars.

At last the storm hit Hansons headquarters which was shattered into a mass of terrible ruins, and Jennie threw up her arms with a scream and fell flat on her face as a tone of wreckage bore her down mangled and bleeding. The outburst of the storm was horrible and so black came the darkness that no one could see even the snow on the ground, while all the heavens seemed to rend to hellish horror by the terrible din of the storm. The houses went to pieces with a roar like the discharge of thousands of muskets with which increased with the violence of the wind. Hanson and his brother escaped the storm of wreckage by diving into the cellar but twelve of his soldiers were killed and the Vivian girls were caught up by the wind and tossed about like footballs until they were driven head first into a snow bank which saved them from being killed. The storm lasted five minutes with all its force then gradually subsided the sky again being filled with the terrible glow while there came, despite the cold a cloud burst of rain and hail.

Jennie who was still alive was extracted from the wreckage and taken into a building that was too low to be hit by the storm, and Hansons first impulse was to send for a doctor, and he sent a guard after one while the wounded and killed soldiers were also taken from the wreckage which was as flat as a postage stamp. It was some time before a doctor could be brought and soon his kind face was bending over the wounded child who was dying, and he did his very best to relieve her terrible sufferings, but alas alas, his desperate efforts were certainly useless.

He was obliged at length to go shaking his head sorrowfully. A few minutes after the doctor left, Jennie called her weeping friends around her and said:

"I'm going to Jesus, and mama in heaven now, and I hope you my dear friends to stay good so that we will see each other again in heaven."

Then after kissing and blessing them all, and embraced in turn, Jennie with a happy smile on her face gasped for breath, and then with a heavenly cry of joy, long to be remembered:

"OH I SEE GOD." Dropped her golden hair on the beautiful white pillow dead, but the smile still overspread her face, and she seemed brightly transfigured. On reaching the bedside of poor little Jennie the sight that met the eyes of the two governors, was enough to startle any one. Five little forms lay there seeming to be dead for they had fainted away in overpowering sorrow by Jennies side and it was three hours before Violet and her sisters recovered to tell their astonished father what had happened. The storm was still raging the rain having turned to a seemingly cloud burst of snow, and the wind was still blowing a hurricane. Within an hour Jennies little body was laid in a beautiful coffin and buried right in back of the ruined headquarters and hymns and prayers were recited and sung for a whole hour.

Then with wreaths of roses and lilies in their hands said a long prayer for the dead. It was hard to put any decorations on her little grave so it was snowing so hard but they hardly eyed no attention to this. How beautiful and peaceful, a her grave looked decorated by so many flowers. Tender hands with the wreaths of flowers which speak to all hearts of the resurrexion of the body and life everlasting for rich righteous souls.

"Can a boy forget his mothers prayers,  
I Though she has wandered,  
Its down the path of death and alone,  
But Mothers prayers are heard the same

How these words resound in the ears of those mourners as they bent over Jennies grave. The last song she had sung on earth. Jennies grave was at the rear of the ruined headquarters beneath some tall oak trees where in summer many kinds of birds built their nests and many sparrows now sing in to her. A small white cross was put at the head of Jennies grave and Robert Vivian wrote an inscription at the feet which was nearly hidden now:

"To the sweet memory of Jennie St. Clair,  
who was killed by the typhoon on the day of  
November 26th 1911.

Aged six years, going on seven.  
Lived in peace before her cruel mother was killed  
in 1899 by a typhoon leaving her an orphan.

In the center of the beautiful cross there were other words and these were in gold. These words were beloved and always honored by the two governors and the Vivian girls, the beautiful words whose cadence falls like music on their ears like bells at evening pealing, and point to the land of everlasting happiness and life were:

"OH I SEE GOD."

Violet and her sisters left the grave weeping as if their hearts would break and the two governors and the rest with downcast heads went to seek for some shelter from the terrible storm that was raging.

Several days after the storm Violet and her sisters had reached with the permission of their father joined the child rebels again, and reaching Aramburgs army on November 29 saw that they were having another battle with their enemies, and a severe one at that. Jacks force which was not in action as yet were being formed into line with the formation of an angle, and the Glandelinians of column no rearing with the indignation made a charge upon the angle line who fought back and fought for all there was in them. They were like chaff however for the more numerous and heavier forces of Glandelinians bore down upon them with fixed bayonets and drove them back steadily. But now several regiments came to support them and joined in the fray, and in hardly no time at all the child rebels found that they were having a harder fight than they supposed they would. Then came a furious charge by the Glandelinians and after a stubborn battle the child rebels were finally checked with great losses. But more and more of the reserves arrived and now the valley firing increased furiously, and in the series of hand to hand fights the Glandelinians were finally overwhelmed and gave way but the battle did not cease until night put a stop to it over 10,000 having fallen on the side of the Glandelinians. As the child rebels were going into camp after the battle, with the intention of resuming their attack on Lawndale the next morning when one of the sentries approached Jack and said after saluting:

"One of your spies has come back and wishes to see you right away."

"Tell him to come." Was all that Jack Evans said.  
When the spy came before him he saluted a 4 and:  
"From a barred window of one of the child slave kennels in  
California this note dropped on my head and fell to the ground and picking  
it up I found that it was addressed to our camp."  
And he handed the note to Jack.  
The enemy is well protected." He went on A "And it would be running  
into the jaws of death for any spies now. I narrowly escaped myself,  
and had been pursued closely for days. I could not learn much from them  
The child labor conditions are simply terrible."  
Jack opened the note and read the following:

Jack staggered against a tree when he read the startling note, and Angelina Arambur sitting up at this moment saw the alarming look in his face suspected that something was up. She took the note out of Jack's hand, and read it aloud. At first it was a terrible shock to her but instead of being alarmed she said to several of her leaders who she stopped when they were passing;

"The enemy have thousands of children in the prisons at Lamsdale and I would like to send someone right away to learn where these places are so that I can attack them in the morning."

Violat coming forward followed by her sisters cried suddenly:

Angelina: let me go. I can find out where that place is."

"You!" Gasped Arenburg while her officers gave a start. "Why Violat they / love to kill little children, and treat them cruel and so would you risk it among the murderous butchers?"

"But my Guardian angel will protect me," Pouted Violat.

"Oh please, please Angelina! let me go. I'm not afraid a bit. IF YOU are not I'll go any way."

"Oh I'll take good care of myself, never fear," laughed Violet showing a brace of pistols. "I'm a girl, but that id don't mean that I can't shoot."

"Be then my dear angel friend, and may God bless and protect you," said Angelinian Arenburg.

One hour later Violet was within sight of the factorien which she saw sur-  
rounded by a large force of Ulandlanders. She was also instead of Armburg, and he  
"I'd like to tell my papa about this," she said to herself. "But then  
he would do something worse than what may be the cause of a war. I'll let her do  
the work, and if she gets worried I'll bring my father down upon the  
Ulandlanders to her rescue!"  
Violet had to avoid the sentinels when she reached the camp and works,  
for it was said if she she was once caught they would surely murder  
her no matter how sweet, beautiful and innocent child she was. She soon  
came near several sentinels, and she crouched down behind a large tent.  
When the sentinels passed she crawled along in the same direction,  
and when coming near one of the tents she hid in a bush. She didn't dare  
to breathe f or fear that she might be discovered. Here sentinels passed,  
right close to her shouldering their muskets. Keeping well out of sight,  
Violet crept on looking this way and that. Some near- sistent men were  
walking their beat and when approaching right in her path. Looking  
toward the sentinels, she was close to her now she saw that it was Armburg  
the great chief of her master. Behind the approaching sentinel she saw a  
line of breastworks and long lines of white tents, and a house with a  
red-wooded floor flanking over it.

red crossed flag floating over it.

In the far distance were the factories she had wanted to get to but saw no way as yet. She stared in surprise at the familiar sentinel and quietly set out of his way. When the familiar sentry went on she proceeded on her way to the general tent first. Reaching it she sat or rather hid behind some bushes murmuring it. She heard all that he said to his fallen officer and when they retired she went into his tent secured his plans and started on her way toward the prison-like factories, across the hills, and down the hills.

reached a little girl's cell. But suddenly several Glandelinians discovered her and thinking her a young tiger gave chase firing several shots. Fortunately one of the glandelinians slipped and tripped and his fellow comrades and in the confusion he was saved. She ran the line of tents and branchworks and when she came beside the general's general's tent unfortunately she tripped and a twig broke with a loud snap. Several sentinels heard the noise.

"She's gone there!" One of them shouted.

Seeing her sister escape they fired a tremendous volley, a bullet striking Violet in the left hand, but leaving a painful wound. However as Violet was too near the rebel army the Glandelinians did not care to pursue any farther and cursing and swearing they returned to their main lines. Violet presumed her way and reaching a little brook she took a drink of the icy water and wiped a handkerchief around her wounded hand and continued on her way. She soon saw the tents of the child rebels located in the darkness. She ran but suddenly came a sharp stern voice:

"HALT IN THE NAME OF ANGELINA. WHO GOES THERE, AND GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN."

Violet saw dimly in the darkness a tall Angelinian soldier standing several yards from her with leveled musket. He could not see her well at such a distance and could not tell whether it was a man or a child. "Who are you, Violet?" "I am Violet. I am a child. I am in the enemy's camp and know where the factories are. It is this the camp of Angelina's army of child rebels?" The guard suddenly uttered a snarl. "This then is not the child rebel camp. You come in the wrong direction. They are five miles east of here."

"Thank you," said Violet and saluting the officer she sped on her way like a flitting spirit.

A day passed after the boy spy dropped the note in the battle and gave it to his assistant spy and their hearts were fluttering with hope that the rescue of the poor children would soon be made.

At seven o'clock the next day a sudden sound of incessant firing broke the stillness and the poor children listened in awe as they worked. All that morning it was heard and queer reports sounded incessantly. HERE AND THERE HINDLING WITH SCREAMS IN THE TOWN. The child rebels came shouting forward with their artillery.

Soon the factories were crowded with the frightened children and men swearing Glandelinians who were trying to control the panic. The distant "boom boom" of cannon could be heard despite the din. Suddenly a whole mass of children in one of the buildings midst was a screaming shell. It fell in their midst and exploded with terrible violence killing a score of the frightened child prisoners and by the fragments of the shell. The men killed were torn from their places toward the prisons and the distant boom of cannon was soon hurrying away from the town. It was lucky that the shell burst before it reached the factories then the fragments shattered several glass windows of the guards sleeping rooms, and tore part of the roof away. The shell was now coming like hail, and one house after another was set on fire by the frequent explosions. One of the children saw another shell coming toward their prison, and it did not explode quick enough before reaching the factory. It crashed against a wall and upset a table which had a large lighted lamp on it, sending the table sprawling and the lamp to the floor with a crash, then exploded tearing a large hole in the opposite wall and wrecking some of the machinery sending fragments in all directions.

The lamp also exploded when it struck the floor the oil splashing on the floor which started a fire at once. The fire spread as fast as it would on cotton, and as the door to their cell was locked two little girls could not get out. The fire burned fast and furious as the building it did was like tinder.

"Oh Please dear God save us," cried the little girl when the smoke began to pour into the cell. All the other children were screaming in terror. Another shell crashed through an open window and rolled into the burning burning room and exploded with a deafening report.

The ceiling and walls saved in by the shock and the wreckage began to burn like a furnace. In vain did the little girl and boy try to force open the door it was useless.

The burning door of the burning room now gave way and fell into the hall in front of the cell the little girl and boy were in an scattering the blazing embers in all directions. The falling of timbers in the burning machine room made a tremendous noise as the remains of parts of the walls fired burn faster and more furious.

The walls of the hall nearest that room was now smoking, and places where the plaster had fallen off small flames flared in and out preceded by little clouds of black smoke.

love you and do not wish to see any harm come to you

ANOTHER shell crashed into the cell, and rolled into the burning room and in exploding nearly made a part of the ceiling of the hall cave in. The little girl narrowly escaped the falling timbers, but the shock of the explosion had broken the lock of the cell door, and seeing a chance to escape the fire they ran out and from the prison, but first free of freeing the children by means of a key that fitted every lock, which which they had found. Then all mingled with the fleeing fugitives in the street. The Glandelinian chief guard of the city, now appeared and made hundreds of the children follow him. This Glandelinian came of the burning town, and shells marvelously, and took refuge in a cavern, a mile away after all day walking. The children were forced to go into the cavern first the Glandelinian and several others following after them.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when a sudden and series of yells and reports of muskets startled all who were in that cave. Then they were surprised to see scores of child rebels drop in a struggle which none of them never forgot. Suddenly it seemed as if the lanes in front of the cavern, were swarming with furious graycoats. They commanded to the man in the cave to bring the children out.

The order was obeyed.

"He you little or christian fools, who follow the traitorous belief though thought by thy enemy parents thou shalt die. IT is impious folly and thine own lives are going to be put out of you on account of this. Away captain with these fools. It is a good deed to rid the world of all christian children."

The children were seized by the stalwart Glandelinians and roughly shaken. Again they were wickedly shaken and roughly borne away to where the execution was to take place. The rear of the distant battle could still be heard, and some of the frightened children could see the awful flash of muskets, and as they were discharged in terrible volleys.

At the place where the execution was to take place the child ran were brought, and soon it was begun. A little girl was first brought out of the line of children, and was cruelly cut by awful knives.

Her life blood trickled gently but in streams, from her sliced body, and as she bowed her head, and her pretty curls fell forward. Then the murderers ripped her body open, and she threw up her bloody arms and with a cry of:

"I SEE GOD!"

fell happily backward dead but an unearthly happiness overspread her face and she seemed to a figure. The Glandelinians next brought the other children forward. The rear of the distant firing was steadily increasing every moment. Some of these children was a boy and girl, Violet and her sisters had conspired to try and save from death. The boy feared death no more than a soldier would, and as they cut his throat, he sank limply to the ground with a happy smile on his face. He cried:

"Oh I see Christ, Oh I see God!"

Then with a happy smile that was very touching he died a very happy death. The blood itself which flowed from the child's throat formed a puddle in the snow. Three other children were strangled cruelly, and as they pit the awful checking a light of joy shone in their bulging eyes, and their tongues which were protruding seemed to have a brilliant red color. They died quickly and though it was awful suffering, they died a very happy death. They also seemed transfixed and a happy smile overspread their faces. Now there issued an order that ten children were to be hung. The children were a little scared, but a strange strange happiness seemed to tear at their hearts, as they were dragged to the trees, where they were to be hung. The ropes were quickly brought, and while listening to the conflict which was still raging, and seeing nearer threw the ropes over the highest branches, and at the lower ends made a noose. One by one the ten children who were looking with a happy face toward heaven, was placed under the trees, and the nooses placed around their tender necks. The sight of their faces in their unearthly happiness, thrilled many of the other children and they would gladly submit, when their time came. They yearned piteously for eternal happiness, and the chance to see God.

At last the ten Glandelinians pulled down on their side of the ropes, and soon the strangled children, with their little tongues sticking all the way out, and their eyes bulging, as if they would fall out, were drawn to the top of the branches, and the Glandelinians held on the ropes and watched the children, who were dangling in mid air. Their suffering was unbearable and they could not help from struggling as they were of ten tender years. With one more struggle, a faint one, they laid their heads on their breasts, their beautiful hair fell forward and they died.

Though blood flowed from their noses and mouths and ears, no ghastly color appeared on their faces, although their tongues still seemed about to fall out. They seemed more transfixed than the others. Albin, and a strange unearthly hulk appeared on their heads. Four more children were also strung up, but not as high, and their bodies were slashed unmercifully, with ugly knives, their bodies cut open, their hearts cut out, and sliced to small bits like mince meat. They were also transfixed. A pretty little girl was now brought forward and placed under a tree, and was quickly strung up. The poor child could not stand this cruel suffering if she had to save her soul. The choking was fearful. She tried to pull away the rope, and unfasten it, and struggled fiercely, her eyes bulging, and her tongue protruding as far as it could go. The Gladelinians took delight in the evident suffering of their helpless victims. At last the child with a pleading look that was touching, hung limply, her eyes seeming to fall out of their sockets. Another minute would decide the child's fate. Just as she laid her head downward, and as she stretched her bare arms toward the onlookers with a most pleading look, there was suddenly a shower of shots, and a considerable body of child rebels rose up on all sides of the wicked Gladelinians, completely surrounding them. These holding the little girl's rope let go suddenly, and quickly unloading their muskets flared away. But the child rebels with a terrific yell rushed upon them and a bloody hand to hand fight ensued. They used the muskets as clubs and pistols and revolvers were fired at close range. The child rebels saved nearly all the children except the little girl who was still in the hands of the Gladelinians who in their excitement unintentionally let the little girl fall down. The skirmish was a hot but a short one, and though the remaining party of child rebels were routed in all directions, they managed to rescue all the children except the little girl.

The poor little girl was just recovering when she was taken away by the Gladelinians. The Gladelinians who had secured the little girl sped away on toward a house in the far distance the rear of the distant battle and the awful crash of muskets and rifles sounding so awfully near made them hasten their steps but suddenly in their path a row of handsome looking pit pirates, but that they were Christians, and their bravery made them look like that.

"What you child murderers, where are you going?" yelled the leader.

"Forward men rescue the innocent child!"

The Gladelinians were furious at thus being harassed by the Angolians and fought like maddened demons. They clubbed many of the Christians down, and slew many more, and after making a brave breach escaped with the little girl. But the Angolians followed furiously and resolved to rescue the child they all took aim and fired. Many of the Gladelinians were dead but as speed the survivors toward a large wood, and finished it only to fall into another ambush of a large detachment of child rebels who made a sudden rush and one of them grabbed away the little girl and disarmed the second and bound them hand and foot.

"Hang them to the tree!" yelled the leader.

Soon the Gladelinians were strung up and the child rebels dashed away to escape from a large body of Gladelinians who were pursuing them hotly. But another detachment appeared on one side and seeing the child rebels dashing away, with a rescued child opened a clattering fire upon them and at once gave chase. The child rebels returned the fire sweeping the enemy down by the score, but another detachment appeared in front of them, and they were suddenly surrounded and cut off.

The rebels fought like enraged lions. But the graycoats closed in on them and recaptured the little girl although they had to kill every child rebel in the attempt. Jennie Vivian who had been with the child rebels had also been captured, then the two detachments of Gladelinians, excited by the sound of the distant battle proceeded onward but they had not walked a quarter of a mile when they were suddenly assailed in the rear, but the Gladelinians recovered in a minute, and poured in such a deadly fire upon the assailants that they were forced to retreat and flee for dear life. Several of the child rebels who had tried to save Jennie and the other little girl, were straight at once to the final charge and related to the two leaders the startling news. "Several of our small forces tried to save them, and subdued the Gladelinians but it was half just as hard as a dozen to bring bring a saint to destruction." Said one of the rebels. "Many of us were butchered and captured in the attempt."

Annie Arenburg said that she would tell the soldiers to get into line, while Angelina said that she would bring Jack Evans, to the rescue of Jennie and the other little girl no matter what the cost. The strike on of the battle did everything, and the poor of firemen was

SEEN IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED  
THIRTY TWO.

#### CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE.

HURRAH FOR VIOLET VIVIAN, THE LITTLE HEROINE.

Though blood flowed from their nose and mouth and ears, no ghastly pale color appeared on their faces, although their tongues still came out about to fall out. They were more transfigured than the others. Their skin, red and a strange unearthly pale appeared on their heads. Four horn children were also strung up, but not as high as the others.

Annie Arenburg said that she would kill the soldiers to get into line, while Angelina said that she would bring Jack Evans, to the rescue of Jennie and the other little girl no matter what the cost. The snake of the battle hid everything, and the roar of firearms was deafening. Reaching Jack Evans who was advancing on with a large force Annie said:

"Your beloved friend Jennie is in the hands of the Glandellians. Get her out fast, before they butcher her."

"What's that Annie, Jennie is in the hands of the Glandellians?"

"Yes," answered Annie Arenburg.

Jack Evans sent orders to one of his generals to order his full cavalry force to hunt their horses, while he waited a moment to question Annie Arenburg.

"Do you know how many of the Glandellians there are who ran away with her and where are they stationed at?" He asked.

"Those who tried to rescue her said that there were 500, but they have now been probably joined the main line, and there is danger that they may butcher her like the other poor children already massacred."

"This is serious Jack," exclaimed one of his leaders.

"That no matter what the risk we must save her and the other little girl they have in their power."

"I make a firm promise to God that she will be in our hands or I'm a dead girl," said Angelina Arenburg with a oath. We will give them all the fight they want."

"Forward securely now," shouted Jack waving his sabre. "To hell with the Glandellians and liberty and God our helper forever."

In a few minutes the whole troop of cavalry men were dashing toward the enemy in the face of a terrible fire to rescue poor Jennie. Jennie was intended to be killed at the slaughter when she suddenly heard the impetuous advance of the child rebels, and she thanked God, and hoped that she would soon be saved. Despite the number of twenty cannon and fifteen thousand troops a white light came upon the field.

The child rebels dashed on over the field and on to the enemy and assailed them like a sweeping typhoon. Jennie found herself with the little girl hemmed in on all sides by the Glandellians who for the moment seemed to forget the evil times of the children, and she hoped that she would be able to break through their ranks. But suddenly came the voice of the Glandellian commander Moo-Moo:

"Guard the two prisoners."

On came the child rebels charging down toward the foot of a hill where the Glandellians were. The soldiers could not see each other plainly because of the thick pall of gunpowder smoke. More than a hundred times Jennie narrowly escaped being struck by a bullet for scores of men were falling on all high sides of her. Hand to hand they fought it out, using bayonets and pistols. Jennie trying to make her way to the rebels with the other little girl but always forced back by a colonel who had placed himself by their sides. With a shout Jack came down on the Glandellians and after a fearful struggle, in which there was a scene of the wildest confusion, men and horses inextricably mixed, the wounded and dying beneath the horses' hoofs, one scarcely knowing friend from foe. Jack was seen by Jennie's side, and in a moment a hundred of others striking him and high. It was no longer a fight with pistols and muskets only but also with bayonets gathering guns and pistol bullets.

As soon as possible Jack and the others fought their way out, and carrying the now happy little girl and Jennie also, including a 1,000 prisoners including the Glandellian colonel with them, while the enemy, glad to get out of the fray, and finding themselves without a leader, as Moo-Moo was killed, took to their heels, leaving their thousands of dead and wounded on the field. As the victorious child rebels reached the division where Violet and her sisters were the fair creatures came forward, and Violet looking at the little girl said with pity:

"Your poor little girl, did the enemy try to kill you?"

"Yes," answered Jennie, "she was almost killed, and she the little girl was nearly to a cry."

"Don't cry," said Violet kindly. Angelina will see that you will not be captured again."

Most of the child rebels were almost overcome with awe at the innocence and kindness of the Glandellian girls.

One of the rebels. "I don't know what you were and captured in the attempt."

## MIRRAH FOR VIOLET VIVIAN: THE LITTLE HEROINE.

Violet and her sisters were in the midst of their fun, playing in the sand, when a familiar figure approached them. It was Jacob Baldwin. He looked with surprise at Violet and her sisters, as he had not expected that they had joined the child rebels. With a glad cry they sprang toward him as he sat down on a bench. How gentle and inviting was Jacob Baldwin's look. The happy children clustered about his knees, and one after another held out their hands to be taken into his.

They joyfully prattled around him and Violet nestled on his breast and took his hand and held it fast. They were indeed happy little children. Baldwin looked splendid in his shining purple uniform, and a long sword hung from his left side.

"Are you a leader too?" asked Violet.

"I'm a general of the artillery division," he answered embracing Violet.

"It was I with my artillery who helped the child rebels to take the town of Jerusalem. You children did not know that I was a leader did you?"

"Yes your excellency," answered Violet, kissing his arm around his neck. He noticed the bandage on her left hand, and asked what the matter was. She reluctantly told him the whole story, from beginning to end, how she had aided on the enemy for the main leaders of the child rebels and how she was nearly captured. Next one of the child rebels who were around Baldwin stared at her incredulous awe, and wonder as Baldwin said:

"You are a brave little girl, and you have earned the rescue of thousands of our child slaves besides your sister Jennie. That is why Jacob's cavalry division saved her in time."

He then pinned a medal of the Angelina's collar on her waist at the left side.

"Gloria and Viola, Violet had done God and her sister Jennie, and her beloved country a great service; I have presented her with a medal. I should like the child rebels to express to her their gratitude. May she live long and so honor to her country and to her God."

Thousands of the child rebels immediately set up such a hearty cheer, that the air seemed to actually reel in sound. Violet put her hands laughingly to her ears as the cheering was so deafening, but her eyes were wet with the tears of happiness. Even her sisters did their best to cheer and shake hands with her. Then Baldwin gently set her down, and a kiss shook hands with her. Then he motioned to the child rebels to come forward. That they did so two and two, and Violet grasped each hand, delightedly and silently. Toward the end her right arm began to ache, but her enthusiasm still burned as at fever heat. After a while Jacob Baldwin showed Violet and her sisters to some soft bunka that were in a house near by, but finding a more beautiful bed the Glandelinians had used before the town was captured, he brought them to these, and after undressing, and after their prayers, they heaped into the beds, and was such fast asleep. The next morning they were up early except Jennie who was exhausted, over the past few days excitement, but they let her stay in, and brought her a breakfast for her.

After a while Angelina Arenburg came in and sat down by Jennie's bed.

"She embraced Jennie's family as she half arose in her bed."

"Jennie do you know what the daughter of the Holy Innocents means?"

Asked the leader of the child rebels, bringing out the long phrase by a great effort.

"What do you think it means?" Jennie returned as she folded her little arms around Arenburg.

"I think, I think Herod did it." The child rebel leader declared.

"Yes he commanded that all the poor helpless little boys under two years old or less be killed. You see the three other little kings had visited Herod talking about the Christ for whom they were the survivors of his throne. What could he think at the question? Where was he who was born the king of the Jews?"

"Something greedy and mean," said Angelina, with conviction.

"But what exactly?" asked Jennie.

Angelina fidgeted. She did not answer just what Jennie asked and said:

"Don't you see? Just as a king had been born the king of the Jews, Herod would be succeeded by that child."

"And Herod did not want to be put out," Arenburg exclaimed.

"That was it," answered Jennie. "Herod lived lived only for the glory and comfort of this world. He did not or would not understand, that a king of heaven. He could not imagine that the child for whom the whole world were looking would despise the wealth, and the honors of this world. Herod thought only of earthly power. The child would inherit his gold and luxury. Herod grew furious at these thoughts. 'Little as you are Angelina you can understand that a person would have to be wild with anger and hatred in order to kill anybody.'"

"Yes," agreed Angelina solemnly. "It is so very awful. But the wicked wicked Glandelinians will kill the poor helpless child slaves in this country for pleasure." She continued. She was right.

Now imagine Herod working himself up to such an extent that he killed not one or two, but thousands. He was led by the insane desire to destroy that child as wonderful, that a star showed the place of his birth.

Birth, as mighty that kings came from afar to do him homage, while he was a tiny helpless infant. Herod himself was a king. Nothing wonderful had happened at the time of his birth. Very few people know of his existence, until long years afterwards. Herod realized these things.

Surely the child born in the city of Bethlehem, was dangerous to Herod's own glory and power. He could not be an old and evil man. But Herod reckoned without God determined to make sure of his throne and his kingdom at any price. He would kill the child."

"But why did he kill so many Jennie?" asked Angelina.

"Because he did not know exactly where Mary and Joseph had taken the child Jesus, and Herod did not want to take any chances of the particular child he wished to destroy escaping. You see the wicked king only followed human reason, and he overlooked the fact that he could accomplish nothing which would interfere with the designs of Almighty God. So we do forth the cruel, selfish--"

"What is an edict please?" said Angelina Arenburg.

"A command which is a law. Then went forth Herod's command, and all the little boys of the age he had ordered, in the city of Bethlehem and in all the near by places were cruelly slain."

"But Jesus was not slain?"

"No. The holy innocents who are all the young little baby martyrs were slain for him cruelly slain, by Herod's soldiers, and hundreds of mothers were left weeping and desolate. But Herod's wish had not been accomplished. Jesus was to live and teach for thirty three years. God sent the warning to St. Joseph. An angel appeared to him while he was asleep and said:

"Arise and take the child and his mother and fly into Egypt, and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him." St. Joseph did not even wait until morning. The Bible expressly tells us that he arose directly in the night and taking Jesus and Mary, began the journey into Egypt.

"St. Joseph was a brave man," commented Arenburg.

"Brave and much above all obedient. You can see through how the Holy Family were distinguished by their obedience. Mary and Joseph were always ready to do sacrifice anything, for God and Jesus. The Son of God, because obedient to the Bible says, even unto death of the cross. He placed no limit to his obedience to the will of his Holy Father, God Almighty."

"Gained he loved his father," said Arenburg. "When I think how I love you Vivian Gloria, it is easy to do the will of God."

Jennie dropped a gentle kiss upon the upturned forehead, and embraced her fondly.

"Yes that is really the reason Angelina darling."

"Let us see where he left off--Oh yes St. Joseph was a brave man, and taking the child and his Blessed Mother, led them away to Egypt, beyond the power of Herod. In Egypt they dwelt as strangers, exiled and suffering many privations among the strangers who were from the Irreligion, from their friends surrounded by new customs and unknown language, and a false religion. Surely Mary, Joseph and Jesus must have missed the friends and home they had left for the sake of devotion, the reverent united celebrations of the Jewish feast. But they never complained. As soon as Herod died God sent an angel to St. Joseph in his sleep, telling him that he should return to the land of Israel, not to Judea because the king Achelous might also fear the power of the child Jesus as Herod his father had done."

"Where did they go?" Asked Angelina Arenburg and— Violet suddenly came running in, followed by her sisters and Violet cried excitedly:

"Annie Arenburg has for to day moved for a quarter of a mile, and a large force of the enemy had taken advantage of it and was a slaughtering help, helpless children year by year. Many of the Glandelinians were saving straight for here and fast too."

Jennie began to get excited but not a bit scared though she did say some prayers for protection. Rushing to the window Arenburg saw it but it was the truth. Many of the Glandelinians discovered the positions of the child rebels and rushed toward it. With a shout they drew nearer and the enemy, and Jennie threw herself in her friends arms and with a pleading look that was touching said:

"Angelina I'm going with my sisters to help the gates. Then she with her sisters went down the stairs and out and reached the gates, and just as the enemy reached them they were halted. Seeing that only five pretty children looked the Glandelinians stood still in amazement. They had an intention of literally tearing the or children to pieces but they were fooled by the very children themselves."

"The main force," laughed Jennie as one of the child rebels picked up a loaded rifle. All the rebels were armed forward all having plenty of ammunition. The few garrison that were there fortunately made such a brave defense that they were able to hold the enemy at bay until Angelina's main force arrived by the firing came to the rescue and sent the enemy flying. Violet and her sisters were overjoyed when they heard the news of several other glorious victories of the child rebels and happily danced with joy. In the stockades of the rebels which was now guarded by a strong force the rescued children had been at, and Violet and her sisters soon knew many of the children, winning their friendship by their loving ways toward them. One certain boy who seemed to have fallen in love with Violet and her sisters had been the last brother of the rebel while leader Zimmerman who had been killed in one of the battles who at the outbreak of the child rebel war had stolen from their father, the Glandelinians when he was a little boy, and had been in one of the child prison camps at Glandelin until rescued after the bloody battle there. Violet ran into Arenburg's headquarters where the two great rebel leaders were sitting, speaking together and told them both the news of the great victories. "You have not forget to thank God for saving you from being killed in that great charge have you?" Asked Violet without the slightest sign of shyness.

"We indeed why should I?" Answered Arenburg. "I'm not ungrateful to my father in heaven for winning the victories and letting me live, and I would not mind if I did die, because then my brethren will be all over."

Annie Arenburg having some duty to perform, saluted and went out.

"There is a boy among the little ones who loves me and my two sisters," said Violet pushing her hair from her face. "And I bet the Glandelinians are mad because we wiped them in that fight." She continued her eyes shining with delight.

"I should wonder if they are not," replied Angelina.

Arenburg: Suddenly there was the sound of running feet, and her sisters came running in.

"The Glandelinians are coming again," gasped Jennie. They are coming from the woods and they are on horses."

"The Glandelinians," nearly screamed Arenburg indignantly. "They will have a hot time in getting in." She screamed again. "Hide the helpless children whom we have recently rescued. It is so dark in the stockades that the Glandelinians can not find them."

Most children are afraid of the dark, but these children were no more afraid of the dark than eating ice cream when there was danger from the approaching Glandelinians and they all tried to be the first to go down a hill hid in the darkest corner possible. The rebels were near armed but after an hour the stockades were forced, and the wicked Glandelinians mingled with the desperate defenders in a blood and hand conflict, Arenburg flourishing her sabre, and holding her friends together at bay until she could escape. As she dashed out of one of the breaches the enemy came swarming in like angry bees and made a careful search for the helpless children who had hidden themselves while the rest of the Glandelinians continued their attack upon the desperate defenders of the stockades.

On the floors where the gun rooms which the rifle men had defended, the Glandelinians found children all right, about twenty five of them. The rebels fought desperately to save the helpless innocents, but the wicked Glandelinians shot and clubbed them down by the scores. The poor little children tried to get away but the merciless Glandelinians quickly caught them. They were all strangled to death, and then their bodies were sliced into fragments, their life blood covering the floor in puddles while their intentions were broken about the floor. After that the Glandelinians who were very wise went into the cellar and searched the place through. The only way Violet and her sisters escaped to them that that is that after the Glandelinians searched was corner closely they crept in the dark stealing into it quietly.

"No one here," At last muttered one of the Glandelinians in a whisper. "Now for the others in that asylum like fort."

This certainly chilled Violet and her sisters. To think that all the poor children in the asylum were to be slaughtered. They shuddered and determined to save them even at the risk of their own lives. As soon as the Glandelinians left, Violet and her sisters slipped out, and quickly rushing out of the stockade made toward the main army of rebels which was not very far away. They reached it, and shouted at the top of their wild bird like voices:

"Hurry, Jack comes, and save the children at the asylum fort."

Jack immediately ran up and demanded what the matter was.

"The enemy are going to kill them all," said Violet.

Jack gave a command and instantly a whole division of the rebels under Jack mounted their horses and set off in full gallop toward the asylum, and reached it within ten minutes. The Glandelinians were already bursting the doors down when the large force of rebels appeared, and at once there was a furious fight, thousands of the others who had followed the eagerly making a dash for the stockades. The battle became terrific as the Glandelinians showed serious resistance and one assault after another was made on the stockades only to be repulsed with their main leader killed. The carnage was unusual for this child rebellion over 10,000 of the rebels having fallen during the first five assaults on the stockades.

The fall of their leader caused a stampede which could not be stopped and the rebels having lost more than three quarters of their numbers retreated, the Glandelinians pursuing them hotly. The leader who had fallen was Jack Dane one of the first beloved friends of the Vivian Girls, and Jack Dane was also among the fallen either dead or injured it could not be determined as yet.

At the asylum the out come was better, all the Glandelinians who failed to get away were forced to a surrender. Over 1,000 of the Glandelinians were taken. Angelina Arenburg who was in the strong line of stockades not attacked and the routed rebels approaching in a panic and demanding what the cause was deployed her armies and threw them forward to a fierce attack. The pursuing Glandelinians were compelled to halt in their impetuous advance but they met the rebels with a murderous fire, which became so destructive that the rebels were also compelled to drop back a little their left wing recoiling a few yards then their lines stormed with a withering fire, and the graycoats were downed by the hundreds. As the battle went on hotly Arenburg heard that the Glandelinians had captured the Vivian Girls and that there was only fifteen minutes in which to save them from a horrible death. She quickly rode over to Annie Arenburg, told her what had happened and ordered her to make a desperate charge on the Glandelinians to rescue the Vivian girls. Arenburg saluted and mounting her horse ordered her division forward and on galloped over ten thousand big boys to the rescue. As Annie slowed down she was suddenly confronted by a vision. To her it seemed as if all the suffering slaves came to her view, and driven desperate and almost to a frenzy to it, she ordered her forces to the charge. The rebels were sent at so furious a gallop that the horses' hoofs rose clouds of snow under their hooves they came into a frightful clash with the enemy and within sixteen minutes almost 2,000 of the rebels had been sent down before the one ya terrible valley fire with musketry and gathering guns Annie Arenburg being among the badly wounded. In the meantime one of the rebels had seen one party of Glandelinians carry the Vivian Girls to a near by prison, which was fully guarded by the Glandelinians. At once he ordered his force to go forward and reaching the "Guns-on-Wheel" line they encountered a strong force of Glandelinians who gave the fiercest resistance since the rebellion opened.

The rebels leaders waited impatiently for their forces to win, but every onslaught was repulsed with frightful slaughter, every emerging column losing their commanders. The main leaders were furious. They were bound to rescue the children at all costs, and so increased the violence of the onslaughts with all their strength. Encountering one of the child rebel officers the main leader asked how far the place was where the Vivian girls had been taken to.

"It's over ten miles from here," answered the officer. "And it is guarded by another strong force of Glandellians."

"Send a big force around the enemy by the Hall-otera junction and then advance toward the place full speed without stopping and to attack with all their violence until I can notify our main leader, where they are being held. I'll continue to attack here until their lives are forced to give way."

This order was obeyed in due short time and the enemy force of twenty thousand went so fast and so steadily that the place was reached inside of two minutes and without delay the assaults were commenced and with all their fury, the Glandellians being amazed at the ferocity of the rebels. So violent were the attacks that the Glandellians were cut down by the thousands and their survivors routed but when the place was searched the Vivian girls were not there the Glandellians having carried them off to the rear, retreated to the rear.

Seeing a long line of hand cars and box cars as well as the force of rebels lined up to them and each the whole train was in use pursuit of the Glandellians. Knowing how urgent the case was the rebels were in pain impatient but again the Glandellians had taken another stand and stood near a town four miles away the rebels had to leave the cars and demanded from a trainman how long it would take for a train to come.

"There's one coming in two minutes," was the answer.

"Oh, how far is it to the old town?" asked the main

rebel leader.

"About four miles."

"Damn it, why don't you say a trillion miles?" demanded the rebel leader impatiently. "Can you take us there on your special train?"

"There are six little Vivian girls who are in the power of the enemy and if we don't get there in time they will be butchered."

"Certainly!" answered the trainman. "Hop on and we will take you, and in a rush."

All the rebels got on, and the train went on so fast that the town was reached within two minutes. In a few minutes the Glandellians again found themselves attacked and this time waited for fair over 20,000 of them being taken prisoners, the rest having escaped, but not having time to take the Vivian girls with them.

The train was broken into and the rebel leader demanded the Glandellian commander to bring the Vivian girls, and all the child prisoners they had.

"But what rest?" he asked. "They are dead already."

"Did I give you a command or what?" demanded the rebel leader. "I thought you can stayed your officers. Obey at once or I'll have you strung up in short order."

The Glandellian officer was forced to obey, the rebel leader and a hundred rebels following him so that he could not do any trickery. Soon the Vivian girls and over a hundred children were brought out. The officer was then turned over to the rebels who had the other prisoners, and they began to march southward the children being taken along.

Suddenly as the rebels were lined up they came across a part of boys in gray who had some children with them.

At once some of the rebels dashed forward with fixed bayonets and the leader drawing a revolver grunted at and said:

"Stand where you are the whole of you. I'll not let you Glandellians steal these poor little children to kill them."

The Glandellian had to give them up on the odds were against them and they were also taken prisoners. In the same time the rebels by sheer force in the fury of their assault had won the field at a very point but they had suffered the loss of over 20,000 in killed and dying though the Glandellians had predicted their losses at 15,000 in killed and wounded while over 5,000 were made prisoners.

Hansen had it in his mind that he was going to put down child slavery even if he had to buy the places himself so he went to one of the owners of a firm who advertised that he wished to sell several factories and in ringing the bell set a butter with a platter in his hand. Hand

"Push with a card, have you as respect for a governor?" growled Hansen, and he grabbed the butter to the coat collar, and turning him down the stairs threw it down into the gutter. "Stay there until your hands are washed for me," said Hansen. "Maybe she will give you a spanking for getting your self dirty."

Then he went up the stairs and went into the office as if it had been his for a long time. Hansen called Hansen to go and wait in the reception room until the owner of the house came to see what he wanted. "He's not near here to get orders from some puppets like you," said Hansen. "Tell him that he will have to come here right this minute, or I will fetch him." The officer went away, and in a few moments the owner of the place came.

"Good afternoon sir," said Hansen. "Are you the owner of these child slave houses that you wish to sell?"

"Yes, thank you I am," answered the man. "Why do you ask? Do you wish to buy them?"

"Yes, but your life I want to buy them and night away," answered Hansen as he drew out a roll of bills. He handed it to the man. The man who was to sell the houses misunderstood him.

He counted the money carefully, and then presented Hansen with a handful of papers with type printing on it.

"What are these for?" demanded Hansen indignantly. "I don't want this worthless paper. I want to buy these houses if you are going to sell them."

"My dear man," returned the owner, "these papers tell you how to use the children there. Every buyer needs these and which helps them to secure more slaves for the little laborers."

"Hush, if you are not going to sell the places, then I want my money back," said Hansen. "I came not to buy these worthless papers but the places."

"I'll be sold you these places, and given you these papers."

Said the man hurt by Hansen's surly tone. "And I charge you nothing for these papers, as I just put them away. Have you seen the places? They are very spacious. You have not? Then I'll take you right there to see them."

When they reached the places after a short car ride, Hansen could not help but marvel, and was interested in the state of the child labor factories. They immediately went toward the right of the factories and as they entered the building, a five story building, a lumber factory was sight of the children laboring there, was enough to soften the hardest of hearts, if they could be softened. Their most cruel seen in they were made them do the most dangerous work, and as he was passing through he saw a poor child drop unconscious from exhaustion and starvation, and he went later to open up dead. The machinery was dangerous for these little starved ones and yet more dangerous for the new children, who did not know how to handle them. In spite of the safety the attendants were very wise and suspicious of Hansen for they knew he was the Angelilian Governor who would put child labor to an end at any risk, and they did not want this for they hated little girls and boys. Hansen and his companion made a round of the whole room then started upstairs to the second floor. Here it was still worse.

On armed with bat-o-nines. Tufts stood over the exhausted little laboring girls and boys, and the sad appealing looks on their blood stained faces touched Hansen.

"Here is your new master," the man said, talking as the children were laboring, and seeing that they were not attending for fear of their overseers, went on with Hansen, who said as they entered a plain where two children were laboring hard and a weeping bitterly.

"Why do you permit these men to do but these children with the cruel whips?" asked Hansen. "Like this?" "Don't you know that I'm governor of Angelilia and Valeriana, and could do it with all these overseers in the plantations, or I could do it with all these overseers in the plantations?"

"It's not me, it's their own will, I can't do anything with them," returned the man. "I order any conditions, I can do anything with these men and that is why I wished to sell the places, and give you these papers to do as you like with. I did not know that you was the governor when you first came in to us, but I'm glad that you was, for you alone can do away with the child slavery."

He was truthful in all he said and Hansen seeing the overseer looking suspiciously at him, and seeing, placed his hands on his revolver and struggled on looking at the plainer and the two laboring children who were girls. Suddenly their overseer strode toward Hansen and his companion and said:

"And as for this is to be our new boss?"  
"Yes," answered the man. "He is your new boss and governor over a over Angelina, though he has fought these places."  
"Ha!" Retorted the overseer with a sneer. "Nothing but a girl's face on him. He can't fight it, though he looks strong."  
Hansen did not pay any attention to this remark and the man went back to the machine watching the children like a hawk. Then only laughing at the sneer of the other man Hansen walked on examining first one machine and then another as if nothing extraordinary had happened, thought he threw one man down to the floor with a crash as he tried to bar his way. Then he started his way up to the third floor and he heard it was still worse.

"Many children die here within a month from starvation and overwork and from the beatings they receive," said Hansen's companion. "But I know that you can change it all. These overseers are not so cruel though, only being in dread of the criminals below. And they tried to make it as easy for the children as possible."  
This was one of the rooms where window sills and all other things were prepared for shipping, and it was terrible work for the poor children to lift them. The fourth floor and the fifth were the glue and the paint rooms, where window sills, doors, and other material were painting paintless.

There were more good overseers than there were bad, but they were still being cruelly afraid of these wicked men. After looking through all of the top floors they descended to the second again and strode toward the plainer. He passed it with a kind word to the children, and after reaching the first floor they went outside and as he entered the other child labor places which was a tar factory and though the children were laboring there also the overseers were quite kind hearted, and at last sternly forbade the children to work too hard. There was one good when Hansen's guide told them that Governor Villan now owned the places, and told the children the good news.

"Here you little angels, you little flowers see who can get the most of this money!" said Hansen taking out of his pockets a lot of dimes. Then these he threw out to the little laborers. There was quick scramble for the money, and when all the children of that one story factory had some of the money, Hansen asked:

"Do you want to be free?"  
"Yes, yes, yes," was the eager answer. The overseers expressed a try of surprise and delight at this, and also plied the little human flowers with flowers and money as they left two by two, following Hansen.

"Then turning to the overseers he said:  
"You may go to your home also, but report in the other factory in the morning and I will give each of you a good job for five dollars a day." The overseers thanked him, and he continued:  
"I'll throw out these villains in the lumber factories this very day, and take these children with me, with pockets full of dimes and quarters. I'll show them these rascals something."

After they left the tar factory they returned to the lumber factory. As they reached the first floor the laboring children were surprised to see him a second time and wondered what was going to happen.

But they soon found out.  
"I want every one of you children to form into line," he ordered.  
"What for?" demanded one of the attending overseers.  
"Is it any of your business?" answered Hansen in a surly tone.  
"Well to these children are to be watched by us, and we do not labor steadily and I will not let them do as you say."

Hansen folded his arms and said with a sneer:  
"Is that so?"  
"Yes that is so, you puppet, and take anything out of it if you can." Snarled back one of the overseers.  
"Well then then, I'll say this for yourselves form into line and quickly too before I do some shooting." And as Hansen spoke he drew his six shooters and leveled them at the rascals.  
Cowering before these dangerous weapons the men stayed and filed out as quickly as possible, but when they were out side, they began to use the worst vilest words threatening him and calling him all the names they could think off.

But when they were outside Hansen said in answer to the their threats:  
"Don't either of you come back either, or I'll throw you all for life in the island prisons for enforcing child labor in a free country which does not believe in you!"

Then turning to the children he said:  
"But down the machines and fall in line."  
The children obeyed and then Hansen continued:  
"Follow me up to the second floor."

He quickly ascended the steps and when all the children were on the second floor he told them to sit on the benches, despite the nearness of the acres of desperate overseers. Hansen made another round of the place until he reached the plainer. But these two children were not there having been placed at work by the ripper, but the same water watching over them. Suddenly one of them a very pretty little girl dropped to the floor from hunger and exhaustion and the rascal raised his cruel Cut-O-Mine-Tails to strike her. Without hesitation Hansen sprang forward to lift her and relieved a blow across the back. The rascal snarled this purposefully snarling:  
"You let the lady child lay. What are you putting in for? I'm attending to her."

Hansen was angered beyond endurance by that blow which left a black and blue mark on his back for a week afterward. With a leap Hansen caught the rascal by the collar and swung him around, then letting go the pile with a roar. For a moment he lay there dazed the lumber upsetting looking at Hansen with surprise and admiration. It took several of the other overseers to lift him, the rascal was so dazed, and he was helping himing to a bench, while Hansen said:  
"You just dare make another attack like that and you will wish you hadn't. To dare to strike a governor with a Cut-O-Mine-Tails."

Hansen picked up the whip and broke it to pieces, putting the tails into his pockets, while the other rascals who advanced toward Hansen, snarling as fiercely as they knew how. Hansen showed no signs of excitement, but the look in his face was as terrible, they hesitated.  
"Well why don't you come on?" sneered Hansen.

"Look here," said one of the men. "As you seem to want to fight you can take back here to a corner, with all your friends, and even soldiers if necessary, and we will fight it out outside. You may refuse as I well know, but these factories will not be your property for long for we will set fire to it then in the night and burn you all up."

"What is the matter here?" interrupted a voice, and Jacob Haldrin, with the other Angelina governor, and scores of their soldiers came bounding up the steps.  
Without the slightest hesitation one of the Glendallians drew his sabre, and attacked Jimsie Villan furiously. At the beginning of the fight, Jimsie Villan pressed his assailant so hard that he was forced to take refuge in a small dark room leaving his sabre lying in front of Jimsie Villan, who now stood at the threshold with naked sabre, staring with vengeful eyes into the dark room.  
"Guard, sergeant, see Haldrel!" he cried in a voice of fury. "Come out here and fight, or I'll kill you for attacking an Angelinian general you good for nothing day!"  
For a moment there was no answer. Yet a pair of fierce burning eyes, like those of a cornered wolf, wild-cat seemed to glare out from the darkness inside.  
"Dustar, reptile, spawn of Satan!" Almost screamed Jimsie Villan. "Come out I say. Into the light day, that we may fight for the freedom of the children."  
The next instant the villain appeared upon a platform in the doorway. "Insolent scoundrel!" he roared at last. "What do you mean? Who are you?"

"You know well enough, who I am, you old rascal, and if you don't see me, I am the generalissimo Vivian of the Angelinian nation. Come out you rascal, come out I say!"

The rascal gave a start, but in an instant he recovered himself, and his eyes flashed with rage and scorn.

"Bah you stripling! You puppy! Had I a weapon I would sue this folly. I would fight you but I am unarmed."

His opponent stepped quickly up to him and flung it with a slatter into the room.

"Monster and devil though you are, I would not murder you." He cried, his tone thick with passion. "He came on."

The villainous Glandelinian stepped back into the darkness, a moment then rushed out his sabre in one hand, the other hand held a set thing behind his back. All this happened quickly, and for the moment knowing his skill, Hansen was loath to interfere, to deny his nephew his proper vengeance, for the assault on him, but now he saw treachery was at set. What meant the Glandelinian with his hand hidden. He took one step toward him. Before Hansen could take a step toward them the mischief was done.

"Curse you!" The Glandelinian roared, and immediately he crossed his sabre with his antagonist. Then up flew his left hand like a flash of lightning and a heavy drinking vessel sped into his opponent's face, striking him between the eyes, and falling him to the floor, and he lay writhing in agony. Hansen bounded forward to intercept the scoundrel, seeing up with him at the very edge of a lumber pile.

"Vile treacherous coward!" Roared Hansen. "Turn, turn, or by heaven above up you, I'll stab you through your back!"

He turned and faced Hansen like a wild beast at bay.

"Oh you insolent, Angelinian fool!" He snarled. "Yes you ugly!" And he thrust with desperate fury at Hansen's heart. This he parried and lunged on quickly, wounding the rascal in the thigh. The wicked Glandelinian fought like a demon incarnate, fought with the terror of the island prisons behind him. My how he fought. His blade fairly whirled upon Hansen's sabre, shrieked and writhed and darted, like a living agitated thing. So suddenly did this necessity fallen on him, impulsively, had Hansen plunged in into the fray, that he thought had struck him, concerning his unfitness for so desperate a combat, though he was one of the most famous duellists ever known. But he was soon to be awakened to the fact, to realize that his long time free practice had left him no match for a skilled swordsman, and unscrupulous

unscrupulous devil fighting for his very life. A desperate thrust, barely parried in time, reared him to the full extent of his peril, for he felt his strength going fast. At that moment the Glandelinian's sabre pierced Hansen's shoulder, and a little cry of pain flew from his lips. The Glandelinian with a triumphant gleam in his eyes was pressing Hansen to the death. His arm had grown much almost useless. His limbs went and trembled under him, his breath came in quick painful gasps, and a chill sweat broke from his body. He was exhausted, done for. Hansen saw his friend's terrible plight, and with terror-stricken eyes realized that it was near the end. A sudden thought seized him. He leaped behind the Glandelinian, and raised his sabre to thrust it into his back. But he failed on account of a furious movement of the Glandelinian.

"Ha you dog, you scurvy, curse you at last!" His opponent.

In another moment Hansen would have been writhing on the floor with his enemy's blade through his heart, but Hansen had turned his sabre, and using it as a club brought the heavy blow down with all his strength and fury upon the rascal's head. The blow caught him in the nick of time with a sound Hansen was upon him even as his sabre sole had been upon him at the outset of the fight. The Glandelinian was not stunned only dazed, but in that moment or two new strength came to him. He recoiled quickly and strove valiantly to throw him off.

"You unpeppable ruffian!" His opponent cried. "You monster of iniquity! The word death shall have you yet!" The next fearful impressions broke from the rascal's lips and he heaved and writhed under Hansen as though possessed by the strength of a seven devils. The rascal.

"The bonds! Rebert! Bring the bonds!" Shouted Hansen to his brother. "And hasten!"

"His words were breathless and wary in his tones inspired him with a new and sudden energy. The rascal gave one quick and tremendous lift, gave himself he had to be in the air."

SEEN IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED  
FOURTY TWO.

# CHAPTER THIRTY SIX. THE MYSTERIOUS CAVERN.

"You know well enough, who I am, you old rascal, and if you don't mean  
 shall. I am an general Jivian of the angelinian natives. Come out  
 you heard, come out, I say!"

The rascal gave a start, but in an instant he recovered himself and his

"His words were breathless and merry in his tones. Inspired him with  
 a new and sudden energy. The rascal gave a quick and tremendous lift,  
 gave himself he had to let his grip on the rascal's neck. In a flash  
 he was on his feet, but he never lost his grip. In a flash  
 a step to escape him, but he grappled with him again, and once more they  
 went at it, struggling and struggling like wild beasts. Their infuriated  
 struggles could have lasted a minute or two, but the time seemed an age.  
 At last Hanson was conscious that his comrades were rushing to his  
 rescue! and Hanson saw his little brother as he came with a fierce look  
 snatch up his fallen enemy. With a quick mighty effort Hanson flung his  
 enemy from him, when his brother with a fierce effort plunged the blade  
 of his sabre full into the back of the angelinian, the point coming  
 out at his breast. Hanson saw his hands fly up and his half turn about  
 , drew full length upon the floor, a few convulsive movements of his  
 limbs a sudden shudder, and he was dead. The movement of his  
 a patient earth. Then as the rest was about to and a se Robert and  
 all his friends drew their pistols and ordered them to leave. Seeing  
 the determination on their faces the rascal suddenly showed leaving as  
 quickly as they could. The overseers of the whole place were sent away  
 and then the whole party of Angelinians giving each child a pocket full  
 full of silver told them to follow them. Some of the other Angelinians  
 attended to Jivian. They saw that he was only slightly injured  
 , and when they brought him to his senses he was soon able to get to  
 his feet and walk. Robert now gave him attention to the poor child  
 who lay upon the floor as if in death. But he found that she had  
 fainted from hunger. Two men fetched some water in a basin and soon they  
 put the child to her senses again, and she was carried out the others  
 following.

"Robert: Bring the hands." She led Hanson  
 across to his brother. "And hasten."

Jennie was awakened the next morning by a heavy crash of thunder, and a fearful storm was again raging in California. It being a terrific storm, she came nearly as furious as the one; they were caught in it. The wind whirled in an uneasy manner and the thunder was so deafening that it had awakened Jennie. She first looked at the ceiling, which she thought she had seen before, then gazed around the room which was lit up by a blinding flash of lightning.

trying to sit up in bed as a deafening crash of thunder filled her

'Surely this is not the glandelinian aurea, and I believe that I have been here before.

When she tried to sit up she felt very dizzy, and fell back with a gasp.

"I wonder how did I get my head hurt!" She gasped. Where are my sister sisters?"

She glanced around her the room again and to her relief found that her sisters were lying in beautiful beds all like her own. Jennie was indeed unattended, for she thought that she had still been among these cruel Glandvilians. It seemed but a moment ago to her that she had been in that horrible furnace, and now she found herself in a nice soft bed, with her dear sisters, with her head wrapped in bandages. She could not make out where she was, but she felt that she had escaped from the cruel slave and she was glad to be with her dear sisters. She thought also, that it looked like her sunbeam, for it seemed so.

[illegible]

As she stood up to look for her clothes the shock of sudden moving, caused her head to pain intensely, and to leave her nearly piteously. But the crashing of the thunder made the pain increase at time, and when she wished that it would cease. She found her clothes hanging on a chair, and she wished for a light for it was getting so dark that she could hardly see. But she soon found a gasjet, and also a box of matches on a shelf.

Children more mostly like to play with matches, but Jennie hated to play with matches, and also christian that she was, feared them greatly.

She took two matches, put the box back on the shelf, and when she lit the gas she blew the match out, and instead of carelessly throwing it on the floor took pains to lay it on the shelf, knowing that it was dangerous to throw matches on the floor, for when any one steps on one they are likely to fall.

Hastily putting on her clothes, which made her look like an injured angel, then went over to Violeta bed.

Shaking her gently, she said, Violet:

"Violet, Violet, wake up. We are in a place that looks like our home. Violet dear, oh please do wake up. What makes you sleep so soundly. Don't you hear me calling you?"

She had to shake Violet many times before she could get her to wake up, which of course caused intense pain in her head and caused her to react again.

She placed her hand on her head as Violet sat up, and rubbed her eyes then looking at Jennie. First Violet was quite alarmed, for she thought that Jennie was internally injured, but Jennie smiled her fears, by speaking to her.

"Don't be afraid about me Violet dear." She said. "I'm not very badly hurt, and what makes you afraid of me. You never was afraid of me before!"

"Why Jennie you have recovered your mind!" Asked Violet her heart leaping with joy.

"Recovered my mind!" exclaimed Jennie in amazement. "Why Violet Dear what do you mean?"

"Wasn't you crazy?" Asked Violet wonderingly. "You acted like a crazy person, after the bank hit and the money was gone."

we were caught in the terrific typhoon last night, and the shed we were in fell to pieces about our heads!

"No Viceet I don't DO'N'T believe I was crazy, but it seems just a moment ago that I was caught in that horrible trap."

here, and how did I get my head hurt? My but it ~~was~~ paining." Viol's heart did certainly leap with joy. She knew that

Jennie Vivian had recovered from her delirium and was no more raving like she did the night before. The blog from the night before:

made a severe and painful wound.

"But I know what's the matter with your head allright. You know."

Then Violet dressing as fast as she could told Jennie the whole story.

from beginning to end, of how she had been in the derilram after the  
beau hit her on the head, as the turn flew to pieces, and of the fury

"Then I must have been crazy after all." Said Jennie, sitting on the

"That's it! At " Said Violet.  
"I remember now that the

'I remember when it struck me, that something black seemed to spread before my eyes, then all I knew afterwards was of being in this place.'

"But there is a clean bandage around your head. We must be among

our kind people, for the glandelinians would not wrap that around  
our head."

...the index said Jennie kissing and hugging Violet lefts wake up  
ur other sisters. ...  
her unrelieved and went to ...

they unflinched and went to wake Joyce, and their other sisters. But when they went to look in into the other beds they at first could not find them. Violet's other sister

themselves in soft white beds, and they wondered how they got there.

Yes that may be possible. It's hard to say.

ke our own home."

"Said Jesse. 'My how it thunders.'

"We are surely missing friends," said Joise, drawing near to the grand reception room. "Shall I look in here?" She asked.

"Yes and be careful," answered Jennie placing her hand gently on the painful wound. "My head was hurt. I do wish it would stop. I can hardly stand it."

Violet placed an arm around poor Jennie, and said as Joise walked toward the reception room:

"Never you mind, Jennie dear. It will get better soon, and we may also be seeing friends, even if papa and mamma are not here. But any way I'll ask them to take us home."

Joise had by this time reached the room, but found no one there except the bell boy. The bell boy who was twelve years old, saw Joise, and his heart leaped into his throat as he saw her pretty face. Joise not looking for him, but the strange one, went just the door but smiled in a friendly manner at him. Her sisters followed, and when the bell boy saw Jennie, he was filled with pity at her misery, and believing that they were looking for a doctor, went out into the hall and called them.

"Little girls," he cried. "Come into the reception room, and tell me who you want, and I'll get him."

Violet was about to answer, when again they heard someone coming, along a small hall, extending from the main hall. But this time they had no dread, and only stood still, gazing on the picture of the "Garden of Gethsemane", with such overwhelming pity, that the bell boy was amazed, and ~~came~~ <sup>stood</sup> ~~overhead~~ <sup>overhead</sup>. Not wishing to intercept them, he went back into the reception room, but oh how he wished they were his sisters. They were still looking at the Holy Pictures, when they heard some one walking toward them briskly.

They looked toward the approaching man with a start, and to their joy saw their dear father coming as quick as he could walk. With a happy cry they ran forward to meet him. He lifted Jennie to his loving chest first and embraced her fondly, thanking God, that she had not died.

On how her sisters did welcome him. After they all had been embraced and kissed, and had thanked God for letting them see their dear father again, Violet who was still in his arms asked:

"Papa how did we get back to you?"

"A friend of yours rescued me from the terrible typhoid that broke loose on us yesterday afternoon, at the risk of his own life, and brought me here."

"Oh who was he?" asked Jennie forgetting the pain in her head, in her happiness. "Oh I wish that he had stayed, so that I could see him."

"You can see him alright!" said her father, setting Violet down and lifting Jennie again. "You need not be afraid, when I tell you that it is a Glandelinian."

"A Glandelinian?" exclaimed Joise. "But who is the Glandelinian?"

"I never knew that a Glandelinian had the heart to save us."

"That is except one," said Angelina.

"Who is that one?" asked their father smiling.

"That is Zuzumanna Precille," answered Joise.

Their father took them toward the grand dining room, and in, and there to their increasing joy, they found their mother, aunt, their uncle their brother, and a strange man, who they realized was their rescuer, Precille.

At the sight of the children, they all arose, from the table in surprise.

"Well, as they are alright after all," exclaimed Precille, as Jennie being set down, was the first to reach him.

Jennie at once realized that it was Precille who had rescued her and her sisters, and with a happy cry, she flew into her arms, and what a happy meeting it was.

After breakfast was over, and Joise was sitting in Precille's lap, Violet asked:

"What has become of poor Gertrude? And why?"

"They could not live," answered Precille. "And so she is in heaven, where their mamma and papa are."

Violet felt kind of sad, but did not cry, neither did her sisters, because they were glad to hear that the two little girls were now out of human way.

"Gertrude's journeying is satisfied at last," smiled the Angelinian governor to himself. "THANK GOD."

SEEK IN PAGE EIGHT FOURTY SIX.

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN.  
COME HOME TROUBLE.

Then he said aloud: Violet, I have the very Glandelinians who have treated you and your sisters so cruelly, and only will forgive them, at your word. What do you say?"

"As long as they stay here, and hope poor God they do not deserve forgiveness," said Violet, with a look of sorrow. "He told them that when they were torturing the poor children. Of course it is not for us to say no, for we cannot refuse to forgive even our enemies, so we forgive them, if you will."

"Allright," said their father, nodding to a soldier who was standing near the door, with the convicted Glandelinians. "Let them plead their own pardon and if the children still declare that they forgive them, then set them free." The convicted Glandelinians begged the children to forgive them, and the Vivian girls heartily forgave them, only requesting that they return back to their God, when they had forgiven. The Glandelinians made firm promises, and as governor Vivian set them free, Gannon felt very sorry for poor Jennie, for she was suffering severely from the wound though she tried to hide her tears. But Gannon's Presile made her quite happy, and at last she threw her bare arms around his neck, and blessed him.

"I hope you will stay with us for a while," she said as he embraced her.

"I surely will," answered Zimmermann Presile, and will do my utmost to make and keep you as happy as possible."

"Is the cruel war threatening yet?" asked Violet.

"Yes indeed," said Presile. "It is still going on yet, and if the Glandelinians do not stop their tortures of the innocent children God will have his vengeance on them."

As they talked, they could hear the continuous, crash and rattle of the falling trees, and also the roar of the distant sea. After they had talked together for a while, they sat about cleaning the breakfast table, listening to the mournful wail of the wind. It was not dark outside now, and when they were done, they went to the windows on the eastern side, to watch the hurricane which was now again at its highest fury. Their father told them that there had been another battle with the child rebels and the Glandelinians, at a place called: Annierhal. The number of child rebels was about 100,000, while the numbers of the Glandelinians was about 200,000. The estimated losses on both sides was 20,000.

Toward late that evening the hurricane became terrific in its violence, raging for six hours without any signs of abatement, and when seven hours were passed it increased so furiously, that roofs were torn away, windows blown in, and tall wooden buildings leveled to the ground. But still it increased more furiously, and the houses along the sea front, were so swayed with the eighty foot waves, Hansen declared that the hurricane blew over two hundred miles an hour, and was quite right.

But after raging over four or eight hours, without causing out anything, a single moment, it suddenly increased to two hundred and fifty miles an hour.

If the waves were not one hundred and eighty feet high, then the water was. At the water houses were torn off, like a egg shell, and the whole water front was destroyed. Near by Hansen had a big tree, which had been wrapped in like pipe stems, and carried away like shuff.

Many wooden houses, fences, telegraph wires, and poles were carried away like shuff, and terrible houses were destroyed.

At still the storm on and on, but it soon subsided toward the night of the second day, and there had been many shipwrecks.

"I am so glad you are here," said Violet, and they all their names and names are."

"Violet felt kind of sad, but did not cry, neither did her sisters, because they were glad anyway, that the two little girls were now out of harm's way."

"Gertrude's yearning is satisfied at last," smiled the Angellian governor to himself. "THANK GOD."

The final defeat of the Glandelinians at the city of Pape, by the child rebels, stirred up the whole nation, and that Mourmou, which the glandelinians had ignored for many years, was lifting her head, and uttering against Glandelinia, for her butcheries, and long continued wars on the weaker nations. The news reaching the Angolinian governors was grave, and a bewailing more and more grave. The air seemed dark as with a thunder cloud, and every one dreaded that there would be such a storm of war, as there had not been since wars were waged. As soon as the temper of the Glandelinians had been seen, the child rebel forces in the northwest, began to give way. They began by concessions, and went by concessions, and each concession was made the ground for new wars. It was like a steady falling down the hill. When they have once begun they cannot stop at all, and they go on until there is a crash, then it would be they risk themselves up, sorely wounded and bruised, and begin to reel up the hill slowly, and pain painfully, and then be dashed to pieces in a second fall.

Glandelinia had been setting this way for a long time, butchering helpless children for years and enslaving them, without mercy. By what the Vivian Girls witnessed, angered the Angolinians, and worse furies were sent into Calvernia to restore order. This trouble had already continued for over a month, and the whole world wondered why the Angolinians stood it so long. They believed that Angolinia strong as she was was afraid to do anything, but this was not the case. Angolinia was continually sending armies in case some serious trouble would break out, and these mobilizations were to old Glandelinian ignorance. Nevertheless Glandelinia had already been a mob lying on account of the violence of the child rebellion, but the Angolinians were as fit to this and the movements of the Glandelinians were closely watched. The Angolinian Governors declared that he would not stand the cruel treatment of the helpless children any longer, and also that the Glandelinians, will be compelled to leave his daughters alone in the future. And if they did not, they would see to it being done even if they had to drag Glandelinia into a war for it.

But as the Holy masses were being on the Pape would not hear of it and wished to mediate with the two giver wars. So all the troubles continued without any thing being done to stop it, though it was reported that the child even who were fighting in the rebellion were getting worse in their frenzy. However the slaughters of the helpless children continued, with terrible cruelties, and what could any one expect, when that the two Glandelinian council men like Noakie, Doggerine, by their wicked and poisonous preaching to putrupt and to inflame the anger of the glandelinians still more. Both these men heads, would have been cut off the instant they began to write and preach, if the glandelinian council had not protected them by armed forces. The Glandelinian council men called scribblers, were at the root of all the trouble, with their pestilent wicked doctrines, but it was too late now, to stop them for the mischief was done too soon. If the Angolinians had just now arisen strong and determined, all might be well, but just now the armies were weak in numbers and decision, they seeming to abandon every place ordered to do so by the Calvernian governors, and if the armies in the west and east who were in full strength, were sent out to Calvernia, it would be to the Glandelinians an act of war or hostilities, and then matters would drift from bad to worse, as the glandelinian armies in Calvernia were reinforced to overwhelming numbers, and would become the masters of the situation, and then it would be awful.

While the new mobilizations were going on the two Angolinian governors, were in Pape Calvernia, and did not at all new possible that there could be any serious danger as yet, though Glandelinia had been asked the reasons several times the sending of her mobilizations, and to disband her armies, if she did not want to risk the possibilities of war. These threats had resulted in indescribable disturbances, and horrible bloodshed, among the child prisoners, but never only were ashes of this reached them in Pape so far away. In the city of Pape the days passed very quietly there being none of the usual gaiety for a deep gloom of sorrow hung over all the Angolinian families in the beautiful city of Pape for they feared that the Governors would precipitate the two nations into a war, and terrify Calvernia.

When the news of the danger that the rebel army was approaching Pape, until the threatening dangers were passed. But the news of no fear, telling that Pape was wholly safe. If a large force of Glandelinians, whose hair was dressed in the fashion of little girls, should attack the child rebels there, though it was evident that a successful attack, and resistance, could be made by the child rebel forces there, Mourmou and the rest would not in, but if they were overated, Mourmou and the rest, if they could, were to abandon the city, and journey to Angolinia to arouse the nation, for an act of war.

Now that he heard that the blow was about to fall, the main governor drew his beautiful children instinctively to him, as if to protect them, but no word passed his lips. It would be an awful thing to lose such those cruel heartless Glandelinians, who were doing dreadful things, attacking convents, massacring children and women, and also men, and trying to pass all sorts of heinous laws, and holding thousands of helpless children as prisoners and slaves in their own little cities, in Glandelinia, and the wretched condition of the Angolinian nation ever this, especially in the far west, was something awful.

The cruel violence of the glandelinians had increased from day to day, in Calvernia, and were setting up a new kingdom. The rapacity of all the convents, had been utterly destroyed or stolen, and this measure had been followed, by the seizure of the vast estates, of all the Calvernian Catholic churches. All the privileges of all the Christians, had been declared at an end, a degree having been passed, abolishing all titles of Christianity. This degree aroused the whole of Angolinia to the highest pitch, and it was only through the means of the Pope that a sudden war with Glandelinia was avoided. Seeing that their enemies did nothing to stop them, the Glandelinians continued to pass laws of the most sweeping description, usurping sovereign power, and using it as no monarch had ever done before. The Angolinian Glandelinians were of extraordinary size and fierceness, for many days having been the terror of the Christian nations in all of Calvernia. They had been known to go into villages, and before the very eyes of the Angolinian soldiers, boldly carry off many women and children, a in midday, and butcher them and also their parsons. Every child who was found dead, and all cut up, was always supposed to have been all slain by those very Glandelinians. Sometimes they were seen, in one part of the province, and sometimes in another. Children going to school, or women carrying home faggots from the forest, were found cut up, or even opened up in entirely.

And then the news spread that the glandelinians were again in the neighborhood. The Angolinians regarded them, not as ordinary Glandelinians, but as human demons, and mothers quieted their children when they cried, by saying that if they were not good, the demons would come and carry them off. The frequent child rebel battles which were occurring, were greatly interfering with all the continual traveling. Around numbers of women prisoners terrified beyond doubt, of the great Glandelinian butcheries, had become Glandelinians themselves, not because they wanted to, but to save themselves. But this they ought to not have done, because they were butchered anyway. The distress that prevailed among the prisoners was indeed terrible. The child slaves could scarcely keep themselves alive, and many had died of absolute starvation, or indescribable butcheries, and strangulations. The Glandelinians in the city of Pape, Calvernia, slaughtered all the child rebels who failed to resist them, the massacres of the recaptured children being too terrible to describe. The fury of the glandelinians were running higher and higher, and they began to play the children of other nations also. Then soon came news of terrible disorders, in the far west of Calvernia, pillage and acts of ruffianism, in all parts. Churches and convents were burned or destroyed and the glandelinians even refused to give up the child captives, belonging to Mourmou Mourmou, who threatened war. These Glandelinian soldiers were more cruel, than those the Vivian Girls had even seen. Things were indeed growing worse and worse, and hundreds of more children were continually captured, though where they were stolen from, no one could tell. The violence, and butcheries of the fierce Glandelinians were over on the increase, and they seem to become the real masters of all the captives, and the child rebel armies being badly broken and already beaten in several battles had fled pale stricken toward the north, no longer able to keep up the fight as their enemies overwhelmed them.

The Glandelinians were indeed treating some of the more violent, and spies and scout parties were sent out everywhere to see that no prisoners or fugitives should escape. It seemed the day of Calvernia's happiness were over and that terrible things were about to happen. Rumors soon came that some divisions of Angelinians from the Shithers, under General ~~and~~ ~~their~~ chief leader, had been sent to the west, but the Christian soldiers could do nothing, without causing a war, and many poor prisoners, were treated so cruelly, and were so disorganized, were not ready to join the Glandelinians. In the meantime a large force of Glandelinians under Marguise, had arrived near Beppo causing a general alarm, and the battalions from Calvernia in the west of Calvernia, the most violent of all, had come into collision with the biggest child rebel force ever organized, and the result was that the rear of the conflict did not go on for over three days. The loss on both sides left the dead by battle was horrible. The child rebels engaged numbered about 528,000 and out of these over 36,789 had fallen and the Glandelinians lost only 10,000 in killed and wounded. To the rebels it was one of the bitterest defeats of the rebellion, and hundreds of the captured child rebels were murdered, and the Glandelinians cut off their heads in triumph of their first real glorious victory, and putting them on pikes, paraded them in the streets within sight of the windows of the child labor factories. The descriptions of the battle is as follows:

Known divisions before the battle opened, with cannon came up, and so on the battle had begun, and every moment became more and more furious. The cannon the Glandelinians had brought up were turned upon the advancing lines of the revolutionists, and the first seven lines were wiped out of existence by the terrible artillery fire, and though the child rebels were finally checked with thousands of their dead and wounded strewn on the ground, the survivors would not give way, and the foremost lines opened a roaring withering fire, that tore the Glandelinian ranks to pieces. Angelina Arenburg at this time came up with a large force and these swept forward and poured over the enemies works and mixed in a hand to hand death struggle which raged for a minute only to be paused, and to only to go at it again. However on the first day the rebels were victorious. But the next morning thousands of the desperate Glandelinians marched to reinforced these already worn, and another fearful struggle raged all that day, without a pause, driving the rebels not from the Glandelinian works but from their own as well, seizing all the cannon left behind, and turning them upon the retreating rebels opened a most destructive fire driving them back and holding them back with great desperation. The next morning the child rebels came on in all their numbers, and at once the whole line of the enemy opened fire.

The first attacking divisions of the child rebels torn and bleeding from the horrible volleys fled in terror, but though the Glandelinians kept firing terrible volleys from every place of defence, with musketry and artillery the whole surviving assaulting line with their fierce rebel yell, rushed forward and soon in overwhelming numbers burst through the works. The simultaneous volleys that followed along the whole line of both foes were indescribable.

Countless numbers fell like grass, on the side of the rebels alone, and the hand to hand fight that followed seemed to threaten the very heavens. This fearful merciless struggle raged all day with many terrific

terrific onslaughts made on both sides. Then as heavy reinforcements came up to the rescue just when the Glandelinians were about to be beaten, the child rebels greatly outnumbered were forced to give way. Hundreds of the rebels who were captured, as well as helpless children were murdered, as well as the child rebel officers, the child rebels being totally routed, the Glandelinians sacking all the Christian churches, and setting the whole town of Bonnaville on fire. When all the rebel survivors recoiled and left their battered positions, which the enemy had forced, and after mass made their way to safety, but in the pursuit, many of them were captured by the wicked Glandelinians, and hundreds who would not surrender, were literally cut to pieces. The chief leader Arenburg rushed into a church when assailed, and slamming and locking the door behind her, made her way out by the back and escaped them without loss of her followers.

But her clothes had been torn, her head was bound up, and one of her arms disabled. Rescue of the helpless children on the outskirts of the city of Beppo was utterly impossible, and all of those who were seized were horribly butchered. Then there came news, that all the members of the Angelinians in Calvernia were to be arrested, and it had become necessary for all the Christians in Beppo to show themselves in the streets, where they were liable to be insulted, and attacked by the Glandelinians. Every day the fierce Glandelinians thundered their fierce denunciations against the poor Christians, and it was certain that at any moment, the order for their arrest, and butchery would be given. Such bad news had been received in Hanson's place where he was residing, at such a dangerous time.

"It might still be possible to get the children away," said the Angelinian governor. "We have all the disguises in readiness, and I commit my wife and sister in law in your charge, Walter Jennings. Save then if you can, disguise them as you will, and make for Bondivia. As for ourselves we must go in the morning and go to a vacant house close in possession of the child rebels, and remain quietly there, and await the course of events. We can very well pass as Glandelinians."

A few minutes after Walter Jennings entered with the disguises he had prepared for the two women. They were such as would be worn by Glandelinian women only. He himself was attired in the uniform of a Glandelinian officer. The women put on the queer disguises, and the parting was a sad one indeed, but it was over at last, and Walter Jennings hurried the two women away. Hanson and the rest attired themselves in the oldest Glandelinian uniforms, and were seen already, deciding to slip out at the back entrance. They would have vent off now, but that the sight of Glandelinians moving through the streets, at this time would so likely attract attention, on the part of drunken Glandelinians or of fellows returning from these rascally butcheries, which were the center of the mischief, and focus of all the mischief, that was going on. After they all had put on their disguises, Hanson and the rest of the men, decided to lie down, sending Violet and her sisters off to another place, ready to arise at a moment's notice. Should they hear a shout, they would at once run to the long gallery, where the children would join them prepared for flight.

Then they would lead them instantly to the back entrance, avoiding, if possible any observation from the servants so to prevent a panic among them. As these sleep on the floors above, and knew nothing of the dangers which threatened them, they would not awaken so quickly, and they trusted in God that they could be able to go out without being seen by any of them. Ever hour the search for the suspects became stricter, people even in disguise, were being seized and murdered. Hanson and the rest had felt that it would be more dangerous to stay in the mansion, than to leave. Morning was just dawning when Governor Robert Vivian heard the sound of many feet trodding along the street and looking out saw a crowd of Glandelinians with torches headed by two whose feathery hats showed them to be general officers.

As they reached the entrance gate, the Glandelinians at the head of the column stepped. Governor Vivian and the two others at once darted away to the long gallery, and as they did so they heard a loud knocking at the gate and continuous shots. Scarcely had they reached the gallery, when a door at the further end opened and Violet and her sisters appeared. Jennie was weeping loudly but her sisters, although their cheeks bore traces of the many tears they had shed, and during the night restrained them now. When they reached the distressed children, Robert and the rest without a word led the way along the corridor and down the stairs toward the back of the house. Everything was quiet excepting the knocking and shooting, which loud as it was had not yet aroused the servants. And drawing the bolt quickly, they the way into the yard behind the house. Then for a moment they paused. There was the sound of axes being down the gate which led from the garden into the street behind.

"Quick my children no time to lose," said their father. He took the key out of the door and closed and locked it after him. Then throwing the keys among the shrubbery he took Violet and Jennie by their hands and led the way rapidly toward the gate which was a strong one.

"In here children," he said to Violet and her sisters pointing to some shrubs close to the gate. "They will rush straight toward the house, when the gate gives way, and we will slip out quietly." For nearly ten minutes the gate which was a strong one and bounded with iron, resisted the attack on it.

Then it crashed down and was as if Glandelinians with torches and armed with pikes, muskets and bayonets, poured in, yelling like demons. Jennie was clinging to Violet who was whispering to her little sister to be calm and brave, pressing the child closely to her while Joice Angeline Daisy and the other two little viv in go girls stood quiet and still by the side of their father, and the others, and all looked through the bushes. Some five hundred and fifteen Glandelinians entered, and a minute later, there was a sound of hammering at the door through which the christian fugitives had skinned forth.

"Now," said T Robert. "Let us be going."

Emerging from the shelter a few steps to the gate, and stepping on over the door which lay down straight on the ground, in the deep snow, they turned into a lane. They hurried down the lane, fearing that more Glandelinians would arrive before long and that they could surely be questioned. They took the first turning from the house, and then skirted their path, as they heard a number of foot steps, clattering on the pavements, but fortunately they reached another turning before the party of Glandelinians came up. They turned down and stood in a doorway, until the footsteps had passed, and then resumed their way. In ten minutes they reached a broad street which was filled with Glandelinians dressed in all queer manners, and wearing human hearts and shins. Jennie was dazed and frightened, mechanically holding her father's hand. From time to time her father addressed an encouraging word to Jennie and Angeline when he saw them shrink as the they approached groups of Glandelinians who in their hurry and excitement did not notice the so-called fugitives. After they reached the vacant place, and placing the children in complete shelter, their father alone left them, and set out to trace his steps across the broad street. When he reached the place, which took him in two hours, he found an immense crowd of Glandelinians going in and out, and those leaving the mansion, were laden with articles of furniture, furniture, clocks, pictures, bedding, and other things. A complete sack of the mansion was indeed taking place. The servants had all fled, and the Glandelinians had taken possession of the place.

The lofty mirrors were smashed into fragments, the costly hangings torn down, and after they had destroyed much of the elaborate furniture, every man began to lay hands upon what ever they fancied and the mansion was already stripped of the greater part of its belongings. With his hands in his pockets, whistling carelessly, the Angelinian governor wandered from room to room, watching the proceedings. Several barrels of sweet Angelinian wine, had been brought, and round these were gathered a score of Glandelinians, singing, shouting, and dancing.

"Drink," "Drink, drink, my uh nan." An officer said, holding a silver goblet full of wine toward him. "Drink confusion to the child rebels and to the christians who help them, and Satan and Hell to Glandelinia."

As it was not had wine, that makes a man drunk, the governor drank it without hesitating, and then heart sick, at the ruin and destruction, wandered out again, into the streets. Stumbling along, the governor stepped near enough, to a certain house, where groups of Glandelinians were standing in the road, to hear what they were saying in their conversation. He learned that more children had been captured, and slain only that morning. It had been effected quietly the doors had again been locked, before the child rebels were along in numbers, in the neighborhood of Beppe knew what was going on and guards had been put inside partly it was said that the mansion might be preserved from pillage, and be used for other purposes, partly that the general who was absent, might be arrested, when he returned. As the Angelinian governor knew the child rebel officer, he thought it probable that Gansoe who would soon return, and he at once proceeded toward the gate, by which he would enter on his return hence.

The Angelinian governor sat down, a short distance from the gate, and watched patiently for some hours until he perceived a handsome looking figure in an officers uniform, approaching in full gallop, and at once recognized Gansoe. The governor went forward onto the road and held out his arms. The general a boy of sixteen, not recognizing the Angelinian governor in his disguise, and believing him to be a Glandelinian, did not check his horse, and would have ridden him down, had he not jumped aside, the same time shouting to him to stop.

"Fellow or officer, what in the name of common sense do you want?" Gansoe exclaimed angrily, reigning in his pony. "By the way I have a good mind to arrest you, you old Glandelinian for stepping me. Get out of my way confound you, or I'll!"

"You do not recognize me?" The governor said. "I am governor Vivu."

SAME IN PAGE EIGHT FOURTY SEVEN.

CHAPTER THIRTY..... EIGHT.  
THE NEW BATTLE WITH CHILD REBELS.

CHAPTER THIRTY NINE. PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED FIFTY TWO.  
ANXIOUS AND THREEDING DAYS.

CHAPTER FORTY. SEVEN IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED FIFTY EIGHT.  
VIOLET GETS FREE, BUT NOT LONG AFTER HER SISTERS TAKES A TURN. THE RESULT.

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189

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...of the danger that the rebel army was in, as...

189

"You do not recognize me..." The governor said. "I am governor Vika  
Viken, and I am here to warn you of the danger of proceeding."  
"Why should I care?" Ganson exclaimed anxiously.  
"And why are you in this disguise, Robert Viken?"  
"A great number of captives have been taken, among christians  
men, women and children. The Glandelinnians are waiting inside of  
your house to arrest you as you enter."  
Ganson gave a exclamation of anger and surprise, then dropped a  
roll of paper to the governor, and turning his horse galloped off,  
saying that he would warn all the towns, and bring a big force of  
rebels and attack them. The news of his wholesale arrests, which  
had been made during the recent battle, had filled the Glandelinnians  
with joy, and the air was full of shouts of:  
"Down with the christian dogs." "Down with the  
innocent children..."

At various points Glandelinnians united upon steps, or the pedestal  
pedestals of religious statues, harangued the others, while from these to  
these, masses of the Glandelinnians opened and made way for their leaders  
who were cheered. After remaining there for sometime, the governor made  
his way to the entrance of St. Patrick's Church. A crowd of Glandelinnians  
were gathered there, and a tremendous rush was made, when the doors were  
broken open. The governor managed to force his way in, and then out, as he  
feared that the for-fus would suspect him, and make trouble for his nation,  
if they suspected that he was spying on them. He now made his way to the apartment, where he had left  
the rest, and his entry was received with a cry of satisfaction from  
all. The poor children burst into tears of happiness, when they knew  
that they, for sometime, had escaped from the dangers which threatened.  
It seemed to them all that they would be safer here, than they would be  
journeying to Boudinia. The papers were saying that in consequence  
of the escape of suspected persons, and of the migration of others to join  
the enemies of Glandelinnia orders had been sent that the strictest  
scrutiny was to be exercised, on the roads leading to Boudinia, fifty  
miles away, over all strangers, who may pass through. A child who  
could not give a perfectly satisfactory answer, or an account of themselves,  
and produce their papers, would be arrested and sent to Beppe. Every day  
the excitement in Beppe increased, every day there were fresh captures,  
until the prison prisons became crowded to overflowing. It was late  
when the child rebels under Victor came advancing, and had laid siege to  
Pence--Gee-Wella, and terror was added to the real emotions, which  
excited to madness the men of Glandelinnia by Beppe. Black flags with  
the skulls and bones, were hung from every steep, roof and window.  
The Glandelinnians were dragging their sabres and so on would hunch  
furiously at the prisoners, of whom most were children, priest brothers  
and nuns. And now by all these massacres the Glandelinnian country  
was to stand forth in the eyes of all those nations, as a blood  
thirsty, the blood staining monster, the enemy not of christians only,  
but of God and his less children in general. Thus the Glandelinnians were  
convinced almost entirely of the souls of hell, wretches and human devils, who had long  
been at war with Holy Religion, who hated the poor, hated all the priests  
and christians, hated all in heaven above, who had loved Satan more  
than they had loved those that demons, or the wild dragons themselves.  
The shouts of the executioners were taken up, sounding very unsonny,  
and echoed by the cruel heartless Glandelinnians. Unearthly savage cries,  
curses and threats, for wicked vengeance, and so on filled the air.

## ANXIOUS AND THRILLING DAYS.

All were armed, and knives, and bludgeons, muskets, bayonets and sabres, including pikes, were brandished into the air or shaken. Blood had been tasted & tasted and all the savage instinct were on fire. Twenty four persons, of whom, twenty were children, were brought out from the prison, by a large party of Glandelinian officers who shouted:

"TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE."

These cruel heartless gray-coated ruffians pushed the weeping and screaming children, into coaches standing at the door, shouting:

"YOU WILL DIE FOR SATAN."

When the carriages reached the slaughter house the prisoners were carried out one by one, while some one shouted:

"FOR YOU KIDS THE EXECUTIONERS ARE WAITING! EVEN THE PEOPLE ARE WAITING TO TEAR YOU TO PIECES! TO PLEASE SATAN."

All the victims were cut to pieces, right in front of the place where Hanson and the rest were, by the Glandelinian butchers.

"This is horrible," muttered to her father who saw it all from their place of shelter.

"Look at these hellish faces, of men debased by wilful crime, sodden with stench drink, degraded below the level of beasts, exulting in the thought of blood, lust for murder, and to think that these cruel heartless creatures are the ones made by our own dear God."

"Great heaven, what can come of it in the future? What is going to take place now?"

"Wholesale slaughter I fear Violet dear," said her father. "What seems

entirely incredible, impossible, is going to take place. There is to be a massacre of all the poor prisoners."

The Glandelinians had by this time reached a large tall monastery of priests and monks, now converted into a terrible prison, which was entirely impassable, escape from, though used by friends. This was right in front of their place of safety, and

here a large number of priests, women and children, Christians brothers and nuns, had been collected with their arms bound with chains. The Glandelinians entered, and the poor prisoners were fixed into the street where all the Glandelinians fell upon upathen, and heaved them down, cut out their hearts and stuck them as pike, and also their heads. All the poor little children, whom Christ loved as dearly, were among the slain, their poor little bodies cut to pieces, and the assassinations did not cease at all, until the last prisoner had been hacked to pieces. Then the Glandelinians returned to the slaughter house, and with a mob of fierce ugly looking Glandelinian soldiers, and executioners, rebel soldiers, were first brought out. They did not get any trial at all, where the heinous executioners were waiting them. Many poor children who were really first, being frightened out of their wits, were hoisted to go out, when they saw the cruel murderers, and screaming ripped open, a young boy, the first child rebel soldier, with head erect was the first to pass through the fatal doors. Being pierced with long bayonets, he fell in a moment. The rest followed praying and wept as they entered into the galleries, which surrounded the halls, and applauded with fierce unearthly yells, the order of the helpless victims. When the child rebels, and the children, who were little boys had been butchered, the murder of poor little girls was now followed. One after another they were conducted, to the door and slain. They shared the fate of the child rebel soldiers, being torn to pieces by pikes, and was carried in triumph, under the windows of the main prisons, where only children were were confined, and was held up to the bars, for them to see. Many of the poor children fainted at the terrible sight, of the pale heads of their friends.

But now here at the other prisons there was a method in the work of murder. The officers of the execution, took possession of the hall, at the entrance, and permitted none to pass further into the prison, the murders and officials, bringing down the screaming children, in batches, and handing them over for slaughter. The screams of the butchered children, was indescribable, and also were the pleading for mercy. The Angelidian governor, and the rest could not avoid hearing the deafening shrieks of the helpless victims, and the unearthly yells of the Glandelinians.

"Poor things, poor things," said Violet, shaking her head sadly. "It is terrible."

But all the child rebels and the priests and nuns and Christian brothers, had indescribable courage. Men and women were alike. There was not one of them, but faced the cruel judges bravely, and went to their death, as calmly as if to dinner. It was the same thing at all the other prisons. The priest too. Their priest at the little church, at the corner of the street, where Hanson and the rest used to go in every morning to pray. He was dragged away ten days ago, to the slaughter house, and now he was a saint in heaven.

"How is it papa, that God allows such things to happen?"

Asked Violet.

"We cannot tell," said her father sadly. "As for myself I can hardly believe it though I see it. I have heard that there were 5,000 prisoners in the jails, and they were all murdered. Such a thing was never heard of before. I hardly can believe, that I am not in a dream, now as it seems so."

There was now a tall handsome child rebel officer and his sister brought out to the slaughter together. They were asked, either they had anything to say way they should not be punished for their crimes against Satan.

The rebel laughed aloud:

"Crimes!" He exclaimed. "Do you think that we are going to plead for our lives to a band of murderers and assassins? Come my dear sister. We will go to heaven together praying."

He just gave her one kiss, then took her hand, as if they were going to walk hand in hand, and then he led her down between the line of gun guards, with his head erect, and a scornful smile on his face. His pretty sister did not smile, but her step did not falter, and her eyes were all ablaze in holy anger. She was very pale and she did not look proud, but she walked as calmly and as steadily as her brother, until they reached the door, where the executioners with fixed bayonets were waiting them, and then it was over in a minute, and they died without a groan. Men with scared faces stood at some of the doors in the houses across the street, to gather the news of the murder, murder from passer bys, and pale women looked yieldly from the upper windows. Violet witnessed all the massacres, and to his horror saw also that little Annie A. vonburg was among the slain. But he could not find no trace of May, Walter Jennings.

When he reached the house he could not summon the courage to enter it, until at last he saw general Gannon put his head from a window. He saw succeeded in catching his eye, and placing his finger on his lip lips signed to him to come down. A minute later he appeared

at the door.

"Is it all true Jimmie! I hear they are murdering all the prisoners. Surely it must be false! They could never dare to do such a thing."

"It is true Gannon. I have seen it all myself. I went with the disguise to see if I could rescue some of the victims, but I could not get to them. The devils have murdered them all."

"Oh the poor things," Gannon cried bursting into tears, despite himself.

"To think that they are murdered, and the poor children up-stairs. What shall I do? What shall I do? Jimmie tell me!"

"To break it to them Gannon. Do they know how great the danger is?"

"No I have kept it from them. They can see from the window that something unusual is going on every one can see that."

"They are very anxious, very anxious, but they are quite unprepared for this. Break it gradually Gannon. Tell them first that there are rumors that the prisons were emptied. Come down presently as if to get more news and then tell them that there are reports that the prisoners have been massacred and then at last tell them all the truth."

"But will you not come up, Jimmie--They trust in you as in a man. Your presence will be a support to them."

"I would do nothing now," Jimmie said. "God . . . there are so many of them. They had beat me by themselves for a while. I will come in the evening. The first burst of grief will be over then, and my call may get them to arouse themselves. Oh if I had but tried to get them out of the prison sooner, and yet who could have guessed, that here in Beppe fifty miles away from Calavernia thousands of innocent and helpless prisoners would be murdered in cold blood."

Finding that he could not persuade Jimmie to enter, Gannon turned to perform his painful duty, while Jimmie Vivian thoroughly exhausted, with the horrors, made his way to a vacant building, and throwing himself on the hard floor, fell asleep and did not wake up until the evening. His first step was to plunge his head into water, and then after a good wash, to prepare a meal. His sleep had restored energy, and with brisk steps, he made his way through the streets, to where poor Violet and her sisters were. He knocked with his knuckles at the outer door of the apartment, and Gannon opened it quickly.

"Come in," he said. "And sit down. They are in their room, and I think that they have cried themselves to sleep. My heart had been breaking all day to see them."

"It has been dreadful," he continued. "Poor little Jennie cried terribly, sobbed for hours, but it was a long time before her sisters cried. Violet fainted, and when I got her up and around, lay still and quiet, without speaking. Jesse and Angelina were worse of all though the other two cried bitterly for hours. Jesse and Angelina, sent in that lounge with their eyes staring open, and their faces as white as if they had been dead. They did not seem to hear anything anything I said, but at last when Jennie's sobs were stopping, her father began to talk to her about the innocent child victims, and their pretty ways, and then at last they all broke down, and cried so wildly and pitifully that we were all as moved and frightened and then their father cried too, and threatened, that if he ever gets back to Angelina he will make Glandelinia pay dearly for all this cruelty. After a while I persuaded them to lie down and as I have not heard a sound for the last half hour, I hope the Good God has sent them all to sleep. But--MY, the two governors were angry when I first told them this. I'm afraid they will war against Glandelinia, when they get the first opportunity. I hope that will be a long time though."

"I trust so indeed," said Gannon. "And so am I. I will stay here quietly for an hour then if we hear nothing, I will go home, and be back again in the morning. Sleep will do more good for them, than anything I can say."

At the end of an hour, all was still. Jimmie with a somewhat lighter heart took his departure. At six in the next morning he was again at the house. When he entered Jennie ran to him, and throwing her arms around his neck, again burst into a series of sobs. Jimmie felt that this was the best thing that could have happened, for the other Vivian girls were occupied for sometime, in trying to smother her crying, quietly to themselves while they did so. At last her sobs became less violent. "And now Jimmie dear," Violet said turning to him. "Will you tell us all about it?"

"I will tell you only that the poor innocents died as you might be sure they would, valiantly and fearlessly, and that they suffered but very little. But you may be sure that those human tigers will not be satisfied with the blood they have shed, but that they will long for fresh victims. The prisons are empty now. The only thing for us, is that we must turn our thoughts to our making our escape to Angelina. I fear that there is peril everywhere, but it might be forced I think it will be useless for us to reach Angelina now by land. At every inn and village they will be on the lookout for fugitives, and whatever disguise we might put on, we could not escape observation. I think that we might try and make for the sea, dangerous as it is in the winter and grab a boat to take us to Angelina. But we must not hurry. In the first place we must settle all our plans, carefully and prepare our disguises. In the next place there will be much tremendous excitement, when the news of what happened here, is known that it will be unsafe to travel. I think myself that it will be best to wait a little until there is a lull. That's what I want you all to think over and decide. I do not think there is any very great danger here for the next few days, at any rate it will be better to get everything in readiness for flight, so that we can be ready at once."

If we hear any fresh news for a search for suspects we are doomed if we do not take flight."

Jimmie was prepared to find that his suggestion answered the purpose for which he made it. The children began to discuss about the disguises which would be required, and the best way to be taken. So their thoughts for a time turned from the shock they had sustained. The Glandelinian officers had sent all the committees connecting with them in the towns throughout the country the news of the execution of the enemies of Glandelinia confined in the prisons, and urged that a similar step should at once be taken with reference to all the prisoners in their hands. The order was promptly obeyed. And throughout all of the western part of Calavernia massacres similar to these in Beppe were at once carried out. A carnival of murder and horror had commenced and the madness of blood raged throughout the whole of the western part of the country. Such being the case, Jimmie found it by no means difficult to dissuade the rest of his relations and friends from taking instant steps, toward making their escape. He was determined that he would not leave Beppe until the issue was decided one way or the other, and when with the children he discouraged any idea of an immediate flight. This was most easy for the news from the provinces, showed that the situation was everywhere as bad as it was in Beppe. He was however in a state of great uneasiness. Many of the moderate deputies had been seized others had sought safety in flight, and the search for suspects were carried on vigorously. Difficult and dangerous as it would be to endeavor to travel through Calavernia with his parents and the rest he would have attempted it without hesitation rather than remain in Beppe if he once could get one of the battle sars of the insurrection, but as he knew none would be given to any one on account of the serious condition of the rebels since the last battle with the enemy. One morning Jimmie Vivian was walking with Violet and Jennie while Angelina and her other sisters were together a short distance behind them. They had just reached a flower market which was generally the main object of their walk, when a man on horse back came along at a fast pace. His eyes fell on Violet's face, and rested there at first with a doubtful recognition, followed by a start of surprise and satisfaction. It was the one who had been knocked down in her escape from the Glandelinians, after spying on them for Angelina Aramburg. His name was a funny one, Olmbe, Terbocker. He reined in his horse instantly with the exclamation:

"Violet Vivian!"

Violet did not answer.

"It goes to my heart he went on, with a sneer. "To be obliged to do my duty. But however unpleasant it is to you I don't care and am glad. Corporal guard number one." He said raising his voice:

"I want two men well disposed to Sateen."

Two soldiers grinning friendly came forward.

"This small female is an Angelinian spy in disguise," he went on pointing to poor Violet who was too terrified to move. "In the name of Sateen I arrest her, and you take her into your charge. Where is the two men and the other children with her? Seize them also on a charge of harboring an enemy of Sateen."

"But they were gone. The nearest Terbocker had had looked around in search of assistance Violet had whispered in Jimmie's ear:

"Fly Jimmie for the sake of my sisters and parents. If you are arrested, they are lost. God and my guardian angel will save me."

Has he and Gannon are no longer concerned, they would have stood by Violet and shared her fate, but the word of F. "For the sake of her sisters," and the rest decided them, and they had instantly slipped away, among the crowd, whose attention had been attracted by Terbocker's first words, and dived into a small shop, where they at once began to bargain for clothing.

"Where do the two men, and the other little girls?" Terbocker repeated angrily.

"What were they like?" One of the Glandelinians asked him.

Terbocker could not give any description whatever of them. He had noticed that Violet was speaking to some one, when first caught, or when he first caught sight of her face, but he had noticed nothing more and did not know whether the men were young or old.

"I can't tell you." He said in a tone of vexation. "Never mind, I will find them later on, or I am a liar, and I swear even by their God, that within two days they will be captured, or I'm a gener. But this capture is more important."

He was right, and carried out his oath, as we will read by and by. So saying he set out, Violet walking beside him, with a rough guard on either hand, weeping bitterly. Violet was taken at once before the committee sitting room, for the discovery and arrest of suspects.

"She was or, I charge this little girl with being an Angelina child in disguise. She is the daughter of Robert Vivian, governor of the Angelinian country. I'm glad that it should fall to my lot to sentence her."

"You have done perfectly right." The president of the committee said. "As I understand, that she is really Violet Vivian, I will at once sign the order for her removal to the main prison. There is room there, though the prisoners are filling up fast."

"We must have another jail delivery." One of the committee, said brutally, and a murmur of assent passed through the chamber. The order was made out, and poor Violet despite her plauds and screams, was handed over to the armed guard, to be taken with the next batch of prisoners to the main prison. Gannon was some twenty yards behind poor Violet and Jimmie, when Terbecker checked his horse before her. He recognized the glandelinian instantly, and saw that Violet's disguise had been discovered. His first impulse, was to rush to her aid, but the hopelessness of such an attempt at interference, instantly struck him, and to the surprise of the other Vivian Girls, who were looking into a shop and had not noticed what was occurring he turned suddenly with them down a side street.

"What are you doing, Mr. Gannon, we shall lose Jimmie and our sister in the crowd if we do not keep them in sight!" Gannon merely answered: "I know what I'm doing, and I will tell you presently."

He walked along several streets until he came to an unfrequented thoroughfare.

"There is something wrong Gannon: I see it in your face." Jennie exclaimed in alarm. "Tell us at once please do!"

"It is bad news," Gannon said quietly. "Try and nerve yourselves little girls, for you will need all your courage. Violet is a captured."

"JOH GANNON!" Jennie exclaimed, bursting into tears, while Joice Angelina and the other little girls, stood still and motionless.

"Why are you taking us away?" Said Joice, in a hard shrill voice which Gannon would not recognize as her own. "Our place is with her and where she goes we will go. You have no right to lead us away. We will go back to her at once."

"You can do her no good, Joice dear," Gannon said with deep emotion and pity. "You could not help her, and it would only add to her misery. If you and your other sisters were in their hands, nothing at all could be done. Besides we can be of more use outside. Trust to me Joice. I will do all in my power to save her, what ever the risk."

"Jimmie could not save the other poor children," Jennie said with a quivering lip.

"No dear, but he would have saved them, had there been but a little time to do so. Courage Joice, do not give way. I depend on God D GOD to help me."

The novel was successful, and Joice burst into a paroxysm of tears. Gannon did not try to check them, and in a short time the sobbing ceased, and Joice raised her curly head again.

"I feel better now," she said. "Come Jennie and Angelina, and my other little sisters, and dry your eyes darling. We shall have plenty of time to cry afterwards. Are we to go home Mr. Gannon?"

"Have they taken Jimmie?" Asked Angelina.

"I don't know Joices. That is the first thing to find out. Let us push on now, so that if he has not been taken we shall reach home before him. We shall place ourselves at the corner of our street and wait for him for one hour. He may be appearing sometime in looking for us. But if he does not come by the end of that time, I shall feel sure, that it is because he is captured."

They hurried on until they were nearly home, the brisk walk, having as Gannon had thought it would do, had the effect of preventing the thoughts of the children from dwelling upon Violet's capture. They had not been more than a quarter of an hour at their post, when Gannon gave an exclamation, as he saw Jimmie Vivian approaching, but in a rage. Gannon and the other little Vivian Girls hurried to meet him.

1600  
100  
The general of the danger that the rebel army was in, and the snow covered woods where the enemy would be.

"Thank God that you are safe dears," said Jimmie with true tears of rage streaming down his cheeks. "I thought of you in the middle of it all but I was sure that Gannon would see what was being done, and get you away."

"And how Gannon DID!" said Gannon. How did you get away?"

"We have been terribly anxious, thinking that they might seize you to and that would have been dreadful!" said Angelina.

"So they would have done," said Jimmie angrily. "But with that villain looking glandelinian officer looking away for the moment, Violet was released."

"But Jimmie for the sake of my sisters."

I slipped away in the crowd, without even stopping to think and ran into a shop, and it was well that I did for he shouted for the men to seize me, and the children too, but I was gone, as and as I don't think he noticed me, before they had moved away I came out. I looked for you for sometime, and then made up my mind that you have come home with the children."

"This is awful," said the governor when the rest had gone home, and told him about it. "Thousands of children murdered, Violet in prison, Joice and her other sisters with no one to trust but me, my brother, son and two friends. All the governments in Angelina are in a general state of mind about me and the villainous girl. It is awful to think of: it is enough to drive a fellow out of his senses. Have you thought of anything yet?" He continued to sit on Jimmie Vivian. The Angelinian governor was alone that evening for the others were inside the other room, and the Vivian girls had laid down and cried themselves to sleep.

"I have thought of a number of things," he replied. "But at present I have fixed upon nothing. I cannot carry out any original plan of setting out officers. It would require more than six to carry out such a scheme."

"Could you disguise yourself as a glandelinian general and get Gannon to help you seize that Terbecker? He is not so strong as you are, but he could hold a gun, and he would kill him if he tried to."

"It is afraid that wouldn't do Jimmie!" The governor said with a slight smile and a shaking his head. "It is a mistake to say that he is not strong, for he is a very good fellow, and I never knew. The plan I thought of was to try and get appointed as a warden in the prison but that is full of difficulties, for I knew that they would all

recognize me despite my disguise. Then I thought if I let out that I was an Angelinian I might get arrested and lodged in the same prison and might help her to get out. From what I hear the prisons are not separate, and that all the prisoners live together."

"How much dear?" Jennie exclaimed in a tone of sharp pain as she said in. "You must not do that of all things, and if you are once in prison, you really will never get out again. Besides there are lots of other prisons, and there is no reason why they should send you to the main prison rather than anywhere else. We would never consent to that plan."

"I thought of doubtful myself," said the Angelinian governor. "Of course if I knew that they would send me to the main prison I might risk it. I could hide a file and steel saw about me and might cut through the bars. But as you say there is no reason why they should send me there rather than anywhere else. I would kill that villain who arrested me, and I would try to get out. The next best plan would be to try and write some of the wardens though it is dangerous. So I have decided to be glad enough to take money if they could see their way to letting her out without fear of detection. Of course there is a certain risk Jimmie anyway. There is no getting a prisoner out of the main prison without running some sort of risk. The thing is to fix on as safe a plan as we can. However ever however we must think it over well before we try. Now good night, and keep your courage up Jennie."

VIOLATED HER FREEDOM BUT NOT LONG AFTER HER SISTERS TAKES A TURN.  
THE RESULT:

Peer Jennie made no answer but her eyes were full of tears, as she put her little hand into her father's, and he went away from her side, in answer to his good night.

[illegible]

Indeed for all the prisoners there was no chance whatever to escape. For all they were matched like Jews in day and night. They were packed up at day five or six together in little dirty and dark cells, filled with all kinds of dangerous rats and mice but in the night were in a common hall filled with dead stinking tow linen. Every day some persons were killed out, and these were dragged away never to ~~see~~ be seen again. Not one of the prisoners

That one of the prisoners could see any possible way of escape unless on page 1 helped them; Violet Hude had no hope, and when the list was called out every morning, those who were named were dragged off, to be cruelly slaughtered.

"If she is murdered," said the Anglinian governor to himself, "I will kill Terbecker as I would a snake, for he will be her murderer, just as much as if he himself had cut her throat. I would do it at once if I were not for her sisters. I must not run unnecessary risks. At any risk, I need not think of the new, the one thing at present is to get 'Mabel' out."

It seemed to him that there must be some way of getting her out, if it could only hit upon it. He turned over in his mind every escape he could think of and read of but in most of these the prisoner had been unable capable of using tools planned in to him to saw through iron bars, pierce walls or evade jailers. Some had even saved by the fault relatives, wives or daughters, who went in badly, and even exchanged clothes and places with them, but this was not feasible at any of the prisons here in possession of the glandelinians. There was not at any of the prisons where relatives could call upon friends far to be a relative of a prisoner was quite sufficient in the eyes of the glandelinians "to mark any one as being their enemy. T

The next day the governor felt a thrill go through him as he glanced over a list which told of children to be executed on the following day he saw the name of "VIOLET VIVIAN".

That night, or no was Violet at the removal. Next he was in the company

10 Governor Federal: I knew that was much over the life of Repps. I  
would have you know that for more than two days after little girls know  
to be six of them but the next to the eldest, Violet, thirteen, had  
been arrested. This in itself is a mystery. They reasoned away this  
young man, where he was one known anything about. IUD. O. Dollars to the  
ones who seldom are in these dead or alive. I  
Robert Vivian felt the actor leave his checks, and his hand was  
hastily as he put the note into his coat pocket.

the general of the danger that the rebel army was in and of the rebellion in the snow covered woods where the army would not dare to follow. In a deadly fire which had great effect upon the prisoners.

[illegible]

Will have done to put a certain child, by the name of Violet Violet Vi via  
violet to death. Answered the officer.

"All right captain." The man said, opening the gate. "It's late for killing children, but I don't see any need."

To: Ten minutes later he was again opened again and the officer came by officer "second" door the woman and entered the porch.

The nine other passengers of the ship, the officer said, taking the boat in the coach, Robert Wind.

the coach. Robert Vivian drove on on, while "Sammy" who had gotten out of the coach, when the officer went into the prison, was talking to a dark leucy street

dark lonely street, near the horrible prison of slaughter. The street the Angelian governor was driving through was dark and narrow.

to be stirring, and the governor peered anxiously through the darkness for the figure of Juanita. Presently he

and a short figure appeared from a doorway. Robert at once checked the

What in fact the officer was doing putting his only hand out of the window.

Robert got off the box and staggering to the window of the carriage said in a drunken voice:

... said in a drunken voice:  
 'It tick- tick---- tick-tick went by --tick--' found me. At once

bottle of whiskey, before I hick-hick- hick -- hick --

111 to worry for you." The officer said furiously. "Or it

"Don't you - tick - tick - tick dare to speak to me that tick - tick  
any you rotten scandalous scab. The next

purposefully against the garrings. "One can hick - in hick - jump up

hit to me black-black-black like that, and I will black-break your hand.

"An exclamation of rage, the Glandelinian sprung from the seat

and on his foot touched the ground the governor he threw his arms  
and him, threw him down choked him until he was unconscious.

ized the prostrate body, and threw it up on the box, while Garrison  
the car drove on.

re. " Her father could not be jumped into. "Thank God you are

Oh, how I, if you can it be, trust And the spirit which had a long

...and the spirit which had a long  
child, it was not into Mary's  
...father ...

...the charges with an to

That is all that I saw. The cover or truck putting his hand out of the window.

ere are some empty houses here," said Gannon. "I will get rid  
this week."

got down, and then lifting the body on his shoulder and carried it  
one of the men to house and then it

one of the men to horses and threw it in.

There are already suspicions for there have been

made their way through the streets for Violet was unharmed.

impediment and shaken by what she had gone through.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Hour after hour and had seen scores of poor little girls and boys taken out to the execution. They had a regular rendezvous, and with a cry of delight, Jennie sprang to her father and clung to him as if he were a giant. He kissed her and she kissed him in the happiness of the happiness of the return of her sister. The meeting of the sisters was a happy one. They fell on each other's neck, and for some time they were silent. Then, looking all preparations were made for the day, they started out.

For quite a while they trudged on, when Violet turning her head saw for off among the crowd a man who followed following them. Violet then came along within a few minutes, but instead of the two to go to Hannon, who was waiting, walked straight on, saying on the way followed:

"What? I think that we are being followed by a Glendalino."

Hannon at once drew back, and allowed them to go on sixty yards. Before he moved after them. As there were many people about, it was some little time before he could verify Violet's suspicion. Then he noticed a Glendalino looking very much like the other, within a short distance, ahead of him, and he followed, each thinking that Violet was mistaken, and the next day, he was right.

They were in a quiet street, and then questioned him, until he was alone behind the Glendalinos. Then he drew one of his pistols, and springing forward, struck him a heavy blow on the back with the butt. The great headless Glendalino fell forward on his face, without a cry or groan, and Hannon satisfied that he had stunned him, ran on and overtook the others, and turning down the first street they came to, was assured by that they were safe from pursuit.

"We had noticed that Glendalino looking after us after against the house opposite ours all the morning," Robert Violet said. "And came to the conclusion that he must be watching us, so we looked out for him when we came out, and noticed that as soon as we went on to leave, he walked straight up to us. He told the others to walk ahead of him, so without stopping, when we came up to him, so he is not to follow him with suspicion. I can assure you would manage somehow to get rid of him."

Hannon laughed. "If fancy he will spend his time in bad this afternoon, and tomorrow, instead of loitering about a Park. He will teach him to mind his own business, in future, and to leave poor children and children alone. I am very glad that he did follow you for I had, and him something for shooting Violet in the hand and can never leave Pappa without paying my debt. Now I think we are pretty well squared."

At the very first small village they came to they found how strict was the watch, upon persons leaving Pappa and had to reason it to capture a man from the army. Hannon had knocked down.

No sooner had they set down in the village entered to breakfast, when six Glendalino officers presented themselves, and asked them who they were, and where they were going.

The reduction of the document at once satisfied them, and they quickly left after breakfast and with their bundles in their hands they trudged along the road. They met with no adventure whatever on the journey to Alcala which was performed in never at hours the town being not far away. The weather was fearfully cold although it was moving on to the first of November. On arriving at Alcala Robert proceeded first to the town governor's house and producing the document received a small to lodge in the town. The governor's brother, and Hannon then looked for apartments in the neighborhood of the Angelino River and quickly obtained them. The three men being in danger at once were assured for themselves much attention from the authorities of the Glendalinos.

During their stay in the town, in order that they could not be for themselves with what sent the instructions received from Pappa, for the examination of all the children were being carried out. This officer then accepted of it, and made him to obtain information of all that was going on. He did not seem to be at all interested in the children, but for their feelings were deeply hurt and concerned by parents and numerous mannerisms, which they were permitted to prevent, for they did not venture to raise their voices in the case of parents.

For had they done so it would have been met with a severe punishment. They found that horrible as were the butcheries in the case they were even surprised by those that were met in the provinces and that in Alcala.

In particular a terrible persecution was being under the direction of Terrier, who had been sent down from Pappa as a commissioner from the committee there. Hannon next object was to make the acquaintance of all the Glendalinos stationed at the town, but this however he and the other two men found much more difficult than they had expected. The terror was insuperable.

The news of the slaughter of the two most children had brightened the day. Hannon had been going everywhere, over the western part of Glendalino. The worst of all the great Glendalinos or Glendalinos were not their numbers and under pretended accusations were seeking their ends on the respectable in nations around. None were to high or to low to be denounced in christianity and the domestic violence followed by slaughter. Then their efforts to make acquaintance among the Glendalinos met with very slight success.

They were strangers and that was sufficient to cause distrust and fear. Hannon, it became apparent that they had come from Pappa with no special authority to hunt in the work of a slayer. They soon perceived that they were regarded with absolute hostility, and one day one of the Glendalinos said:

"Did I see your faces, years and yet not come down the river, after dark, for there is a strong feeling against you, and unless you have some good like your bodies fished out of the river, with half a dozen knife holes in them, you will take my advice."

They began to feel about crushed under their responsibilities. Their utterances of the Glendalinos were tried them greatly. They were at no further progress whatever, whatever in their efforts to obtain a purgatory, but went back to where the children were. They told the children how completely they had failed, with the Glendalinos. The ferry men and how no actual feeling of hostility against them had been.

"I think we could have stood that Jennie, but the fact is that terrible cruelty that tries us. It is no use to be hearing those floods, marking out their victims, and exulting over their murder, that at times we feel tempted to turn our backs upon some of the Glendalinos. Glendalinos and struggle the life they do the poor helpless little children. Many poor child or any, Glendalinos and even hidden away on some ferry boat but got easily to Angelino but of course it was a great risk, for it is death to hand at any of the christians. Still the Glendalinos ferry-men are always ready to run the risk."

Two days after the Angelino governor came to the lodging place earlier than usual.

"I feel that our position is getting more and more dangerous right along," he said. "He would be entered. For I don't play my part sufficiently well. I do not butcher children with them and I'm not forward enough in their violent councils. I cannot bring myself to vote for their proposals for massacre when there is any old division among them, and neither can I vote for them for they seem to recognize the traitor of Balen. I fear violence to one of the council when they were killing a little girl in front of him. We have been asked questions lately, as to why we are here, and why we have come. I have been thinking for the last few hours, whether it would not be better for us to make our way down to the mouth of the river and try to bribe some of the Glendalinos ferry men in the village there, and could not have that ill feeling against us and this at other two men, that the men have here, to take us to sea, or if that could not be managed, to get on board some little boat ourselves at night, and run off by ourselves, in the hopes of being picked up by an American ship."

Robert Violet his brother and Hannon had to be for some days feeling that danger was thickening around them. They had noticed angry glances cast at them by the Glendalinos council men, and had heard continual expressions of doubt whether they had really been sent from Pappa, and believed that they were fugitives. That very evening as he came out from the meeting he heard one of the Glendalinos say to another:

"I'll bet they are once again it and when killed the one who were killed, all the other Glendalinos, and so in the other by King much alike, but the other fallen to such little men like I've seen before. I tell you I am shall watch them there closely. They have some children with them, that looks like those little Violet girls, we had seen at Glendalino, the men who saw the paper told me. I shall make it my business to get to the bottom of the affair, and we will make short work of them if we find that they are those accursed Angelinos."

The Angelino governor said therefore that the danger was a even more urgent and he was right.

"He you told me all that," asked Violet.

"Not quite all Violet dear, I am just thinking it over. I fear that the danger is more pressing than I have said." And he repeated the same sentence he had overheard overheard.

"Even now," he said, "that fellow is maybe watching outside, or making inquiries about us."

"But why can we not run away at once?" Jennie said. "Why do we wait till they come and take us, carry us away, and kill us?"

This was a question that could not be answered. The next morning the two governors and Hanson went out as usual. Immediately after breakfast for a three hours walk. To day they felt more anxious than ever, scarcely heading where they walked, they were not longer than usual, and it was nearly four hours after they started, before they approached the town again, by the road along the river bank. Just when he came to the first house, several stern looking Calverlinians, who were standing there rushed up to him quickly.

"You are the three Angelinians who lived with the children next door to Mary Love, are you not?" Asked the Calverlinian who reached him first.

Robert rose answered hurriedly, with a strange presentiment of evil.

"Mary Love bid me to tell you three Angelinians that two hours after you started this morning a party of Glendellians came to the house and arrested the poor little girls, and carried them off. Some of the Glendellians have remained there watching for your return."

Robert, Hans Hanson, and Hanson staggered as if struck with a blow.

"Poor girls, dear!" The chief Calverlinian said, "I am so sorry, but the ghostly puller in their faces. 'But I pity you three. I know Calverlinian is forlorn that these enemies of God should have dared carry off those who are so pure and innocent, but what could we do. We indeed did him at the Glendellians and we would have pulled them had we not been afraid of striking the poor little girls. When these watching Glendellians had gone Mary Love said to some of us 'The best thing that we can do for those poor little angels is to save their guardians from being caught also. So now we have done so and if you know the peril they were now in you would go to their rescue. Do you understand?' He asked, laying his hand on his arm, for the governor seemed dazed and stupid, with the shock they had received.

"I understand," he said in a low voice. "Thank you all for your warning."

"Mary Love said," continued the Calverlinian "Whoever met you was to tell you to be on this road, by the river just outside the town at after dark and she would bring you three men some clothes and tobacco where you would be safe for the result of this capture. It is that the city is besieged by over 500,000 child rebels and will be under fire soon. You were to go away again and keep far from this town."

"Yes, I will be here with my brother and companion this evening," answered the governor.

So saying he and the rest turned and moved away walking unsteadily as if they were drunk. The Calverlinians looked after them frowningly and then shaking their head and muttering execrations against the Glendellians, they made their way back to their houses. Hanson and the two others walked on slowly in a bitter rage to think that just as the moment when a chance of escape might be opened just when the dangers seemed nearly the children should have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and they not to strike a blow in their defense. To think of Violet Jean and the other Vivian girls, his bright fearless daughters, and ailing little Vivian girl, his bright fearless daughter. It was maddening. But they quickly changed their minds and with more elastic steps strode away into the country and for hours walked on till it was evening. They revolved plan after plan in their minds for rescuing the children. They again approached the spot, where where they had that morning received so heavy a blow.

Mary Love was there waiting for them, and told them to come up.

"Oh dear," she began. "But this is a terrible day. Oh if I had known a day or two earlier they could have saved in time, and now they are in the power of those wretches."

"But we will not need those clothes, and all save them to night or know the reason why," said the governor. "Thank you but we will start without delay."

#### THE BATTLE

#### THE BATTLE OF ALICIE.

It happened that the child slaves in the city where the Vivian girls were already taken from their father had risen up with the other rebels and serious results was to follow.

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in. Some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow pursuing in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The rebels had already brought up sixteen field guns.

So intent were the Glendellians on rescuing the innocent children, that they did not know that over 100,000 rebels had taken the town and were aware of it only when they saw them advancing for the line of prisons where the Vivian girls were confined. The child rebels made a desperate onslaught on the Glendellians defending the prisons and the other child slaves who had risen up in rebellion also turned against the Glendellians making one onslaught after another. The Glendellians repelled the insurgents with might and main in beating back every attack with frightful loss to the insurgents. At the moment the child rebels were about to be routed the Angelinian governor came to their rescue with a host 10,000 of his soldiers captured the prisons and rescued his daughters.

The governor no doubt had in Calverlinia a beautiful mansion and lots of righteous servants but ever, day even during all the excitement over the massacres which was continuing, he had a very wicked butler, and this very man filled him with suspicion. The butler had no love for poor Catholics, shunned their idea of going to confession and said that Christ had never been on the earth. He had tried to persuade the Angelinian governor to become a protestant or a gine-gine Glendellian giving him all kinds of discouraging reasons about the Catholic religion. He even said sometimes that if Robert Vivian forsaked the Catholic religion, and persuaded others to do so, he would do more work than he was doing and find his another pretty child whom he could adopt. But the governor had firmly refused and so the wicked butler kept up his coaxing, and made fun of the governor and the rest which instead of discouraging him, like some other Catholics made him very angry. When the time came for the butler to retire, Violet went to him, telling him that he was wanted in the office. The butler went into the office where the governor was sitting down writing a message to the western governors of Angelinia. The governor arose when the butler entered, and looked at him with disgust and disdain.

"What you want?" The butler asked, thinking that the governor was going to give him his wages that day.

"See here," said the governor. "If you think I'm going to abandon my religion just to please you you are greatly mistaken and none of your persuading, and more of it will cause your arrest."

"But you are foolish to believe that there is such a person as a Christ for he is not true and never was alive." The Angelinian governor was struck with the idea that this very butler was a Glendellian in disguise for no real Christian or Angelinian would talk in such a wicked way.

"You are a glandelinian in disguise." Thundered the Angelinian governor, bringing his fist down on his desk with a bang. "Your very wickedness and words shows it, and you can't make any excuse or deny it. You are to remain only till to-morrow afternoon and if I find my suspicions correct I'll have you arrested and condemned to be shot as a spy. YOU'RE DISMISSED."

The butler left scowling to himself, and planning for revenge. The next morning the governor Hanson, Jennie and Gannon left the children in the care of the maid for they were going out to search for Walter Jennings, who was still missing. When the governor left, the butler, who was indeed a glandelinian, summoned up several more glandelinians who were also spies, though they were officers, by telephone, promising to meet them by the railroad tracks. He kept his word, meeting them, and as he was their chief officer told them about his wicked scheme, and as "We can easily get them little girls now." He said. "They have been rescued many times already, but this time we must break into the mansion and kill them right in their room, and we must break into the mansion."

The glandelinians as I said before were in disguise, for it would have been dangerous for them to enter this region, in their bright gray uniforms. After a short conversation they started off for the main alien sisters did, and her of mud suspicious were at once aroused. Even since she had known the butler, she had disliked his face, though good looking as it was, and a wicked look could be seen in his eyes. At that time there was not a single person in the mansion and their peril seemed hopeless indeed. Violet and her sisters seeing the look of alarm in their governesses face expected that something was up. "There are Glandelinians in disguise trying to break into the house and kill us all." Whispered Mrs Catherine. for that was the maids name. "We are in great peril for they are indeed Glandelinians." Exclaimed Joice. "And no one to help us or neither have we any fire arms." They could already hear the six rascals rascals coming up the stairs, but Mrs Catherine was quick in action. She dragged a small wardrobe toward the door after locking it and shoved it against it. The Glandelinians reached it and finding it locked, began hammering at it with clubs while Mrs Catherine called up the governor and the others, who were in the court-house, by telephone. The noises caused by the hammering at the door also carried the sound to the governor, which aided up saying. Several shots were fired through the keyhole, but the maid and the children jumped aside, though Jennie alone got a scratch from a stray bullet. Mrs Catherine kept on telephoning and though the governor could not yet make out her words he knew that she would not be telephoning for nothing, and told Hanson and the other two that something suspicious was going on. The governor at once summoned a fast auto mobile and quickly got in. Soon they were going in full speed for the mansion, but they arrived too late for the children had been carried off and the maid slain. Intense was the grief of the Governor and the rest when they discovered this.

The same day that Violet and her sisters had been carried off, 115,000, child rebels, mixed with Angelinians under the child rebel leader general Beppe, B Bannison, in marching toward the north collided with a force of 200,000 glandelinians, on the snow covered grounds twenty miles south of Beppe, and the result was a four hours bloody struggle, in which the enemy obliged at first to contend with over-whelming numbers of child rebels under Aronburg, who came to the rescue of Beppe were obliged to retreat. However other columns of the glandelinians were arriving, and marched in long straight double lines, toward the child rebel positions with fearful fury. Despite the withering fire that mowed them down in ranks the Glandelinians swept up to the very trench of the insurgents and the fearful merciless struggle, that ensued raged four hours without a single pause. Never before was there seen such a merciless hand to hand fight seen during the insurgent insurrection, and when the enemy gave way handsoeely rep led, they left six thousand dead and eight thousand wounded behind them. The child rebels deciding to follow up their advantage decided to assume the offensive and these under Baverin pressed on at a fearful charge, and attacked the foe under Costellien. The glandelinians who had made the second attack, had rallied by this time, and met the insurgents with being appalling.

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in. Some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow pouring in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The enemy had already brought up sixteen field-artillery and...

However the enemy were driven from their position a sudden and engaged. The insurgents pressed on, and at asked the reinforcing columns of the army at Chatin Hill, not far from Beppe. For an hour the cannons on the hill roared incessantly, and the hills and woods were fairly wreathed in smoke from the awful volleys. Eighteen charges were made by the insurgents, the glandelinian cannon cruelly thinning their lines, and the enemy managed to hold their desperate assailants at bay until general Terbucker managed to get around the hill with his Ouarians and curdies, and at asked gladiators flank on the right wing of the insurgents. This ended the frightful and unusual struggle along this part of the line. Turn and bleeding their dead and wounded lying in windows like wreckage the rebels withdrew from their merciless assaults, but the other child rebel for as had in the meantime threw up strong positions under cover of their batteries, numbering two hundred cannon made of wood, but almost as effective as ordinary cannon. Being confident of a sweeping victory, the glandelinians were coming on in heavy force, and made a fearful and general attack on the line of insurgents, driving them from their strong position and pursuing them for a long distance. Both sides had lost over 11,000 in killed and wounded.

After succeeding in breaking down the door, and carrying off Violet and her sisters, the five or six glandelinians bound them hand and foot and quickly carried them to a cart or wagon thrusting the children in.

"The defeat of the child rebels at Beppe will arouse them from their pity to a destructive fury more fearful than the Sinoan Typhoon that whirled the houses in our cities into overwhelming streams of wreckage." Said one of the glandelinians getting into the wagon. "No doubt about that." Answered another, as his companions jumped into the wagon. "It's lucky we were managed to capture these little children fools."

The glandelinian who was to drive, started the horses with the whip, and soon they came to the Angelinian Railroad. They determined to drive to the nearest railroad station inside the city and take a train going north-west. But as they went further the station seemed to be. "Confound it! It drowled the glandelinian who was driving. 'Will we never reach that goddam station!'"

It seemed miles away and also our position seems suspicious to all who pass us." Said another glandelinian.

Violet knew that they would have to go into the very heart of the city, to even reach that nearest station as they called it and hoped that the suspicions of all who passed would soon be aroused, and that they would soon come to their rescue. But their hopes were in vain for the glandelinians dreading a suspicion, and becoming suspicious themselves were on a strict lookout.

At last after an hour passed and no signs of a station came yet, the glandelinian asked a passer by how far the station was.

"You will have to drive into the heart of the city." Answered the passerby. "And it will take you until night to get there, and besides all the trains are searched for suspects, before going out for who knows that some lurking glandelinian would be on them with stolen children."

The glandelinians were dumfounded and for a moment did not know what to do. And now the glandelinians were watching this passerby suspiciously. Finally, for it was the very policeman that they had met before and who had chased them, little while ago. The glandelinians had forgotten to cover Violet and her sisters with a quiver cloth, and as the sign passed him, the policeman saw the children and as all also recognized them. He was now suspicious that these very fellows were glandelinians in disguise, and carrying off the poor children. He quickly saw the revolution and leveling them at the rascals, bid them to come down from the wagon. The glandelinians did not flinch when they saw the revolvers leveled at them, but nevertheless they determined to pretend to obey so as to carry him off alive.

"WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?" One of them demanded with a sneer.

"I want you and those children." Drowled the officer. "And if you don't obey why then I'll shoot you."

The glandelinians laughed.

"Shoot us!" Exclaimed one of the glandelinians in astonishment.

"Why we have faced so much shooting that we liked to hear a gun go off. Shoot us if you will, but that will not save the children."

Slowly but surely, while this conversation was going on one or two of the stalwart glandelinians, were walking around toward the back and before the policeman could be aware of it or of their presence, they pounced upon him and took away his gun which he was trying to discharge and threw him to the ground.

"Ha, ha ha," laughed one of the glandelinians. "Another prisoner and captured so easily." Laughed the leader in glee. "You see, Mr. Calvinian, if you had not meddled into our affair this would not have happened. Bind him now."

The policeman made a furious struggle but they quickly overpowered him, and bound his hands and feet, and shoved him into the wagon.

Then they jumped in the driver taking his place, and driving off again. But not in the same direction deciding to find another station in the northwest. What caused all of the Calvinians to have suspicion was that the glandelinians again forgot to cover the prisoners so as to hide them.

"I believe that those are glandelinians in disguise." Said a soldier to a policeman. "I say, we must organize a mob, to head them off and recapture the poor children."

Five minutes after the glandelinians discovered a furious mob following them and also tearing down upon them armed with stones, pistols, and all kinds of dangerous weapons. A shower of bricks were hurled at them to which those who were not struck answered with a volley from their pistols. All those in the ever increasing mob who were armed with firearms discharged these simultaneously, but those in the wagon were lying down out of range the shots flew wide. Every shot the glandelinians fired took effect bringing down scores. The driver sent the horses going at full speed while the glandelinians who were not firing pistols prepared to throw bombs which they had in the wagon. Though these caused awful havoc among the mobs it did not check their furious chase. The very scene was like a blood-bloody riot. The glandelinians filled with furious desperation kept firing their pistols with telling effect, lying low in the wagon. There was not much danger, for the driver of being hit, with flying bricks or bullets for the luck of his seat was very high, and he was well protected. The glandelinians who were not firing the pistols threw the bombs which exploded only by heavy shock as fast as they could. It was lucky that these glandelinians had a great deal of ammunition and shells, for it would not have gone well with them. The horses running at their greatest speed soon took the fugitives quite a distance from their pursuers, but another was quickly forming on the west side. To disperse this mob, the glandelinians sent a volley of bombs, then proceeded through, shouting triumphantly. But now they were in greater danger for a train of automobiles were pursuing them, and in the leading and most handsome one were Hansen the governor and his two companions. Shots were flying thick and fast, the automobiles kept up an incessant honking and the mobs of human pursuers were increasing everywhere to the anger and desperation of the glandelinians. Even if they now put Violet and her sisters and the man prisoner out of the wagon the glandelinians would not get an any relief from their pursuers for the Calvinians would tear them to pieces if they caught them as enraged they were. To check the automobiles which were drawing dangerously close to them, the glandelinians began to hurl bombs at them disabling many, but still the governor's automobile still untouched was nearly alongside. But the glandelinians with their pistols fired at the tires puncturing holes, and disabling it so that the governor had to check the engine to avoid disaster.

My but its occupants were in a fix. However they got out and went into another. Closer and closer they came because the pursuit, and the shot shots became a regular fusillade. Once in a while the governor and many of the mob demanded the glandelinians to stop, but the drivers kept lashing the horses furiously.

Suddenly they saw another huge mob far off in front of them advancing swiftly to head them off, so he turned the horses from the road toward the tracks, and they went across the railroad with a great rattling and rousing into a large lot, which led out of the city.

Oh what a yell of ruffled rage arose from the mob when they saw this.

The other mob quickly met the biggest one and united pursuing as hotly as they know how, and running as if a panic-stricken.

Bricks were now flying past the wagon again, and the whistling threatening near. One glandelinian who was not standing at the end of the wagon, preparing to throw a bomb, and struck by a shot, and he fell headlong to the ground, the bomb he carried with him exploding as it rolled down a slight rise of ground.

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in. Some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow, passing in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The army had already brought up sixteen field pieces and a new machine gun.

From the car the mob of men, women and children, and it was a sight never to be forgotten. The one who fired the shot that killed the Glandelinian, who was about to throw the bomb, was the governor himself. He was an excellent sharpshooter. But in reaching this point the Glandelinians managed to get far ahead of the mob, and soon out of the reach altogether. They had already used up nearly all of their ammunition in this exciting race, and so they now stopped and got off the wagon. Then in a hole they placed all the bombs, set a heavy rock hovering over them, and also set a fuse, to deal destruction to some of the mob should they reach the concealed pit of ammunition. They now reached their own railroad, just as a train came, and quickly taking the prisoners and carried them to the train, and told where they wanted to go.

"We want to stop at the very first station on the Angelina railroad." Said the leader of the kidnappers. "That is the only line that will take us through to Calverine."

Being soldiers they did not have to pay any money or produce tickets, and the one this railroad crossed the Angelina and Mc-Holleston and Pandora lines that station was soon reached and they got off. They walked quickly toward the station with the children, unbound but they did not dare to try to make a break for the glandelinians would have shot them dead right there. They reached the station and the glandelinians stood there waiting the train.

"Where are you six fellows going with the children, and where are you going tickets?" Asked the ticket agent, seeing the glandelinians standing there looking at something that seemed to be the mob advancing toward the station.

"We are waiting for a train to take us to Calverine." Answered one of the glandelinians.

"You will have to pay your tickets." Answered the ticket agent.

"Not even soldiers or generals are allowed to ride these grand roads without tickets, and it will cost each of you five dollars."

The glandelinians turned and looked at the agent in amazement.

"Five dollars each?" Gapped the leader. "As at soldiers part we with thirty dollars just to go to Calverine? Never indeed."

Then in anger drawing his pistol and leveling it at the ticket agent ordered him to give them the tickets for nothing or to be shot.

Seeing how rash it would be to disobey, the man with a scowl shoved him the twelve tickets.

"It's here." Said the glandelinian with a fiendish grin, as he saw the mob drawing nearer and nearer. "Step out here, for a minute if you value your life. No money buys business now for it will be dangerous to tangle with us."

The ticket agent obeyed cowering out but still scowling, and another glandelinian seized him and bound his arms fast.

"We'll leave both of you men here." Snarled the leader. "For it would be not look nice to take you two on the train. We ought to kill you both, and will if you say anything of this affair. We are no doubt glandelinians in disguise, and besides we are determined, at any risk no matter how great it is to take these little girls to Calverine as prisoners. We have had these little girls several times already, but that they have either gotten away from us or have been rescued. It does not matter whether they submit or not they are going to be put to death anyhow. Besides as you know now where we are going to take these little children, and probably a full tell about this to the advancing mob, when they arrive here as fast as we will take you along too but you'll have to keep tightly quiet on the train, which is coming now or by. Satans name there will be something going on. But my cause is just."

The train as it arrived at the station, and the glandelinians got on taking the mob and about prisoners with them. Violet and her sisters were too late to cry or weep, but unfortunately this was a glandelinian train for if any Angelinians had been on it, they could have noticed their presence had they cried or not. This train had been taken by an army of glandelinians a mile from the station and every one in this train were in disguise with scores after scores of child prisoners in every one of the six coaches. The mob was approaching nearer and nearer, and the Angelinian Governor and his companions were the first who saw the glandelinians get into that train which was already starting.

10/17

"Quick quick, telephone for a railway engine." Gasped the governor in anguish. "We must pursue those Glandelinians." Several men ran into a house where there was a telephone and the one who first reached the phone hastily gave the order. "Life to the governor was fairly frantic over the seeming delay. Soon the man came back out and ran to the governor, informing him that there could be an engine there within a half an hour."

"Is a wonder it would not take all day to get here." Exclaimed the governor impatiently. "Those Glandelinians will escape with this confounded delay, and then our pursuit will be in vain." Five minutes passed and soon a small switch engine arrived in a backup with five freight cars and the governor decided to take it and go on in the pursuit, never thinking that he was going to have the loss of his life. The governor and Hanson went into the cab, while the other three sat on top of a box car, while a hundred men, and three hundred soldiers sat upon the rest of the cars. The engineer started the engine at the command of the governor, though he protested that it was not his job, and soon the race began, the engine being a locomotive engine, though just now used for switching. The Glandelinian train was so on going full speed already, but the engineer increased the speed of the engine and soon the pursuit was fairly on. Within fifteen minutes the engine was fairly tearing along the tracks. Closer and closer drew the engine which was now running at full speed, making a great noise, and rapidly gaining on the Glandelinian train which was still far ahead. The Glandelinians seeing that the engine was gaining on them rapidly said to the engineer, for they knew him, and went into the cab to talk with him, leaving the children in the care of other Glandelinians.

"When we are half way across, get fire to the bridge. Don't let it get a chance to cross a burning bridge." As the engine was rushing on the governor who was looking out of a cab window, saw several Glandelinians laying a log across the tracks evidently to wreck the engine and throw the children off the track. The governor gave the word warning to the engineer in time, and the small train soon slowed down. While Hanson and Hanson was lifting off the leg the governor noticed that it was starting to snow and feared that if it snowed very hard it would be impossible for the Glandelinians to get away. When the log was removed the pursuit was again taken up. Several more times, friends of the Glandelinians tried to delay or wreck the engine by putting obstructions across the tracks. They succeeded in delaying the pursuing engine every time, but did not wreck it. The Glandelinian train soon reached the bridge, and the engineer threw shovel fulls of red hot coals upon the flooring on each side as they rushed over. By the time the train had passed the bridge was beginning to burn brightly. Hanson and Hanson saw the bridge draw the pursuing train and was nearly upon it before they knew it was on fire. The engineer checked the tremendous speed and was about to stop it altogether, when the governor yelled through the din: "Keep up you speed engineer. We do not care for the confounded bridge if it does come in. We got to get those helpless children back at any risk."

"Heavens man do you not realize that there is fifteen tons of dynamite in those cars." Gasped the engineer.

"Hang the explosives." Shouted the governor drawing his revolver.

"Continue on or I'll fill you full of lead."

The fire was already burning like an inferno, and though it seemed a fool hardy deed the engineer increased the speed of the engine again, and they went roaring across, seemingly enveloped in a seething sea of fire. Their most dread was of the bridge coming in, but it held firm and the train passed over the bridge. On toward the other fleeing train they sped down quite a steep grade. The governor dreading the danger of going too fast ordered the engineer to check the speed a little, so as to avoid causing a disaster.

"We must get those little girls at any cost if we can." Said the governor over and over. "Oh if this had not happened, I have a mind to arouse the whole nation of Angelina and make war against Glandelinians. Those poor little girls have suffered too much already."

"I'm having a queer feeling that this pursuit will be in vain." Murmured Hanson. "Oh if we once could get hold of those rascally kidnappers. I'd have them put to death or sentenced for life. They are getting too bold."

"Should say they are." Murmured the governor. "And God alone can save the little girls from these rascally heartless men who have them in their dirty hands."

SEEN IN PAGE EIGHT SIXTY FOUR.

CHAPTER FOURTY TWO.

CHAPTER FOURTY TWO ONE

ANOTHER THRILLING WEEK

CHAPTER FOURTY TWO SEEN IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY NINE.

THE DANGEROUS RUNAWAY.  
THE WRECK OF A GLANDELINIAN TRAIN.

crashing roar of the train, as it steadily gained on the engine the blood of the victims scattering into the air. The sight of the mangled bodies on the tracks was enough to turn the healthiest stomach.

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"Quick quick, telephone for a railway engine." Was the governor's anguish. "We must pursue those Ghandallians!"  
Several men ran into a house where there was a telephone and the

Just after the

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to hold.  
"Should say they are," murmured the governor. "And God alone can save the little girls from these rascally heartless men who have them in their dirty hands."

1357.

CHAPTER FOURTY TWO.

CHAPTER FOURTY TWO.

THE DANGEROUS RUNAWAY.

They had not descended very far, when the governor noticed that the freight cars were on fire, and had to order the engineer to stop the train, altogether. Two of the freight cars were blazing like tinder, and the engineer at the governors' orders backed the cars, up toward the bridge, and stopped at the beginning of the downward grade. Then the cars were unhitched and left standing at the edge of the downward grade. It would have been better if they had backed it on to the burning bridge, for on account of their leaving the cars as near the downward grade, something thrilling happened, which I am soon going to relate.

As soon as the governor had the cars unhitched, he jumped into the cab, and after the men had gotten off the cars, the pursuit was again taken up. The engine had no sooner traveled over sixty one rods, when the thrilling incident happened. One of the cars filled with the explosive blew up with a terrific roar, that shattered the whole bridge, while the roof of the first car long before the explosive had blown up curved in giving the burning car such a shock that it ran ahead ahead two yards reaching the starting part of the downward grade, where it stopped. Then a section of the burning wall collapsed falling inward with a roar, giving the car another shock starting it again.

This time the car went over the top of the downward grade, and started down downward at terrific speed, dragging the others with it, making a great roar. The governor and the rest were startled by the crash and roar of the explosion, and the noise of the train as it descended the grade, and looking out of the small window, if the cab the governor saw the approaching peril.

"If these burning cars collide with the engine it will be all up with us," he gasped.

Nearer and nearer drew the runaway train increasing in tremendous speed, and the fire as fanned by the strong breeze, caused by the great speed of the downward rush, burned more briskly and furiously, the black clouds of smoke rolling from the train toward the south, mingling with the smoke clouds of the burning bridge.

"We are pursued by a burning runaway train and she is coming fast," gasped the governor. "We ought to back up these runaway cars back up to the bridge. It's all my fault too."

The engine was going down the long grade as fast as the engineer engineer dared to let it go, and now the governor commanded him to run it full speed, or let it go as fast as it could down the steep slope.

"Let the engine have its own way in speed," the governor said. "We are in worse peril, with that burning train pursuing us, than in too much speed."

The engine engineer, dreading to obey, but fearing that the governor would draw his gun again, turned on full power, and now though the engine was going down at full speed, the train of burning cars was coming down after them at break neck speed, gaining on them every second, and their peril was indeed very great. Nearer and nearer came the runaway train, increasing in speed so tremendously that it was frightful. Not far distant was a large orphan or lunatic asylum, and a long line of helpless children went of their crippled, were carelessly crossing the tracks guided by Sisters. They had been at church not very far away, and were returning. Many times this runaway train had scattered crowds of men and boys, at the beginning of its descent. All the children and the nuns, were startled by a great booming roar, and were horrified to see twenty one burning cars bearing down upon the children, still standing upon the tracks, with awful speed. The nuns also saw the peril of the children, who were on the track, and screamed frantically for them to hurry across. But they were too terrified to move. With a horrible screech and roar, the burning train, came on increasing in its speed, as it approached. Reckless of their own safety the Sisters rushed toward the helpless children, still remaining on the tracks, but with a deafening roar the train passed too quick so uttering clouds of black smoke and burning embers, and grinding both the Sisters and the children under its grinding wheels. There was a scene of great and terrible confusion, and the frantic screaming of the killed and well wished the shrill shrieking of the nuns and survivors, and the crashing roar of the train, as it steadily gained on the engine the blood of the victims scattering into the air. The sight of the mangled bodies on the tracks was enough to turn the healthiest stomach.

The surviving mums had not as yet recovered from the horrible scene when they saw to their increasing horror, that the engine was not far ahead of the pursuing train, and knew that they were also in great peril. In the meantime the governor noticed a switch track and ordered the engineer to stop the engine. The engineer obeyed and hurriedly got off, and just in time for the train of a burning train cars going at a one hundred mile an hour clip collided into the engine and hurled it over on its side, and down the embankment, the cars still plowing on not checked in the least bit. The engine lay a junk heap below.

"Gracias! Gracias as my daughters." Shaped the governor. "They are in greater peril for they will be among the wreck wreckage of the glandelinian train, for the burning cars will surely collide into it." At this moment another train engine approached from another line at a junction, and the governor leaving the switch open in his hurry and excitement jumped on this engine, which started after the runaway train.

#### THE WRECK OF THE GLANDELINIAN TRAIN

The engineer of the glandelinian train managed to get his head out of the cab window, having heard the roar of the runaway train, and saw that his train was in hopeless peril, and quickly checking the speed of his train, jumped from the cab and gave the alarm. But it was too late.

He had not discovered the burning train until it was within fifteen rods of them. With a crash and grinding of braking wheels heard for a mile the burning train collided with the rear coach of the glandelinian train, overturning it. Notwithstanding the awful shock of the collision the burning train with its leading coach smashed badly as it was pressed on, telescoping three other coaches and overturning another before it finally came to a stop. The overturned passenger coaches were a hopeless mass of wreckage piled thirty feet high, and the few survivors of the overturned coaches, did their best to get the wounded and killed out, but these coaches had quickly caught fire, and burned so rapidly and furiously, that the rescuers could do nothing. The other cars though still standing were in very bad condition. The roofs of two were twisted, the other badly ripped, the windows smashed, and the coaches partly off the tracks, with their ends also badly smashed, and the tracks off. Only the engine stood unharmed. The glandelinians declared that the governor, being angry over their kidnapping his children, had sent down this runaway train of death and destruction, and seeing the engine approaching, he sent their guns to open fire upon those inside. All those who were not injured in this wreck, were the ones who had gotten out before it got bad, and only few at that. Not far distant on the other track another train with eleven coaches was approaching full speed, and the glandelinians knew that it would collide with one of the overturned coaches on the track. This train was so filled up with passengers, that every seat was occupied, and the aisles were crowded. Most were children, being transported to another slave city further south.

Another disaster along side the wrecked glandelinian train occurred, and it was caused by spreading rails, due to the first wreck. The locomotive had carried three day coaches, and three pullman coaches past, when with a report like a cannon the tracks gave way. A dinner coach filled with children at their luncheon, was the first to turn over with a crash. Another coach followed crashed into one of the burning cars, and standing on and across it, with all its passengers hurled into a heap, which completely filled two thirds of the coaches, crushing and killing all the passengers. The train was heard for fully a mile. The third coach on entirely and badly telescoped, but the fourth received the worst of the impact. It was tossed off the track, and thrown with such force against one of the glandelinian coaches, still standing that it was frightfully shattered. The heavy iron glandelinian pullman was disabled as if it were wire netting. The car hung over the steep embankment, supported only by the wreckage of the glandelinian car and the coupling connecting with the sleeper, and the third car. The shower of crashing glass from the windows cut many severely. The engine, baggage car, and two other full cars rolled down the third car track and totally telescoped.

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in, some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow, playing in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The army had already brought up sixteen field pieces and some of the rebels

Had it not been for the marvellous presence of mind, of a conductor, the remaining five with their windows smashed, by the shock of the sudden stop, would also have turned over. Quick as a flash, when he heard the first sudden crash, that was deafening, the conductor leaped up and pulled the emergency brakes. If he brought the five coaches to a stop with a crashing of breaking glass, quivering at the edge of the badly spread tracks. His car stopped just as the forward and reached the end of the derailed tracks, and he quickly climbed down the side of the baggage car, and broke all the windows, (for this car was the only one, whose windows did not break from the sudden stop.)

and let as many women and children out as possible. He then ran to one of the telescoped cars, and pulled out three little girls whose legs were broken, and whose bodies were badly mangled. There were a few little boys and two men a short distance from the little girls, who were hurried to death before he could reach them. Then he pulled a man and his wife out from under the wreckage, and saw that both of them were badly injured. In all their lives the Angelina governor and the rest, who were witnesses of this wreck, never saw a wreck like this. People seemed insane from fright, and it was difficult to do anything in the way of rescue. A scene like a wreck unprecendented in all the Angelinian or Glandelinian railroad wrecks greeted the passengers, who poured out of the partly damaged coaches.

Victims with blood streaming from head and arms and legs, were crawling, and being dragged through the shattered glass and wreckage. Several railroad men rushed out to the rear, and as they went to look for cars still standing. Also were hurried to the men, who were already trying to fight the flames, and thrilling work of extricating the victims was begun. Holes were chipped in the sides of the derailed cars, and the dead and injured were removed as fast as the rescuers, facing a wall of fire, could disentangle themselves from the tangled cars.

In the meantime the news of the cars wreck had been flashed to every near by point, and relief trains were soon a coming from the northern stations. The car which had plunged from the west embankment rolling over was in a terrible condition. The front end of the long day coach in which most of the victims had been riding, in shoving out over the broken tracks, followed by the second day coach, had stripped the rear of or two of the glandelinian coaches and had turned over.

The end of the first day coach, that had went over struck the east embankment, and with the other seventy feet car behind it had crashed down the sloping hill with terrific force.

Both cars were filled with passengers, and lay a mass of crumpled wood and metal and glass, under which two hundred and fifty men and women and helpless children were crushed to death. Violet and her sisters were in one of these cars that was overturned, and were tightly pinioned beneath the wreckage of broken seats and tables, nearly smothered by the thick clouds of smoke that swept over them. They were among the most severely injured, suffering from cuts, scratches and all kinds of small fractures. After difficult but hard work two stalwart glandelinians managed to get them all covered with blood, and senseless. The governor seeing so many glandelinians who were all maimed to the teeth saw it was utterly hopeless to attempt any rescue, so they started the engine back again, but arranged and dismantled, believing that Violet and her sisters were dead, for they looked it as they were brought out and laid on the ground.

"This was done on purpose." Exclaimed one of the glandelinians. "Our pursuers were overwhelmed with rage because they could not catch us, and sent this train of destruction upon us."

The glandelinians were all excited, and angered over such a number of dead and wounded comrades, not caring at all about the poor captives, and leaving many to the mercy of the fire.

All the remaining glandelinians, looked the surviving captives in the other train, and to kill they did not kill, as

prisoners. The other two Angelinians who had been captured, with poor Violet and her sisters were killed in the wreck.

After bringing Violet and her sisters around to one of the glandelinian office cars demanded:

"Where can I get another train for Calvernia with these children. They are severely hurt, but they can be brought around again."

"Take a hand-car." Advised one of the men. "No trains except the relief trains will run now with all this confounded wreckage strewn across the tracks."

A hand car was quickly brought by the working men of a wrecking train which had arrived and the two glandelinian officers immediately started off with the wounded Vivian girls leaving the scene of the great wreck far behind them. Violet and her sisters were and a moment and wished yearningly, as that this cruel cruel and merciless still slavery had never occurred, as it had brought them to share in all its horrors. The hand car was a slow matter but soon they came upon another at which and here a train was standing, having stopped there for a long while. The glandelinians got on just as it started off. Later in the morning the next morning. It was a little warmer since the snow fall of the day before, but still it was not so very warm yet, and there was a change in the city, better than before. Before, it being far more beautiful, except the poverty stricken district where the prisoners were kept. But in those places the glandelinians were more cruel than those Violet and her sisters had seen, or been among before. And the small or stretch far from the town buildings was like that from a slaughter house for many merciless butcheries of helpless children were committed there. But still there was some evidence of the battle which had occurred there between the glandelinians and the insurgents which had occurred five days ago. The fences in the field were still broken down, broken branches cannon balls cartridges and fragments of shells were strewn about. Here and there could be seen a line of disabled breast-works or an abatis and few broken cannon. The furrows in the ground and stone walls caused by shot and shell could yet be seen and many of the turned houses were only half mended. The house where he had been a prisoner in with Jack Evans was in ruins for it had been set on fire by the fleeing glandelinians, after the child rebels had won the battle. No signs of the few field pieces could be seen but the low stone wall and the gate was badly battered. But now like Andrew the city of Calvernia was protected by a high wall armed with cannon. Far off from a high hill which they were on now they could see the spires of the city of Bendinla, so far away, where the poverty stricken district of poverty now was still standing. That city however being an Angellinian city, and the boundary of Calvernia the glandelinians could not have it in their possession. The glandelinians who had possession of Calvernia did not care to attack the insurgents at Pounce-- Goo-- Woolia for they were too strong in numbers and position. The city was now reached, the glandelinians pausing through the gates of the walls. For a long time no one answered the ring of the bell at the door of the poverty stricken house they stopped at and the glandelinians were about to burst it open when there was a slow moving blur of shadows inside, and the knob turned uncertainly, the door opened, and three children stood there looking miserable. The glandelinians looked at the three frightened helpless children with a fearful look, announcing to themselves that they were to die that very afternoon. One of the graycoats announced with a fiendish grin at the poor children, who all were either crying or near the verge of tears. The glandelinians left Violet and her sister with the disconsolate children, and a school went away promising to return the next day. Violet and her sisters looked long at the poor children with pity written on their sweet faces. Nellie, the nine year old was biting her lip and her eyes were crimson with weeping.

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow pulling in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The army had already brought up sixteen field pieces and now as the rebels seemed to make another advance the enemy opened with their batteries.

## CHAPTER FOURTY THREE

ALL CIVILIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY SHOULD GIVE HALT TO ALL THE G.A. GLANDELINIAN BUTCHERIES OF CHRISTIAN CHILDREN EVEN AT THE COST OF WAR.

SEEN IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED SEVENTY THREE.

## CHAPTER FOURTY THREE.

ALL CIVILIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY SHOULD GIVE HALT. TO ALL THE GLANDELINIAN BUTCHERIES OF CHRISTIAN CHILDREN. EVEN AT THE COST OF WAR..... THE BANGUINARY BATTLE OF CEDENS HILL.

hand with an irritating suddenness which increased his fury.

A hand car was quietly brought by the workmen to the wrecking train which had arrived and the two glandelinian officers immediately started off with the wounded. Violet and her sisters were so dazed and wished yearningly, a fact this cruel and merciless still slavery had never occurred, as it had brought them to share in all its horrors.

202

## CHAPTER FORTY THREE

203

ALL THE ILIZATON AND CHRISTIANITY SHOULD CRY HAIT TO ALL THE O.A  
GLANDELINIAN PUTCHRIKES OF CHRISTIAN CHILDREN EVEN AT THE COST OF WAR

Jane aged three was nowhere to be seen, Angelina of three, looked so sad and presented a grinning and miserable countenance. Everywhere was machinery.

"Why what is the matter?" began Violet in dismay forgetting her own sorrows, and then the flood gates opened. The children cast themselves forward with one concerted wail, before which poor Violet and her sisters sat down in a corner and wept. Violet lifted Angelina upon her lap and she wept freely and loudly while poor Nellie murmured a damp and disconsolate face against Violet's breast. Jennie stood at a little distance and smiled with a diabolical relish sucking her finger. Violet and her sisters were not sure, she did not wink though her was blond pig tail and the cherubic blue nose of her eyes as well as her tender years were against any kind of sup artifice. Out of the chaos of tears and convulsive sobs, Violet and her sisters gathered the reason of the downcast

They were to be murdered that very afternoon. "These men" with gray clothes, hats as well because we all try to be good. Contributed Angelina looking like a grief stricken cherub with murmur: "And they are going to kill us. Some other cruel glandelinians dressed in green had called Nellie and her sisters to a fence and had seized them and carried them to

Nellie wept afresh when she told the story and poor poor little Angelina, howled in agony and dread. Baby Jennie only smiled sucking her little finger. Violet and her sisters were filled with deep sympathy. She and her sisters remembered these cruel glandelinians, cruel heartless fellows, and knew that also she and her sisters could do nothing to save these little innocent little ones. Violet and her sisters petted and consoled the children as best as they could, while Violet took a secret wistful pleasure in their little wet cheeks, pressed to her, and the eager hot clasp of Angelina's hands. Presently however Violet having heard about little Jane, looked in vain for her.

"She's up stairs crying." Explained Angelina with a sniff and a sob. They trailed lingeringly up the steps, and in a closet Jane was found hiding miserably behind the winter wraps, a tearful little figure, with hidden face. Violet ceased her pit and let her cry in her arms. She was a sweet silent little thing and Violet was warm for her. With a blue blanket a flame looking glandelinian burst in followed by another. Then an officer, a cross looking fellow came in and there began a lengthy and conversation. Then the door opened again, and a glandelinian looking more like a butcher strode in armed with honorable looking

"HI RYS." Was his reticent solution. "They are having a hard time down in town with the men prisoners."

He put Angelina and the other children out of the room, with a snarlful hand, and raised living Hell with Violet and her sisters for showing them mercy. There was now a conversation about the hard times down town. There was a rebellion among the prisoners against their guards, for they had broke free and were joining the child rebels. This was the news. The glandelinians now went into the other rooms, and called Angelina who was hiding beneath a table with her sisters. T

"The glandelinians were going to murder them now." Angelina declared in a brief scream.

A tall Glandelinian dived under the table and grabbing her dragged her out, but Angelina emitted a piercing shriek, tore herself loose, desperately flinging herself beneath the table with all the abandon of a tragedienne. There she went at the top of her voice, and in quick crescendos, like the crest of a tidal wave, the side leaf of the table, rose slowly. It sank and several wine jugs clattered to a fall. There was a frightful shower of shrieks from beneath the table, and a second earthquake ensued, on which the sugar bowl rolled over on its side. The quaking was accompanied with the terrifying noises. One of the glandelinians peered desperately beneath the table as he stopped. Angelina lay flat on her back, her legs in the air, her feet thrust the middle end of the table mouth wide open.

There were tears on her cheeks but when she screamed she had a pleased expression. The night of those plump brown legs with the muscles tightening for another upheaval completely infuriated the Glandelinian. He dived quickly under the table himself with a curse. He grabbed Angelina firmly by the legs, and dragged her out despite her hot howls and struggles and in doing so he humped his back with an irritating suddenness which increased his rage.

He grabbed her by the neck, and choked her until she was black in the face. He choked her so hard that it was fearful to see how her face had turned, how her tongue protruded, and her eyes bulged. Then (See chapter twenty four)

The children of the Angelinian governor was the only beloved children he ever had, and their little lives had been all of sorrow and agony. No tender or more crueler treated children were among the glandelinians than the Vivian Girls. Their kind generous father and their gentle loving little school children idolized them and all the hopes of Hannon and the rest were centered in their only best friends. The governor footstaps could hear him plainly heard treading the floor warily, while Hannon and the rest, with tear dimmed eyes kept their lonely lonely vigil praying for the children to return. They never lost their faith in their dear savior. He would bring them back. So despite the terror of their uncles and friends, and the prayers and the kind loving fathers' warnings the children were taken further and further away. A great longing came to the Angelinian governor and Hannon to see the graves of the dead child rebels once more. Through the streets they walked swiftly and toward the cemetery carrying flowers. They soon came near the graveyard, and looked all around for their little graves and soon found them. The governors feet refused to carry him further, and he sank upon the ground. Long did the governor remain thus, suffering as only a wayward boy can. A little bird on a tree near by Catherine's grave began to sing his sweet song seemingly to cheer the poor heart of the Angelinian governor.

He lifted his face toward heaven and there he prayed as he never prayed before. He seemed to hear the savior's loving sweet sweet voice.

"I WILL GIVE YOU YOUR REST."

As a child he gave himself to JESUS. So on he arose and started back home, Hannon and the rest following. Soon they drew near the old home again and silently went to bed, waking the next morning refreshed. After breakfast the governor and Hannon went to church to pray for the return of Violet and her sisters, and when they left and went outside in the streets they heard the full measures of the glandelinian butcheries.

Day after day Mc-Cantler had denounced the cruel glandelinians and steadily aroused the consciousness of the Angelinians to revenge, and put to an end to all the merciless massacres of the men women and children or of the child slaves in Calveridia, but seemingly without success, for the Angelinian Pope forbade him to continue his speeches, as there was danger of his bringing on a bloody war with the two nations. However there was made a new army of rebel children and the survivors of the recent battles were all coming back, but little Zimmerman having fallen in one of the bloodiest battles recently mentioned, was now in the grave, and all the glandelinians whom he had fought were now in the prisons or in the graves also. At this critical time glandelinians assured the nations of the world that they will slaughter as many children as they please, that all Christianity must be and shall be away with God and the world, and that Glandelinia also shall take her place in the congress of barbarism. Though she had been dominated by the great Ulendos --Abbasinian war, Glandelinian was still Glandelinian and the shameful massacres continued. The victims were now of the weak helpless nations who were yet under her control. The descriptions of the slaughters inflicted upon these miserable prisoners were so frightful of conception or if for repetition, and more, and could not be described unless some

Hundreds of glandelinian soldiers in gray and yellow uniforms were sent to the horrible prisons or poverty stricken places, where the half starved child slaves is put to the worst kind of a death that could be thought of, and the massacres, indescribable as they were, were continued by means that were worse than any bloody murder. The Glandelinians were surely becoming fiercer, and two big strong cowardly nations who were not, or could not be out under Glandelinian looked on did nothing and said nothing, leaving Angelinian and Hannon to deal with her alone. The savage merciless glandelinians declared that they will

Right to massacre prisoners of their enemies, and are keeping order within their own dominion, that they will attend to affairs of other nations and God. And the two cowardly nations big as they are, having many people, now accepted this wicked explanation and blasphemy, and allowed these indescribable massacres to continue just because they were afraid of being placed under the rule in case they loosed out. It was though in a christian city a man within his four walls were murdering women and children, and when arrested and brought before the committee councils condemned to other execution, that he was doing it within his own wall, and within his own house, and within his own rights.

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in. Some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow, putting in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The army had already brought up sixteen field pieces and a now as the rebels

Why is it the duty of the Christian nations in that untrue world to a whole new way and children win within his own house. A vigorous war from the united nations who were not under glandelinian rule or all of them who were would put an end to the power of glandelinian. Of course Glandelinian seemed to be the best murderers, killing helpless children because of the hearty delight that they find in the destruction of all the christian women and children, and a great hostile bloodshed. But the effort was not being made through cowardice. They were or look and were cruelly mistreated because they were christians, and because the no matter of what nation, and not that will insure them a particularly comfortable life in their own nation, some of the newspapers, or in recent instances denounced the glandelinian atrocities, which were no frightful that no nation in our real world would stand it much longer. Then the glandelinians, the new form have a right to punish enemies of Satan. Their exact explanation was that they were down upon the peaceful glandelinians on the northern boundaries and murder those which intend to be some day a part but such offenders were punished known to the authorities of Angelina. In this story it is the overwhelming number of glandelinian soldiers sent into the silverian cities of the west, to hunt and murder the defenseless women and children, enter upon the fierce chase, with rest and art business.

Just to insult him they declared that God to look with pleasure upon the mass acres of any man women and child who is no glandelinian either he wants to or not, and they will by all hostilities force God to reward them richly and in proportion to the number of their murders. And then still the murders continued. The Angelinian women and children in their prisons were surrounded by trained bodies of cruel heartless glandelinian soldiers, hounded in and murdered. When the two Angelinian governors heard about this he they said

"This is a terrible sight to arouse the christian countries. There should be enough decency in national government to make it impossible for the outrages to continue. Those unfortunate christian prisoners of other nations are murdered because the glandelinians are enemies of God. The christian nations should have these wretched people and the nations in exterminating the troops of murder, carried on by glandelinians."

It is only fulfill and more. Those that see the glandelinian murdering the children and women, because they are christians, should not stop to think of the fact that the glandelinians are a nation and a people. They should be the threats against glandelinia if threats suffice and by some nation is wiped out of existence. And if this cannot be done the power of glandelinia should be wiped out of existence. Glandelinia should become a civilized country surrounded by christian nations and inhabited by christians, and the glandelinians should be made to share or be driven back across the northern boundary from where they came.

Never in all the world has the indescribably wicked nation illustrated such relations equally to christians in such butcheries as were on men. They looked at the nations who were with the recent butcheries of women who were not under glandelinian rule or all of them who were would put an end to the power of glandelinian. Of course Glandelinian seemed to be the best murderers, killing helpless children because of the hearty delight that they find in the destruction of all the christian women and children, and a great hostile bloodshed. But the effort was not being made through cowardice. They were or look and were cruelly mistreated because they were christians, and because the no matter of what nation, and not that will insure them a particularly comfortable life in their own nation, some of the newspapers, or in recent instances denounced the glandelinian atrocities, which were no frightful that no nation in our real world would stand it much longer. Then the glandelinians, the new form have a right to punish enemies of Satan. Their exact explanation was that they were down upon the peaceful glandelinians on the northern boundaries and murder those which intend to be some day a part but such offenders were punished known to the authorities of Angelina. In this story it is the overwhelming number of glandelinian soldiers sent into the silverian cities of the west, to hunt and murder the defenseless women and children, enter upon the fierce chase, with rest and art business.

For more than a year the glandelinians have been unnumbered helpless child slaves butchering christian children after kidnapping the m, and outraging christian women simply because they are christians. It was indeed high time that christian people of all those christian nations were heard throughout that whole world in tones of thunder compelling the nations to act. If all these cruel glandelinian monsters should suffer Mercumnian subjects, because they are Mercumnians the wicked taspian o and van minarets of glandelinia, to batter down the murdered because of their religio religion the blood of the protestants would leap nations not under the rule of glandelinia, massacred just because they were Gandelinians, their king would vi voice his protest in the hall of cannon. But because they are christians of Mercumia and of Angellin, and the other nations, hold their hands free aiding them, and saying nothing for the dying and the christian martyrs, k in that Galveridian holocaust. As Mercumia protect Mercumians as Gandelinians protect Gandelinians so all christianity should raise itself and care for these poor christians. The governor ended, as many thousands of excited people crowded around his court house.

In the meantime Aronburg aroused her army a sudden blow, taking them completely by surprise. Time was the Aronburg led the army to the aid of the children in a small town and the rebels struck the enemy by rebel armies against Aronburg in a cause not more not a new one third so appealing as this, which called the entire christian world to action there. It seemed as if she would soon need new armies to call a halt to this indescribable butchery of men women and children, by the glandelinians. The great head of the Catholic church in that world sounded an appealing note through all the catholic neta papers and every Catholic church in christiandom was appealed to make answer to that cry. And the sentiment of that whole christian world, should be aroused to awaken the christian nations to active and united war against these butcheries which were simply the terrible repetition of other glandelinian cruelties which had stained the past five or years and which unchecked, were the next few months n a and the war that k is to come. The appeal was indeed indescribable. Christianity appealed to every christian nation to help men to halt glandelinia in her on march of butchery and terror. It was on one day that the governor was out in a raging snowstorm looking for his daughters, when he came suddenly upon two glandelinians in full uniform and he quickly stepped up to them.

"Your pardon gentlemen," Quoth the governor. "But perchance it will be good enough to tell me where my daughters, known as the Vivian Girls are!"

"Scoundrel! One would have thought that the governor had a right to know of all that their heads."

"Who the devil are t you?" Snapped one of the glandelinians in answer giving the quarry its most offensive emphasis.

"Sir cried the governor flaring up and with hand leaping to his side, "I will leave the devil out of that question if you please or I will cleave you in two. Un Anselinians do not stand for such talk, and will not either."

"And I will then." The glandelinian roared savagely, his own hand at the same trick.

The governor who whipped out his knife in a twinkling, and his enemy his sword, and they to meet at the very edge of combat for perhaps a minute, glowering at each other, then the glandelinian stepped back and said curtly:

"I presume that you are the governor of Angellin. Well your daughters are in our power now and even you and the whole christian army may try to get them back. We would not bring them back. Sent an army at once to get you fool christian and we will destroy the army before it can fight one battle and your daughters also. With this he turned up his snout and walked away with his companion, to the utter astonishment and disgust. He felt like running on the road and dousing him where he was, but thought it to be not prudent and went on his own way."

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in. Some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow, pausing in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The rebels had already brought up sixteen field pieces and a how as the rebels retreated to make another show, these were without effect.

"Robert, do you think there will be any trouble?"

"If there were Hanson, I would not at all be surprised. Beppo is full of these fellows could easily make a slaughter of helpless innocent children. I don't like the looks of things at all. There are rumors that Aronburg's force of rebels in charge of Annie Aronburg are advancing to join other large forces, which are ready to welcome them. Governor Vivian and his brother had been sitting at a window of a big tavern near the City of Beppo when something happened. The governor that a conflict was brewing, decided to go and watch it. Annie Aronburg who also is ready and meet the foe."

The trenches of the rebels were situated across the Cedens Run, and here were thousands of brave rebels who were determined to hold it as long as possible, and not to yield until they were driven back by overwhelming numbers. There was a considerable force of the advance guard pressing on now, and the rebels began to send lively volleys into the ranks of the advancing foe. There were some Christian pistols cracked along the rebel line there being a solid volley everywhere. Three times the enemy sought to cross them but were driven back in great confusion. Then General Rastabrook threw a very large force toward the breastworks in a desperate effort to carry it, but as the conflict went on with increasing fury, more of the rebels massed themselves there, and defended it most gallantly. They fairly raked with the brave rebels standing ready to drive back all the Gandelinians. The rebels the latter had the advantage of position and had it in spite of everything, being determined not to yield while there was a chance of holding the works. The Gandelinian cavalry tried to dash forward on their fiery steeds and literally sweep the rebels before them, but the loss of 500 men and seven hundred horses changed the plan. Then the enemy tried to cross again with fewer horses at a trot, but the lucky rebels were ready for them, and poured in such a volley that they fell among the other dead and wounded. But the survivors graycoats tried to cross on foot, but Aronburg sent a force of her followers forward with long like made of men handles and those graycoats fall lack in do disorder, the rebels holding the works still, but not advancing. But again the enemy came on and though they were met by a tremendous volley they were not so easily repulsed this time, and they succeeded in making a big breach in the breastworks, through which they began to pour in considerable numbers firing rattling volleys. More and more of the glandelinians came pushing through the breach with a lot of noise. General Rastabrook seeing Aronburg made a dash for her drawing his cut-throat and launching a fierce attack on the child rebel. The little rebel however remained cool. The rebels pressed on and began to attack the conflict became very lively quite a number falling on both sides. The rebels showed the utmost desperation and determination. They were bound to drive away the Gandelinians and they attacked them with the greatest vim, finally driving them back and pursuing them for some distance. The left wing of the enemy made a vicious advance exacting to carry all before them, rout the despised rebels forward resolutely and more than a Beppo in triumph. But the rebels pressed on vigorously firing. However on they pressed, step by step but the enemy as long their leader fall were taken with alarm and fled.

The main force of the enemy however were determined to push their way through in spite of all the fierce opposition, but they found the galverinian immunities about fourteen thousand galverinians all private citizens mingled with grown children and even soldiers, some Angelinian, under James well posted and realized that they were not going to have such an easy time as they had imagined. At the same time the main line stood against heavy onslaughts, a small force of daring girl rebels held James bridge hurling stones and were determined not to give it up without a struggle. The little force of girl rebels had no artillery which they had wished to secure, but they had been able to seize many rifles which they learned to shoot well and so for every time the glandelinians essayed to cross they swept the bridge with their muskets, and also sent in a cross fire from the banks above and below it thus making the passage most hazardous. Thirty times the enemy tried to force their way across but the plucky fire of the rebels girls cut them down by scores per minute, and forced the survivors back, they being compelled to take their hundreds of dead and wounded back with them under a hot advancing withering fire. For an hour along James gun or line the battle had raged with unceasing fury but now the pressure of the enemy had become so great that the men rebels were compelled to give way in the greatest panic while all attempts to force back the girl rebels all mostly children under four teen years of age was impossible. At this time Jack came advancing with a large force of rebel soldiers saw the panic stricken galverinian troops cowering pursued by a heavy force of glandelinians.

"I declare it is to bad," spluttered Jack.

"These glandelinians ought to be horsewhipped horsewhipped."

"They deserve a thrashing at any rate," declared one of his staff.

The glandelinians came on with great noise and confusion, and James had just time enough to get his army of rebels to meet them. James for the first point got his artillery primed, and ready, and as the glandelinians came within range opened a destructive fire upon them. Many of James boys were good gunners, and every shot took effect, the glandelinians being mowed down like ripe grain before the thrashing machine. The enemy evidently had not expected such a reception, and they recoiled giving the routed rebels under James time to recover and rally. Some of the glandelinians in their frenzy of fear and excitement had come on furiously, but James and James seized two of the glandelinian officers by their collars and brought their heads together with a resounding crack. Then they threw them into the road, where they sprawled out in a most undignified fashion in the dust, two very much surprised glandelinians. James bowed the ears of two more and gave another a kick which sent him tumbling over a fence at the side of the road with his graycoat around his neck and wondering how it got there. The other few glandelinian survivors scattered in all directions and from a distance began to hurl abusive epithets at the rebels.

In the meantime the main force of glandelinians having recovered from the artillery fire came on again in greater numbers, having columns advancing from the woods opposite. Jack James was well prepared for them and as they came on the guns were aimed straight at the middle of the advancing columns and discharged as fast as the guns could be set off. There was a series of tremendous reports, and horses and riders were bowled over, great confusion following in the ranks of the enemy. The rebels under Hoffmann charged at this moment and fired a storm of volleys, the glandelinians answering it and then giving way, for the new conscripts who were warriors and these glandelinians relied upon the child rebels with fixed bayonets. After a desperate struggle the rebels were driven back in confusion and the graycoats captured the field pieces and bore them off in triumph. There were gunners with the glandelinians and these soon had the guns primed and turned upon the insurgents. There was a series of terrific explosions as the guns were discharged the shells bursting among the rebels and doing considerable damage. More of the rebels were arriving in the wooded region and opened a lively fire upon the enemy, as they tried again to come forward. The woods fairly buzzed, shots being fired all along the line and again a considerable number of the enemy fell. Estrabrooks horse could not penetrate the woods, while the rebels could fire to the greatest advantage and the enemy suffered pretty bad. The glandelinians lost some of their best leaders and were shortly thrown into confusion. Arries of fresh rebels attacked the enemy on the flank and although they lost heavily heavily in killed and wounded, they nevertheless made the enemy retreat. In the meantime more of the enemy were crossing a large lane coming on in great force and spreading out. Aronburg had long before now been alarmed by the sound of heavy firing, and seeing that the enemy were most determined to win decided to send her full force in action and notify her

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in. Some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow pouring in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graycoats. The enemy had already brought up sixteen field pieces and a new as the rebels started forward to make another charge these were primed upon them. Indeed there was a very large force of the rebels advanced and a general alarm was sounded in order to bring large reinforcements and drive back the rebels. Estrabrook seeing the strength of his force saw that he could do very little to check the rebels, but he meant to do all he could to avenge the losses he already suffered. So his force held their ground stubbornly and poured in a series of lively volleys upon the advance guard, but as the alarm had spread the rebels still moved on and as a large force was coming to the relief of those already assailed the rebels fired themselves and shot two of the glandelinian officers down. H

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#### CHAPTER FOURTY DEW.

ATTACKED BY TURNERMANIANS, CARROYLIANS, AND ZIMMERHALL, ZIMMERMAN, AND ZIMMERMANIANS.

Firing their rifles almost without pause and with accuracy upon the enemy.

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Small force of glandelinians were sent to the rear to attack the enemy's rear.

superior general of the danger that the rebel army was in. Some of the rebels retreated into the snow covered woods where the enemy would not dare to follow pouring in a deadly fire which had great effect upon the graybeards. The army had already brought up sixteen field pieces and now as the rebels started forward to make another charge these were primed upon them. Indeed there was a very large force of the rebels advancing and a general or alarm alarm was sounded in order to bring large reinforcements and drive back the rebels. Estrabrook seeing the strength of his foes saw that he could do very little to check the rebels, but he meant to do all he could to avenge the losses he already suffered. So his force held their ground stubbornly and poured in a series of lively volleys upon the advance guard, but as the alarm had spread the rebels still moved on and as a large force was coming to the relief of those already assailed the rebels fired themselves and shot two of the glandelinian officers down. However on came the rebels at greater speed and charged upon the glandelinians, giving the enemy the impression that the arrival of reinforcements could not stop their onslaught. The rebels however were mowed down in frightful numbers, and seeing that the enemy meant to do all the damage that they could, came on more cautiously, firing many volleys for a time, and then advanced again rapidly the glandelinians now retreating for a while for quite a distance and making a desperate stand behind a stone wall and returning a terrific fire as soon as the rebels were within close range, and raving fire now having great effect.

One tremendous volley followed another, making many gaps in the ranks of the rebels. Firing as rapidly as possible the glandelinians kept the rebels from advancing too fast. Estrabrook who was keeping his eyes on them, listening for any suspicious sounds suddenly saw the gleam of blue and yellow uniforms and the dresses of young girls to the right, and looked fixedly in that direction. He said nothing but kept the men well at their work, the rebels being well in check, and not driving the glandelinians back as they had evidently expected to do at the start.

Then he suddenly ordered over half of his men to mount their horses and dash around the road to a point beyond the enemy, who were cowering through the woods. Away went the men led by James, Estrabrook remaining behind the wall with the rest and pouring a steady fire upon the rebels who were not too eager to advance now in the face of such determined resistance. Giacomo got around to the rear of the rebels and charged them furiously pouring in volley after volley. The rebels had thought to flank the glandelinians and now found themselves flanked instead, and by a determined lot of fellows. They were obliged to go forward the glandelinians pressing them doggedly, and now the rebels found themselves thrown upon the other division of glandelinians who assailed them more vir vigorously. By this time Donald Hanson had sent a strong detachment from his main force and the division advancing upon Estrabrook from behind the stone wall, found that they could not rout the plucky glandelinians, and instead, they found the plucky glandelinians swarming upon them from all sides, and soon were compelled to beat a hasty retreat, followed by those who had tried to flank the glandelinians. Away went the rebels, bombarded by the guns of the glandelinian battery, and fired at by the persuers, and leaving 3,500 dead and 6,543 wounded behind at that part of the battlefield. The wicked glandelinians lost over 9,000 in killed, and 10,000 in wounded a total of 19,000 altogether. This battle of the Glandelinian rebellion had ended as a glandelinian victory....

James decided to send her full force in action and notify her

firing their rifles almost without ceasing and when shooting down and killing

It was now nearly midnight, and although the day had been warm the night air seemed chilly, so they gathered a pile of dry branches and soon had a h jolly crackling camp fire. Paul got out his old silty hat and placing it on his fair head asked Tom, "Pardon if he did not think he looked much like a gladiolindian boy scout."

To Paul this first night just seemed wonderfully romantic. The cheerful gleam and sound and sparkle of their huge camp fire was just too grand for anything as Paul himself expressed it to Perros. But after they had roasted some potatoes and toasted some bread and cheese and cooked some frankfurters which Tom had brought with him, and eaten all they wanted they continued on their way, so and also many exciting adventures. Finally entered the enemy's lines by slipping past the guards where is no need of telling how they succeeded in obtaining information. For they did and were back again to the old house without having been discovered or chased by the enemy as not expecting child spies the enemy had not been watchful enough. As soon as they had reached the house in the woods, they looked over the plans they had succeeded in obtaining and of the information they had written down and then beginning to feel decidedly sleepy, and somewhat tired, which was no wonder as they had taken too long walks that day and had exciting adventures with the enemy it was not long until it untill both dropped off to sleep snug together in the old log hut. I need not go back to the general's house within the christian lines to tell of the sadness and excitement that had reigned there when the boy did not return from the school. That can be better imagined than told. But something occurred within the rebel lines which brought the adventure of both boys to an abrupt termination. The robbery of the plans was discovered by the rebel generals at two o'clock in the morning and the rebel authorities of all the surrounding regions were notified by telegraph to be on the lookout for the spies and apprehend them the first opportunity. An officer of one of the rebel encampments near where the boys had been camping had been informed that a light had been seen late that night near the old house in the woods, so early in the next morning they were on their way over to arrest both boys, but fortunately the lads had awakened too soon and were near the christian lines. Nevertheless they were mistaken by the Angelinians whom selves as rebel boy scouts trying to enter the christian lines and so the Angelinians arrested Tom and Paul. The officers in charge took them into custody on suspicion believing the fact that they had been entering the christian lines at an ungarded spot justified him in doing so, and he had them taken before general Hanson, a civilian, who taking from them the important papers they themselves had secured from the enemy, turned them over to the proper authorities for investigation. Of course the examination before the army court was a mere result in the boys being discharged from custody, as there was no evidence whatever tending to prove their complicity of a crime of entering the christian lines as spies. Later it was discovered who they really were and on the information received about them they received the highest esteem for their work and were looked upon as little heroes indeed.

CHAPTER <sup>chap</sup> FOURTY ~~four~~. *four*

ATTACKED BY TURKMANNIANS, GARGOLIANS!!!  
AND ZIDIERHAI ZIDIERHAI  
ZIDIERMANNIANS.

IN the meantime a war correspondent had an experience which it is probable he never forgot and which though brave as he was made him remain out of his career. After he had had barely escaped with his life, after being besieged with several child children in the Red Riding Hood woods for over a month or so..

In the spring of 1912 the correspondents father was declared by the falsehoods of many loyal or disloyal Calvinists as were many other persons as to the nature of the war then raging. This happened of course before the city of Adrian wisely was declared by the enemy: he was then very young and had not much experience.

born to a family which it had twatredth month of December. At the end of the time of spring had been only desultory and even then did not seem to be a war until since the battle of Jennie Wren, own as all was quiet except in Glandelinia where the Angelinians were making their first invasion into the country of Glandelinia itself his father had there y believing the stories he had heard moved from a comfortable home in Abyssinkia and bought a tract of land in southern Galverinia on the western shore shore of the Immense Lake Angeline bordered by Immense woods, within the Galverinian Territory.

At the time his experienced opened he was a man of twenty one years of age and his father had then still lived. They had all had a small clearing of three or four acres but at the time the christian invasion of Glandelinia was broken to pieces and the surviving christians driven out of the hostile christian country the man had entered the service of the christians as a war correspondent and having learned that the Angelinians planned to invade Galverinia and make a fierce attempt to overthrow the rebellion there went with them. Later after two months in the army doing nothing but just taking pictures or taking down written statements and confessions of captured Glandelinian and after he had learned of the capture of Jaden Wacey and her fortresses and had taken grave chances to enter the rebel

[illegible]

to learn some news concerning the enemy's intention a in repelling Hanson's advance movements from Calverine. This happened at after the battle of Calverine. It is 11 miles. He did not succeed in obtaining the information but only that they played by the enemy's plan.

well drilled by the army for two hundred miles and finally was rescued at Angelina leaving his wounds healed was sent back to general Concentinian horsemen. From there he had and his most trying experience to just in November 1912 when the two "Vivian" and "Klammern" had arrived at Vivian wickey and were preparing to lay a reinforcement sent out to learn the movements of the enemy at Vivian wickey experience. He was danger to enter the enemy's line once more was again wickey and having dared the enemy but this time he played the game that got him into serious trouble. After having received all the information he could secure, he was tempted by the sight of some pretty little girl child - a slave - and he was tempted to kidnap them from the rebel lines, and used them as his own children. On this occasion his desire for little children was so strong that he could not resist the temptation and so he waited until night time and succeeded in getting away with his finally succeeded. In the conspiracy he had succeeded in getting sun to get the children through the lines without being detected. He knew that if he was detected, pursued and caught he with the children would meet a horrible death for to kidnap children wherever child slaves or not from the rebel lines was to the slaveholders a worse crime than spying or murder.

the penalty for such a deed if caught. The burden  
at the stake. They may even tied the prisoner to four heavy leather cruxifixon or burning  
have the horses by going in different directions tear the victim apart. He knew the  
result. His fate but his temptation was too greente and he had no been able to  
resist it. Of course it was a good thing to do, for he had a very right and  
it was a very duty to take little children from slavery but in this case it was  
an untoward mistake and made things to do and he who did it had no one else to blame  
but himself if he was caught and suffered the penalty.

When the full thing was accomplished he secured the two little girls and boy and left the log line with his two companions without being seen, and they heard the sound of bloodhounds laying and howling for the night but later discovered and were pursued took for their lives, finally reaching the river they came into the Red Riding Hood Woods and finding a large strong log cabin made in the former strength to resist attacks they went in. It was a exciting night, but however on account of the river the blood hounds had lost the scent. The fugitives went back to the log cabin and crossed the river to the other side but at that point had no means to go across the river, as it was too full of crocodiles. However they had no choice but to go across the river, as it was too full of crocodiles.

The persons decided to get across by way of Horn's Bridge ten miles down to the north, so much had been their excitement that by the adverse circumstances the fugitives had been much discouraged and frightened especially the three children and they had almost wished they had remained with the glenclinnians and had not gone with the soldiers. They trusted the soldiers it is true but their apprehension was greater than their trust, and also they having gone through such a long time of suffering misery, and loathe loneliness had no faith in anything and believed that in time the glenclinnians would capture them and play a game which would shock heaven and earth. The three men, the war correspondent and the two deserters however had it no thought of giving up the fugitives and everything depended on this trick idea that the British had conceived.

Firing their rifles almost without respite and with shooting down and striking

could have been alright if a terrible calamity had not happened. During the night two children with an old woman and an old white haired man and a lad about twenty eight years of age had come through the wilderness and after nocking long and loud had been admitted into the log cabin. Their story was and indeed, on that November day the snow being cold but pleasant and sunlight their relatives had taken two others of the children out on the river for a short cut through the woods when pursued by menacing Gargolians. They had passed out of their sight in a wide bend of the river and they had never seen them again. It was believed by many that their boats may have been upset by ice on an old drowned, and still by others that they may have landed on one of the wooded islands in the river and were either killed by wild beasts or captured by the glacialians. This then now was the situation of all in the log cabin. They were in the midst of a thick woods, eighteen miles from Avian wisago or even the nearest encampments of the shrewt leg Indians, with five rebels in hot search, and with a long hard winter coming on in the bargain.

The little children children themselves were old enough to realize their position, but not to advise. The woman a fugitive was naturally very quiet and looked frightened. The children themselves remembered how pale she was and what an awful look of anxiety she carried on her face as she came to realize that the two other fugitives may really be dead or prisoners in the hands of the enemy. He and the men fugitives at risk of being seen or recognized had trapped around the woods on a river side for miles, but all to no purpose and had been fired on by batteries across the river times and once were pursued by Angolians by mistake.

If the fugitive men had decided on leaving the cabin and going to the nearest part of the Christian lines they had a limited tooling, and worse of all in many directions they were able to hear a wild distant uproar which told of severe conflict. Non-fillets raging in the woods and a week after with the conflicts were still raging the small Indian mumper in Gulerline came to a abrupt and a severe hurricane and snowstorm combined set in. The snow fell so heavy at times that in the woods itself trees twenty a feet away could not be seen at all and even if it was possible to get out of the woods on account of the fierce depth of the snow, when the men folk found out this situation they took an inventory of stock on hand to be prepared for what they feared the coming of a long winter both by the enemy and "Old man Winter".

The men folk had been fond of hunting especially the two glacialians despoilers, and after helping in getting the children out of the rebel lines for the newspapers, correspondent they had brought with them their long army rifles and plenty of ammunition, fine rifles, and also a doubled barreled shot gun, a revolver and also a small easily carried machine gun. In addition they had twenty six steel traps, and nine large bear traps. As to provisions they found in the log cabin itself barrels of corn, lofts of salt pork, and such coffee. There were also some live stock secured consisting of a yoke of oxen, two cows, nine pigs, and three dozen fowls and some of them had been distributed by wild beasts or rebels so far, and none of the glacialians who may have been searching for them had seen them near to them. After had only set in however in its general fury when to their surprise their oxen had been run off or disappeared, either by the fierce glacialians or by wolves, and were lost to them forever. A skulking rebel soldier disguised as a bear came one night and attempted to carry off one of the pigs but he was shot by one of the men inside the log cabin and the pigs then brought inside and killed, and their carcasses hung up to freeze. They also intended to kill all the poultry poultry but the glacialian raiders armed with guns called wolves secured them for their own use and saved the fugitives the trouble. The first day of December when the snow was at least four feet deep on the ground on the level, and snowdrifts nine or ten feet high and the thermometer stood far below zero about thirty or more they had nothing to care for outdoors but to watch the stalking actions of the besiegers who had arrived and indeed at dusk their forms looked so ghostly on the snow and sent a thrill through them all. Though the rebels had arrived and found out that who they were seeking in the building were the ones responsible for the lost child slaves they made no intention at that time to attack the place but encircled about the building and held a regular close siege. From the first to the twelfth day of the month of December the siege continued without the rebels attacking, and it ran even so cold that water would freeze two feet away from a blazing fire, even the thick frost froze got into the logs and kept up a constant popping which frightened the children, and the fierce snowstorms came so frequently that the depth of the snow seemed to be finally backed up higher than the windows, and shut out the light. The morning of the thirteenth the weather became somewhat milder, and before noon it was thawing considerably and it also started to rain and hail heavily. However when the thawing gales had cleared away most of the snow and dragged up new supplies of wood the glacialians around the building began to make a suspicious movements that one of the men inside and to the war correspondents.

"We must now clean and reload these weapons, for our unwelcome visitors will soon make attempts to force us, to surrender as they are tiring of the siege, at seeing that we do not show any signs of giving in to them. It will also freeze hard to night making a strong crust on the snow, and to morrow the besieging rebels will be able to move about!"

There was only one small window to the large cabin and the window sashings on each side of the window but none of the door, and these had been stopped steel or iron hinges, and secured by an iron bar six inches thick, and there was also a small crevice at the bottom at least three inches and a half wide. The fugitives had stopped to keep out the cold, with a piece of board. It was very cold again that night, and the fourth was very cold and cloudy and the fire was rapidly dwindling into a blizzard. Nothing however had been on account of the long silence from those in the cabin had become a furious as savanna beasts themselves. Death of prey had come once in a while, some wolves and even a bear but had been shot and killed by the glacialians themselves. At little past nine o'clock in the morning they were at a start led by a long drawn soldier tramping the cry of a planter. Five minutes later they discovered there were two rebels. They were no doubt ravenously anxious to secure the besieged and could realize that not only were children and men in the log cabin but their victims had fresh per hanging by the door. Some of the glacialians had mounted to the roof, some others had tried the door, and others, and now and then the besiegers unless absolutely necessary and it was positive that they must save as much ammunition as possible for a general attempt on the part of the besiegers.

The besieged therefore kept quiet for a while except the children who cried out or screamed for every little noise they heard, and pleaded and begged that the glacialians would soon go away and leave them alone, but as the rebels persisted in their efforts more desperately, on the way on with the fugitives planned revenge. They cut off several small pieces of fresh meat, and when one of the men had pulled the board away from the crevice at the door she placed the pieces about six inches away, and then one other of the men stood by with a sharp knife. The glacialians who were thus trying to break in seeing the opportunity directly thrust their hands inside under the door with the intention to try and get their arm up far enough to be able to remove the iron bar. Just what is what the man with the axe expected and he was ready. The blow of the axe lopped off two hands slick and clean, and the man reeled and bleeding from wounds bent a retreat without ceremony. About noon a large column of geycoats circled around the cabin more than a dozen times, and tried to place a fire against the building, and after their attempts failed came two Gargolian officers, but still the besieged remained quite quiet and failing in their purpose the glacialians soon went away. At about three o'clock in the afternoon the women advised the men to get out all the traps and explained.

"We have more to fear from the Gargolians than anything else. Just now we were meeting with great success but now the Gargolians will make an attempt. The others have retreated further into the woods and have gone out of our sight. I expect the Gargolians will come by secret to force an entrance as soon as night falls. We will not let all the time while the besiegers are gone and those who will get caught will be an excellent target for us."

Unseen by the rebels on account of a thick mist caused by falling snow they set the traps inside the house itself, and then crept then out, one by one, and placed their hidden net of sight on the frozen crust under the window, and in front of the door. When this was done they secured the door again and waited for night to come. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and was just fairly dark, and it had almost stopped snowing, when they heard a strange noise as of a hundred voices, shouting or yelling in different keys following by the hoarse noise of bloodhounds.

This was afar off at first, but it came rapidly nearer and nearer, accompanied by a sound as of a heavy wind blowing through the trees, and then the cabin and outhouses were suddenly surrounded by Gargolians on horseback, galloping in hoofs and regular like Ku Klux Klans and a pandemonium of yelling and rifle shots broke out and bullets spun spattered against the house. Above inside the log cabin could not say whether there were one hundred or five hundred in the ranks of heavily armed horsemen, and whether glacialians as each rebel in his yelling, mingled with commands of officers. The only all the noise he could possibly make and their rifle fire was incessant. One of the rebels who had dismounted dismounted rushed for the house at once and headed for the door with a high log of a tree to be used as a battering ram but they all fell into the trap at once, and then the men who had frightened the children half to death when the men inside quickly started firing, and although some of the older children felt sure that their defense was perfectly safe against any attack as long as the ammunition held out.

Every glacialian who was caught in the trap, or who rushed forward to get them out fell sprawling on the floor under the fire of rifles and revolvers from the cabin, and a rebel even was shot as fast as he got caught or got fast, and it was certain that every trap scored a victim. Fourteen rebels made a fair mark for those inside and then during a little while one of the men inside literally counted two hundred and fifty horsemen in hoofs and regulars.

The Gargolians after a little respite became even more demonstrative. Some of them climbed the sides of the building and then over the roof here and there in an effort to break in with axes, some leaped at the shutters and banged away with the butts of their rifles and others rushed at the door in a body, and at length the women decided to try the plan which had worked so well in the case with the Gargolians. She herself got the axe, cut some pieces of meat but nothing could be accomplished on this trick this time and the men were busy for the next fifteen minutes firing their rifles almost without ceasing and killing about four and killing

firing their rifles almost without respite and busily shooting down and killing the glendalians. Twenty rebels literally were shot down dead and thirty others wounded. One of these a officer who looked to be a colonel. By and the fury of the glendalians seemed to be somewhat appeased and after loading around and firing in a desultory manner the pack of the Klu Klux Klan of the glendalians moved off. When night approached there were enough men lying there to represent fifty rebels fallen altogether. Throughout the night they had other adventures with the glendalians. Indeed it is still known as the Gargolian winter for so many were attacked by these rebels. But they still had a more exciting time with fierce Zimmermannians.

At this same time a band of child slaves had broken away from the rebel encampment and a d plantation and took to the woods. It was about the first of the month before the besieged had heard of them but they had not as yet approached. The other clan glendalians had also gone away after their severe repulse and several days passed without further adventure the siege having been given up by the Gargolians and Zimmermannians. Then one day after another snowfall an solitary Angelinian soldier who was also a fugitive called at the cabin and warned them to flee, stating that a large band of glendalians searching for the runaway had a d of slaves was approaching their way, and was determined to murder everyone they met who would not tell wherethe child slaves had taken refuge. He himself being pursued for forty miles had been harrowed narrowly escaping death at their hands. A heavy snow having fallen was three feet deep on the ground, and the fugitives and those in the log cabin would have to walk about thirty thirty five miles to reach a place of safety or at least the distant christian armies. The men listened carefully to what the man had to say, and then replied:

"We shall stay right here-as to leave how is folly as we could not withstand the rebels. And if those glendalians do come we shall try our best to beat them off." The man left them some fresh ammunition and a pound of powder and provisions and as soon as he had departed they again put the cabin into a state of siege. They brought two barrels of water from the half frozen river, got in a lot of wood, and the snipers to the windows were again strengthened still more by breaking up a heavy chest. That night a severe thaw set in and continued for two days, and when the weather again changed there was only foot and a half of snow on the ground. Nothing had been seen yet of the fugitives or the glendalians, but the men believed the rebels at least would be sure to come now. While one of the men stood on a high stump and watched, the others set all the traps; as they had done for the Gargolians covered each one lightly with snow and formed around the cabin a sort of abatis. This turned out to be a wise precaution.

When they went back to the cabin and had just looked up the door when they heard a voice speaking in good Angelinian from the tongue saying frantically:

"Women for god's sake let us in: I have been a prisoner among the glendalians but just have escaped and have a number of child slaves with me who I am wandering around in the woods. I am wounded in the foot and cannot travel further just now, but indeed I can help you fight."

One of the little girls inside was for removing the bar at once, but one of the men stopped her with a gesture, and tiptoed to one of the port holes and drew the peg to look to see if he was truthful: a d not a glendalians. He saw however a man standing near the door and a number of shivering half frightened girls and boys with him about three score in number.

"My god have you no mercy," wailed the man. "If captured I shall be turned at the stake for rescuing wandering child slaves. There are even now twenty glendalians dining, but with my help you can beat the off."

The man then pushed back the bar and slowly opened the door. In limped the poor fugitive followed by the half crying shivering children. Then came twenty glendalians with a rush and one or two of them got right up to the door before it was closed. At once he received a blow across the face with a musket and was knocked down, and the other was felled by having the door slammed at a swiftly in his face and secured. Noetherman put the muzzle of his revolver through the port hole, twisted it to the left, and when she fired the third rebel fell against the door, recovered himself and shouted out:

"I'll roast you alive for that you christian dogs."

There was then no more excitement and thinking that everything would be well for the time being all in the building except two men went to sleep. At about twelve o'clock that night while everyone except two were sound asleep a most terrible yell suddenly rent the air and was almost instantly seconded from another distant quarter. One of the bear traps had been set in front of the door, and the other under the window. A large band of Zimmermannian glendalians had most carefully approached the cabin and two of the rebels no doubt had stepped into the traps at almost the same instant. While the moth women tried to quiet the awakened and terrified children who were screaming and crying the men got up immediately and though their faces were whiter than marble they had all the presence of mind and from the yells and screams of the glendalians they were soon satisfied that two or three score of rebels were badly wounded even if none were killed and for two hours the firing was incessant. The rebels then drew off leaving the men inside the cabin time to reload and it was an hour before they heard anything more from them. The glendalians who had retreated cursing and growling made no more attempts until morning. They had made a temporary camp under a bank of snowdrifts about thirty rods off. The first move now was to move off or to advance with a white flag of truce, and when the nearer got near enough, he said that if those inside would surrender the child slaves, they should be well treated and conducted to a new settlement as the object of the glendalians was to recover the runaway children who they believed were sheltered in the cabin.

The men and even the women knew that it was only a ruse, and they would neither reply nor let any one else reply. This silence would puzzle the glendalians as to the strength to be in the cabin. The glendalians these hours upon withdrew and after a bit a heavy fire of rifles was opened on the door and windows. Not a bullet went through either. After about an hour the fire seemed to concentrate on the window opposite the door, and it was also seen through one of the loopholes that the glendalians were dragging up to two giant cannon preparatory to firing them upon the house. The men inside the building were quick to notice this and took their rifles, gave some of the more brave little boys revolvers and said: "They are going to try and batter in the cabin with cannon. Don't fire until one of us gives the word."

They all had been at the porthole for a about fifteen minutes when ten and glendalians in an effort to attract their attention from the concentrated cannon moved forward with a battering ram toward the door. As the ten glendalians stepped back for a sudden start and just as they were on the point of advancing one of the men gave the word to fire. There was a row of uniformed gray clothes legs in sight in front of the man who had his foot wounded who had been admitted with the fugitive child slaves, and he could not help but hurt some one. Then the smoke blew away there were seven glendalians on the ground in front of the door and some others scattered on the ground elsewhere. Four soon or so moved away wounded and bleeding, but some others had been killed by the fire of the rifles. The survivors did not try to get the bodies away, but next attacked by way of the roof. They were trying desperately to cut holes through the rough, home made shingles, when some of the buckshot reached and killed everyone of them, and ten bodies rolled off the roof in different directions. One other glendalians then built a hot fire against the logs, but it only scorched them, and soon after the party retreated to give room for the discharge of the artillery, leaving sixteen dead at the door, seven under the window, and having to take many slightly wounded.

At about this time the whole region now was overrun by parties of glendalians searching for the fugitive children who had committed all sorts of atrocities upon small Gargolians and dwellers of that region because they either did not know or would not tell anything about the child slaves or where they had went. These searchers soon coming up from several directions reinforced the besiegers of the log cabin and by a ruse drew off out of sight with the purpose of making those inside believe the siege had been given up. This was completed for three days nighting and thinking the glendalians had drawn away one of the men decided to go out and secure a little provisions before the rebels would return and had sent several men to get some more wood. These fellows had gone out and were securing the wood when thirty of the heaviest of the glendalians who were lying in ambush watching the log cabin at the time and the movements of those within, supposing now that all of the men were absent, waited themselves of the opportunity and rushed forward with all their speed covered by the fire of their comrades who remained in shelter. Even as the thirty men advanced they also commenced firing, and killed three of the children who had been returning from the river, Rebecca Gordon, and her brother William, and another lad Alexander a speaker. The two men armed with rifles attempted to get to the house, but finding it surrounded by the rebels ran past it through a small pasture in which the log cabin stood. Then he reached a fence they made a halt and started firing at the glendalians killing and wounding eight of them, but were soon shot through themselves, each with eight bullets through their bodies. Yet after they were shot they ran about forty feet, and halted to fire again but before they could do so scores of other glendalians opened from the woods and brought them down. It is probable that these two men might have easily escaped if they had not stopped on the fence to fire. The two men were then laid open by the glendalians, and afterwards buried by the Angelinians at the place where the two bodies were found lying torn and crushed and gutted. It was thought that when they saw the remainder of the defenders about to be massacred without the possibility of rendering them any assistance what ever, they chosen to share a like fate. Here were six fierce dogs in the building which had been there at the time which of course I forgot to mention which fought the glendalians manfully like horses biting and tearing the legs of many until all of them were killed by the bayonets of the glendalians. The other man who had went out hearing the alarm and seeing the house surrounded again by attackers, fled and alarmed the christians when he got to the lines. The rest who were in the building still fighting desperately barred the door but this was of no avail. One of the cannons spouted like a volcano there was a crash and the rending of board logs and timbers and the exploding shell made a gaping opening in the side of the cabin where was not one single man in the building that was not wounded by the explosion of the shell and so seeing no hope of defense for further notice down below they went upstairs to the loft. Some of the wounded men then lying down attempted to shoot from up there but another shell exploded on the roof taking away the shingles and they were all killed. There was no one surviving now except the war correspondent and the frightened children and the man and she lay on a hay pile wounded and gasping. There were five or six guns not yet loaded having been shot off and the war correspondent whose name was Evans took one of them and loaded it and handing it to the woman told her to shoot, while he took the other one and loaded with the intention to fire at the cannon before his cannon could sent forth another shell. He then fired his piece, and then hearing a man locked up and saw that the poor woman had been shot in the head through a crack, and was then near her end.

Seeing that the rebels were winning the game the happy group paraded contentedly to a far end of the cabin, lifted up a loose plank, and went under the floor with the children following. A little girl about eight years of age hid behind some war, a barrel in the loft. In the meantime the glendelinians cut down the remainder of the wrecked deer and entered the obsequies of the remaining wounded men were killed with a thrust of the bayonet and the war correspondent and the children were all soon secured. A rebel then went up to the loft where he found the eight year old child almost frightened to death, huddled behind the barrels and yet as she was too terrified and almost dodged among the barrels and prevented him from securing her, he thrust his bayonet through her throat and left her to bleed blood to death. The rebels then left the cabin with their prisoners, and the war correspondent, corresponding having broken away after a while had hid where the rebels could not find him and finally when all was quiet he thought the rebels had gone away entirely and so came from his hiding place, ran out and went behind a tree, not far from the cabin. The glendelinians were still about, trying to catch their horses, and others preparing to set the cabin and outposts on fire. The correspondent believing that one of the rebels was hidden from behind the tree prepared to fire a shot when he suddenly saw a little boy get up from behind a log and run toward a small building, near the log as dwelling, probably used as a tool house. As the little boy reached the door a rebel fired his rifle. The bullet buried itself in the door near the door handle and he was injured. He was reflecting that escape was impossible for the boy unless he interfered, fired a shot, and the little boy seeing where the reloading shot came from ran to him and gave himself up to his protection at which the war correspondent seemed very much pleased. His head was wrapped up in a bandage made from a shirt and his arm was wounded but he was able to get about. His horses were then set on fire and the whole party then set out for the rebel lines and the war correspondent knowing the fate of the prisoners since they ran away decided to follow at any risk and again secure them if possible. Fearing that a little boy by the name of Corish, who was weak in mind and body and unable to travel as fast as they did one of the glendelinians gripped him by the throat and strangled him with the intention to kill him but a shot fired by the war correspondent killed him before he could do so and in the confusion the little boy got away.

The war correspondent having hidden himself and the little boy when he was not seen by the rebels, and the snow having concealed the smoke cloud they were bewildered. However instead of sending out a party to search for the lone war correspondent the boy ran away at his own leisure believing he would paralyze alone in the woods and save them the trouble of killing him they continued on. Soon another act of atrocity was about to be committed. The rebels had a baby girl among the horde of captured children called Marga at birth but it being fretful on account of a wound it had received, they prepared to dash its brains out against a high rock when again from an unseen quarter there was the report of a rifle and the rebel who had the baby staggered, and then plunged forward. The boy and girl were secured by the daring war correspondent and then he continued to follow from tree to tree, the children having been instructed doing likewise to prevent the war correspondent from being seen. He proceeded on for two or three hours and the rebels had not for fear of approaching Christian troops moved on with haste toward their encampments. Night time had now fallen, and the glendelinians felt it very unsafe to be so securely such of the prisoners at night, and for a glendelinian warrior to be so close to the rebels with his sword or pistol in hand, so that in case of pursuit the prisoners might be easily dispatched. Not unfrequently they were several hours without fire or warmth and when they came within sight of the rebel encampments several miles away they then assembled in council and one of them who appeared to be a colonel dissuaded them from carrying the children away any further declaring them to be a burden, and to stay them and make faster headway to the encampments but at the close of it all of the soldiers slowly shook their heads and started onward. Some of the rebels had proposed to put the child slaves to death by burning at the stake, but it was not agreed to. Though the children they manifested the utmost Christian fortitude, and tore all their hardships and cruelty of the rebels without a murmur, the children at intervals conversing with each other in whispers and expressing great anxiety and hope for the moment when they should see another opportunity to escape before the glendelinians reached their encampments. Fortunately in following for only a few hours the wounded war correspondent came upon a group of sleeping Angelinians who had been out scouting and who had taken shelter in a ravine where they built a hut but had thus reinforced by those, and with the two children left in the care of others they again set out with the intention of securing the other children but without avail the rebels had reached the encampments too soon. His rebel troop being scattered and raiders had always proved very troublesome to the rear of the besieging Christian lines and many expeditions had been sent to the rebel lines. The rebels were aware of the expeditions from the time they started and when one of them drew near they concealed what they could not carry off with the prisoners left their small encampments and retreated to the main rebel lines at given places in front of the fortresses. About this time one of the eldest of the children had serious thoughts of concealing herself and several other children until the arrival of the Angelinians but fearing indeed the consequences of a greater delay in their arrival than she might anticipate she did not attempt it.

late in December about the twenty fourth or near Christmas Eve the expedition did indeed arrive and after having turned the encampments, destroyed the provisions of the rebels, returned back to their own lines after being pursued by a strong body of rebel cavalry. After this the same glendelinians returned to their own lines, but however or food they were greatly disappointed, and finding themselves without proper the infant son of Johnnie the son in paragon, who gave themselves up to a great excess in drinking, they sold two children both little girls to a rebel general while the winter had become very severe, the captive had nothing to protect her near the western bank in looks of some gun for half a gallon of brandy. Though at this time the winter had become very severe, the captive had nothing to protect her.

Other children were ransomed. They displayed much fortitude and the having been brought by Angelinians for their freedom that they could shake off the remembrance of the horrible fate of those in that solitary log cabin in the woods.

Of all the men only the war correspondent had lived to tell the tale and he had only secured two boys and one girl.

In the meantime the correspondent's adventure was not over. This following incident was related to by an officer to the glendelinians. After having secured the three children the person who was with him, left him and his companion and carrying the little girl in his arms went on toward the direct ion of the Christian lines. In the meantime a large number of glendelinians were standing up the river in their gunboats carrying out their way between the ice islands with which the river was fairly studded, they noticed the man walking along the river bank at some distance ahead with two boys with him and carrying something in his arms. Being suspicious they sent the gunboats full steam ahead regardless of the ice floes and soon came near enough to the moving object to perceive that it was a man trudging on with three child ren in his possession toward the Christian lines. The man who noticed the two boys observed from the custom of their clothing that they were child slaves, either runaways or rescued by the man and at once some of them started halloing for the man to stop. The war correspondent as soon as he noticed he was being pursued by rebels in gunboats made a frantic effort to increase his speed and get away from the river. Two men leaped forth and shells exploded near him bringing down a shower of leaves and trees from the evergreen. The rebels also who immediately landed found little difficulty in keeping pace with the fugitives, but refrained from firing any more till as they hoped he should be separated by a run from the two boy slaves whom they should kill the children and these the rebels wished to capture alive. As they followed him closely toward the side which was still some distance off it suddenly occurred to a young rebel officer in the form of foremost of the pursuers that he might enjoy a little amusement at the fugitive's expense, so quickly thought he unraveled a coil of rope he had with him, formed one end of it into a noose and threw it over one of the boys heads and attached the other and around his stomach thus compelling the little boy to halt. His intention was to dispatch the little boy with his run or his snare he soon as he got him within his grasp and great was the merriment excited in the party as the child labored hard to get the noose from him but it slipped from his chest and wounded suddenly around his throat and drawn tight by the rebel pulling at the other end started to strangle him until his tongue protruded, but a sudden surprise was in store for the rebels. The fugitive had halted from behind a tree, and the man himself darting out grabbed the little boy and made a movement that was sooner than the rebel had calculated. No sooner he did the man free the little shocked child from the rope than he secured the rope in his own hands and gaining foothold of a firm rock leaped his feet with two or three frantic jumps on the rope he sprang forward to the tree before other rebels could fire at him and drawing the rebel with him before the rest realized the situation and here on an instant the rebel was precipitated down a steep ravine and dashed to pieces, and letting go of the long rope the fugitive and his child came down under their own off triumphantly into the depths of the forest. Another rebel he shot at although he did not kill him he was so badly wounded, and so bruised and battered by his fall that it was indeed a year before he was able to resume his usual occupations.

During the further part of the pursuit another disaster occurred to one of the rebels. He was the one who pursued him from the first gunboat had been aided by others under Colonel McIntyre noting like a lot of his boys in gray sitting tightly hither and thither among trees to prevent themselves from being the target of their fugitive who looked quite dangerous. By and by those of the glendelinians who had often heard the war correspondent's son given by the officer to separate the soldiers further apart and start firing upon the fugitive in an effort to bring him down, and they all did betake themselves vigilantly to and behind a stream with the exception of one rebel soldier who bobbed up and down and straggled energetically but who seemed to manifest any intention to getting himself out of the range of the fire of the fugitive should he intend to use his gun when finding himself well pressed, then the fugitive who saw the performance heard a hoarse cry and from the officer:

"Come off from that rock and get behind a tree you fool!"

There was no answer except a more energetic struggle. Then a second fierce cry and:

"Come out of the way there I tell you." "You want to get killed by the

dirty christian dog we are pursuing."

Thinking there was a frantic hobbling and struggle on the part of the rebel soldier but still no progress toward the tree. (out of all once an infuriated command) If one can bring such a thing!

"Come out of the way, come out of the way this in minute or less we'll desert you. The others have already got behind behind trees and are working themselves forward that way."

Then the infuriated fugitives and the rebel soldier take a wilder plunge than ever and heard a shrill distressed voice quiver back:

"Oh I can't my coat tail is caught in the crevice of a tree trunk."

It was so and thus by this funny accident the pursuit was much delayed and the fugitives were far behind by this time.

Finally having found his way to the ravine on a horse he rode to his comrades who then skirmished with the rebel pursuers at a bend in the road in the Red Riding Hood forest firing on them vigorously and checked them by snuffing out an inconsiderable loss. Then as they passed this bend still followed by the enemy they found among their own number four dead men, three or four dead horses, and the boy about six years old sitting on a half snow covered tree stump so white faced and scared that he could not speak a word. The Angelinians spoke to him very kindly, and tried to comfort him, and finally he began to cry and begged to be taken home. When they asked him what his name was he gave it as "Johnnie." "Johnnie what?" He was crying so so that the brave soldiers could not make it out. The soldiers of the Ange Inters civil war was a very curious thing indeed, while the heart of fierce little was always in his blood his heart would always grow soft at the sight of a poor child or other small animal frightened from cover by the awful din of conflict.

They had not a second look for the dead soldiers lying there but half a dozen troopers jangled as to who should be guardian of that poor little boy and his followers the other boy and little baby girl. He was a legitimate reason, or one of the spurs of war. As a compromise, he was sent to the care of the war correspondent for the time being until they could find their way back to the christian lines. In the during the continuing confusion of the desperate flight the little boy told the soldiers that his mother and father were dead, his father had lived on the road toward Julio Gallo by which the rebels had marched when they captured that section of the Adrian highway and as the glendelintians had taken the city he had been a prisoner until he succeeded in getting away.

Being far in the rear of the woods and to the rear of the christian lines now toward which they had been driven by their desperate pursuers the christian lines were about thirty miles away. Of course it may be true that every company of soldiers has its pet, if not a dog, cat, or squirrel to be then something else, even a possum or raccoon. It was indeed late in December when the three children had been secured from the victor victorious glendelintians who had captured the log cabin and already the two boys alone were known to almost all the men in the brigade of pursued soldiers. The two little boys were quiet little clams seeming to have a great sorrow in their hearts, and it was only when he heard the fugitives talking about the end of the pursuit and of safely reaching the christian lines and how the soldiers intended to have them adopted into some kind family that they laughed and seemed boylike.

The glendelintians pursued for three days and tried every device to secure the children but at night the fugitives hid them away and treasured the children as if they had been three gold nuggets and when attacked at night in their shelter drove the rebels off with great loss. During the time one of the soldiers forced the boys a pair of shoes and warmer clothing and when they got then rigged out they felt proud of them.

The soldiers even taught the little boys how to use a pistol to use in case of defense and all the soldiers were careful of their hard words when he was among them. Well a day and day soon came. At a certain point a large column of pursuers on horseback came up and made a desperate dash cutting off a portion of the fugitives. The others managed to rescue their comrades after a hard sharp fight, and when they came to look around they found about twenty dead and wounded glendelintian soldiers. If there had been nothing more they should have wheeled into line and fought over it. A rebel soldier takes his chance with the christians you see and gets no sympathy if he is killed or wounded. If he wins he gets no credit. If he falls there is always earth enough to hide his wicked body from sight. They were getting ready to move on before the main body of pursuers came up when there was great excitement among the others, and a number of the soldiers pushed forward to find the war correspondent sending over something lying on a blanket in the deep snow. He was crying like an old woman and some of the soldiers were even brushing tears from their eyes, and still others boldly vowing vengeance. That something on the blanket was one of the poor little boys.

A stray bullet had whistled through the air from a rebel sharpshooter during the skirmish and ended the little boy's life as quickly as you could blow out the flame of a candle, and as he lay there on his back with soldiers around him, white faced and dead, and his eyes half closed, the soldiers saw through their own tears a great tear on his cheek, like a pearl gleaming in the winter sunshine, which streamed down through the smoke yet hanging above the treetops. When in their more hearts that felt that the rebels were bent on anything whatever to prevent child slaves fugitives from escaping them.

Ordering the rebels to move onward toward the retreating Angelinians fugitives the rebel officer rode forward with captain Jaylor and held out through a grove of lofty and wide spreading oak trees most of which were more or less damaged by the gigantic shell fire of the recent battle in the wilderness.

or less damaged by the gigantic shell fire of the recent battle in the Red Riding Hood Wilderness between the main rebel and christian armies of about two weeks before and which was still raging elsewhere. Having proceeded about two miles and one half with large numbers of rebel troops the leader observed some of the Angelinians walking slowly toward the approaching rebels and stood in a line to deliver a broadside of rifle fire within fifty yards of the rebels. The rebel troops immediately started firing themselves and sent a bullet behind the shoulder of one of the leaders of the Angelinians besides shooting several more down, upon which some of the survivors rushed forward about one hundred yards in tremendous confusion yelling like fiends, and then falling back opening fire in general. Presently these fugitives made off as fast as they could leaving their dead behind them. The rebels followed but found it hard to come up with the blood running freely from some of the rear guard of the fugitives they saw been wounded in the third skirmish.

The chase led through a large herd of tall trees and so vigorous was the chase that some of the fugitives grazed back at the glendelintians in utter amazement and bewildering bewilderment.

At length the pursuers rebels delivered a second volley, but the cool colonel who also fired at the man who had a little boy with him did miss his aim because his horse became fidgety. The rebel officer however rode along side of the fugitive after aiming on him expecting in his ignorance that at length some of the Angelinians soldiers would stand at bay to defend him, which however Angelinians never do, when suddenly the Angelinian on the horse resumed his out course as if nothing had happened after trying to secure the rebel officer. Becoming at last annoyed at the length of the chase chose as he wished only to secure the two child slaves and being indifferent whether he got the Angelinian soldiers and made them prisoners or not he determined to bring matters to an immediate crisis, so turning on his horse, he dashed ahead and rode right in his path. Upon this the Angelinian with the little boy in his possession uttered an expression and instantly charged the rebel officer in the most resolute manner, yelling and swearing loudly and to the rebel quickly wheeled his horse about to his left he followed the rebel at a furious pace for several hundred yards with his "horrid snarl" within a few feet of the rebel officers' throat, and that the other glendelintians who were looking on in alarm thought their colonel's destruction inevitable. They dared not fire for fear of hitting their leaders. It was certainly a very near thing, the rebel horses' officer's horse was extremely afraid of the Angelinian's snarl, and exerted his utmost energies on this occasion.

The Angelinian officer however after trying to shoot the colonel in vain wheeled about and continued his former course, and the rebel colonel being perfectly satisfied with this first interview which he had already enjoyed with him, had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance any further, and accordingly made for the rebel column and ordered them to follow the fugitives carefully.

Another rebel officer on one occasion of this pursuit having succeeded in wounding an Angelinian soldier who had charge of the little baby girl he charged suddenly and in the thicket knocked him down from his horse, but fortunately missing his stroke with his sabre as his horse fairly rode over the fallen rebel leaving him to struggle out from a small snowdrift. Suddenly the rebel horseman got up to his feet when the Angelinian soldier turned his almost faded horse and succeeded in cutting the rebel from knee to hip with a blow of his sabre before he could draw his pistol, and knocking him over with a blow from the hilt of the sabre and riding over him again. The Angelinian soldier might have easily completed his revenge but fearing for the safety of the little girl on the same hot horse with him, he plunged plunged into a thicket and lost his rebel victim escape. The rebel officer however pursuing singled out another Angelinian and gave him several bullets and felled his horse. He then rode up to the fallen horse and man and was going to make sure both were dead, when two Angelinians dispersed from the distant crowd of fugitives and immediately charged. He hastily fired and rushed away but the Angelinians not being touched answered the fire and brought him and the horse down in a heap. Wounded as he was the rebel got to his feet and rushed away himself from the two horsemen pursued by the infuriated Angelinians which however were brought down by his comrades just as he threw himself behind a tree for safety and drew his revolver. The race with the Angelinians was so close or such a close one indeed that as the fugitives and their horses lay he could touch one of the fallen men with his finger so that another moment would have been fatal to him indeed.

Another rebel officer who led the party of the fugitives would have been able to give an interesting account of killing a desperate Angelinian soldier and the capture of the baby girl if he had been able to survive the war. Having separated his comrades into three divisions and sending one to intercept the fugitives he proceeded with the rest along the banks of the river to a point where the river was without a beach and overhung with trees on one side of the shore, here he discovered one of the Angelinians had climbed a tree with the baby girl in his effort to escape. Immediately a score of rebels, rifles were pointed upward but one of the rebels having pointed out another soldier who was also concealed in the tree top in the net of firing upon the officer he received the bullets which though only wounded him. Quickly clambering down in half way both soldiers with the little girl prepared to make a daring leap into

the river one of them grasping him around the body as he descended but were killed by the second volley and both dropped into the water the baby girl following after immediately the men sprang to secure the child but as it was submerged and under water for nearly two minutes the child was very nearly drowned. After a little rubbing however the child was restored to life and very speedily showed its wicked captor capt captors that though only four years old it had a will and a temper of its own. Of course the little girl was very young but as restless as an eel and watching every opportunity. In this the little girl succeeded at last inflicting a rather severe wound upon a Jamaican man sergeant who gave the little girl a hearty slap on the side of the head and then tied her arms a bolt behind her back and fastened a rag tightly around her mouth or face. Two days afterwards the little girl from the exposure of her wound so long suddenly died, having been fierce and vindictive to the rebels to the last.

at the fugitive boat in a perfect fusillade. "Give way my lands give way!" shouted one of the rebel leaders or headmen. "We are gaining on the fugitive boat! We are gaining on them. Give way! A long steady stroke! That's the way to it!" "Ay, ay!" cried the boat steersmen. "What do you my boys!" "Hail us like them to a finish! Pull like vengeance!"

And the rebel dances round the ways and among the floating ice cakes seemingly to suddenly catch them, the chase was now truly soul stirring; the fugitives were firing constantly and the rebel in the boats were hit and wounded. Yet sometimes the harborsmen then the starboard, then the waist boat took the lead and the men who were now doing the rowing kept on firing at the fugitive boats. It was a severe trial of skill and muscle. After they had run two miles up the river at this rate, the fugitive boat suddenly turned in a slant a landing direction going dead to windward and a volley of six fired bullets struck three of the rebels and they pitched headlong into the water.

There's she goes right ahead," shouted the officer. "The officer Taborer of the 1st Infantry dancing with delight at the sight." "There they go, there they go," they cannot escape us yet."

(give way, give way my hearties.) Ordered the officer in charge putting his weight against the aft or rear, go you love him! A bottle of gin to the best man; Oh pile it on! Pile it on while you have breath... Pile it on! On with the beef shoulders; graah every ear, double en up or break en, every mothers son of you pull; go talking, lay back to it, how or I never!

rescue the Anglians when they appeared again through the haze of rifle smoke. It was evident that their oarsmen had rowed like mad and by which effort and maneuver the fugitives had again gained about a mile. The chase was now almost hopeless, as the fugitive boat was making to windward rapidly. A heavy black snow cloud was on the horizon portending an approaching snowsquall and the pursued was fast fading from the sight of the pursuers.

for a grim and ghastly story. "Never give up my lad!" said the headman in a cheering voice. "Mark my words we will have the christian dogs yet. Only think they are our prisoners already and there is no mistake about it, they will be our prisoners. Now for a hard windy pull, give me a shove, give me a haul, here they are, oh pull my lively end of the line and in a twinkling you will have a mile off. There are our fugitives!" the wind and by this time started blowing and increased almost to a gale, and the heavy black clouds had scattered over the sky far and wide in a slaty gray canopy of oily appearance and snow pellets began to fall as rain in a cloudburst and nothing now could be hardly seen. Part of the snow squall passed off to leeward down the river and the falling snow entirely concealed the landscape of the river and the distant forests. The situation of both pinnaces and fugitives was now rather unpleasant, in a rough rough snowstorm like this out in the middle of a river filled with r treacherous dates of ice, the other pursuing boats of sight and soon moment the wind and snowstorm increased.

the boy and the girl stood with their arms  
"Softly softly 'y ladies," said the headman, "look out they don't  
see us no more."

The rifle men let fly a number of shots and bullets were hurled into the fugitive boat and two Angelinians were killed.

By the time the men of the other boats had reached the scene the rebels had been worsted and the fugitives fell on their way with a cheer into the woods again out of a light night of the rebels on account of the thick shroud of the falling snow was mine.

and managed to jump into a small boat and pulled her out of the shoreward portion of the river where she happened to lay moored, crept cautiously along the snowbound shore until suddenly he reached the entrance to one of the thickest recesses of the Red Hiding Hood Woods so common along the river regions. The gloomy recesses of these natural gigantic forests millions of sparrows resorted to a rapid flight at the approach of rebel pursuers and the glanzelinians now fired beyond respect by the continued resistance and flight of the fugitives determined to deal death and destruction and nothing else, sliding with lightly descending ears into the yawning night chaos of the deep woods he stepped nimbly from the little boat and then armed with only a rifle and having no ammunition, he penetrated into the inner recesses of the woods. He was followed by the men who stalked him, a great quantity of birds were pressed there by him because he engaged with him, he attempted to get through the woods that he did not pay my attention to the lapse of time. The increasing fury of the snowstorm until the loud yelling of rebel soldiers behind him made him aware that the glanzelinians had found him out, despite the snow still falling covering him, steps as fast as they were made in the fresh snow and now was entirely rapidly on him with two blood hounds leading

That with a design of a wheel they always carried. He might however have still and occupied easily by following the small Sunbeam Creek but unfortunately the stre stream was frozen over, and a boat seen there which was attached to a string by a tree was frozen in the ice, and the soldier believed that the last link between him and the living world was broken. Gastello Frankerson as the soldiers now was rapidly drew his only loaded pistol and following the direction of the sounds decided to shoot down his pursuers as soon as they came near enough. To go forward swiftly through the woods in such darkness and in the thick snow around seemed impossible and he well knew there there was no way of retreating from the woods, which in a few hours seemed to be fairly filled with yelling warriors. His heart died within him as he thought of the horrid fate which awaited him flamed across his mind. It was not that he feared to face death, by flood or battlefield, on the stormy sea or a dizzy cliff, and had dared it a hundred thousands moments during his life with perfect ease on occasion - but to face those grim glacial giants out there in a lonely woods alone, to struggle helplessly with the rebels in the midst of a raging snow squall was more

But his fortitude could even bear. He shrieked aloud in his agony or despair, he put out his flash light for fear his pursuers would see it and trailed along the bank of the river listening in awe to the curling water that fairly gurgled at his feet at it seemed and the noise of distant shots that fell like a death warning upon his ears. The wind which had been scarcely felt during the day before the outbreak of the storm began to rise to a screaming gale driving the snow in sheets waves in two directions or whirling sheets of it into his face and drove the tumultuous waves of the ice covered river with hoarse and tedious clamor upon the river shore. Every moment the violence of the gale increased, and mingled with the screeching of the wind was the howling and fall, howling of the pursuing Angelinians as they swept onward in the pursuit while the hoarse dash of the approaching waves along the river shore, the cracking of shattered ice cakes, and the shrill scream of the wind through the boughs of the trees formed a sonorous terrible dissonance well suited for the requiem of the hapless wretch, who had been pursued, a lost fugitive, in a gloomy forest, pursued by dangerous enemies at the on hand of bloodhounds, and out in a raging blizzard storm.

But the love of life and freedom which were in him calling to it in the most hopeless extremity was strong in gossamer heart his firmness and presence of mind gradually returned and he resolved not to perish without a struggle. He remembered that at the further extremity of the woods a slope rose upward to a certain distance, he had often observed that slope in these snow woods when he was a boy and he knew that by means of them he could place himself at an elevation above the reach of the rebels in time to rest himself. But the hope thus suggested was quickly dampened when he reflected that a most deep fathomsless fissure which ran perpendicular through the rocks formed a chasm more than eleven feet in width between him and his place of refuge from his pursuers.

The idea of pursuing Angelinians however which were approaching nearer and nearer and very rapidly gaining on him compelled him to continue his flight more quickly and he felt that the only chance he had left for life was to endeavor to cross the chasm. He was still very young, active, and possessed of uncommon courage, and he had frequently by daylight even when a boy leaped across the abyss in the presence of boy and girl friends to amuse them or even show off as it is called, few of whom ever dared to follow his example. But now alone in utter darkness, how was he to attempt such a perilous feat when he even did not know how near the chasm was and how was he to know its presence in such darkness and snow? The conviction that death was inevitable both ways but more certain from the rebels than from the chasm if he remained where he was and allowed them to overtake him decided him immediately. Collecting a handful of loose pebbles which he scooped out of the snow he proceeded cautiously over the snow

throwing at every step a pebble before him and using his light incessantly at the same time to ascertain the security of his footing. At length he heard the stone a few feet ahead of him as it darted from his fingers descend with a hollow clattering noise, that continued for several minutes until out of hearing. When proceeding a few more inches he flashed his light downward and suddenly observed that he was standing on the brink of the horrible chasm. One quick and earnest prayer he breathed to God and His Blessed Mother who whose powerful merits could protect him in that dreadful moment--then putting out his light and retracing a few spaces and screwing every nerve and muscle in his body to the utmost tension he made a step in advance, and then threw himself forward into the dark and fearful void just as a horde of Angelinians suddenly came up with the bloodhounds and gave a howl of dismay as they saw him leap forward not knowing what he was doing as they had no idea of the chasm being there. Some rushed forward to catch him and were precipitated down into the abyss, but who can tell the whirlwind of thought that rushed through his brain in the brief moment that he hung above that yawning gulf. Should he have indeed miscalculated his distance, or chosen a place where the abyss was much wider or widest--or should his footing fail, or his strength be unable to carry him over, what a horrible death were his. Dashed down that horrible abyss thousands of feet probably, crashing from rock to rock, until he lay at the bottom a mutilated and mangled corpse. The agony of years seemed to be crowded into one single moment, in the next his feet struck against the firm ground on the opposite side of the chasm, and darting behind a tree before the rebels on the opposite side could open fire he felt himself saved though he was trembling like a leaf from his scare and excitement. At least he felt that he had for the moment escaped the imminent peril in which he was placed, and as he clambered joyfully up the rugged slope but keeping himself concealed behind trees and working himself from tree to tree he thought little of the dangers he had to encounter. All through the long night he continued his rapid flight not stopping once while angry pursuers having gotten around the go gulf thundering their shots behind, and while the blind and blizzard cast their cold sheets of snow over and about him. Then he finally came to the other bank of the narrow river which he observed again he hesitated to attempt crossing or following along its banks again, his limbs had become stiff and a little benumbed from overexertion and from the cold and the wetness, and his long abstinence had so weakened his powers that he shrank from the idea of making an attempt to swim across the river to the opposite shore side, while giving way to utmost desponding reflections a stentorian rattle from a familiar voice echoed through the woods despite the noise of the storm and distant pursuers and never had a familiar human voice sounded so sweetly in his ear.

He replied to it with a great thrill of joy and a few minutes several Angelinians with bright flashlights suddenly lit up appeared advancing toward him from an opposite direction and among them was the war correspondent. He had come suddenly back to his own comrades who he had been parted from the evening before. Once more he found himself among a group of his friends who were warmly congratulating him upon his marvellous escape from the "Maschera." They told him that from his not having returned to them that previous evening, it was generally included that he had been either captured, killed or drowned or snowbound in the wilderness. On reaching the side of the stream they discovered the boat he had used in his flight down the river fastened to a small rock and full of ice and snow as she had remained when he left her in his flight through the woods. This circumstance induced them to explore the woods under risk of capture, and the happy result of their search being already known.

Undoubtedly there is among all Angelinians especially among fugitive Angelinians a popular prejudice in favor of the bravery of the glandelinian soldiers to the support of which one of these fugitives has recently contributed after the long pursuit was over. He declared that there was a nobility in the character of the "Wheeler glandelinians" which differed entirely from the sly habits of Gargelians, Zimorandians, and Zimorandians and the other races of glandelinians in general. Although the Wheeler glandelinians in pursuing fugitives are more apt to go after fugitives in dense retreats, he exposed himself in many ways. This exposure or carelessness of concealment when pursuing Christians renders his destruction comparatively easy. Owing to this fact many of the number of some reckless kind of Wheeler glandelinians had greatly diminished. In most part they had almost become extinct around the location of besieged Julio Gallo and in the region of some Catherine they had been during conflicts been continually destroyed hundreds being killed every day until now the present time when such keen rifle men as the Angelinians have taken the field against them, the Wheeler glandelinians though bold and reckless as lions have but little else chance against the rifle and its powerful bullet.

A thrilling story is told of during this long pursuit of one of the Angelinians who had a strange and adventurous with a Wheeler, which illustrates the recklessness of such kind of glandelinians in exposing himself to danger and destruction in his desperate effort to secure his victim. In crossing a wide plain on the edge of the forest one of the Angelinians being behind his comrades saw at a short distance a Wheeler glandelinian following and gaining rapidly on him. When the Angelinian soldier quickened his pace the enemy did likewise, and it was evident to the fugitive Angelinian that the pursuing rebel was only waiting for an opportunity to spring upon him with his fixed bayonet. In such fear the anxious man hurried on through the snow mark until he suddenly reached a high cliff, below which he observed was a deep ravine. Here he determined to live or die, so slowly and carefully creeping down into a crevice in the rock he quietly concealed himself and he having previously placed his hat and overcoat upon his sash which he stuck in the ground by the point near the edge of the precipice he hoping to deceive the rebel in the snow mark who might mistake the bluff for himself.

In due course the glandelinian glandelinian came stealthily along, and on account of the thick fog the snow was making he did not see the abyss in the darkness but only the coat and hat and by means of his searchlight, and so mistaking the hat and coat for the man he sprang at them with much force with fixed bayonet with the intention of running his victim through the body, but he bounded over the precipice instead and was dashed to pieces among the rocks two hundred feet below.

He then recovered his coat and hat and sash which still remained where he had placed it and re-joined his comrades. Another fugitive was Colonel Baker. The sensations of what this man experienced during the pursuit was anything but agreeable. Starting out on a resuscitation of their flight early the next morning the snowstorm having abated they arrived at a denser part of the forest and were pushing their way through the deep snow when the little boy still with them manifested an unwillingness to proceed and shoved sark and undisturbable signs to proceed or of far I mean. Immediately without warning a monstrous surge of glandelinians crashed their way through the snowstorm and attacked the Angelinians at close quarters one of the rebels attacking the Colonel and knocking him completely down and turning him over on his side would have bayoneted him had not one of the Angelinians shot the glandelinian dead. The Colonel having risen to his feet with a command to himself to fight hard and a frightful lunge at one of his antagonists and after a desperate sabre duel succeeded in driving his sabre completely through his left lung and fell falling him. Two other glandelinians then immediately attacked him but for a time nevertheless victory seemed to be on the side of the Angelinian Colonel but with a sudden terrific lunge the glandelinian obtained the advantage and was fast driving their antagonist backwards in the direction of the other fighters. The position of the Colonel was a perilous one for the snow was so high in drifts and so deep on the level that a speedy retreat for safety was impossible, and the Colonel would certainly have been snared to death, had not one of the Angelinian soldiers immediately fired and by a well aimed shot behind the ear brought one of the rebels to the ground. As his first assailant fell the Colonel ceased to retreat and with a loud yell lunged forward upon his remaining rebel foe and killed him. The other rebels were scattered in the fight and happily

the colonel was not so badly hurt as to prevent him from continuing the flight through the fern forest. Finally the fugitives secured a small gunboat on the river and yet there was no part of the pursuit but the Angelinians dislike most than being chased by rebel Merriamans. Angelina charged the fugitive gunboat and perforated the iron plates of the vessel in two places, with the result that it made a dangerous leak. She ran ashore and sank a small boat in the middle of the night proceeding that was fastened in the rear of the gunboat by tearing a large piece out of it by its beak. Not satisfied with this success it then again charged the iron gunboat and would assuredly have sunk her if one of the fugitives had not stopped the onset by a shot in one of the gun turrets which caused an explosion and disabled so many men that the mermaid gave up the pursuit.

It was three days later however the fugitives ever reached the shelter of the christian lines, and the war correspondent made up his mind never to enter the rebel lines again unless he was a soldier, and he had not been one but only a newspaper reporter. His quest for child slaves had been an utter failure, but nevertheless to cheer him up general Hanson summoned him to his headquarters two days after his arrival back to the lines, and gave him three pretty little child slaves all girls and advised him to give up his dangerous mission while he has them in his charge and take a train enroute to Abyssinkile which he did.

THE MIGHTY SEA OF A DREAMS TWENTY GENERALS ....

All all along throughout the frightful siege of Vivian Wickey, when the siege was growing in force and fury spies and war correspondents told the people and christian soldiers believe a great many wonderful stories and had heard some terrible things which neither any christian generals or

SAID IN PAGE EIGHT HUNDRED NINETY FIVE.

#### CHAPTER FOURTY

THE MIGHTY SEA OF A DREAMS TWENTY GENERALS....  
HOW SOME RELIEF WAS GIVEN TO SOME OF THE SAD VICTIMS OF THE  
WAR OF THE DESIREDOCCITY OF VIVIAN WICKLEY:.....

generals and soldiers were equally desperate as they were before the war. The sides were Angelinians really by Nationality though one side were enemies of the other.

the colonel was not so badly hurt as to prevent him from continuing the flight through the fore forest. Finally the fugitive secured a small punt on the river and yet there was no real of the permit to hunt the Angaitana Indians, but then being chased by rebel Mexican Americans, the fugitive, in a punt and performed the iron plates of the vessel in two places, with the result that it made a dangerous leak. The fugitive was forced to stop in the middle of the night and to attempt to repair the vessel. In the rear of the punt, the boatmen, the out of the bank. Not unfrequently with this accident, the fugitive changed the iron punt and would assume to have each one of the iron plates of the vessel.

ALL all along throughout the frightful siege of vivian, decks, when the siege was growing in force and fury again and war correspondents told and had people and christian soldiers believe a great many wonderful stories about wonderful and most terrible things which neither any christian generals or even the brave and daring vivian girls had ever seen. they even often talked about the mighty alexandrian general Hic-Allister Stanek who was the main general in command of vivian victory and he was occupying one of the pacific islands Fortresses called Jupiter Zeus and they declared that this great general sat most of the time amid the terrible storm of cannon fire of both sides on the top of one of the mighty towers of Luville. taken where from his perilous position he could r easily look down and see everything that was going on among the mighty besieging lines far beyond even despite the thick clouds of smoke from long rows of active cannons and bursting shells, explosives and tremendous fire conflagrations. Despite all the dangers he faced Stanek was like to ride on him behind the long lines of active alexandrian batteries which short forth smoke so thick that they enshrouded storm clouds and whose tremendous reports seemed to hurl upon the besiegers or their own thundering batteries frightful broadside of searing thunder bolts right and left, and among the trees and rocks, the uproar which was so very mighty at times that when the cannons of both sides thundered in single volleys miles long the earth quaked the mountains and hills in and woods trembled, the sky became smoke clouded, and the sun seemed to hid his face.

the sky became much clouded, and the sun seemed to hide its face. Both of them terrible general Mac-Allister Stank and two other fellows, both of them terrible gladiolium general, and two other fellows, both of them terrible gladiolium general, rather than allow them to be taken and set free by the christian besiegers. The name of one of the was Francis Neptuner Possidonia and the other Jacksonia. Another Stank. General Francis Possidonia had for his headquarters in, given a glittering golden palanquin. From his character it would have been better for him to have been a general far down underneath the earth, where the sun never shines, and where there is darkness, weeping, and sorrow and tremendous torments and misery all the time. He was in command of portress Pluto and I Adonise.

and military all the time. He sits in command of fortress Lucille and his army. He and his brother were ve- ry stubborn fellows and once when his fortress was the object of the christian cannon from warships he gave such a response that the shaking caused by the tremendous cannonade made tremendous waves on the waters of the bay and from the concussion the sea broke over the land, it he shells before they exploded howled and screeched fearfully and he was able to repulse attack after attack. He was afterwards called the "shaker of the Earth"!!!. It was said that when ever a child slave died during the seige, either from overwork, starvation or accidental death from explosion the general would send his messenger to carry that child down into a cheerless cavern somewhere and throw it into an abyss or lake w which ever could be found to hide the effects of the child slave crime, and for that reason no one ever spoke of the general wall but through hi thought. In fact, he enoy of all humanity. A great number of other mighty generals were in vlyan wicky with Francis A Stanokso many that no more can be named for the present. A They were in the other fortresses of Lucille, ie son with their garrison, called fortress Venus, Athens, Jsherva and Juno. Violet and her sister are the little brave queens of love and beauty who were indeed fairer and more good by far than any children than you or I have ever seen had many times wished and expressed their wish to go into some of those beautifully named fortresses and spy on the enemy but on account of the extreme danger of doing so they had been sternly refused such a request not by Hanson or his brother but by any general and the Albeucian go governments as well. Violet and her sisters however before they had succeeded into going i to vlyan wicky on the 17 had through their cleverness give many of the generals great wisdom wisdom though children as they were, and either thought then or advised them how to do many useful t hings that would prevent the enemy from successfully breaking up the great seige, there was great fortress Mars on the right probable the right wing of fortress Lucille pickens whose generals and garrisons fairly delighted in the dty and horror of battle. There was fortress Mercury. There was fortress Vulcan. and beside besides these there were many others about whom you will learn by and by as we go on with the s eige in v volume after volume an about whom the spies and correspondents told and wrote strange and wonderful but tremendous stories.

correspondents told and wrote strange and wonderful things. All of the separate sections of Lucillir (at Lucillie) picked fortifications stood high above and about hidden in the clouds of powder smoke from belching cannons and so often shrouded that at a short distance soldiers and spies and correspondents and tourists or onlookers could never see them during a time of tremendous activity. But their generals and other commanders could look down and see what christian armies were doing and oftentimes the rebel generals would leave their own lofty regions and on horses and ride with squadrons of severely under fire to scout on the christians. Both sides in their generals and soldiers were equally desperate as they were brave. No wonder, both sides were Angolinites really by Nationality though one side were enemies of the other.

All a and all of the mightiest of the fortresses was Lucille, nicknamed Propera. General Francis Mac-Allister Stanek had not at first been in command of Vivian Wickey. In the time of the capture of the city and its fortifications after the titanic battle of Julio Gallo there had been twelve generals who had brought with them their entire families and relatives with the rebel armies and at the capture of Julio Gallo they had erected a fortress called S. Saturn which the christians had demolished at the beginning of the siege.

Before the terrible rebellion had broken out and even before the terrible siege of Vivian Wickey had begun men all over the world never were so happy as they were then. It was a true golden age then I tell you. Many people even lived in Galverinia its itself where springtime lasted all the year around. Always it was seen that the woods and meadows were full of blooming blossoms of all kinds beyond counting, and indeed the music of singing birds of all varieties was heard every day and every hour even night also. Apples, and figs, and oranges and all kinds of fruits always hung ripe from the many southern c, climate trees, and there were vines with all various kinds of excellent grapes and bellions of all varieties of berries which the people of Galverinia picked and what they did not use for themselves sent to other parts of the country. Men and women would have gladly wished to live for hundreds of years and never become gray or wrinkled or lame, and would have been glad to remain young and handsome. In southern Galverinia there were never no cold winters nor terrible winds nor anything to make people afraid.

In this story there was seldom any such thing as sickness or sorrow unless was brought it on. And if anyone was poor those who had precious things never allowed them to be in want, and the sunlight, the pure air which killed germs of all kinds, the wholesome waters in the springs and rivers the carpet like grass, the blue skies the fruits and flowers of the woods and meadows made Galverinia and Angelinia and Abbeannia the most beautiful christian countries in the world. Those who were richer than another gave money and not like in other nations as we suffer was there any need for locks or bolts to keep out robbers, for everybody was everybody's friend and no man wanted to get more of anything than his neighbors had.

At the outbreak of the tremendous war all the birds terrified by the terrible destruction wrought, the explosions, the booming of cannons and the crashes of shells, and the din of a all confusion flitted away through the air in perfect fright, and over the mountains and across the sea to the flowery lands of Abbeannia itself which country though at war was not invaded by her rebel neighbors and so was peaceful. And some men and women say any to even this day the poor birds were wandering happily hither and thither about the countries of Abbeannia, causing innocent babies to smile in their cradles, easing the burdens of the tollown and the sick and blessing mankind everywhere with their pretty chirping songs.

What a pity that this Golden Age for the christian world should come to such a sudden end. But it was the rebellion of wicked glandelinia who brought about the sad change. It was hard to believe it but general Mac-Allister Stanek was the secret son of the wicked old glandelinian king glandlin Stanek and that when he was hardly ten years old he had learned of the christian nations disfavoring child slavery and having remembered from glandelinian histories he had studied when going to school the defeats the glandelinians received from Abbeannia in Eighteen fortyone he had even then while going to school began to plot how he might wage a new war against the authorities of the christians and try to be the most astonishing rebellious ever known or heard of. As soon as he had been grown up in 1901 he had in a general and great conspiracy persuaded his brothers, and even sisters and his own father to join him in his plot, and during the conspiracy they vowed that if Angelinia and her sister state Galverinia should not stop the interference in the growing child slavery they would drive all christian colonies from the earth. Can they do it?

When with the coming of the great war in 1912 really started followed the already long and terrible siege of Vivian Wickey. Though the Angelinians were by no means being driven off or forced to raise the siege, but strengthening their hug more tighter a regular war. Their hug general Mac-Allister Stanek had many helpers and he therefore was bound to hold out at any cost. He had many great cannons on the fortresses which he had called Cyclope guns which during the siege were kept busy against the christian cannoners of their opposing batteries all the time whose shells made such terrible explosions as to throw down great showers of rocks and broken fragments of trees upon or against the strongholds of the besieging christian armies, and general Mac-Allister Stanek's other great batteries of cannons from the other land forts and shore and land batteries hurled their sharp lightning like flashes through the air and the shells were so constant in their explosions that despite snow on the ground their flashes set thousands of great evergreen and christmas trees on fire every day, and the waters in the rivers sometimes boiled from the heat of conflagrations. Of course it did seem that the good old christian generals and their assistances could not hold out in their siege against such foes as these guns, but the sudden arrival of new armies under the two vivians and general concentinian Aronburg made things more possible and now it was evident that even if the enemy could hold out, they could not however break the siege.

During the siege the Angelinians had so mitted wanton destruction of all things within location of the insurgent lines. All fruit trees in the woods were broken down to prevent the enemy from getting the fruit. The Angelinians even hunted all timid animals eatable captured these animals and either used them as pets or littered them in spots beyond fee reach. Wild animals such as rabbits, chickens

and other fowls were also secured. So all throughout beautiful Galverinia and also Angelinia there was now no more peace, but horrible war, instead of plenty there was starvation throughout a region of twenty thousand miles, instead of innocence there was horrible crime, instead of happiness there was unaccountable misery and desolation. And that is the sad way in which king glandlin and his son Stanek made themselves so mighty a two war lords and that was the way in which Galverinia and the world's golden Age seemed to come to an end.

#### HOW SOME RELIEF WAS GIVEN TO SOME OF THE BAD VICTIMS OF THE BESIEGED CITY OF VIVIAN WICKERY!!!!!!

In the meantime during the horrible siege of Vivian Wickey, there lived within the beautiful and end city two brothers who were not glandelinians or like them, nor yet like the mighty glandelinian generals who reigned amid the horrors. They were the sons of one of the last government authorities of Vivian Wickey who had fought on their father's side against the rebels, and who had been captured as prisoners and then treated as criminals and sent in chains to one of the strong prison houses of the government. One of the eldest of these christian brothers was Jack Prometheus and all the while the siege was on with its many raging bombardments and bloody battles he was always thinking of the future and thinking of what to do to take things ready for what might happen to morrow or next week, or next year or after things to come. The younger was called Prometheus Prometheus for he was still better always so busy thinking of the horrors of yesterday and of the future to come and he believed that the besieged glandelinians had no care at all for what might indeed come to pass after a while. For now comes or later the rebel authorities of Vivian Wickey and her tribunals had not sent all the remaining christian inhabitants of the city into prison with the rest who had been so cruelly slaughtered during the No. 1 Regime of Terror. The man whose name was Prometheus did not care to live in hiding among the city's tenants. He was too busy for that. While the mighty christian batteries were thundering and roaring like a million volcanoes in eruption day after day and shaking the city like an earthquake continually and filling the sky with smoke of burning shells and high explosives, he was intent upon plans for taking the non-combatants who were loyal to Abbeannia more miser and better in condition than they had ever been before. He took the risk to go out at one woman and children and live among amongst them and to help them bear the trials and sufferings of the siege for his heart was filled with sadness when he found that they were no longer happy as they had been during the golden days before the war broke out. As how poor and wretched they were. He found many living in caverns under the city, dug by themselves, in sewer passages, and in holes dug in the street streets on or in the cellars of the buildings, in small pits, secret passage ways and other places of concealment not with the purpose to escape from the enemy who were in possession of the city but from the dreaded shells of the besiegers which fell and exploded in the city as often as thunder crashes are heard in the most violent thunderstorms. Many of the poor non-combatants found by him to be shivering from the cold because the enemy did not allow them any provisions to keep themselves warm with fire, they were facing starry starvation because the enemy frequently refused to give the christian inhabitants anything to eat, they were hunted by rebel criminals and murderers being the most miser miserable creatures ever known.

"If they could have fire to warm themselves with in spite of the rebels," said Prometheus to himself. "they could at least warm themselves in their hiding places and seek their food which some one may secure for them, and after a while I could secure for them some tools and have them build shelters in their places of concealment, without fire and other means of better living these poor people on account of the siege and the enemy in general general are worse off than the beasts. And worse of all the rebels won't rebuild the ruins caused by great shell fire."

"At first he went boldly to general Mac-Allister Stanek and begged him to allow the non-combatants of Vivian Wickey who were Angelinians and Galverinians better quarters to live and to give them provisions to make fire to warm themselves so that they might have a little comfort through the long dreary months of the winter and the siege of the christians also."

"Not a Spark!" he said. "I allow them to make." "No indeed. Why if those christian dogs had provisions to make fire in their places of concealment they might start conflagrations that would burn us out of the city altogether and then the nation would win the siege without even further fighting and afterwards the christian nations would even drive us out of the kind kingdom of glandelinia. Let them live with the cold, the dirty christian dogs, and let them live like the beasts. It is best for them to be poor and ignorant that glandelinians may thrive and be happy. Their time of death and destruction will soon come also."

The Angelinian Prometheus made no answer, but nevertheless he had set his heart to help mankind and he did not give up. He turned away and left general Mac-Allister Stanek and his company of generals. As he went in disguise he was walking along the shores of the Vivian River near the vicinity of the Bridge he found a small stick in the form of a club with a hollow inside and when he had broken it in two he saw that he could put into the hollow inside a dry soft pith which if placed properly would burn softly and slowly and keep on fire a long time without burning through the stick.

888 took the long stick in his right hand and started with it toward one of the clandestine camp fires he had observed in the distance and which there was not a single soul around. He thought it a secure smoulder in the night which the enemy would not see.

"The poor victims of the police as well as myself shall have fire and means to make it in spite of the tyrant general who sits in his easy chair in Vivian Wickey while his men go to their deaths in battle," he said to himself.

He reached the place of the camp fire in the early night just as the silver orb of the winter moon was rising from the horizon in the east and beginning his daily journey through the sky. "Thinking that no one was seeing his motions he cautiously and with a quick action stuck the end of the long stick to the flames of the bonfire and the dry, pitch caught on fire and burned slowly but to his horror made a lot of smoke. Turning with the intention of hastening back to the city he made some enclosure for the stick which would hide the smoke from an old tin can and soon carried into the city the precious smoulder hidden in the hollow center of the stick. He called some of the shivering men and women and children to from their hidingplaces to him and with some provisions he gathered he built a fire for them and showed themselves how to retain the fire without any matches and how to build other fires from the coals. Soon there was a cheerful blaze in every concealment of the non-combatants in the city itself and men women and children gladly gathered around it and were warm and happy and thankful to their brave Angelinian friend for the wonderful help he had brought to them from the rebel camp fire. It was not long that he secretly secured provisions and food for them from the enemy's provision stores and the hiding people were able to cook their food and eat like men instead of hermits. However they could not dare come out of their dark lurking hiding places for though they longed to come out in the open air and the bright sunlight, they dreaded the exploding shells. After that the brave Angelinian taught them little by little nearly a thousand things showed them how to build shelters in their cavern homes of wood or stone, and how to protect themselves from the noisy shell fire and from rebels who may look for some of them to surer as was often the case. He also showed them how to dig down further in the earth under the city and when he saw how happy he was about succeeding in making the people who had been so helpless he cried out:

"A new golden age shall come in spite of the seige, brighter and better by far than even the old. Things might have gone on very happily indeed and the beautiful golden age of Vivian Wickey really might have come again if it had not been for general Mic-Allister Stanck. At one day when the shellmotes of both sides had slackened somewhat, and all efforts of the Christians as things so had seemed to be concentrated upon Andron and Ann Aronburg he changed to go out of his headquarters with soldiers, spies, and police and generals to make rounds of the city of Vivian Wickey and by the help of thousands of spies, and police, and detectives and soldiers who went from place to place on horseback or on cars despite danger of shell fire he found out that the people who were in hiding had fires burning, provisions given to them and people living in better shelter he was very angry.

"What Christian spy has done all this!" he asked furiously. And after some days passed one of the spies found out it was the Christian Prometheus, and reported it to him.

"What?" he was a young Christian dog in disguise he cried, "Mic-Allister. Well I will punish him in a way that will make him wish I had shut him up in the prison house with his kindred in some Catherine. But as for those non-combatants they will not be allowed to keep their provisions and fire for it shall be taken away from them. And if possible I will make them ten or twenty times more miserable than they were before they had been made prisoners."

Of course it would be easy enough he felt sure to deal with the Christian Prometheus at any time, and so thinking the man could not get away he was in no great haste about it. By thus delaying he never succeeded in getting the spy. He however made up his mind to send soldiers and arrest all who were found in hiding and have them confined in all prisoners within Vivian Wickey.

And he thought of a place or plan for doing it in a very strange roundabout way. In the first place he ordered his generals especially Vulcan/Vulcania whose headquarters was at Andron to take all the generals and have them in council to make sure what was to be done with the number of prisoners that would be captured or arrested from their hiding places.

So General Vulcania did as he was bidden and when he had finished he carried the laws forever to general Purrtorian who had his own headquarters at Julio Julio Callio.

In the meantime it was harder for the rebel soldiers to arrest the person persons in hiding than he thought it was. From the facilities was a strange and beautiful little girl who had done much even risked her life many times to help many of those distressed. She was only ten years old, but she was beautiful, had a pleasant voice, and good manners, a kind heart, and skill in many arts, but at the same time great curiosity.

The little girl of course despite all questions asked would not reveal her name to nobody but nevertheless she was so beautiful and so wonderfully gifted that no one could help loving her. The people in the city admired her and fearing that something would happen to her she gave her to the care of Prometheus one of those who brought the child saying:

"Prometheus here is a beautiful child for whom I fear the safety of, and whom general Mic-Allister Stanck had sent you to ask you to destroy but for I know you will leave Vivian Wickey and get her to the Christian lines in safety."

Prometheus had been often warned by his brother to be careful what he does with anything that general Mic-Allister Stanck might send him for he knew that the mighty Angelinian tyrant could never be trusted but when he saw the little girl how lovely and nice and when he forgot all warnings, and took her to his own secret home. He lived in her new home the little girl was very happy and even Prometheus when he saw the child often was more pleased with her loveliness. She had brought with her a strange looking basket of black ocher about two feet long and a foot wide, and half a foot deep which she had managed to secure from general Mic-Allister Stanck's headquarters, which she believed held many precious documents concerning the Christians, but which Prometheus had warned her never to open it nor look at the things inside while in the city as it was dangerous with so many Angelinians about.

"They must be something which general Stanck knows about the Christians who are besieging the city of Vivian Wickey," he said to herself when she knew no one was around that were rebels and then she thought of how they should be taken safely to the Christian lines.

"Why did I secure them if I should never examine them nor so much as look at them at least?" she asked herself.

The more she thought about the black little basket, the more curious she was to see what was really in it, and every hour she had taken it down from its shelf and looking about to see that no one was watching her felt of the lid, and tried to peer inside of it without opening it.

"Why should I care what Prometheus told me?" she said at last. "He is no more wiser than I am and anyway the articles would be of no use to him. I think that I will look at them at any rate. He will never know. Nobody else will ever know. But first I will see that no one is watching me for if enemies are about I will be taken as a spy and good night."

She opened the lid and saw inside papers with writings on it which of course she could not understand. As soon as she had shut it down again and hid the box there was a whirling rustling noise which scared her and before she could leave the roof she saw pass her place outside the window ten thousand strangely dressed men with death mask like faces, and wearing for customs gaunt and dreadful forms such as nobody in the whole world had ever seen. They continued to pass the window outside in long streams and then disappeared around a ally way. They were the gnomes! Angelinian child Executives who had been sent in the dreadful forms to go into every child slave place pick out children who were unable to work any more and murder them. They went into every place and without anyone seeing them in the darkness rushed down among child slaves and out an end to many a little life and then left the places unseen and unheard.

If the little girl had not shut down the lid so quickly and put the basket back where she hid it she would have been discovered and things would have been very bad for her also. But she closed it and put it away just in time, before any of the rascally fools outside saw her. At the same time a small kitten also appeared and started meowing but she continually pushed him backwards into a small closet to keep him quiet and shut the door so he could not escape and arouse suspicion. She feared if the cat had gone up to her and starting started her cries she would never know what troubles were going to come for her, and yet already she herself had had no joys and happiness as long as she had lived.

The next thing that general Mic-Allister Stanck did was to attempt to punish Prometheus for stealing fire from one of the Angelinian encampments and give it to the people hiding from the rebels and she ill fire of the Christian lines. He bade many of his officers and generals and even detectives and policemen to seize the hold Christian spy and carry him to the topmost part or roof of the highest house in Vivian Wickey. At the same time he gave this order he ordered one of his blacksmiths who showed him a horse to bind the prisoner with iron chains as soon as he was caught so that he could not move hand or foot. The rebel blacksmith did not like to do this for somehow he was a friend of the Christian spy but he felt he dared not disobey, and so the great friend of the help a helpless non-combatants of besieged Vivian Wickey who had given them means to be warm in their hiding places, and showed them how to live through all the horrors was hunted for by many rebels and knowing from his own spies that he would be chained outside to the roof of the highest building in Vivian Wickey if he was captured with the storm winds whistling always around him and the pitiless hail and snow beating in his face and fierce eagles and birds shrieking in his ears or exposed to exploding shells from the Christian lines he decided to prevent this if he could and so taking the little girl with him he hid in the innermost sections of a deep tunnel. He bore all his sufferings and persecutions without a groan and never would he give up or allow himself to be captured neither would he say he was sorry for what he had done and many who had looted him and tried to capture him met their deaths at his hands. Day after day with the little girl in hiding from the rebel searchers they hid in the deep tunnel underground only coming out at night to secure provisions. Now and then the brave little girl would look up at him with her pretty face and smile through her tears at him, now and then friendly spies would come and bring him messages from far off sections of the city, once some little runaway child slave came and were also taken care of by him and he learned them to sing little songs which from their pretty little voices sounded wonderful to his ears in that lonely place and the little children other times looked up to him with pitying eyes and cried and begged him to leave the dismal place and take them to the Christian lines, but the way he was hunted he knew that just then to escape from the city was impossible and he had to stay there.

To him the ten year old little girl looked to him strangely beautiful with large smiling eyes and a face that seemed more than human. Everytime she came up to him she stopped and looked at the old gray peak of the distant city from which her hiding place and thought of her friend which would have been obtained by the side of the roof of the highest building if she herself had not warned her. One time it was at night when after making a raid the spy saw her more closely and then taking her by the hand said kindly:

"I recognise you, I now know who you are. You are Angelina Aronburg who is the fairest and most beautiful and happiest of little girl and bravest next to the grand little daughters of the mighty christian general Robert Angelio Vivian.

And now because you have secured the precious papers from the tyrant general, Mic-Allister Stanek and his wicked generals you are doomed to remain in Vivian, Mickey until something turns up. But let us not lose hope. As as soon as we see a chance to get out we will go first to the southward, and then to the east, and probably after many days we shall come to the great River Norma Run. There you shall be accepted by the christian generals as a mad maiden more fairer and bolder beautiful than before, and you I know shall some day become one of the best friends of the many christian generals, and of the Vivian girls themselves from whom many a great hero will spring. As for me I hide in patience the day which not even general Mic-Allister Stanek or his whole "landelinian army" can halt or delay. For a while we will have to remain where we are. At

Poor Gertrude would have spoken but she could not. Her eyes now more the moment sorrowful and frightened looking she gazed once more at the brave hero and then she turned and began her long examination of the important papers she had at such a risk secured from the rebel general headquarters.

Hours had passed and at last a strange man came running into the secret tunnel way whose name was Frank Hercules and had another fellow with him by the name of Caucas. He and his fellow companion had in spite of the dreadful range of thunder from exploding shells high in the sky, in spite of fear of a storm of snow and sleet had worked their way from one place to another, from one street to another until they reached the secret tunnel and then had pressed by rebel spies and pursuers slow every fierce "landelinian" they met and with a mighty blow had turned all opposition aside and had come into the tunnel and found the brave spy and the children with him.

"I know know that you and your own companion would come soon." Said Prometheus. Ten hours ago I thought of speaking about you to my little girl friend here Angelina who will sometime be the leader of all Angelinian girl and boy scouts combined.

"And Angelina" Said Hercules "is of the brave race from which I had sprung. The rebel are searching high and low for you and every street is combed by them. You better look for some other place as they may find this tunnel yet."

This man who was with Angelina in the tunnel and who had revealed his two brave comrades was known far and wide for not only his good deeds, his daring rescues of many child slaves, and the uprightness of his life, but for his famous spying exploits. In the city of Pandora (Galvernia) he had a wife and three children and she was one of the fairest of the daughters of men. After Prometheus had felt from the streets of Vivian "Mickey" with Angelina things of unusual occurrence was going on elsewhere throughout the Vivian Mickey. The "landelinians" had become very ferocious every man being fairly at war with the helpless non-combatants, and for the inhabitants who favored Angelina cause there was no law nor safety anywhere and a mass of horrible methods occurred frequently. Things were in such worse cases now than they had been since the beginning of the siege, and that was just what general Stanek wanted. He thought by being terrible to the non-combatants he could frighten the christian besiegers but by this he only was making things worse for himself. During the siege however so many bloody battles had occurred that already he had begun to grow weary of seeing so much bloodshed and hearing the yells and screams of big bombshells and explosives high in the sky, their terrifying thunders, and the roar of so many besieging guns.

"These christian be besieging generals and their armies are nothing but a source of trouble." He said to his mighty company of generals. When the siege started we were afraid lest we should be able to whip them too soon, and now the besiegers are so terribly strong and have so many guns upon our fortified works, and fortifications and shelling the city so terribly that we are in worse danger than before.

All that while since the beginning of the siege of Vivian Mickey until november there had been a perfect rainstorm of shot shell shrapnel and high explosives and the christian besieging guns rained these terrible broadsides of death and destruction day and night for a very long time without respite, great explosions had occurred, floods had been started by the enemy as is already written the water running over the land and covering the plains swamping the forests and surrounding the hills in raging torrents of water. At the christians kept tightly to the siege, while the rain of shot and shell and high explosives was pouring down especially upon the region of the fortresses near Norma Catherine.

No one had been ready for such a storm of cannon but Prometheus or his companions. He had watched all the wrong doings of the "landelinians" around him and had often taken the nerve to tell them that unless they left off their evil ways to child slaves there would be a day of reckoning in the end.

"The day will be coming" Said Prometheus "when all of the christian cannon besieging Vivian Mickey will send a flood of deadly explosives in an effort to destroy or reduce the strong fortresses guarding the land side. Be sure that you are watching out for it as all dangers will follow."

And so when the storm of shells began the brave christian had first taken shelter in the cellar of his house but now day and night he and his friends and Angelina were hiding in the deep underground tunnel while outside of Vivian Mickey the tops of trees were hidden by the flood of smoke caused by exploding shells, the hills and mountains were wreathed in smoke and if you looked outside not nothing could have been seen but smoke, smoke, smoke, and flaring of bursting bombardments the world ever heard of was on. After a while however in the vicinity of Norma Catherine the fire being directed elsewhere the storm of shells stopped falling so thickly a the clouds of smoke began to clear away and the blue sky and the golden sun shone brighter.

Even after a while the flood waters had begun to either sink very fast and to run off the land toward the rivers or freeze over and early that next morning of November first the spy and Angelina cautiously stepped outside their underground prison to see what was going on and if any one among the rebels were at all looking for him or her. After a short time they saw that the streets of the city were deserted yet and the leafless branches of some distant trees were seen shaking in the cold wind and the streets and roofs of houses were carpeted with deep snow and frost were white on windows. But the spy and Angelina for the moment felt very sad for they knew that they and their companions and the child ren with them in the tunnel were the only persons in the region of this part now slowly down the incline toward the entrance to the street tunnel wondering what would become of them soon if they did not succeed in getting out of horrible Vivian Mickey all alone as they were in the possession of rebels. While they were talking, and trying to think what indeed they should try and do they heard a strange voice behind them. They turned and saw a noble young man standing in the middle of one of the street car tracks running into the tunnel. He was very tall, with blue gray eyes, and black hair. He had wings on his shoes and his cape and wore a regala and black hood and bore a staff with a spear on the top of it. They at once knew it was one of the Geninian persons the swift spy messengers of general Hansons army and they waited to hear what he would say to them.

"Is there anything you wish?" The strange hooded man asked. "Tell me and you shall have whatever your heart desires."

"We should like above all things" Said Prometheus to see our way out of this or accused place and to reach the christian lines once more, for without good neighbors and friends and to be cooped up here as prisoners in this tunnel the world would be a very lonely and terrible place indeed."

"Go on down and follow the course of the tunnel as far as it goes." Said the hooded stranger "And as you go take the little girl by the hand and have the children with you follow, and see that no rebels are following behind you." And with these words he leaped up to the top of the parapet and was seen no more.

"What did he mean?" Asked Angelina Aronburg.

"Surely I do not know" Said Prometheus. "But before we proceed let us think a moment. How far does this car tunnel lead out of Vivian Mickey I wonder. And yet what could he mean by being careful and watch that no rebels are following us?"

"Perhaps he meant that we should be careful not to allow any "landelinians" to come upon us without being watchful." Said Angelina. "Let us go on down the slopes to the entrance of the tunnel and let's pick up some of these loose stones which we find in our path and if we are followed we can throw them at the enemy and check them."

"It seems to be rather a very silly thing to do so." Said Prometheus "and yet as there can be no harm from it I am sure, we shall do it and see what will happen."

And so they walked on down the steep incline of the tunnel and as they walked they picked up the loose stones in their way with the intention to cast them at any of their pursuers. When at last they reached the gaping mouth of the dark tunnel they found themselves at the head of a noble company of freed child slaves all eager to do their bidding. To guard them Prometheus became their leader and he gave them some of the smaller stones and told them how to do many useful things that would enable them to get away from the rebel soldiers. He street car tunnel into which they had went was called Hellas and how far it led to they could never determine. To Prometheus Angelina Aronburg appeared to be so fair and good, that all who knew her had said that there was no one in the world like her except the brave Vivian girls. So when Prometheus had her with her she had pleased him so much and so he was determined to lead her through and out of Vivian Mickey if he had to die for her.

Of course the brave little girl did not really know who he was, but thought he was some famous christian spy man maybe a member of the Geninian army when she first knew him or when she first met him he was in the guise of a rebel captain, and did not look like the great man he really was.

But Martha Junice who was the wife of Mic-Allister Stanek and shared his peril in helping to resist the siege of Vivian Mickey did not like the idea of hearing about some dangerous fugitives escaping from Vivian Mickey at all hall fall.

when she heard why the spy and his friends had hidden near the tunnel so long she made up her mind to do the ten year old girl all the harm she could, and so hearing that they were seeking an exit through the tunnel went herself with some soldiers with the intention to find the other end of it and block them in.

At least she decided to try and see what could be done if you please to mention... Promethus had however through his spies learned of her intentions and while she and her soldiers was a great way off he knew why she and her soldiers were on their way. go to save Angelina Aronburg from her and her Glandelinian soldiers he having discovered earlier than another tunnel lead from this one turned into it with the others following him. He thought that when Junice had found them gone she would go back home to her husband and general and it would not be hard to find their way back to the former tunnel again. They had progressed only a short distance however when a suspicious looking man approached them. He was garbed in gray and looked like a Glandelinian soldier in the gloom of the tunnel.

"Oh what a pretty looking little girl you have got there." He said stroding forward.

"Give her to me my good man, give her to me." Promethus however refused to do as he was told and drawing his pistol forced the stranger to give back a few steps. He did not like to do this but the sight of that muzzle made him so scared that he had to give up and let the little girl and the others alone. He however thought that it would not be long till he could get a bunch of soldiers and get her and the children away from the man. But from then on Promethus was too wise to trust anyone now who were strangers in the tunnels. He took Angelina still more firmly by the hand and led her onward through the long tunnel.

"Now my sweet little maid." He said "I will see that you stay with us until we get safely to the christian lines."

Promethus indeed seemed to be a strange man. If he did not really have ten times ten the number of eyes in his head he seemed to be equally as watchful as if he had as many. Some of the children following him were afraid of the dark but here and there the tunnel was lighted by an arch light for at least every hundred feet and they were able to see where they were going. They however seemed to have wandered into a labyrinth labyrinth of tunnels for after traveling a long distance they could not find their way out. There was no kind friends around to hear the crying of the children, and no one to help them for no one not even the Glandelinians knew that the spy and the children with him had wandered into the longest tunnel in the world. They had gone into the tunnel running from Vivian Wickey to Calverline and though they saw on each side of the two sections of the tunnel railway tracks they did not know it, and yet no train had passed them yet. Hour by hour Promethus kept a close watch and you could hardly say that when the other slept he ever went to sleep at all for he was like a man who if he had a dozen eyes kept the half dozen also closed and the other half open like if they were sleeping and watching by turns.

Promethus was indeed grieved when he saw what a hard like his little child firmed had been done, and he tried to think of some plan to come to the end of the tunnel and get himself and them free before the enemy would come in the tunnel in search of them and capture them all it was toward night time when he could tell by his watch when he called Angelina to him and bade her and his children friends to go and try to sleep while he would stay awake and keep watch on the platform alongside the railway tracks. While they proceeded to lie down on the platform he gave them something to eat from the provisions he carried with him and then they all fell asleep. Just as soon as the children had fallen into a sound slumber someone in the tunnel to his surprise began to play as sweet tones on a flute. This was just what Promethus liked to hear indeed, and so cautiously following the sound of the music he saw a young boy playing and asked him to come up to the platform and sit by his side and play still other tunes. The lad did as he wished and played such strains of sweet sweet music as no one in all the whole Angelina world had ever heard from that day to this, and which sounded doubly lovely in the hollow recesses of the extensive tunnel. And as the little boy played the spy laid down upon the platform and listened and thought indeed that he had never received so great a treat in his life. By and by those sweet sounds wrapped him into so strange a spell that all his eyes at which he could not keep his eyes open, and he fell into a deep sleep.

As just at this moment two Glandelinians one an officer and a orderly appeared and stepped on the platform. He knew it surely was not a brave thing to do yet the officer drew his long sword from its scabbard with the intention of running the man through the body but the lad seeing the performance screamed, and alarmed and knowing the strength of the spy the two Glandelinians hastily left the platform without doing him wicked deed and ran in the opposite direction down the tunnelway with the intention of going back and alarming the main body coming into the tunnel to search for the fugitives. But being awakened Promethus had seen him try to kill him and he was so swiftly after them that they halted in an attempt to make a stand. But his face was so full of wrath and as he had two pistols drawn that as soon as they saw him advance upon them, they tried to flee but one was shot immediately in the thigh, and the other then surrendered.

Angelina was so much grieved when she saw this performance that she did not know what to do but the reports of the gun had been so loud in the hollow recesses of the tunnel that she knew flight was urgent and so after trying the two rebels up on the pillar near the platform so they could not go back and raise the alarm they continued their flight.

As they continued their flight however Angelina Aronburg found a big gadfly buzzing round her head, and attempting to bite and sting her, and not catch on the fly or overtake it. In their flight through the tunnel they already stung some of the other little children one boy and two girls till they were wild with fright and pain and screamed. Hour after hour they continued their flight now through the thick dark darkness, now in parts of the tunnel to be a large opening on the side of the tunnel.

The spy Promethus opened the exit cautiously and seeing no one in sight to his fellow men and they all walked forth. By and by they came to a narrow stretch of river and since the lad land on the other side looked as though a christen an encampment might be there and that they would find rest and shelter there; the river not yet frozen over. Then they continued onward through a strange land and began to realize they had passed not only the enemy encampments but left outside thanks to the cold winter day. The gadfly however did not follow them where looking far in the distance they could see a long string of highly built fortifications. Finding a small house of cabin they stopped to rest a while and get a little to eat, and while he was preparing the food Angelina looked up at the calm cold cliffs above her and wished that she might live where all was grand and still. But as she looked she saw the giant forms of the distant fortifications stretching away for a long distance and she knew at once that she and her friends and the spy were not so far away from Vivian Wickey or the christian lines as supposed and that the distant fortresses were the river fortresses of Gertrude Angelina herself or worse of all the land and river forts.

When she looked at her spy friend and saw his sorrowful face and said to herself; "His sufferings are not so great as his." And her eyes were filled with tears. Then poor good Promethus looked down and spoke to her and his voice was very mild and kind;

"I know almost what you are thinking about." He said "and then he told her not to lose hope for he believed that soon they would find their way to the christian lines at last. She would have thanked him for the good words if she could but when she tried to speak she only felt as if her heart was burning and could not utter a single word. When while cooking and preparing the meal Promethus went off and told her that the time would indeed come when she should see the beautiful Vivian Wickey once again, and that she should yet live to see her self the leader of the best boy and girl scouts ever organized and indeed be the leader of the best child heroes and heroines that ever lived. "As for me," he said "I must bid this time in patience for I know that one of these heroes will break the war some day."

When Gertrude Angelina with a brave heart left the doorway and shutting it came to the table. A weather outside was colder now than before but she did not care the winter very much for her heart was full of hope. For a whole hour she sat by the table until the meal was prepared and at last when all started eating she began to feel so tired and lonely that she felt she could go no further, and so knowing that they were not going out any more that day she lay down on a bench to rest. At this time Promethus as soon as she was sound asleep all sleep sleep like a flash ran for a window for he heard a suspicious sound. A group of rebels was approaching the house. He immediately opened fire to the terror of the other soldiers, the shots awakening Gertrude who seeing the peril also fired her own little pistols and the rebels seeing her own too small in numbers to withstand this lone a brave retreat though one was shot and killed as he tried to cross the river. Gertrude frail and fair as she looked and as good as she was showed herself nevertheless a little fighter when in peril. After the excitement he showed her kindness to the third half frightened trembling brave little maiden and told her in his arms hold her fast and she indeed felt happy in his loving embrace.

As though her trials and difficulties Angelina Aronburg or Gertrude Angelina was pale and her big and blue eyes seemed to be always filled with excitement and fear and her long golden wavy hair flowed free about her shoulders. Since the death of her sister Anna Aronburg all she had cared to do from morning till noon was to sit in any place she could and dope out plans to spy on the enemy and cause the Glandelinians all the trouble she could to pay them back even at the risk of her life, and all she had ever cared to do from noon till midnight was to draw maps of her own of the enemy plans and study them over so as to know what to do next. And of her clever and splendid hand had been the things which she drew with her pencil or ink pens. Paper on paper, school atlases and drawing papers she worked with then all kinds pictures and drawings of the enemy works and fortifications while in the cabin, and yet when the papers came from her hands they were still so beautifully clean and whole that Promethus was glad to see it. And he said that paper so clean after being handled by her people was rarely as clean and that he believed she was the cleverest little girl and the cleanest he had ever come across.

"Can you draw by hand the little girl and near the window where sunset comes through the window a picture of the distant fortifications of Gertrude Angelina, a little boy among the child slaves who had been rescued came up to her and stroking her beautiful head in a friendly manner said:

"In all the world there is no picture drawn better than you are and in all the world have I ever seen papers so soft and clean after you got through. Who thought you to draw so nicely and keep paper so clean and good!"

"No one but taught me at all," she answered. "With the aid of God and his blessed Mother I learned how to do it in the sun and in the shade in northern California when I was only seven years old, but no one showed me otherwise."

"But it may have been that your teacher taught you, and you did not know it," said the boy.

"I never went to school," answered Angelina Aronburg. "So how could they teach me. I was once a child slave like you was and freed myself by rebellion. Any way I would like to see the teacher who could do the such maps and plans and fortifications and rebel works as good as these in so short a time and without dirtying the paper."

"But I thought they could," said the boy. "When they are grown a people they are suppose to be the smartest people of all."

"Do you think any teacher could draw like me," said Gertrude. "Probably they can if they are artists but not common school teachers. I'm not honestful or proud but just the same I'd like to see a teacher try it and do it so quick. I bet I could teach a school teacher a thing or two and I have never went to school either. And yet I can write, figure and spell as good as any one. I learned it all myself through God's help."

"I'm a teacher," said Prometheus.

Gertrude Angelina looked up and saw him this time in his full uniform a tall man wrapped in a long pa poncho of scarlet color covering his purple coat. His face was fair to see but stern of so stern and bold and his gray eyes was so sharp and bright that Gertrude could not hardly meet his gaze.

"Partu Gertrude," said Prometheus. "I am not only a spy, and an Angelinian officer with the rank of captain, but also a famous drawing teacher and I have heard your boast to this little boy: do you still mean to any that though you have not been taught to do the work and yet can draw and make maps and pictures in so quick a time and beat any teacher at it?"

"Yes sir," she answered. "No one but God and His blessed Mother has taught me and I think no one but God and his blessed Mother for what I know," and she stood straight up but not proud by the side of the small drawing table.

"And do you still think that you can draw pictures of fortifications and make maps faster than I can and better?" said Prometheus.

Gertrude's cheeks grew a little pale but she however said:

"Yes I can weave better than you can."

"Then let me tell you what we will do," said the spy. "We will immediately draw each of us on a separate piece of paper your fortifications, you on your side of the table and I on my mine. We will ask all of these little boys and girls with us and my two men companions to come and witness the contest, and the little boy you had boasted to shall be the judge. And if your work is best then I will admit it and take it for granted that the little heroine I know was a good artist, but if my work is best, then you shall allow yourself to be in my arms and allow me to give you ten kisses: do you agree to this?"

"I agree," immediately said Gertrude without hesitation.

"It is well," said Prometheus. "But I am not counting on the character of the drawing: it is the speed alone, who gets the drawing done first."

They both got pieces of paper and all of the children except the eldest boy were gathered around the table to see and witness the contest and the little boy sat beside fair Gertrude and looked on. The eldest boy stood by a window to watch and see that no Angelinians approach the cabin. Prometheus sat beside the table nearest the window and if she had sat in the shade of a beautiful mulberry tree with butterflies flitting and grasshoppers chirping all through the live-long day nothing could have made a more awe inspiring creature as she seemed to be. But Prometheus looking at her saw her sit up near the end of the table, through which the sunbeams of a wild winter sun were streaming upon her from the window and he also almost remarked to himself:

"She appears to me to be the queen of beautiful children."

Then both started the contest. Gertrude Angelina took her paper and began to draw while he did the same. And she drew the outlines of the distant fortifications with marvellous beauty and exactness and she made it of so many beautiful colors and so beautifully and correctly arranged and mingled one with another that she soon had an exact likeness of the fortifications and the surrounding scene as she saw from the windows and all the children who saw the two drawings of both man and child were filled with delight. As both contestants continued the battle of drawing they both made the snowy fleeces of the winter clouds seen in the sky and made the bright blue ether of the winter sky of California, and of the best beautiful white snow of the snow covered fields, and of a royal purple of distant woods; and designed the edge of the picture with enchanting pictures of flowers and gardens, of castles and towers, and of mountain heights and of men and beasts; and of giants and dwarfs, and of the mighty beings called planets who dwell high above the sky as stars. And those who looked upon both drawings were so filled with wonder and delight that they forgot all about the excitement they had in leaving Indian Mickey.

At the end of the contest the man was ahead a few pencil strokes and Gertrude felt thankful and surprised when he won and she hid her hands her face in her hands.

"Oh how could I ever think you could win," she cried. "Now I must do as I agreed."

But she was not afraid to accept the agreement. From his kindness to her she loved him from her heart and before he knew it she was in her arms and kissing him herself.

SEEN IN PAGE NINE HUNDRED FIVE.

CHAPTER XXXIV. *Fourth day.*  
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ANGELINA ARONBURG, OR GERTRUDE ANGELINE,

to go, and at times when not fleeing from the persecutors played the two best minds that was ever heard. Gertrude called him the Master of games. He had all her life liked to wander into the wooded country and in her earlier days she had taken care of the poor timid deer and the helpless creatures that lived among the trees, and now though persecuted she delighted to even hunt out a her persecutors, and soon was to become feared in every hostile land, and later later on general Hanson, Indian made her

and she had a picture of the distant fortifications of Gertrude's castle, a little boy among the child slaves who had been rescued came up to her and stroking her beautiful head in a friendly manner said:

"In all the world there is no nobler slave better than you are and in all the world have I ever seen papers so soft and clean after you got through. You thought you to draw so nicely and keep paper so clean and good!"

of distant woods, and designed the edge of the picture with enchanting pictures of flowers and gardens, of castles and towers, and of mountain heights and of men and beasts, and of plants and dwelt, and of the nighty beings called planets who dwell high above the sky we started. And those who looked upon both drawings were so filled with wonder and delight that they forgot all about the excitement they had in leaving Edwin McKay.

At the end of the contest the man was ahead a few pencil strokes and Gertrude felt a thankful and surprised when he won and she hid her hands her face in her hands.

"How could I ever think you would win!" she cried. "How I must do as I deserve!"

But she was not afraid to accept the agreement. From his kindness to her she loved and as he held her fast she said:

"How could it be possible?"

Then from his arms seeing that he really had a happy little maiden in his arms he put further pity on her and said:

"I would happily have freed you from your bargain I even if you had won your agreement and so for the present I can say that there are two great prizes, one a little girl and one a man who can draw equally as good and as fast."

As he still still held her there came from a secret place in the window a spider which ran into a shady place of the window ending and began rapidly to spin and weave a beautiful web thinking of the warmth of the room that the spider had come from. I have probably heard it said that all spiders which have been in this world since then are probably the children of the spider in this log cabin but I don't know this is really true. Yet for aught I know this spider may still be living out upon his web and weaving, and the next spider that you may see may be Gertrude's friendly spider itself.

#### FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ANGELINA ARONBURG OR GERTRUDE ARONBURG

##### CHAPTER XXV. Forty Six

Indeed so fair and gentle was Angelina Aronburg that indeed her spy friend could not help but love her and only wished that she was not a child for then he would have a wife to love her.

General McAlister, Stanck however had heard of the daring escape of the fugitives he was very angry, and he sent many soldiers to search the region within the besieged lines but later he learned through some conspirator that the fugitives were even far from Edwin McKay, and so he sent orders throughout Univerinia by wireless secret wireless forbidding anything or any one to help the fugitives or give them any shelter. After 1. leaving the log cabin however the fugitives spy with his two companions and children friends had fled like wild deer from milk to milk and now being hard pressed by other enemies, and far from any kind of shelter could find no place whatever in which to rest. They could not stop for then the pursuers would find upon them, and something always urged them to go on and go on it seemed to the fugitives as even the winter birds and even deer and other animals joined in the cry and warning for them to go on. They had already traveled as fugitives for about a day since getting out of Edwin McKay, and toward night time as they fled along the beach of the Norm, an angry two twenty miles north of the besieging Christian armies Angelina Aronburg fairly lifted up her hands and called aloud to the blessed mother of God to help her and her friends.

She got her of all of us heard her prayer and was indeed kind to her and the others with her. After a short distance they came upon a large island called the Dolphin and as the spy knew how to operate it, and finding a galleon on of galleons in it they all got in and the boat soon bore them away from the cruel land rushing through the waves to Deloss Island which lay on the island. Here they decided to find rest until time could approach to allow them to safely make their way to some Christian army as they dared not approach Univerinia army just now.

As they got to the island without detection and without permit though the rebels who owned the boat found it missing, they landed and came upon a house on the island whose front veranda had four marble pillars. A chimney the boat to a rock on the beach of the island so that the waves might not move it and leave them exposed they decided to take shelter in the house for the night. Then the next morning came a good part of the river was partly frozen over but nevertheless the rising sun-drenched on the waters not changed to ice and it seemed as if the minnows stepped to the Gertrude Aronburg. In her bed and awaken her for fear from her deep sleep. After she got up and awoke the others they for the present forgot their dangers and excitement, and after their morning prayers started to prepare for some breakfast.

All through their party the face of Angelina Aronburg was as bright as the sun beams, and she seemed to carry joy in and gladness with her where ever she went. Her friend and spy gave her a pair of precious earrings which he had carried always with him and took care of her and even the rest where ever they were went to go, and at times when not fleeing from the pursuers he played the best music that was ever heard. Gertrude called him the Master of songs. He had all her life liked to wander into the wooded country and in her earlier days she had taken care of the poor bird deer and the helpless creatures that lived among the trees, and now though pursued she delighted to even hunt out a her pursuers, and soon was to be become feared in every hostile land, and later later on General Hudson, Edwin made her

the leader of all the boy and girl slaves.

"Where in the world did those fugitives go. In the center of the earth?" "This was the question which many of the general's aides asked general Glandelin. He sat in his office in his headquarters working over some plans and maps and preparing an order to annul some section of the Christian lines. Of course the night Glandelin's general was to be puzzled by so simple a thing as to where the fugitives had gone but he was too busy to answer it at once. "So he said:

"It is not my fault where they have gone. Your men allowed them to escape through some tunnel leading out of the whither and so these men are responsible." "When he took two large pieces of paper and worked over them carefully and turned an hour's time he said to one of his officers: [ ]

"Take these papers to general Furrington, and have him carry these orders to his general and other officers. Then have these other papers and maps delivered to general Glandelin. Before everything is lost in darkness of night. Through your men have these important papers and maps delivered at the same time and see to it they are sufficiently armed so that they will not lose them on account of Christian spies."

The officer did as he was bidden. As he went out he saw that the lightning flashes were darting with unusual fury that night, the thunderous explosions of many shells fairly rolled, and the drum drum roar of distant and near cannons and he feared that a general artillery duel was on once more. He immediately selected the number of men necessary for the errand and one of them securing a fleet horse rode straight toward the direction of Gorm's bridge while the other rode straight toward the Julio Gallo section of Arlan Wickey and it seemed as if no arrow sped faster from the bow than did these two horsemen race on their missions.

On and on they went almost like shooting stars rushing to the sun, nearer and nearer they drew to their destination. Nearer and nearer, then there was a deafening crash, houses fell into total ruins and the horsemen were slain by a explosion of a shell above them simultaneously and horse and rider fell dead to the ground. Others however took the message after examining the bodies and started on their way but were stopped by spies and the papers secured. There was no doubting the Christian spies whatever.

In the meantime as the spy and his two companions and the children were confined in the house on the island in the river they that night observed the display of lightning from bursting shells and the spy said to Gertrude:

"The scene seems to me as if it were the end of the world nowing or as if the center of the world had risen to meet the sky. See far to yonder where the hills seem to meet together. That long line of countless cannon flashes. In the National cannon are bombarding Julio Gallo and Gorm Catherine."

"If that is the case," answered Angelina then we better make our home here for the present for it is possible that enemies may come out on the river and look around."

Indeed the scene they had witnessed was savage and wild and the din was like a violent thunderstorm raging and the darkened and lonely river was lighted up frequently by the flashes of red explosions. However after investigation the island they found that it had been a small one occupied by few people and the few people who he lived or had lived there had kept themselves hidden among the rocks as if in dread of some grave danger. On the approach of morning however after their breakfast the spy went out alone to look the small river island over and then at the foot of a small hill rose upon a steep cliff which seemed to be split in two and climbing it to make a further investigation found sheep and cattle on the island and a few men women and children. They were under masters and it was seen that rebels were in possession of the island.

"Can no one escape the rebels at all?" said the spy to himself. The spy watched the scene for a few minutes and then said to himself:

"No one will get wise I guess. There don't seem to be any Glandelin soldiers on the island and if possible I would like to secure those children from the rebel women and men."

When Prometheus with his pistol in hand went cautiously toward the place where the children were working, the workers had cut great paths through the snow and rocks and so the spy found it not hard to be hidden. Then some of the men caught sight of Prometheus they strode forward with the purpose to come out and meet him. The bright Angelina saw the glaring eyes of the rebel overseers and heard the rush of their footsteps as they came striding forward. He immediately loaded his other revolver and hiding behind a tall rock stood still. The rebel overseers however saw that their foe was no common man but an Angelinian soldier and fearing others were with him some turned to flee but two Angelinian soldiers started shooting for a few minutes. Ashot sped from the spy's revolver and put one man out of commission and the rest then took to their boats with even the women and not looking to see whether the children were with them or not fled from the island, with no doubt the intention to get Glandelin soldiers to help them.

Close to the foot of the steep cliff and beneath the spot where he had discovered the men and women overseers the white walls of the child slave house arose and among the rocks where the poor children had been confined, and near by stood a number of outhouses. The children seeing the purple uniforms of the

stranger who had come to their rescue fell at once and he had no trouble in gathering them, about twenty girls and thirty boys and bring them back to the place he had secured with his other friends who having heard the shooting were coming out when he arrived with the other rebels rescued. The island now was no longer wild and savage for no longer dark and lonely for them, but was filled with beauty and light by a strong rising sun.

"What shall we do now since the rebels left the island," asked Gertrude. "We will have to leave the island as soon as possible and seek other shelter," answered Prometheus, "or the rebels will kill soldiers and then we will be in a pickle."

Some of the little girls who had been rescued among the new child slaves time secured were strange children, shy, quiet and timid, but nevertheless as fleet of foot as a young deer that feeds on the plains, but they also seemed to be as fair and as good as the days in June and Angelina Arenburg loved them and felt glad that they were free. If only they could be brought to some Christian army. During their continued flight they were now hearing the Red Riding Hood Woods and the whole batch of fugitives with only three men to guard them wandered along the banks of the river, Gorm's gun, listening to the ripple of the icy water as it flowed among the ice shelled reeds or over shining pebbles for that November day there was a slight thaw setting in. Despite the peril of pursuit the children very often would sing and talk to each other to keep up their spirits, but nevertheless they feared that every thing that moved was a lurking enemy. All around seemed suspicious. The good spy who guarded them said:

"All of you are going to be my adopted children as soon as I get the legal papers for to retain you."

"Yes," said Gertrude. "You would do a great act of that charity to adopt some of those children or have them adopted."

As they progressed onward slowly and cautiously the river seemed to smile up at them. As the men began to advance the sun shone warmer and the air was filled with a slight slight rain but now seeing suspicious looking boats moving up the river they wandered cautiously further and further away from the river than they had ever gone before. They passed through a thicket a part of the woods and all started climbing a hill from the top of which they could see the river lying wide white and clear and smiling in the valley below and full of floating pieces of ice. Beyond the river further south they could see the encampments of the enemy and the slopes and wooded tops of hills in possession of the Christian besiegers. Ah if they could only climb to the summit of the high wooded hill they might gain a view of the so surrounding part of the country and see how far away to the west they were from the distant Christian lines and of other great Christian encampments further to the south so they would know which direction to go to get back for they were still within the eagle thought though outside of the city itself.

"Good bye if the enemy would see us now," said Gertrude. "We are sure climbing a mountain within full range of the enemy cannon and if any of their spotter saw us we would never get back to dear old Christian land again."

The fugitives continued on up the hill and wondering why the summit of the great hill was so far away. By and by they came to a higher and steeper section of the wooded slope where there was a pretty water fall, and tired from the long climb they sat down to rest. Then the spy took out the flint which the boy had given him and soon from his camp the loveliest music any one had ever heard. All of the children who had been rescued stood up and listened. Some of them started singing. Some of the children however were frightened thinking the music would be heard by the distant enemy and still the music was occurring that they could not run away.

Then all at once some of the children started to run down the hill in panic, he stopped his music and looked up toward the slope. A swarm of Glandelinians was moving down toward them.

"Stop you!" three rebels with the children. "Cried a voice. "You—" but the spy nor the rest did not stop to hear the rest of the sentence. As the children turned and fled down the slope like frightened deer, the three men and even Gertrude Angelina stopped behind trees and a deadly opened fire upon the Glandelinians shooting down a number of men and checking the rest. When the four brave fugitives worked themselves from the trees as fast as possible firing frequently and the enemy returned the fire but hit no one.

"Stop you Christian dogs," cried one of the rebel leaders but they did not and while the children ran down the hill as fast as their fleet feet could carry them they covered their retreat with pistol shots occasionally bringing down a Glandelinian soldier. No Glandelinian had ever stopped or captured Gertrude Angelina yet and she was so sure that no one would yet and so she fired and every shot of her own took good effect.

"Those rascal dogs are the worst I ever saw," roared the leader of the pursuing Glandelinians. "If only I could get a shot in at that little female beauty and desperado shooting with such effect at us I'd be happy."

Through the broke, and afar, over rocks and the trunks of fallen trees, down the rugged snow covered slope, and then across small streams, leaping flying, panting, and screaming the little children continued to run while the three soldiers and Gertrude running from tree to tree kept the enemy at bay by well aimed shots. The poor terrified children however did not once look behind



shook their heads and said that though the child live was going to be very short they would see to it that she would elude to it as long as she could. There were many among the other little slaves who the little girl had befriended on many an occasion and who owned their lives to her, and they would have done everything for her if they could, but it seemed to Gertrude that the only way she could save the child was to let her live. She saw the child's head and then begged the blessed mother to give the little girl a chance to live if it was her will to ask Our Lord. Then without a thought of fear she sat down beside the child who lay upon the bed unconscious and almost dead already. As she saw her lying almost lifeless upon the bed her grief cut the rest of the others were so great that they could not even speak and they wished death would take them instead and spare the one who they lived more than themselves. Among all of the fugitives every eye was set for Gertrude for the little girl. Gertrude then sat by the bed herself where the little girl lay and held her hand in her own. The day passed and night was fast approaching but no one would leave the room, and food or even the enemy was not then thought of or even their needs either. All through the dark hours of night they sat by the bed not being able to sleep and fortunately no rebels approached the house. The midnight was soon approaching and even pretty graceful little Jennie uttered the little girl's name which she had growing more normal in pulse beats and even the rest of the children came into the pale cheeks of the child.

A few moments later the little girl opened her eyes and sat up, alive, but still ill and weak. However it that the child had so suddenly become better. When she had been so ill which had struck her so suddenly from her care on account of the excitement caused by the pursuing rebels who knew no pity, the prayers and petitions of the others had been heard by the blessed mother who was so moved with pity as to save the child from dying and allow the enemy to secure another child victim.

"How you know us!" asked Gertrude.

The child seemed to know them all but as yet could not speak but nevertheless all were in joy at the good luck that befell them.

While they were feeling joyful over the chance of luck or befall them the spy realized that they were closer to the rebel lines than they had even expected for a only a mile from them was the great snow mountain of the enemy and the Gadsden and Burr Europe positions of the enemy, fortified with and cannons. He shied in which they had taken refuge in the light of which they had warmed up by the fuel inside in a small round stove was a very small one. Not far from there he could see the Bya Evangelina Gran mountains and on the opposite side was the horn run river.

The spy indeed thought that if they had been lost in the centre of the world they he and his friends would have no harder time to find their way to the distant christian lines. He had went out with the purpose to secure child slaves from the enemy and never expected he would have such a difficult time at all. He was no nearer the christian lines than when he left virgin valley by the secret passage with Gertrude Angeline. Yet he was not unhappy over it, for he was very fond of the ten children he had rescued and he had good reason to be even proud of them for the boys were the bravest lads he had ever seen, and the girls were very fair and pretty also and though not so brave as the boys had shown heroism throughout the trials and difficulties so far. At the end days were not over for them yet.

On account of the sickness of the child they had remained concealed in the shed so close to the rebels for three days and night. When they thought it was alright to sally forth again they did so but waited until night, and took their horses with them. As morning dawned they saw not far away the cattle in the instant fields which the enemy had sedured in raids crazing among the snow. It appeared that the glandelinians did not care whether the cattle ate or not and though they were very tame it did seem as if they were very hungry. The rebel herdsman or men was lying in a small tent near the cows trying to make lunch on a large. There were thousands of cows and no one of the glandelinians but that it that they the cows were safe from their lines and would be very safe. He drove them off. When the herd was separated from the bull. He was indeed very large one of the largest bulls of all and it was snowed and he had soft brown eyes which made him look very gentle and kind.

At first the bull of the cows did not look at the fugitives approaching them but when there was too long a wait for tender grass which the herd tried to find among the deep snow. But when the fugitives came nearer and the two beautiful little girls stopped the bull came slowly toward them. The little girls were not at all afraid of him or even the cows for the two little girls and even the other children were used to such animals and as the others stopped to look at the bull he came close to Jennie and rubbed her beautiful little bare arm with his nose as if to say;

"Good morning little fairy girl. Could you show me and the cows where we can find something to eat."

Jennie and even Gertrude stroked his head and neck, and he seemed indeed much pleased. If she only had a wreath of soft flowers he would hang it round his neck. The bull looked at her with his soft kind eyes, and seemed to thank her for the friendly touch. All at once no sooner had the little girl climbed his back when he sprang forward and ran away so swiftly that it seemed as if Jennie could not help herself. She did not even try to jump off while he went slower or faster, and while she held fast to his neck, the other children screamed in fright, but she was not meeting no accident. She had the opinion

The fugitives toward the middle of the month of November on the fifteenth day reached a small abandoned glandelinian town called Delphi and not very far away from the horn run river and a rebel outpost called Admetus. Here the fugitives saw that they were once again approaching the vast rebel encampments for still they were between the glandelinian lines. The town itself of course was so small that any one could have walked around or through it in less than half a day. The rebels however in the region were on high bidly ground full of big encampments, and the spy and his followers from their place of concealment saw many rebel batteries being placed into position. He realized that it was probably the arrival of the armies under Manley through a different direction and that they themselves were in the location of Evangelina Evangelina Gran for not far to the east was Norma possessing another small town and near it still was the city of Ozma O. The spy knowing that something was suspicious decided to leave the children under the care of one man in one of the houses in the village of Glandelinians in favor of the rebellion while he in his bag of bag and Gertrude would go within the lines and see what the intentions of the enemy was in concentrating at Norma peninsula, and whether they were really within the edge or not. The snow that evening and night had been falling heavier than usual for a previous day in Glandelinia and the wind was blowing zero cold from the northeast but the spy and Gertrude entered the enemy lines unseen by the sentries on account of the snowstorm and came to one of the enemy's headquarters pretending to be heavy beggars asking for alms. He appeared to be half ragged and starved and dirty, and so feared no day detection by the rebels in camp Admetus. The glandelinians who saw the spy asking for alms thought that the spy had come from some different land. The general in command here was a literal child but butcher indeed but nevertheless believing he could make some use of the two supposed beggars he took them both into his headquarters and first gave them something to eat, had them given a bath and secured for them some warm clothing and uniforms one as a soldier and another for the child as a girl scout and made his orderlies make a place for them to sleep for the night. In the morning the two were transferred to another quarter and brought before general Calmanwin Shoemanna himself. He asked to the spy and the little girl their names but they shook their heads and made no answer pretending they were dumb. Then not seeing the dastard general Shoemanna asked them about their own home and country and how they came to be in the state of beggars and all Angeline herself would say "We were fugitives of the rebellion your excellency. We were fugitives of the rebellion. We only took shelter within your lines during the snowstorm. We have wished to be over some child slaves as we liked to see how child slavery works."

The general looked surprised at that for within his own encampments or elsewhere he did not allow children slaves and though fighting for glandelinia was not in favor of child slavery and only fought claiming the christians were invading glandelinian territory. He did not know what to answer to their words and he felt sure at that that the poor poorest child slave had been better off than these two the child and can so though a naughty glandelinian general as he was he took pity on them both.

"I will do what I can for you!" he said. "I will give you shelter food and clothing and you shall serve me and by my soldier and girl scout as long as you like."

At first there was little that either the little girl or the man really knew how to do but they were both sent to Manley's lines to take care of his bodyguard of guards property. Many glandelinians of better nature than the rest were both kind very kind to both and the food and clothing which was given to them was the best of the army. But the two strangers did not tell their names or any anything about their kindred or home but nevertheless some of the glandelinians had looked upon them in a way to say I know who you are but though they did really recognize the two strangers, they had been ill used by general Manley and many of the other generals and they had desired revenge. Immediately a secret conspiracy was started in which the disloyal glandelinians helped the spies not only to secure plans and important information concerning Manley's intention but also enabled the man to escape in Manley's full uniform and hat and overcoat, and then money to and passports to enable them to get out of the lines undetained and then followed them to go into the christian lines.

The spy and the glandelinians in order to elude any pursuers separated going in different directions but one glandelinian remained with the spy to guide him through. It so happened while the two and Gertrude were leaving the rebel lines had reached a certain hill all at once the sound peculiar music fell upon their ears. Indeed it was no such music as shepherds or any one else was ever heard to play but was sweeter and richer, than any they had ever heard before. It being a bright day they looked carefully to see where the sound came from. Ah who was that small creature sitting on the hill top raked in arms and feet and only wearing such a small thin gauzy robe on such a cold day and yet playing music so sweet with a lot of children around it listening to the music. Surely it was not a girl child. Indeed on examining closer they saw it was true. It was a very pretty child more in beauty than usual seen in human beings before and clad in gauzy robe lighter and finer than even any king might dare to wear. Her little face was in curly golden hair was as bright as sunbeams, and her eyes gleamed. Upon her shoulder was a beautiful silver bow, and from her belt hung a quiver of sharp arrows and in her hands was a small golden lyre. The three fugitives stood still and wondered and then Gertrude Angeline seemed to recognize the strange child who suddenly spoke;

"I am Jennie Turner. I have served the child slaves for a whole

year before the war broke out and now I'm here as you see me. It seems strange to see me dressed like this on such a cold day and yet playing music but it is only to show how much cold I can stand and what I will suffer for the sake of my country and god. Is there anything I can do for you three fugitives?"

"Yes," said the spy. "Please tell me your names once more."

"My name is Jennie," answered more earnestly. "Twelve months ago my father and mother were killed by the enemy fighting now in this far and I fled from home a fugitive as you are and was for a whole time friendless and alone upon this cold dreary earth, and I felt sure that I would never return again toward home as long as this rebellion is raging so I decided to serve the christian armies. But how came you sir to be so ragged when I'm sure you have been so kind to many children as though they were your own sons and daughters?"

"It's my make up," said the spy. "I'm a spy and this is my friend and child companion Gertrude Angelina. I have important papers in my possession and have information for general vivian or any of the others as to conducting the siege. That shall I give you to reward your little girl if you come along with us."

"I have all that I want," said the little girl. "I am happy in the very thought that I can and am some help to my own country. I can ask for nothing more."

"Very well said the spy," but if the time should come when you need my help and guidance just let me know, but will you come and help me to the christian lines?" he bright eyes eyed child walked swiftly toward them playing the sweet music as she went, and then seeing all she had on said;

"Why do you dress that way? Ain't you going to dress warmer. You look like a little girl just going to bed."

"If the child slaves have to suffer so I will choose to do so. At any rate I can stand any cold weather and choose to dress this way summer and winter alike. As the fugitives now having the new companion went on with her she told them some things important about Manley. She said he was a cruel tyrant for a general who cared for nobody in all the world but himself and was a general hater of christians and all their children. He more innocent and pretty they were the worse he hated them. As she told her story about Manley and also of his intentions concerning the concentration of his armies at north position the spy saw that his new companion was equally as fair as Gertrude, as fair as

any rose in June and saw from her features and face that she was gentle and good but just the same time a little amazon if aroused. Despite the peculiar way she was dressed she had a cartridge belt around her bosom and two pistols in their holsters and though she was somewhat younger than Angelina Armstrong she showed that she was nevertheless a good crack shot. They soon reached the town where the others had been left and then the whole troop proceeded on their way eastward. Many of the boys admired their new companion and were indeed surprised but there was only one lad who dared to speak to her at first and that was the boy who had started the drawing contest with Angelina and the spy through his argument with her as to who could draw the fastest.

The spy as he went on toward had told Jennie that he had once an intention of going before general Purgatorian in Julio Gallo and try to spy on him also.

"No one had been able to spy on him yet," she said in answer and he who could prove himself able to do so is a miracle. You heard of the great greek story where Admetus had Apollo help him harness a lion and a wild bear to a chariot. He had asked the King Pelin for his daughters hand and he had refused him unless Admetus could come before him with the lion and bear harnessed to the chariot. Of course as the story told it he succeeded but nevertheless to go any spy on general Purgatorian is a tenfold harder task than that. If you come to his encampments in any way or any disguise it would do no good. Many spies attempted it even along the Gemini and never were successful. One was killed, and others mortally wounded in attempting to escape."

The spy at this felt very sad, for though he himself had heard of Admetus with the help of Apollo harnessed a lion and bear to a chariot, he had not believed that spying on the enemy under Purgatorian would be so much harder performance. But she told him that the bravest man could not do such a thing as that successfully. He walked along through the deep snow and saw in the distance more encampments to right and left and men moving about as thick as a million ants in one group he chanced to again think of Appo Apollo and Admetus and wondered if such a story was true or not and if so could he really risk the dangers of entering Purgatorian lines.

"Maybe if I pray to the blessed virgin to ask her to ask god to help me through successfully, I would try it," said Prometheus.

"It is up to you," said beautiful Jennie. "But I'm sure our blessed Mother would not like to grant such a thing as allow a man to be hurt. It would be an unworthy prayer I'm sure. Still you might try it."

They continued onward avoiding the distant encampments of the enemy and their artillery and rifle positions and saw here and there where the enemy had made countless camp fires with the purpose of cooking and roasting meat and the smell of burning or roasting flesh was strong in the air and almost made the fugitives feel hungry.

"Jennie my friend," he suddenly cried. "If ever I have shown kindness to the poor and distressed, I'm sure the blessed Mother would help me if I made the done dangerous enterprise. For the country is in sore need of the city of vivian, taken from them by the rebels, and I remember that Our Lord had said; 'Ask anything in my name and it shall be granted unto you.'"

Hardly was he down upon when Jennie who was still bearing his boy and quiver of arrows led him to bed and stood before him.

"My dear friend," she said. "I'll do you think you can really do it. If so tell me how can I help you and I will."

He was astonished at this remark of the beautiful little girl but he then told her the reasons. He told her how he had heard that the fairest creatures known as the beautiful vivian girls were prisoners in the enemy city and how their father would give them under the care and guidance of the man who would succeed in rescuing them even if it would be a more difficult problem than the one in which Admetus with the help of Apollo harnessed the lion and the bear to the chariot.

"Let's proceed onward then," and I will think up a plan to help you," said Jennie. "But I had no idea whatever that the daughters of general Robert vivian were in danger, but it is their own fault but nevertheless I will do what I can."

They now continued their way again into the forest, Jennie though so delicate looking as she was leading the way and the spy had a great temptation to stop and grab her and hug her in his arms. As they continued on their way the spy thought over the story of Apollo and Admetus who had wanted into a forest and started a lion from its lair. As he was thinking there approached the fugitives a fleet footed rebel runner and six men with him and would have surely seized either Gertrude or the children first had not the spy stopped them.

As the spy shot down two of the glandelinians who had appeared suddenly from behind a thick thicket the other children terrified ran and then to their surprise one glandelinian appeared and let loose a great dog at the fugitives. It howled, barked, and snarled with its fierce jaws but it did not have a chance to touch any of the fugitives for the spy shot it dead. Other bloodhounds were with the glandelinians who had so suddenly appeared and it was now evident that the glandelinians were the same pursuers who had followed them so long ago from the river. As the fugitives now ran on in a nother direction the glandelinians gave chase the foremost dog leading two other beasts and the fierce glandelinians followed on behind. It was not yet noon of the sixteenth of november when the fugitives after killing the remaining dogs and six other rebels came to the edge of the woods and saw the river once more and the town of Ona. On only a little while off. A rebel squadron of fierce Gargolies stood by the roadside only a little way off. It was indeed a strange squadron horses dressed in white sheeted clothing and also headed and the men also and if it had been night they would indeed have looked very much like ghosts. The Gargolies seeing the three men and the fugitives especially the two very beautiful little girls, one dressed very thinly though thought then saw prey and they lashed their horses forward with their spurs but to their surprise they received a strange reception a reception they had not expected. While the boys and other girls ran on, the three men, and the two beautiful little girls stood still and waited until a few moments later, when their hostlers they quickly drew their guns, and followed the reports horses came in the snow, and men fell from saddles throwing the columns in great confusion. They were terrified also by the little girls' scared horses which the man and the others two men and even the little girls' scared horses which ran about riderless and were mounted in no time. Jennie was helped onto a horse by herself while the spy stood by her side, and while she held the reins, the Gargolies secured a horse and grabbing as many children as possible had then by three or four on each horse until all were safely within their grasp and then each holding each other tight they urged the horses on and away they went at a gallop with the dreaded Headed glandelinians after them like the wind.

The leaders of the Ku Klux Klan of the glandelinians was indeed astonished when they saw that even the two beautiful little girls could ride and even secure horses so gloriously. They pursued like mad, in a frenzy, and tried desperately to shoot the horses or the fugitives down, but there were too many movements between each man and they could not get in the aim while when the men fugitives and the two little girls answered the fire a glandelinian fell or horse and rider together in the roadway thus always checking the pursuit for a few minutes. So swiftly did they urged their horses onward that finally they managed to outdistance their pursuers, and soon lost sight to them. Now the poor terrified children must have gladly felt over the escape.

"Look you two little girls," said the spy. "You certainly were lively for your size and fragile form." "Said the men," "You captured more horses in that confusion than we did and got more children on the backs of the horses than we did." "How could you manage it?"

"It must have been from the excitement," answered one of the beauties. "I bet now we could not do it so quick. But that certainly was a narrow escape. The foot men were bad enough but those horrid headed glandelinians. One of the other little girls among those who had been rescued from child slavery was suddenly sick and in danger of death on account of the excitement and feeling sure the poor little child might become well if they reached some secure shelter they decided to try and find a place in a solitary spot."

In their haste they had indeed come upon a spot a small solitary place on a hill top and after they got here they found the little girl had grown worse and all hopes that she would ever get well was now lost. When I those who loved the poor little girl remembered what they all had done through for even the sum of saving her and they began to ask god to save her if it would. All of them felt as if they would have been glad to have given up their own lives for the sake of the little girl. Feeling sure that there was only a chance for the little girl to live only a short time at best it was believed that it would be more merciful to end it right then for she suffered greatly but many of them shook their heads and said that they would not do that. They would not do that.

that the cows would follow the bull where ever he went and so it was a ruse to try and run away with the enemy cattle and cause such confusion as to prevent pursuit for in looking and pursuing after their cattle the enemy who had discovered the fugitives would let them alone. The ruse worked for with a mighty bellow the whole herd of thousands of cattle followed after the bull in a rush like a panic or stampede and the herdsmen jumping up and running out of their tents saw what all the commotion was about. He saw the bull running within a pretty half naked little girl toward the east of the west bank of the river and the whole herd of cattle following with other fugitives or at least three men and another pretty girl shouting and scolding the horses on.

Yelling, cursing and swearing, he ran after them as fast as he could, but it was of no use, and the rebel encampment was a mile away. He bull desperately and boldly leaped into the river, and swam swiftly away and the cows followed despite the coldest water the bull still having the little beauty on his back and she was screaming with joy and delight at the fun she was having. Several scouting parties of glandelinians however had seen the performance and gallantly forward they opened fire vigorously with an effort to bring the children and the men down but only hit some of the cows and disabled them.

Soon the whole distant rebel encampment was ever alarmed, and thousands of soldiers from elsewhere streamed out toward the river. They saw the herds of cows rushing past on the opposite side of the river, and the general sent out his fastest squadrons of Gargolian and Garmannian cavalry to try and overtake the cows and the "Robbers." He pursued them far off and straggled alongside both banks of the river much further than a pursuit had ever been made before, but no effort could cause them to overtake the fleet runaways and their fugitive human beings. When they came back every one in the rebel encampments felt that there was no more hope. Many of the glandelinian soldiers were fearfully angry and orders were sent throughout one encampment after another to have them try and secure the cows and the ones who had stolen them from the field.

General vic-allister blanch himself heard of the affair and calling some of his generals he sent men to go in search of the fugitives and the cows, and told them to tell the men that no matter what dangers might be in their way, they must not come back until the cows are recovered and the fugitives overtaken and captured or killed.

In the meantime the cattle had been scattered so far that it was impossible for them to be regained but Jennie still had the bull in her possession and decided to bring it to the christian lines or die. It was indeed a great undertaking to have secured all those cows, for in the flight the fugitives and even the cows had passed through an unknown land and woods and they did not know what other perils they would come to face. Indeed it was feared after they had scattered the cows throughout the woods that they would never come within sight of the besieging christian lines at all. So great was the peril at that that men and officers had never dared to wander far from the christian lines in those days. But these men and the two little girls were not afraid. They were ready to face any danger. Only Jennie had rode the bull and the other fugitives had crossed the river by means of a small portable bridge across it. While they were encamped themselves for the night on a small island in the river they found there in hiding a little child slave boy who did not understand the glandelinian language. He named to take out by signs who and what he was and to ask them if they had seen his little sister but they only shook their heads and pointed to the west. They nevertheless took care of the little boy and on the nineteenth of november progressed down the river on small boats. They came to many small islands and stopped at every one for some but could find no trace of game but small forests only. At last they came to a large island called Greece Island. It had been as they saw previously occupied by rebel soldiers for a few glandelinian tents were still there but no one was in sight and save for a few houses the island was barren and quite treeless. For three hours leaving the rest of the island sheltered in the tents of small houses, the men and the two brave little girls wandered from hill to hill and finally secured small game at least.

On the twentieth of november when the bull had been left behind in the care of a glandelinian farmer the fugitives had continued on their way after the farmer had told them the direction of the christian lines.

A few hours after a strange old lady told Promethus that if he would go to camp Delphis and ask some strangers there, perhaps they could tell him where the vivian girls were kept prisoners in andrea. The spy and his companions had never heard of the fact before and he asked the old woman what she meant.

"I will tell you," said the old lady. "Delphis is a strong rebel encampment located near the region of Norma ossinia. It is under general apollo and John Jackson Hanley and there is his headquarters there built close to the spot where the first battle of julio Callio raged many days ago. The building general Hanley's headquarters in is the most wonderful building in the world. On the outskirts of the encampment there is an extent extensive line of fortresses or high earthworks guarded by cannon and cannons extend in so such a distance nobody knows where. A strange line of fortifications extends forward from the works to a certain distance and the encampment is so strong that few of the rebel generals think any one would ever dare approach it. But you and the three little girls alone can do it if you are careful. It is of course a dangerous undertaking."

"But who are the strangers that you talk about," asked Promethus. "I will tell you said the old woman even if it costs me my life." The stranger is also a secret spy who had come from andrea and andrea who in the disguise of a rebel officer lives in Hanley's headquarters. When any of the generals ask him a very hard question he answers correctly. If you ask him where the vivian girls can be located, he will take a piece of paper and draw the exact spot. Then he will sit by a table and draw a strange code and he will talk cautiously with you and tell you things which no one else will know of. Men from all nations of the rebel encampments not knowing who he really is go to him to ask about things which they would like to know. The general's headquarters is full of the beautiful and costly gifts stolen from the christianland during raids. Sometimes he will answer the questions very plainly, and sometimes he answers them in riddles, but what he says is always true indeed."

So the spy and the two little girls decided at any cost to return to Hanley's dreaded lines camp Delphis and also camp Pythin. After some difficulty the three managed to secure entrance to the lines at night, and obtain entrance to the general's headquarters. Fortunately the general was absent but the secret spy was not. He was very kind to the two little girls and when he had given them a number of good hugs and then while he held both in his arms he first told them of his adventures and then letting the two brave little girls down he sat at a table after seeing that no one was around and drawing a code told them to follow it out and it would tell them exactly how to find their way into andrea and find the vivian girls who were there suffering as child slaves at the time. He also said that the glandelinians there was doing all in their power to snuff the lives out of the beautiful little vivian girls.

"But what shall I do when I get inside of andrea," said Promethus. "Is it exceedingly dangerous to enter andrea?"

"Not so dangerous as entering the rebel lines or any other section of the besieged city," said the man. "When you once get into the city you may have to remain there for a few weeks for there is work to do in finding the vivian girls. At your reward will be great for the general Robert andrea had offered a great sum of money to any one who would recover his daughters."

"That must I do to get inside of andrea," said the spy. "Discover the bull you came to the farmer and bring it to the lines retarding you are a glandelinian with two children that he had secured at least the runaway bull."

Promethus did not understand what he meant by following the bull but as glandelinians were entering the building he dared not speak another word on the subject and they were also compelled to leave the building by a secret way before they were discovered.

"This must be one of his riddles," he said to himself as he left the house and by darkness passed to without difficulty to leave the rebel lines without being seen by any glandelinian. It did not take him long to locate the farmer and he got back the bull quite easily enough when he stated his mission.

"I will give my life to see the vivian girls back again," said the farmer. When he left the farmer's house he saw the snow white bull standing not far from the door the farmer's helper having brought it up. Even the bull seemed to be waiting for him for he looked at him with her large brown eyes and then turned and walked away. He remembered what the strange spy had told him and so he decided to follow out the plan. All day and night they traded on with the children following them. The children were sometimes afraid but went with him. Any one was seen, and the morning, they found themselves on the top of a beautiful hill, with leafless trees on one side and the snowy meadow on the other. Looking over a small map they had learned they were over thirty miles away from even the rebel lines at andrea and that also a fierce conflict was raging about andrea. At noon the young man made a fire of dry sticks and Promethus killed some wild rabbits and prepared a meal. Yet they feared that if they roasted any of the flesh the smell of it would be lifted toward the enemy somewhere so they felt sure they had to be careful.

Finding that they needed water to wash the flesh of the animals they had killed, one of the men went down the hill to find some as they dared not use the snow as it was not clean. The man was gone so long that the other young man became uneasy and went after him to see what was the trouble. Promethus waited for them, till the small fire had burned low. He waited and waited until the november sun was high in the sky. He called and shouted and so did the children but no one answered.

At last being suspicious he and the two little girls themselves drew their pistols and went down to see what was the matter. He and they followed the path which the two men had taken and came to a frozen stream at the foot of the hill. He saw something moving on the banks and bushes which grew near it. It was a fierce Gargolian waiting to spring upon him from ambush as it had done upon the two other men. There was blood and mangled human beings on the snow and it was not hard to guess what had become of the two men. The rebel murderer sprang at Promethus and tried to raise him and run him through with a long knife. But as Promethus leaped quickly aside the rebel then sprang for one of the little girls but to retaliate for the spy struck him in the neck with his long sabre.

would not sink, but Gargolian

A great stream of blood gushed out and the rebel fell to the ground dead. The spy and the two little girls had seen many a dreadful sight, but never anything so fearful as this hooded Gargolian. And they had never been in so great a danger before though it was only a single enemy they had met. They sat down on the stump of a tree after returning back where they had left the rest and trembled and all the time he almost wept with grief on account of the sad fate of his other companions. Now he had lost four faithful friends. So now he would have to go to Andrew and he did not like to take the other children in as they would be in great danger. Only he and his two little girl friends could accomplish the mission.

While he was still brooding over the tragedy he was surprised to hear Get Gertrude and her new found friend Jennie talking to him. He stood up and look at them sadly. The little girls told him that he must take out the code the strange man had given him and study it so he could take the trip without danger to the little girls and boys under his guardianship. He thought indeed it was a queer kind of a code but Jennie and Gertrude said that they could understand it if he could not do so and before he could say a word the two little human fairies were examining the code for him.

The code indeed was very strange and had very many designs or figures so many that when Gertrude and Jennie had examined them they almost found the code hard to make out themselves. The next thing was to find a place to make a better examination. Just as they turned away from the stream he saw a large force of Lancelinians coming a little way off. They were hiding the children behind all the nearest trees, he and Gertrude and Jennie hid also behind some rocks and watched the approaching rebels who were a thousand in number. Here they

persuaders or a party of foragers. The ground behind the rocks was soft and black and a little warm no snow laying here and so they had no dread of exposure to the foe. Soon after halting a few moments the rebels again began to stir and move forward. Soon between the trees the bodies and forms of the men were easily seen and their faces were half hidden in helmets worn like those of Grecian soldiers but a little larger. They were the Gorgon Condemnedmen.

What could they want to come up here? Thus at the spy to himself. Before he could think anything more however the thousand warriors leaped out of the woods and moved forward toward the direction of the hiding Christians. Every man was clothed in a ash gray uniform more in the form of Confederate soldiers but of longer coats every one had a long rifle with a bayonet attached to it, and two officers had his sabre drawn. It was surely evident at that now that they were more of the Lancelinians who were scouring the region for the fugitives. The other little children were frightened when they saw the strange force of gray coated foot men approaching and the men in gray looked so fierce that even the spy feared they would kill all the children before he could stop them with one single shot. He had hid himself behind a tall cedar tree, and prepared to shoot the first one who came any nearer. The foremost Lancelinians had however observed some of the hidden children behind the trees and knowing they were the fugitives they were after came rushing forward. Shots came then incessantly from Prometheus and the two little girls and men after men were killed or wounded and fell like ten pins and in a little while only five of the nearest group of fourtymen were left and they retreated in panic back to the others. Then the leader of the rebels called out:

"Stop advancing upon the fugitives you fools or they will shoot you down also. We will fortify ourselves here and besiege them if possible." The men obeyed him. He remained stoned on moving forward and they were such good workmen that in a few hours they had built a little fortified work for themselves in a half circular form but toward night when the rebels started forward cautiously they soon discovered the fugitives had flown. Indeed Prometheus was a wise man. Even Gertrude Angeline and Jennie were very pleased with him in more ways than one. At the present time that Prometheus did is yet to be told. As for all the excitement they went through nevertheless both Gertrude Angeline and Jennie were very happy. They cannot tell but it did seem as if the fugitives would never hear of or see the Christian lines under an Amazon Indian or the others again. Harder there was really a thousand rebels in that column no body really known. The excitement was so great during the skirmish with the fugitives and the persuaders that there may have been some mistake about the story, and I should not think it strange if it were a small matter of rebels who had attacked them with the intention of recapturing the children and bear them away to Indian life. Of one thing I am very sure, the two little girls were so loved by the spy and their children were companions that they had no troubles or trials with them whatever and the little boys and girls obeyed every word they said without hesitation.....

Here was indeed a most difficult job. But the Christian spy Prometheus had ever on a previous night entered Andrew with the little boys and girls was utterly out of the question and he did not think it right to do so even for the sake of Violet and her sisters. If the boys and girls were even soldiers he would not know what to do, and he feared that if the fifteen girls whom he heard of stayed longer in Andrew that would die at the hands of the five fierce insurgents some time, and this was a very serious matter. He had to be so much worried and probably did not know what to do. He was a very brave man and a noble without tending a night

SEEN IN PAGE NINE HUNDRED SEVENTEEN.

SPECIAL

SPECIAL.

THE DIFFICULT ATTEMPT TO GET INTO ANDREW.  
ANOTHER EFFORT TO ENTER ANDREW.....  
THE GRAY WALLS OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ANDREW.....  
EXCITING DANGERS NEAR THE REBEL LINES UNDER GENERAL MC-HOLLISTER H. JOHNSTON...:

unfastened the rope and started off when the wave tossed ice cakes. He saw thought that probably in this way they could ride to the extreme of the extreme danger for surely they could get into Andrew easily this way, and surely the chest would not sink. But Gertrude fell. That is the whole story of the danger and escape.

926 . A great stream of blood gushed out and the rebel fell to the ground senseless. He and the two little girl girls had seen him die a dreadful death, and they had never been in but never anything so fearful as this hooded Gargolium. And they had never met him in so great a danger before though it was only a simple enemy they had met. They sat down on the stump of a tree after returning back where they had left the rest and the fate of the rebels and all the time he absent was spent with on account of the sad fate of his other companions. Now he had lost four faithful friends. Now he would have to go to Andromeda and he did not like to take the other children in as they would be in great danger. Only he and his two little girl friends could accomplish the mission.

While he was still brooding over the tragedy he was surprised to hear

There was indeed a great difficulty in proving that the christian spy Thompson had ever on a serious, to enter underground with the little team and girls was utterly out of the question and he did not think it right to do so even for the sake of a nickel and her sisters. Of the boys and girls were even still there to wait out, to wait what to do, and he feared that if the victim girls whom he wanted to capture later in prison that would die at the hands of the five federal instruments some time, and this was a course, several days before he could correct and probably discover, and that to give up his concern and retire without landing a visit to the rebels, as he pondered on the difficult situation he asked both Petrards, in a line and "come" answer that if they both told him that he would not only have to leave the boys and girls out of the quest but that he should go with only a couple and her alone. And indeed about frightened the near any way such, and he tried to think of some plan by which he could keep the boys and girls in secure confinement, so that the enemy would not be able to capture them and return them into slavery, he remembered that once rebel workmen had once been seen to dig a deep hole in the ground not far from General Canine's lines and in this secret hole which was two hundred feet across and ten deep they had built a round fortress which had but one room and only a small door, and for windows it had tunnels for guns. And he considered the idea that it had been finished, and he considered since it

and but one room had only a small door, and for windows it had two narrow slits. It had resembled the time that it had been finished, and I wondered where it had been deserted when whether he could not find it. It was in it with plenty of provisions and everything that could make one happy, and where they probably could stay in safety until he could find some one to come back for or notify the christian gentlemen where they were. With the two girls and the children went to look for that round church which like fort and fortunately came upon a vast christian settlement, in which he had never seen before and upon which he had arrived very suddenly. It therefore left the children in their care and telling the general who covered his intended mission - started out and soon were on the way to a small town in general with a lighter heart. Gertrude and Jennie had no one to talk to now but the boy, and for a time they never saw the river or the beautiful red riding hood, but only the blue sky, with now and then a white cloud sail. The part and the snow covered fields and other distant woods and along the far distant twisting lines. Four after hour they trudged bravely and in the deep snow facing the biting cold covering winds and wondered why any man ever dared to go into such so far away, and also wondered why the christian gentlemen had ever dared to go into such a place, and why whether they would ever see any more. They had passed by but got Gertrude and Jennie could not hear any more to the rebel lines at night heard so much noise of firing somewhere that they grew a little apprehensive and the boy who looked like a brave little little girl and loved them felt peculiar too.

[illegible]

traveler of our active and so it directed him to the  
the was indeed to the two little girls a tall and out hands  
youth and having set so could a man and also a lawyer for their companion no road a  
friend as the any they were so happy the that neither Gertrude or her own companion  
did not feel any longer a loneliness or afraid of the distant display even when they  
were so far away from the probatin christianity lines. While he followed them a  
little distance and while they hurried away there was suddenly above them a  
blinding flash of light followed immediately by a terrific crash like thunder  
but descending not for a moment they were surrounded like was found in the woods in  
the cold snow for four months a terrible famine and rather had vent it hidden  
for the enemy and to the life and so the three men who clung to near by heard  
it the spring then the a learned the truth he was very much alarmed for he  
thought that now in spite of all that he has done he could not be able to go into  
mystic life. Now that the only way the glacial distance could take such a child  
would be to put it in a death. Now he had taken the poor mother and her baby  
out of the ice and now place the one before him and he knew that unless the child  
was he could not have the thought of having seen it he could not doubt but  
the wicked headlamps. At some time he must be done, so he would come in  
one alone of paper he directed the woman to the christian lines, which he was sure  
she could easily find. soon afterwards toward morning still hearing the noise  
in the direction of where they once upon a wooden chest of enormous size  
that was under light and storm, and they decided to try and get into andrea  
by means of the chest itself. It was climbing close to the banks of the gorma  
un river they had managed to shove it in and then before it started off, they  
and caught it by a rope to trees and finding were pulled from a few boats out in it  
unfurnished the rope and started off along the same rotten ice cakes. he only thought  
that probably in this way they could ride it themselves of the extreme  
danger for surely they could not take into andrea easily this way, and surely the chest  
would not sink. but Gertrude felt that the winds would always direct in and save















capturing the fugitives would be lost and that would never do. Two of the columns of the surviving rebels turned from their course and dashed anew after the fugitives firing themselves. It was however a case enough to take this maneuver but while the rebel leader had been doing so the fugitives gained upon them again. They were almost to the river bank almost to the point. How the rebels strained every muscle of their horses now to overtake them. It was useless before the rebels came to the shore. The "Landelinn" then fired blindly but all in vain they could not hit the fugitives and they soon escaped.

After going some distance down the river they found progress by boat much further almost impossible but nevertheless after landing again the fugitives came to a steep stony hill. As the fugitives observed when they reached the top it had once been used before the war as a sort of place for many child slaves held by the enemy. The child slaves had been sheltered in the little caves which the rebel engineers had dug in the earth or hollowed out with machinery among the rocks, and from the evidence the food of the child slaves had been the food of wild animals which the rebel masters and overseers had hunted in the woods, with every now and then a few berries or nuts.

From other evidence around it was positive the "Landelinn" child slave masters had used, slings, clubs, and sharp sticks to use on rebellious child slaves, and the little clothing which they wore probably had had been worn only in winter and was made of skins. The child slaves had been living under the charge of their masters on top of the hill because there no one it was believed could have rescued them or set them free, and that they were also safe from the wild beasts of the great Red Riding Hood Forest around them, and safe also from the more vicious "Landelinn" who sometimes roamed through the land. And the hill was so steep on every side, indeed that there was no way of climbing it, save by a single narrow path, which during that time had always been guarded by some men at the top.

While they were investigating the hill and the men soldiers were hunting for provisions in the woods on top they suddenly came across a strange strange youth whose face was so fair and who was dressed so delicately that they could hardly believe him to be a man of "Landelinn" or like themselves and called the attention of the three little girls to him. His body was as little and slender as indeed he moved so nimbly among the trees, that they fancied him nevertheless to be some skulking rebel in the disguise of a solitary stranger, and all stood at all in wonder and alarm. The young man spoke to them but they could not understand a single word he said, then he made signs to them that he was hungry, and they finally gave him something to eat and for a time were no longer afraid or suspicious. Had they felt sure he was some one sent to prevent their quest for "Landelinn" they might have taken him prisoner at once. But they did not like to use harsh judgment and they called him and heard him talk and so they took him with them as a man though not a prisoner was nevertheless under their guard. They thought that after they had him with them a few hours they could then find out who he really was and if he acted suspicious or made any show of them they would either kill him or make him a prisoner. At after they had him with them for nearly all that day the young stranger proved to be so gentle and fair that after they all had taken a good look at him they began to think it would be a great pity to suspect him of any treachery and that by his language he was surely no "Landelinn" in disguise at all. So they gave him food and treated him more kindly, and in his own language he sang some songs to the little girls and made them happier than they had been more many a day, give us my pay.

Nevertheless he managed to make them understand that his name was Gecocroch. Gecocroch and that he had been shipwrecked several years before on the seacoast of "Gecocroch" and then finding that Jennie, "Gecocroch" could understand his language he told her many strange things about the land from which he had come from and to which he feared on account of the war he would never be able to return. The poor little girl listened and wondered, and it was not long before all the "Landelinn" with the three little girls began to love him and to look upon him as one wiser than themselves. Then Jennie, "Gecocroch" came to and him in his language everything that was to be done concerning the expedition to "Landelinn" and there was not one among them who refused to take his advice or do his bidding.

So Gecocroch—The strange language man as they afterwards called him because the adviser of the expedition he thought they had to avoid rebel sharpshooters lurking at every place in the land, how to set traps to catch birds for game, and he showed them how the rebels had built decoy houses with roofs of wood and laced the roofs with reeds which grew in the swamps to attract fugitives or runaway child slaves which he knew all about, and he told them about the great and mighty dangers of going into the city of "Landelinn" in quest of little girls who no doubt foolishly choiced their own peril to go into "Landelinn" to spy on the child slave masters.

By and by they left the hill with its wretched abandoned child slave caves and after going a short distance came to the outskirts of a small little village also abandoned which had neat houses and a once lovely market place and around it was a strong wall with a single narrow gate just where a foot path began to ascend from the river shore.

while the party who were in quest of "Landelinn" and her sisters were standing in a large group in the roadway and planning how to reach "Landelinn" by a safer way than going to the rebel lines two other strangers were seen in their midst or had just come up the road on horseback. No body among them could tell how they came there. None of the "Landelinn" had seen them approaching, and no one had ever dared to come down the road with too much caution and firing a suspicion on himself. At there the two new strangers were. One was a tall man in the uniform of a "Landelinn" soldier and the other was a young girl and the man was so tall, the and the face of the little girl so noble and beautiful that those who saw them stood still and wondered and did not for the moment say a single word. The man had a rope of gray color over his uniform coat, and green wrapped around his body, and he bore in one hand a drawn sword four feet and three inches long. The little girl who was eleven years old was beautiful had wonderful gray eyes and in one hand she carried a small rifle, and in the other a cross of curious workmanship.

"What is the name of the section of "Landelinn" you travelers are going to for a quest?" asked the strange man.

The group of "Landelinn" soldiers stared at him in wonder and amazement and hardly understood the meaning of his question. When one of the soldiers answered and said:

"Unless we know who you really are we will not reveal the name of any place where we are bound for. We who are grouped here are for an important mission, but since we face many perils we have no intention to reveal anything to strangers unless we are sure they are not rebels in disguise."

"We have no time for arguments," said the little girl herself to their surprise, "and we rightly know where you are bound for though you think us spies and will not reveal where do you suppose the 'Landelinn' girls are whom you seek? Do you think we don't know?"

They were in the section called "Landelinn" with the child slaves and doing all possible to liberate them," said the man. And you grouped here and bound for "Landelinn" to help them out."

"Show me lead you to this information," said Gertrude Angeline.

"I fear you are here with the intention to hinder us."

"No indeed was the answer. "We came to lead you safely to "Landelinn" and you have suspicion that we are spies."

"But who are you asked the spy?"

"My name is Jonathan Kane," said he. "And I am a war correspondent, a member of the Abolitionist Committee, and also a famous spy for the "Landelinn" cause. Here are my exact identification, and my proofs."

He then looked over the papers handed to him and saw it was evidently true, that the strangers were no suspicious persons at all.

"And I am Gildred Maxwell," said the girl. "And I came to help my friend in helping you in your enterprise."

"I heard you were planning to go to "Landelinn" to make an effort to secure the freedom of the 'Landelinn' girls," said Kane. "And I indeed have with this little girl who is my beloved daughter come to help you. Her name is Gildred Maxwell Kane in full. Give your squadron of soldiers under my command during the trip and let me also with the spy be the protector and patron of the three brave little girls with you and the staff of the 'Landelinn' girls who are called Violet and her sisters shall be yours at the sailing ships from every rebel port. 'Landelinn' wicker is guarding all river approaches to "Landelinn" but I and my daughter can only lead the way in and out."

"The father, after you fair promises indeed," said Milton but listen to me.

"Give us also a chance to help you and let us be your 'little patron' and I and my father will both give you all the help, aid, and information that even gold cannot buy, and during the expedition I and my father will teach you how to do probably a thousand things of which you now know nothing. I will make your little squadron my favorite friends and I will give you wisdom about "Landelinn" that shall sway the minds and hearts of all the men until the end of all time."

The spy leader of the squadron bowed respectfully, and turned to the column of the soldiers, and then looked scornfully at the little girls themselves.

"Well we select these two persons to be the patron protector and patrons of our squadron," he asked. They both offer us their services in two different ways. One offers us aid, and another offers us information. Shall we choose both?"

"Choose Kane and his little dauntless daughter by all means!" cried some of the soldiers.

"And the little girl is so bright so looking she would make good company for us," cried the others.

At last when it was plain that the soldiers and the little girls agreed one of the soldiers whose advice had always been heeded said:

"These two strangers have only given us promises, and they promised 50 things of which we are really ignorant. For who among us knows what can be done in our trip to "Landelinn" and we are a long way off from the place. Now if they would give us some real information we should know better whether we could choose them and let them go with us or not."

"What is true, that is true," cried some of the soldiers.

"Very well then," said the two persons, man and girl. "We will each give you a proof of our ability, right now and right here, or when the opportunity presents itself. And if we prove to falter or desert you in any way you are free to shoot us down for desertion and cowardice." "And so it was agreed."







Then the rebel guard white with excitement and fear wrote on a small slip of paper a f Jakopson and handed it to him just as a number of rebels came down the pathway. Seeing help coming the spy the guard attacked the spy with the intention of trying to recover the slip of paper but after a struggle, there was a scream in midair, which the mountain eagles answered from even above, there was a great explosion in the water below and some rebels below on the shore fled in terror from their tents. When the other guards came forward of cried out:

tenants, when the other guards came, forming a circle around the man. "He will have nothing to do with no vile number of watches on the christian dog and they attacked 'em and chased the men down high dale, at the same time for any more there was the pour of none. At the explosion, the air was lighted up by a bright lurid flash, there was a sudden start like an earthquake and all were thrown off their hinges to the concussion. For the concussion the woe river seemed to be furious for a moment, the waters were boiled into foam and a great wave met the body of the roof the boat drowned upon the shore. The concussion of the distant mysterious explosion had shattered the great rock and this rock was broken into three fragments and fell. One third of it fell into the river, one third was embedded in the sandy bank, one third was scattered about the river, and the rest fell upon a plain amongst two hundred feet down below.

the rest fell upon a rebel encampment two miles  
up the river close within view and within range of the guerrilla party  
now free of fear guards continued on their long journey to the north and soon  
reached the top, and by means of the false password got through without difficulty  
and soon left the road and hill positions without permit and as a down into the  
valleys where rebel sheep and cattle in the Llanillohu possession were herded  
together and fed by rebels and where the rebels had large storehouses full of grain  
and grain.

The same of the deeds of this party of strange robed uniformed soldiers with the children in their midst had gone on before them however and so many rebels came crowding onward toward them to see the strange squadrons that there was great danger of their being discovered but after much difficulty and by many tricks and by showing false papers they managed to get in without being suspected or detained.

on the very outskirts of general in-collector johnston. right wing itself and we will have to be very careful or we will be captured...."

"As long as we are not detected we shall be allowed to go in peace," said Gertrude Angelina."

Gertrude Angelina.. As they continued on through it was now near midnight, and finding out by the passport they had they realized they were in the Niagara enactment the rebels and so to keep clear off too many rebels the they followed the shore of the river toward camp music.

"Do not go into camp Flu, Aleusis but take the road which leads around it through the small hills." whispered the boy who was riding on the horse with Gertrude Angelina.

"He shall see to do that!" he cried.

"Listen little girl," I whispered, "don't let him hear you." This is the argument where there generally are mistakes. Johnston said, "I am here every day, and I am looking for him and identify themselves and such is the character of the struggle as far as he goes and find won't convince him that we are rebels or untended rebels and when he discovers our true character we will all perish at his hands."

"My wishes had entered his own lines but no one ever of army. I was a slave within his house and know." \*\*\*\*\*

"It will have to pass through his encampment now," said "Ertrude." "To go back the way we came is more dangerous and the party still continued on their way. Soon they saw a party of rebel cavaliers approaching from the distant encampment and realized that the commander was Lieutenant Cereyron.

"Rebels under Lieutenant Goryunov are approaching our way." "Sold the way." "If we wish to save ourselves from detection or capture we will have to hide to save ourselves, but to turn now and flee will be useless, and I fear these rebels may have heard of our coming." "!!!!"

"How should we flee?" asked Lemmie Turner with a pugnacious cluck.  
"We are not fondly cats" and his wife moved as if she intended to take the lead  
and a day after the rebels had left the five fierce argallians themselves.  
The rebel officers sat still on the horse however and he had seen the squadron  
of gray horses on with the little girl in their sled going through the lake of the  
mountain and he being suspicious, pinned seriously as he thought of five little  
children whose young lives he was about to destroy for he thought sure the party were  
as really "Christian" as he "idiot" as he.

Seeing that they were disenchanted by the totalitarian feeling that they were recognized from their work or sold to the paid leader to break the mind and converted for a few minutes and the longer only;

and conversed for a few minutes and the ladies said:  
 "If you can wrestle with us successfull now throw us - will believe you  
 not Angelinos but Jaulababans for never now a Angelino throw - Jaulababans  
 by wrestling yet."!!!!

by wrestling, etc. (111111)  
 'Come on down from your horns. Then and wrestle with me.' (111111)  
 Promethues.

Proclama. "I have thought the retail lieutenant to himself 'There is a young fool whose days  
The sure is numbered. 'Come on into the headquarters first with one of you and then  
with me and after that you will have your fill of suffering. If you are whipped  
I will suspect you an 'Indian and you will be led (indeed) ...'"

[illegible][illegible]

When all the soldiers around came to Prometheus and cheered for him and the lieutenant gave orders that the five were to pass on without being hindered.

"You are the only one who has ever overruled me," he said proudly and we have heard also how you have rid the world of many a Christian dog who were the terror of the whole lands. You now and I on your way faithfully for we know that you are only landless men seeking general settlement for salvation and have

[illegible][illegible]

While Promethine was indeed wondering who it should be, the small black shadow of that once pretty house a large squadron of rebel came upon the road from a bend in the road and hurried down to meet him and his company of soldiers. A leader of the rebels was a well dressed officer and to their surprise his face was well wreathed. In the most pleasant guise, and he bowed low to Promethine and kindly invited him and his little group of soldiers and the little girls to come up to his big tent and be his guest that night.

"This is a lonely place for you scouts to be trawling!" he said to Promethine and is not often that a party of Unionist scouts like you ever pass this way on your return to the lines. But there is nothing that gives us or my soldiers so much joy as to help wounded soldiers and feed them at my table in my tent and hear them tell of the things they have seen and hear heard while scouting on the skirmish dogs. Come up and sup with us all of you and lodge under the roof of my tent and you a little girl friends will sleep on my wonderful bed which I have in my tent a bed as a bed side and a table to sit every child and even cure her of every possible ailment."

They were indeed pleased with the rebel officers way and he he the tent

I have in it every possible ill...  
sure her of everything.  
The position was indeed pleased with the rebel officers my and has he  
and the whole squadron was both hungry and tired and cold they went to the tent  
with him and his followers and while the others were in he said the little girl  
sat down near the entrance to the tent while the rebel officer said;  
"So as my cook prepares the usual I will go in and make the bed for the little  
girl and then after supper they all lie down upon it and rest, and later when  
you all feel refreshed you shall again to-morrow sit at my table and we will sup with

tell. " "When he had gone into the tent, the spy and the little girls looked  
 around them to see what sort of a tent it was. It indeed was! "The tent" was  
 filled with surprise at the richness of it--at the gold and silver and other  
 beautiful things with which every part of the tent seemed to be adorned--for it  
 was indeed a place fit for a king or prince's palace. While he was looking, and  
 wondering the tent cloth parted "above him and the fair face of the little girl  
 who they had rescued peered out at him with her finger on her mouth.  
 " "Silent friend!" he whispered. "Do not let the little girls lie down on  
 the bed or do not remain here another minute. I wish us for those of the realm  
 have discovered we are spies and are going to make us prisoners instead of hosts.  
 Let's fly down the glen and hide ourselves in the deep woods. We he returns, or else  
 there will be no escape. For us." "Who has betrayed us, and who is he that should save

there will be no escape for us."

"The man who betrayed us is called Gargant Frocriste," said the little girl-----and she talked low and fast for fear she would be overheard by the other rebel soldiers within the tent."At first not thinking we were christians the lieutenant and his men want well of us but as soon as we learn who we are all will be off. He will put us little girls on a fire bed and murder us. To own who comes into his tent and is discovered an christian slave ever goes out alive."

comes into his tent and is discovered ad sleeping. "You are a spy," says the betrayer, "you are a traitor, you are a murderer." "Who is the spy that betrays me?" he asked in no wise alarmed. And what is that from bed you said you had come to fit us children?" "And the lieutenant not tell you that we had come to fit us children?" "And the little girl?" "And mostly to observe that it can be made to fit us. For if we are discovered we will all be seized, seized and made into prisoners and the rebels will throw us and the other little girls on the bed and either make us submit to slavery or huc off our legs or kill us or stretch our limbs and burn us until we die from the tortures or torture and do it with ropes until we are long enough; it is this fate that will come to us little girls if we are arrested and you and the other christian soldiers will be led off and who will

Arrested and you and the other christians were taken to the prison. I told them that I have heard of this spy before who will betray us," I said. Promethus, and then he remembered that once an old man who looked near to him had warned him when he entered the plantations encampments to beware of any rebels who may read disguises for the spy may lure travelers into the camp and then betray them to the officers.

to the officers.

"Hark, hark," whispered the little girl. "I hear the spy coming." and the cloth tents closed over her hiding place. The very next moment the spy stood in the doorway bowing and smiling as if he had never intended to betray the Christians he knew was in the tent.

the christians he knew was in the tent.  
'My dear young men and child friends' he said the beds are ready, and  
the lieutenant would like to see you first.'

the lieutenant would like to see you first."

Prometheus and the little girls arose with their hands near their pistol holsters and followed the man to their host and when they had come into an inner chamber of the tent there surely enough they saw several beds of iron and very curiously wrought, and upon it a the soft mattresses which seemed to invite them to lie down and rest, but Prometheus per peering, about saw an axe and ropes with strange cunning pulleys lying hidden behind the curtains and they saw too that the floor of the tent was covered with stains of blood.

that the floor of the tent was covered with staining of blood.

"Now said the 'ost.' 'After you little girls have taken a pleasant little nap, the soldiers and your comrades will in the meantime sit down at the table and you may tell us of the wonderful things which you have seen in the course of your scouting duty. Now my dear little girls, my pretty little sprites - are you lying down and take your ease, for I know that you are tired and have traveled a traveled far and are faint from want of sleep and rest. Lie down and while some slumber overtakes you, I will seat in some soldiers who will see to it that no unsavory l noise, nor buzzy fly, or bird nor vexing knee disturb your dream.

"These are wonderful beds indeed for the children," said Brazantius without showing any signs of his suspicions.

"They are," answered the rebel lieutenant, "and the little coils need but lie down upon them and it will fit them perfectly."

Seeing that no soldiers were in the fort but his own "Prometheus said;

"But you must lie upon one of the beds first, and let me see how it will fit itself to your form or stature."

"Ah no! I've heard the rebel officer! For then the s... will be taken! And as he spoke his cheeks grew ashy pale and then he burst out!" on are sides by way.

"I found it out and you are under arrest and the little... were... He got these beds."

"If they are to die on the beds," I tell you, "I will be one of them first, and shall," said Providence, and he seized the police officer around the waist and threw him by main force upon the bed. And at the same time the candlestick officer sprang upon the bed then suddenly curious from afar he resolved out and clasped his body in their embrace and suddenly held him down so he could not move hand or foot, the wife stretched him would have shrieked but the very many cursed him and then standing over him looked him straight in the eyes and said:

But the rebel was not able to answer a single word because he was gagged. When Trevelyan brought out the axes, the ropes and the strange pulleys and removing the gag and rotating a gun at him said;

and removing the cap and holding a pin at him said;  
 "I'll kill you if you tell me are these for me and why where they hidden in  
 the car?"

the rebel officer was still silent and he would have liked to yell but the gun did not look very pleasant to him and he could not do anything now but tremble.

"Is it true" said Prometheus "you dare rebel that you have lured hundreds of children away from their beds into your den of a tent only to murder them when you discovered they were Christians? Is it true that it is your go purpose to fester them in this bed and then chop off the tr little legs or arms or stretch the out, until they fit the iron frame and allow them to die by this tr torture? Tell me, you full of evil you where you lay..."

"It is true, it is true," sobbed the frightened lieutenant, "and now kindly touch the spring on the bed above my head and let me go, and you all shall have back all the things that I possess in this fort."

But Prometheus ordering his soldiers out of the tent and the little girls also turned in 50.

turned to Co. "These are caught," he said, "the trees of let you and not for the 14th  
girls and reliable also for me, there is no card for the as we show no mercy.  
Let your commander care and release you. We'll leave you and not found until we  
let you go from you very dear. I'm Abdullahin (brother of Abdullahin)."

and he and the followers went out of the tent and left the wife stretched to stay in the bed and either perish by his own cruel device or be released by his own mercy. The moment they had spared the time to look through the big tent and found there great wealth of gold and silver and costly thin as which the rebel soldiers had taken from all prisoners inside of Syrian wicker, and all other Argelins who had fallen as prisoners in their hands, he went into the dining hall of the great tower tent and there indeed saw the table spread with a rich feast of meats and drinks and of delicate foods such as no king or general would have dreamed of. There were enough seats for the host and visitors it was evident that a man had been lying in wait on them and caused this detection which almost resulted in the ruin of little girls and the shooting of the man.

then the other little girl came running up to Francesco and she seized the young heroes hands and blessed and thanked him for saving her and the other little girls from so terrible a fate and because he had escaped the rebels once more.

Q. Now, a month or so he said with tears in her eyes and ready to weep "My poor father a rich owner of silvermines was traveling to find a tin mine and was with his happy and carefree as any bird in the woods." "I was not lucky and the goldminers at Chuquibambilla in the fields outside where a rancharo was looking for gold with my father and I that I not killed were taken and carried to the rebel camp and there I was sold into slavery to the goldminers at all." He was killed before we saw on the charge of being a christian any diamonds and a pearl.

then sometimes coiled together all his comrades and the other little birds and sang for an hour and then they went on critically through the dark woods so the whole world of nocturnal animals and came at last to the place where the leucolantlar habitats in open meadows warmed under the light of the moon where the leucolantlar habitats and fertilization beyond the rocky hill of oak and spruce and birch and poplar and larch in the no moonlight where several leucolantlar habitats and fertilization in the no moonlight and the little birds sang the song of the leucolantlar and went riding in the dark

When the rebels entered the main rebel lines and went riding in the dark through the communication trenches every soldier who had been aroused from his sleep wondered who the persons were such activity first challenged and then let pass. The time of the deeds of a certain party of Communist soldiers in a discipline had come before the eyes however and came among the German lines whispered that some had seen the rebels secretly get into the lines and who had probably seen them that they had been secretly got into the lines and who had probably seen them that they had been secretly got into the lines and who had probably

It was these that may have secretly got into the zone  
 while the people of that narrow path and had wrestled with the rebel officer,  
 but you hit the lieutenant in his own trap.

into the cage from another direction. 'Those lads by their looks are better suited

into the cage from another direction. "Look! Look!"  
to my amazement a pair of ladies then to fight us and be angry and wrestle with our  
strong, handsome, fierce and powerful. "I  
strong, handsome, fierce and powerful. "I  
strong, handsome, fierce and powerful. "I

Said one of the officers, "I saw it in the face of one of the little girls with them."

Said one of the offhands.  
"And her beautiful smiling smile to him face." Said another.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said a third.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said a fourth.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said a fifth.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said a sixth.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said a seventh.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said an eighth.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said a ninth.  
"And her long beautiful hair about her body." Said a tenth.

A large, golden, hole of the a slight girl and her girl. Level look. "And  
a fourth. ... that not one of those goldens had ever

11th, on 11th and the 12th. I'll wager that not one of those soldiers who were  
killed a few weeks ago did it for their lives. Think of such fellows of as those

1. The first of these is the fact that the Commission has not yet received any information from the Government of the United States regarding the results of its investigation into the activities of the American Friends Service Committee in the Soviet Union.

Prometheus heard all this talk as he rode along with his party of followers and with the little girl in his front and it angered him not a little, but he did not come to the rebel lines to quarrel with Mandelstam because it would mean their betrayal and capture. He talk about the rebels did not reach him then at all and it was a good comfort at that point that that fact.

However without knowing the exact time of day, he did not know that a bomb shell came from a mine from the Christian lines and that it was when it exploded a part of the company street - it leveled a street of ten by the explosion and the shock of the explosion buried horses and men over the top of the hill and did likewise with no oxen along in deep holes with the children and he been injured however by the sudden outbreak and burning their horses out of the scene of wreckage went on their way down another company street and left the wonder-stricken Mandelstams in the other company street to stare after them speechless. Soon they had reached the hill where General Mac-Hollister Johnston's headquarters was and then leaving the rest outside and the little girl under the care of the soldiers climbed the stairway which led to the top of the steep rocky summit of the hill and his heart beat fast in his throat as he stood on the threshold of the rebel general's headquarters.

"Where is his excellency general Johnston?" He asked of the man.

"You cannot see the general unless you show your own papers."

was the answer. "But if it is anything important I will take you to his apartment."

The guard led the way into the front hall of the general's headquarters and there the spy saw fifty generals sitting about a big table

looking over plans, reading important dispatches, and letters and writing out orders or drawing maps of their own, some others were drinking and making merry,

and somewhere else in the building there was a great noise of revelry in the hall, minstrels singing and dancing, and the slave children crying or weeping and working

scrubbing floors, polishing oil cloth and so on washing windows, carrying heavy

objects and cleaning down stairs and making beds or scrubbing and cleaning the

uniforms and cloth clothing of the generals, and then came along two half-drunk

rebel officers who were shouting and cursing. As Prometheus stood in the doorway he

knitting his eyebrows and clenching his teeth for the anger which he felt, one of the officers who was a general saw him, and cried out:

"See the tall stranger in the doorway. What does he want? I believe he is an Angelinian spy."

and he was immediately surrounded by soldiers with leveled

muskets.....

"Well, tall stranger what do you want here please?" said one of the soldiers.

"I'm here," said Prometheus showing his passport "to ask the

hospital hospitality which men of our own race never refuse." "What to ask but a

Andreas to secure some child, a seven child slaves I claim to, Andreas and what to

get the permit from general Johnston."

"You do me refuse," cried the soldiers, "shouldn't their arms and

also allowing him to be free. "Go in with us first and let us drink and

be our guest."

"I have no time to care in now," said Prometheus "but later on I

hope to be the guest of his excellency general Mac-Hollister Johnston. Where is he?"

"Never mind the general in chief," said one of the soldiers. "He is in his

home and does not wish to be bothered now."

But the spy strode boldly through the front hall, and went about

the building asking permission to see the general as soon as a moment's notice.

At last he found the fierce looking general but fierce and mean

as he was he looked lonely and sorrowful. He was sitting in a high chair over a

Geographic map and studying the map of Lyvan vice W. Lyvan W. Lyvan and her

surrounding vicinity. The heart of Prometheus almost felt sad as he saw the lines

of care upon the old man's face and marked his trembling halting ways but then

he was a wicked Angelinian rebel and did not deserve to be pitied.

"Your excellency," he said "I am a strange officer in your lines

and I and my companions have come to ask you the permission to go to Andreas and

secure seven child slaves which I claim by this rightful paper and also ask for food

and shelter and friendship such as I know you never deny your rebel subjects and to those of noble rank and of your own race."

"And who are you my young man?" demanded the general

haughtily. "I have never seen you before."

"My name is Frank Deane," said the answer from

Prometheus.

"What?" demanded the general. "Are you the rebel man general Deane

who has rid the world from one thousand of millions of Miles in German

Catherine, and has worried the officer who shot him self in the front

weather in the world."

"I am supposed to be," said Prometheus smiling. "It is completely

necessary to secure detection. And I come from round a rebel camp on the opposite

side of horse land."

The Mandelstam general was pleased to get a part of his own name.

"Yes, yes," he said. "You are welcome brave soldier and your friends to

such shelter and food and friendship as I can give and I will fit you out an

extra number of men to go into Andreas with you and look after the children who are

the slaves you claim to rightly own."

and there happened to be that there was with the wicked general his own wicked

wife whom he had taken Johnston's child and the rebels have got a such power

over the children of the rebels that he can never dare to do

even the slightest thing to do to her and he had to be to her and still

and he had to be to her and still the rebels have got a such power

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the fire, except in the center. The flames and smoke in the foreground were all spent, like a burning firebrand of lightning, flaming out and then disappearing. The smoke and soot blowing from the fire, carried out by the wind, were black and white, coming in thick waves of smoke and fire against the clouds, and the glow was reflected in the water for a long distance and the first, farthest reaches of Henry's valley, and with getting, and all distant hills, and the next black was lifted up by the flames, and all the heavens thereabout seemed to have caught the solid configuration, for in some columns of flames, masses of flames in fire rose and fell, when the surface of the fire ocean and huge volumes of smoke and soot and clouds of smoke of many different dark and light colors rolled and fell into the sky like volcanic eruptions, clouds, or as if hundreds of volcanoes were smoking below. Groups of thousands of the highest buildings were visible in the air, as if they were floating together, and the black form of an immense, jagged, broken plain rose far above the glory, clouds were wrapped in flame and smoke, great masses of black smoke, flames, and this most terrible scene of wide spread destruction and burning, exactly like the picture in the midst of a burning world, as described in the book, but surpassed by the devouring fire consuming portions of nature not yet burning, were paddled like blood by the glow and all of the redness and the little white, and find for a time the there, and in the record is silent and not moving.

[illegible][illegible]

On the morning of 11/11/64, the FBI received a call from a person who identified himself as "John" and stated that he had information regarding a possible assassination attempt on the life of the President of the United States. The caller stated that he had been contacted by a person who offered him a large sum of money to assist in the assassination. The caller stated that he had refused the offer and was now seeking help from the FBI. The FBI immediately initiated an investigation and contacted the local police department for assistance. The investigation revealed that the caller was a man named [redacted] who had been in contact with a person who offered him a large sum of money to assist in the assassination. The FBI was able to locate the person who offered the money and arrested him. The person who offered the money was a man named [redacted] who was a member of a group known as the "Black Liberation Army". The FBI was able to locate and arrest the man who offered the money. The man who offered the money was a man named [redacted] who was a member of a group known as the "Black Liberation Army". The FBI was able to locate and arrest the man who offered the money. The man who offered the money was a man named [redacted] who was a member of a group known as the "Black Liberation Army".

of the intelligence.

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem. In this case, the problem is that the speaker is not getting along with the person they are talking to. The speaker is feeling frustrated and angry because the other person is not listening to them and is always interrupting them.

[illegible][illegible]

1. The first thing that I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the heat. It was a sticky, oppressive heat that seemed to wrap around me like a heavy blanket. I had heard that the weather in Miami was perfect, but this was something else entirely. I wiped sweat from my forehead and looked around, trying to get my bearings. The city was a blur of colors and shapes, with cars honking and people shouting in the background. I felt lost and overwhelmed, like I had been thrown into a foreign world without a map. I took a deep breath and tried to focus on the task at hand. I had a meeting to go to, and I needed to find the office as quickly as possible. I started walking, following the flow of traffic and the sound of the city. I passed by a busy intersection with a traffic light that was stuck on red. I saw a group of people waiting, some looking at their phones, others talking to each other. I felt a sense of urgency, knowing that I was late. I kept walking, my heart pounding in my chest. I saw a sign that said "City Hall" and I knew I was close. I turned a corner and saw a large, modern building with glass windows. I walked up to the entrance and saw a security guard. I showed him my ID and he let me in. I took the elevator to the 10th floor and walked down a long hallway. I saw several doors, some of which were open. I knocked on one of the doors and a woman answered. She told me that my meeting was in room 1010. I walked to the door and opened it. I saw a man sitting at a desk, looking at a computer screen. He looked up at me and smiled. He told me that the meeting was in 10 minutes. I took a deep breath and walked into the meeting room. I saw several people sitting around a large table. I took a seat and waited for the meeting to start. The meeting went well, and I was able to complete my task. I walked out of the building and took a taxi home. I was exhausted but satisfied. I had survived my first day in Miami.

[illegible]



Unknown to the writer, the Government of Illinois has the distinction of being the only State in the Union which has a law on the books forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquors to persons who are suffering from mental diseases. This law is contained in the Illinois Criminal Code, Chapter 10, Section 1-10.

Deposition of the witness, General Ivanov, and all that time -strutted Angelina would hardly eat a bite of food and this was very hard on many of the poor christian generals and soldiers who loved them dearly. He had worked for days trying to even get them to eat and be cheerful but nothing was accomplished. So they begged some of the doctors to help them or feed them by force if necessary. When the doctor found that the little girls were unable to eat of their own accord on account of the great sorrow knowing at their hearts over something he sent a messenger to general gonatimian Abramov and he notified general anson Ivanov. The doctor was really afraid that she and her friend would make themselves ill so he sent word to the doctor to find some kind of beautiful food that might tempt them to eat a little. The little girls however were very hungry and knowing it was suicide not to eat they ate a little every now and then, and night almost cried themselves sick and wished a bomb shell would come and kill them and end their sorrow. Just then an officer arrived to general Proserdinia and said:

"General concentinian Ironburg demands that you notify general Anson Vivian that a certain man is seen entering his lines with seven unconscious children with him and several men. Who the children are w it is not know but they must be rescued child rebels."

Unfortunately Gertrude (Angelina or her friend) had not heard this news and the general who saw them so unhappy said to the messenger; "Take these two unfortunates and transfer them to general Anson's lines immediately. He alone can cheer them up."

On their way to his headquarters it was snowing, and the waves along the shore of the river seemed to be trying to push the ice on the shore out of their way, but the ice would rattle back again as fast as they could every time. The river bench was white with foam, and the forlorn little girl could hear the roar of the diadems, and the shouting of the little, and she spoke still more loudly to the diadems. They felt even sadder that it was snowing. They could not even see for both little girls had their little fingers wound up in bandages and now they were lonely for they had no girl friends to play with.

"It will be some day," said the man. "It can't last forever. Why don't you play with my doll."

"It is not very pretty to me any more since I lost my dearest friends," said Gertrude. "At least I don't care for anything now."

ward night they were driving within sight of general ansons lines which was the only christian army that appeared quiet though it was concentratin forward toward jordan osseinin and it was toward december fifth life fifteenth.

"If a battle rages," said Jennie Turner with a mischievous light in her eyes and a pout "I'm going into it at any risk see if I don't" and the manner of her words alarmed the man.

"A battle is not coming yet," said the soldier but if you do you will be a fine pile of mangled pieces on the ground."

"Oh I don't care," said Jennie pointing still more. "I'll make the christians win by grabbing a flag from a color bearer and deal in front of them in the face of the enemy's fire. I care not what I do in so I have lost my friends."

"I'm afraid no one will let you," said the policeman. "But at least have  
-strange news for you, you came from under the moon and brought into general  
concentration, because Linan some children who he sent with the men to general  
Robert, Edwin Linan. They are with Simon now."

"Oh," said Gertrude with a slight feeling of loss in her heart. "May we be allowed to go with you to the place and see who they are. I'll work as hard as any one will to try and cheer them up. They will be company anyway. May I sir?"

"Yes you may too," said soldier Starbird. "You'll be to make them cheerful." "I did not know it was so much fun to see how many child players are rescued until I saw those little orphans. And pretty, but a fairy could not beat them."

So they conton continued on their way a little faster now, artrude on one horse and Jennie on another. It was a snowy cold day indeed, and the river beach was piled high up with dabrif from some wrecks and ve evening burned embers.

She turned wearing a living on the shore of which the river was full and when she took it out of the water she found it to be but a beautiful doll with a blue waist and a red dress, such a deep red it was, it had a shining head of white, a beautiful, clear, pink cheeks, and yellow brown hair. Gertrude had never seen such a beautiful doll whose dress was made of silk. Gertrude felt it with careful fingers, it was real silk, and she realized it was the doll belonging to Jennie Vanden who she believed was dead or buried to ashes in prison.

She ran down to the other two with the doll.

'I wonder whose it is' Said the soldier.

"Oh Jennie," said Gertrude, "I'm going to keep her. She was Jennie's own dolly, and the poor little girl sat down and cried bitterly."

"There, there don't feel so bad please don't" Said Starbird. "It surely belongs to Jennie Ividan. But it will have to be given up to their poor sorrowing father. Won't you do it Gertrude."

Gertrude was an honest little girl even in her great sorrow and she tried not to cry any more. It was nearly two miles to general Hansons home lines yet and Gertrude hugged the dolly very close and kissed her a great many times.

As they rode up to one of the outer encampments of the main lines a boyscout was standing near and the soldier asked if general Hanson was in a good mood to receive any visitors that day as he knew the sorrow of the generals over the supposed deaths of Violet and her sisters he felt sure no one would be received by Hanson whose temper was very ugly that day with the enemy.

"Always he is recovering any one." Said the boy. And I'll tell you that is Jennie Givans doll. "I'll go and find her."

Gertrude wept at these words and so did Jennie. Murmer and before any one could know what was happening, a beautiful little girl came out of a certain house and in hand with the boy. Jennie Murmer recognized her as Jennie. Jennie sure enough.

"Where in the world did you come from?" Asked Gertrude amazed and half scared as if she feared she saw a celestial being.

"I came from a 'gendreau'" she answered. "A soldier rescued me and my sisters two weeks ago. We're in the lines ever since, and you two have been crying. Do you wish my doll was yours?"

"He thought you were dead," said Gertrude now feeling more like werewolf. And in a moment she had Jennie in her arms.

"I have some other doll dolls" Said Jennie. "Haven't you any dolls of your own."

"No 'Mail Gertrude.' at we want you a more than a doll. Oh, think god  
know god is so good to return you and your sisters so to us."

FROM 1962 TO 1970, 6000 TO 10,000 JOY BOATS, 20 TO 30 M.

The next morning the sun was shining and Gertrude Angeline and her friend with Violet and her sisters once more were very happy. The water dolly given to Gertrude looked as white as if she felt quite, quite good at home. Indeed how

to a. Hertrude looked happy too as if she felt quite quit and at home. Indeed now their little brave hearts did beat with joy and how they did look indeed with their brighter smiles and happy faces. After this union the little girls so happy again despite the near of the night had even more gentle, loving and brave:

happy again despite the roar of the siege had grown more gentle, loving and brave and there seemed to come stealing over their faces the most glorious shining lights, which seemed to prove that the children were going to be still better boys and girls, more self-reliant, more the spirit of December and Gertude Arneling.

and Jennie Warner were out on a horse trot with a soldier. Soon they came to a small hill top and suddenly little Jennie almost shrieked in surprise and amazement; "Look, look, every body look," she cried, "look look blue."

"Oh, look, every body look," he cried "look look, blue, green, red, yellow, i indigo, pink, and purple lights. what in the world does that mean."

"Of what use if there in watching them!" Egan bertrude when the soldier halt  
ing said;  
"You might not know them but those light s are mighty darn suspicious to

"I'm afraid that you might be disappointed if you did make a signal."

"I'm not sure I would be disappointed," said the soldier. "I should like

to send a signal very much by means of a sky rocket."

So and the little girls turned to look at the lights which seemed to move back, and forth, and to and fro untill for a few moments they died out and they could

"Perhaps you have no means to send a signal to the lines." Said Angeline.

"Oh yes I have all necessary means." Said the soldier.  
 "Dear me," said Violet. "If I had any means to send signals to attract a general I should go first back to the lines, and should start my rockets and roman candles and everything—where the little girl stopped! Oh she sudden broke out! Will you wait a minute for me. A piece of stone is in my shoe and it hurts me."

"How came there to be a stone in your shoe?" asked the soldier.  
 "Because I made a mistake and put on the wrong shoe. They are new out. See this hole. I wish in my hurry I had not forgotten and wore the other pair."

But Violet mistakes sometimes cannot be helped.  
 By this time her little foot gave her so much pain that she could think of little else and had to ride on the horse all the way back instead of walking until she untill they reached the lines. As they rode on they came to an army shoe maker and the little girl said:

"Oh there is a pair of little shoes which I am sure will fit me."  
 "Perhaps they will," said the soldier. "But you cannot be sure until you have tried them. Oh, you think you would like to watch me send a signal but you cannot be sure of it what is going on over yonder until we have watched those flickering colored lights more carefully."

"I don't know about the shoes Gertrude," she said as she asked the man for them, "but I'm sure I should like to know why all those colored lights are for within the rebel lines."

"Well which will you have?" asked the shoemaker admiring the pretty children in his presence and struck with awe by their nature those shoes, or this pair. I will give either one to you as I have no other pair of children's shoes in the shop."

"Then perhaps I had better have these shoes. Let those lights. I think I can make signals myself till the end of the evening, don't you think you could help me and my sisters Gertrude?"

"You must think for yourself," said Gertrude. "The signals you can make are different from mine, but I can probably catch on."

Violet stood with one shoe on and the other in her hand as she thought over the matter.

"Well Gertrude," she said at last putting on the other new shoe and nitching the old ones in the army store. "I choose your help and will show you how to make the signals. I know what the lights mean. Something is going to be done which is suspicious and I believe it is meant for us at that."

It was not long before they came to the christian lines and the signal was soon started.

"Oh Gertrude," cried Violet as soon as she and her sisters had sent off the first signals. "There is something dark moving over yonder and the air is very disagreeable."

Just before the signals were sent once more Violet's disappointment was very great when the lights suddenly disappeared and no more were seen. Violet and her sisters almost burst into tears.

They realized the outcome and the soldier said to them:  
 "The best thing to do is to bear out our bitter disappointment with good humor. The enemy has made his own choice. I am sure and seeing our signals had immediately stopped the lights."

"We will bear it as well as we can," said one of the beautiful little girls wiping her eyes. But their disappointment did not end here. One hour after they were to resume their journey and as Jennie mounted her horse her shoe dropped off and she was unable to find it.

"Why Jennie!" said Gertrude looking at her shoeless foot. "I can't understand why you girls have so much bad luck to day."

"Oh Gertrude," said Jennie as she finally found it. "Our shoes had remained within the christian lines. I hope I shall be wiser another time."

AN ATTEMPT TO A REBEL SPY. A LITTLE GIRL AND HER SISTERS. A SOLDIER'S DISCOVERY.

Oh that night Violet had put out the lamp light so that her sisters could sleep that night and then she went in to stay in a little while and was with general Anson who was in his room looking over a map and event in a way his eyes were still. Violet sat down in the room where her sisters were sleeping was also fast asleep and suddenly turned and didn't know what her eyes were upon his legs at once. There was a strange light in the room and she saw the little girl's girls were sleeping.

Violet's sisters had also been awakened by the light and Jennie thought to herself. "How pleasant it is. It is really as light in those rooms as it is in daytime. I suppose I ought to have a little for the sake of some of the soldiers who like to hear me."

So she went unconscious of any other she began to sing, softly at first, but more loudly until she was crossed by the face that the light was growing brighter and brighter, and was a dazzling light, unlike anything she had ever seen before, too bright to come from a number of electric bulbs or from a gas candle.

"Sometimes general Anson," Vivian looked up from his map to listen.  
 "Listen," he said. "I think I hear a noise in the air."  
 "It is a noise," said Violet with a smile. "I will go up and see what it is!"

Violet opened the door to her sisters room she was blinded and choked with the smoke of the light. It was so faintly now came the cry and Violet's voice of her sisters while she joined them in a cry of terror. He two rooms adjoining the one her sisters were in were ablaze. In less time than it takes to tell it general Anson and a number of soldiers on a flying up the stairs and the little girls just set them on the top of the stairway and half suffocated by the smoke they were helped down to a place of safety, while general Anson organized a large number of soldiers to come and put the fire which they accomplished and the fire was soon put out. When general Anson went into the blackened room and made a light. There were two ears in Anson's eyes as he made an investigation and found the fire had been set. Not only were guards placed at every window, cellar door and entrance of the building but a force was detailed to find the culprits. But they had escaped. Soon the excitement had died down and everyone thanked God and his blessed mother for the dear little lives which had again been spared them. The poor dog had been with the little girls and had stuck to them to the last and why no one heard his wild barking was a mysterious mystery for the dog had discovered the fire before the little girls had.

It had not been long after when Gertrude Angeline alone out meeting had come across a small little girl who was a runaway child slave. After seeing the little girl met to be afraid she had been able to get the child to come along with her toward the christian lines. The two children were now walking toward the lines through a portion of the forest with the sun striking narrow gleams of silver out of a black pool to the right half frozen over and covered lightly with snow. Gertrude knew this place well. It was a mud hole and she had often shunned this place for any one who got caught in that pool may sink in it and die. She had reached the creek near the river, and Gertrude who went on the "little" and was lifting the little baby girl in order to carry her across the creek. When a dreadful thing happened.

Gertrude saw a ferocious dog bounding toward her with a loose chain in its mouth. In a furious race through the trees, a large bulk of the dog and though falling between two jagged white trunks of trees, its eyes were turned out to the level of the sky. Gertrude went in and against her will, the dog's back no that she almost dropped the baby girl. It was not a moment before the dog was free but where ever it had belonged it was not.

In one swift glance she saw the only chance of escape.  
 A long log floated on the water of a hollow ditch one end almost touching the dry ground the other end against a tree. It was half frozen but still water in the center. Believing Believing a mad dog being afraid of water she decided to jump across and if it still followed to climb a tree. The little baby girl had seen the creature now and though she usually was not afraid of any dog this one looked so queer with its bloodshot eyes and its foam frothed mouth that she was frightened and found the dog was coming to bite her because she had run away from her master. She clung to Gertrude trembling so that she nearly toppled her over into the half frozen water and was lost.

"Oh don't let the dog kill or bite me," cried the child's voice.  
 Here the little Gertrude Angeline was with able to carry the frightened child over the water to the log was sure to tell her a tale of it, and seeing the dog coming, Gertrude held the child on a low branch. If she only had her wamp so she could have held her but she could not even draw when she had to hold onto the child.  
 Yes. The dog was still coming. He was hunting the log blindly. He was rushing recklessly over the logs.

"Hurry, hurry," cried the frightened baby.  
 "Hurry, hurry," cried Gertrude. "The dog's caught in the mud. We are saved if we can get out of this."

But the dog's small log bridge sank under the reckless dog and there was no more to be said. He heaved and plunged until he got two men upon the log. He could do no more and roared at his layings. He then stood looking at the children with a vacant stare and seemed to look at them and as Gertrude looked at the mad dog a wonderful thought came to her. Was it really mad or was it only a dog? The dog's face was so fierce and so wild.

"Please don't let the dog kill or bite me," cried the child's voice.  
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she did not like to speak of what she saw her sisters lost as they might think she had eaten too much cake the night before, but another strange thing happened that morning. Her other sisters were preparing for their drilling wash before breakfast, and Violet who had just finished combing her hair and fixing it up in the best beautiful fashion she liked best when she saw a note hanging over the chair in the room a rebel general's uniform.

When she and her sisters came down to breakfast general Hanson noticed the strange look in Violet's face and he asked her what was the matter.

"Why Uncle?" said Violet with a twinkle in her eyes. "Who is the 'Landelian' general who has a prison in your headquarters?"

"Why I have no rebel prisoners!" He said equally as astonished as her sisters were.

"Why?" said Violet. "In my room hanging over a chair is the full dress uniform of a 'Landelian' general, and there are important dispatches in one of the pockets I saw them."

"In there?" said general Hanson more calmly as if there was nothing more remarkable in that. "Well one of my generals disguised as a rebel and with a party of soldiers like himself all disguised went out on a raid and captured some rebel cavalry last night."

Violet and her sisters longed to ask a dozen questions, but they felt they had no time for further if formation as they were in a hurry to eat their breakfast and go and see general Hanson in on a little business on of their own. So the matter was dropped.

"But it must have been a funny occurrence!" she thought but did not say any more words.

On their way along the shore of the river Violet and her sisters had an experience that they shall never forget as long as they live brave as they were. As they were on their way to the general Violet said:

"Look here girls! I've got a swell plan."

"What is it?" said Violet who was always eager for adventures.

"Let's go nearer to the river and watch the opposite shore and see what the enemy are doing under Manley. You shall take the lead Jennie, and I and my sisters will come on behind. But be careful!"

"Let them dare fire upon us," replied Angeline scornfully. "It's a long distance across but we have pistols which will reach them."

"But suppose they pursue us?"

"Oh no they won't. We will back away from the river if they spot us."

So Jennie led the way and they soon came to a jutting part of the cliff at the river's edge which formed a little area of a bay in the river near the shore. The ground round the corner the sand was smooth and not covered with snow and was untrampled.

"This is a good place to watch them," said Jennie.

But they were seen by the enemy. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. roared a number of guns. The shells and one exploded above the cliff and rained a shower of rocks down upon the little girls who in their excitement and in their efforts to escape ran across to the other bank or of the bay only to be fired upon by other guns. But the aim was too high and no shells damaged them. Getting out of the range they found themselves in perfect solitude and laughed at the rebels. On all sides there rose steep rock rocks, below were small caves. They for a few minutes explored a cave and then Jennie said:

"Now the ocean tide is the river going out!"

"Let's see!" Violet said for the first time beginning to think it was prudent to retreat their steps. They rushed around toward the cliff or toward the cliff round which they had come into the bay. Not only was the water close up to it, and the tide coming in, but they could yet have escaped, but rebels saw them on shore and tried with shot and main to shoot them down with machine guns.

"Run before they hit us!" Violet shouted in alarm and they set off at full speed.

"CRASH. BANG. Two big shells exploded above them just as they arrived in time and no sooner had they got around the cliff when they saw the water had closed over the narrow passage. They were not only cut off on both sides, but rebels with cannons at the opposite shore was also making ready to fire, and now they could neither advance or retreat. They ran backwards and forwards, with exploding shells raining fragments of broken rocks all about them, and they hoped to find some ledge so that they could climb above high water mark; but the rocks were steep and smooth. They did not fear drowning, for they were good swimmers and could stand the coldest water and they would have swum the flood gathering about them but to wade or swim in the river would be sure death as snipers would surely now them down from the rebel guns. It was not the tide they dreaded. They were under fire, a searching fire, which only the rocky cliff protected them from.

Although they knew it was of no use, they called and shouted, till they were hoarse, and then trying to make an attempt flung a white handkerchief as a truce but the rebels disregarded the flag and fired just the same. As the men indeed purposely fire only little children with cannons. But they heartily wished to destroy them, as those who spotted them knew they were the "Hated virgin girls" who Manley would give any sum for their capture dead or alive and the rebels knew it and strove to kill them. There was only one little foothold, and above that a sort of sloping platform out of range of rebel fire, almost too high to reach.

Had they been there they would have been half under water at high tide just the same.

A cold dry wave of water washed over their ankles where they stood. They rushed to the place where they had noticed the ledge of rock. Jennie knelt down with her hands buried in the cold water.

"Get on my back Jennie, there is a niche higher up for your foot. We will try once more."

She got on, and Jennie slowly rose with her. When Jennie slung upon her shoulder, she then steadied herself against the rocky foot rock, and stood upright. Jennie's feet were on her shoulders. She niche was at her waist, while Jennie felt her feet sinking into the wet sand. Jennie seeing the chance seized her legs tightly.

"Now," he cried desperately. "Hold quite stiff!" and she raised her body bodily till her right hand grasped an upper shelf above her head, and then she hoisted herself with one foot in the niche. Jennie and her sisters watched her wild with excitement, forgetting for the moment their own peril. In several moments she was on the ledge, and in still another moment, she sprang on the top with a cry of joy.

"I'm saved Jennie."

When her other sisters got up to the top of the rock in the same way Jennie said:

"How will you manage to get up? How will you get up?"

The ledge turned to be wider and less sloping than it really looked from below. Jennie and Violet lay down flat on her bell their bellies and stretching their right arm down as far as they could, she cried cheerily:

"Take hold of our hands girls--and we will pull you up."

Jennie clutched her sisters hands, giving at the same time a spring. It was indeed a terrible moment for Jennie felt Jennie and Violet rolling almost over with her weight and had they dropped off the rock they would have fallen thirty feet and probably been killed or injured. Jennie should have let go; but she would not.

Finally with one hand in the niche, and the other hand grasped by Violet, and her wrist grasped by Jennie, she scrambled up the thirty foot rock like a spider; how she could not tell. It was a dangerous climb, a climb that no other girl probably would never have dared, neither any boy, and neither a man unless compelled to do so by the same danger.

What joy was theirs when they landed on the high rocky ledge, and yet they were not saved. They might slip off and fall, and if they did and were lying unconscious below they would be drowned at a moment. The wind was rising, and every moment the waves of the bay not frozen on account of the water being salt grew rougher and rougher. The ledge was soon flooded and they had to stand in water, and every time they moved their feet would slip. Finally, while holding tight against the ledge a big wave lifted them both off into the river, and flourishing about desperately they had to make for shore. Fortunately by the means of the foam the waves made the little girls were not seen in the water by the rebels until they were finally tossed ashore, and then they were knocked unconscious by a dreadful explosion near them. Then the next thing they remembered opening their eyes and finding themselves lying in their own beds at Hanson's headquarters. Well, their adventure was over and neither of them had been killed or injured; but for days and days afterwards and months afterwards it was the talk of the army, and general Hanson used to say:

"Those little girls are prettier than any fairy or child I ever seen in pictures, or any real children, and your very forms and looks seem to betray boldness, fragility, and cowardice but one thing I can say, that nevertheless those little girls dare anything that no man would dare face. I'm afraid your braveness, if simply recklessness, and you will go through something some day that will surprise the world and make you sorry so I warn you please be careful."

At the same time Violet and her sisters had their thrilling adventure by the river shore Jennie's nurse had been while returning on a scouting tour with several soldiers. She had went into her own small place on the outskirts of the Christian lines and was herself getting dinner for though a little girl she could cook many things. In the broad fire place she had made a roaring fire to warm the place while her men friends went out to get some more wood. The fire sang in the big chimney and she shut out the soft sound of the driving snow.

A great big wooden bar of green length stretched from side to side or from one side of the chimney to the other, holding sixteen big hooks for pots and other things. From these were swung the kettles in which the dinner she was preparing for her men friends was cooking. On one kettle corn and beans were simmering together, high up above the blaze. A little lower down to the right hung the meat pot, with its boiling beef, while still lower to the left dined and biled the plum pudding she also made. As it was not much occupied by her, and only as a side house there was little furniture in the room. Two wooden settles with high backs and hard narrow seats stood before the sherry fire. A large square oak chest stood by the window and on the other side of the room was the small dresser with pewter dishes. The low room with its heavy rafters was indeed bare and cheerless, but to Jennie's nurse it was shelter and a place for rest before going back to the main lines. She sang happily as she worked, looking up and then at the tall clock which she had found in the place the first day she took possession, and which she had started going. How fine it was to tell time without going out of doors like she used to elsewhere in the army.

The old Army sundial was better than nothing, but she did not see or understand how she could have lived without a clock. Surely she began to think to herself: "Those followers of mine are very long getting that wood. They must be either blocked by the snow, or have a hard time finding wood."

She went across the room and pressed her pretty face again against the tiny window pane, thick with frost.

"Thank God they are coming," she said with a sigh of relief. "I see something blurry through the snow fog down the road and it must be them, all right."

Jennie was glad that she had dinner ready for them. She now laid the round table with the coarse linen cloth, and put the cups, plates, salt cellars or salt shakers, knives forks and spoons and the sugar bowl in their places. By and by as she looked out of the window again, she sank back in sudden terror and excitement and instinctively felt for her little gun. Coming up the path and so near the house that she could see them plainly, were four squadrons of the fierce "Wheeler" gladiolians in their terrible black hoods and feathered hats and long overcoats.

What could she do. What was a simple wooden bolt against these cruel "gladiolians"? Jennie knowing she could not resist so many even with her pistol, and all the ammunition she had cast one frightened glance around the kitchen. There was no way of escape! Oh how loudly her little heart was beating. She then thought of the oak chest, and got into it, and let down the lid, but finding she was unable to breathe under that great lid she struggled hard and got it open and was out looking for a new place to hide. Her despairing eyes then fell upon the tall clock. She sprang across the kitchen, pulled open the door, took off the heavy weights, and staggered with them to the cupboard. When she crept quickly into the hollow case, and shut the door as closely as she could. It was not a minute too soon. The gladiolians who stopped and dismounted were already scrapping the snow off the windows that they might look in, and one of them started hammering at the door demanding admittance. When the pounding ceased, and there was a moment of quiet. When she heard them at the outer door. It seemed to her only a little while before she saw thirteen gladiolians in the room, the rest remaining outside. Soon she heard the chest lid fall with a slam, and a door open into the inner room. The men were talking excitedly.

"Perhaps they are looking at the clock now," thought Jennie's heart, shivering with fear and drawing her gun to shoot in case of necessity. "I'm glad I'm so little. And I'm glad those two holes in the back let in some air. It's lucky I did not put in the screws as I was going to do. Oh I wish my companions would be here with a force."

There was all of a sudden a roar of pistolry outside, and simultaneously there was a rush and a scuffle outside and a confused shout of:

"Who, stand still you rascally gladiolians. You are prisoners. Jennie where are you. We are here with a party of soldiers come to join you. We have the rebels prisoners for they surrendered. Don't be afraid. Where's the child." "If you gladiolians—"

And then without a word of warning out of the clock casketed Jennie in a little white heap. When she dared to open her eyes, she was in the arms of one of the soldiers. The rebels were gone having been led away to the lines as prisoners.

"Is the dinner safe?" asked Jennie sitting up very straight.

"Yes Jennie it is," said the soldier gravely. "And so thank God so are you."

#### THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF PHANTON OF THUMBELINA A.

During the time that Gertrude Angeline and her friends were looking for violet and her sisters or at least attempting to enter the city to rescue them the reckless whim of an Angelinian officer on board of a warship came near causing the destruction of a whole christian fleet during the battle of Phanton in which the rebel seaborde fortification of Thumbelina was bombarded by ten thousand five hundred Angelinian and Abissinian warships and which not only caused a woeing war of the world but whose din came near robbing the whole earth of its wits.

It was the intent ion of Admiral Thomas to try and capture this fortress erected by the rebels themselves and which though not belonging to the gladiolians fortifications had been copied by the rebels and was equally as strong, a mile long and like tall breastworks twenty feet high and armed with 10,000 great cannons.

The admiral had on board his flagship two young officers who were too brave and who were utterly reckless and were overwilling to die rather than see a fight he was by the rebels. One was Captain Epaphus Johnson and another Lieutenant Zeussar Apollo.

During the time the fleets had steamed down the gladiolian River up its mouth toward the great rebel fortress ten miles from portress Cederline the two were boasting together, each of their own bravery, and the captain angry at the lieutenants fine story dared the lieutenant go make an attempt to run past Fort Gertrude Angeline.

Full of rage and much humiliation Apollo went to the commander of the dreadnaught where he was in conference with his other officers and asked when the attack on the rebel fortress was going to be made.

"As soon as we can arrive there," said the Admiral. "If you have any doubt we can calculate the distance and from that we can ascertain."

They had arrived there however sooner than was expected and the attack had at once been started and in response, portress, Mays and Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline responded to the tremendous cannonade. The sky at night time during the conflict was so brilliantly lighted with shell flashes that such harrowing scenes like lightning made a great display and all colored lights flashed along the points of the also active shore batteries and so many colored lights were seen that they were like gems moving back and forth like frozen fire. On the shore blazed the flashes of mighty and tremendous explosions, and the sky was dazed with the light of conflagrations. Some of the sailors of the fleet could hardly bear the radiance and had to wear blue or green glasses to keep going. At that time also blazed the blinding light enveloped even androan which was at that time also burning. The Admiral Thomas who was clothed in a purple uniform beheld the scene and climbing in the rigging had a narrow escape when a solid shot struck the mast and brought it down with a crash tearing the rigging and almost making him fall a hundred feet to the decks below. The mighty walls of portress Gertrude defending Thumbelina was wreathed in sheets of flame and smoke from cannons, the uproar was a perfect volcano of flame and din a hundredfold and several ships being already damaged dropped back. It was becoming one of the most titanic sea fights or fights on the water the world ever witnessed. The explosions shattered the air with flash and din towered high above the smoke clouds of the conflagrations, and geyers of water spouted in thousands per minute all about the ships. In one glance it was seen that a great number of ships had already been disabled, ten transports were on fire, and the decks strewn with many dead and wounded and the water of the rivers mouth was now cased in floating wreckage.

At it was the purpose of Admiral Thomas to make an attempt to run past screaming Gertrude Angeline Lieutenant Apollo who heard the engineer of the flag ship was killed in the action cried out to the admiral:

"Please let me drive the engines for you. I'm an engineer as well."

For an instant the great admiral face looked clouded.

"Choose again my child," said he amid the dreadful uproar of the battle. "Thou art only a young man who never handled those engines, and this task is only for expert engines and I alone could not dare to run those engines. The way up that river is past dangerous submarines, rebel monitors and Herrmanns and mines and full of terrors, both for the whole fleet, and all the marines on the ships and the transports would have to be left behind as being wooden ships they could not even go near the bombardment. Be wise lieutenant and choose again. You can only command the marines."

And therewith he warned the lieutenant of all the dangers that beset the way, the great gauntlet of guns the ships will have to pass, the maiming disfigurement of the uproar that will follow when all guns on both sides let loose in final fury, the fierce conflagrations on the fire ships that will be sent against the fleet, and the sinking of many ships that may happen, and as he was not an expert at engineering it was only too risky to take the chance. But these counsels only made the reckless boy more eager to win the honor of such an enterprise as he longed to defy his superior the captain and a attempt to take the dare that he offered.

"I will take care, only let me go and attempt it," he said. "I'd rather die than see the fleet repulsed."

Already portress Aurora had thrown forth its own stream of deadly shells and explosives to help in repelling the sea attack of the christian warships and as he started to operate the machinery Apollo looked with great exultation at the whirling wheels and other works of the machinery whose lord he was for the day. Outside as the ships were speeding on pouring tremendous broadsides, the uproar had become wild and mortal, and the din from the forts, and the crash of explosions sounded as if the planets were destroying each other in a wild untamed conflict of their own. As the young officer stood by operating the machinery he found that he could hardly endure the terrible din of the noise outside, and then the admiral gave him orders what to do.

"Have the engine running so the ship will follow down the river at right ahead, and never allow it to run so that the rudder will cause the wheelman to loose control and allow the ship to turn out of its course. Do not run the engine too fast or too slow, and for heavens sake keep cool and collected for the battle outside is so fierce now that it seems from the noise as if earth and heavens were blown blowing to nith nothing. God and His blessed Mother is being prayed to constantly by every one as they alone know whatever evil is to come from the results of this attack. Yet if your heart fails you, as I fear notify me, and I will send a man down to relieve you as I am wont to do."

But the young reckless lieutenant held his choice and took full charge. temporary farewell. He took his place in the engine room and took full charge. As the flagship started forward taking the lead to run past furious Gertrude Angeline the firemen looked bewildered wondering the meaning of the strange increase in the roar of guns on both sides, the shaking of the ship and turned their wild terrified eyes upon the young lieutenant to his secret foreboding, and whispered to one another that it was madness to pass the rebel forts.

This man to them was no master engineer, but a mere lad. Soon from the din itself and the fierce heat in the engine room the young lieutenant was blind with dizziness and bewilderment. As he received an order to run the machinery a little faster he did so and the ship firing like mad with its guns redoubled its speed, seemingly wild with new liberty. Before he knew what was up the din of firing was enough to startle the constellations in the sky themselves, and the hissing and screaming of shells, grape, and bombs, was like a typhoon let loose all over. It seemed as if the whole world was on fire. One ship went down already, the flagship had been struck by shots that made it go this shake this way and that if as if in a tempest, and the heavens itself seemed full of terror. Up far above the clouds the shells flashed and thundered in a bewildering drum drum roar that was dreadful and men on board the ships were excited and terrified by the monsters on the river they had never encountered before, ships like floating rams three thousand feet long, and rushing past like gigantic titans pouring broadsides, and fire rafts went against them, submarines launched torpedoes, and the ships had to begin a retreat to pass again the guns of Gertrude Angeline whose ramparts looked like thunderclouds from the sheet lighting from rows upon rows of thundering cannons. Great rivers of flame seemed to shoot along the ramparts of Thumbl Thumblin and also from Maya, and batteries on shore seemed to be consumed in their flashes. The ships hurling fire bombs caused conflagrations that would have caused whole harvests to perish like a moth singed in a candle flame, but the fleet for the time was getting the worse of it. Seemingly millions of rockets flared in the sky from the direction of the rebel shores, roman candles, flared, red lights shone bright ly, and lights of all kinds, fourth of July sparklers seemed to also appear and the scene was a grandeur that was enough to startle the Gods themselves.

A solid shot had crashed through the engine room and every one in there including the young lieutenant was wounded, and in vain he called and yelled for help as he was unable to manage the engine but amid the din no one heard him and the flag ship was running toward one of the forts. The Admiral having his decks strewn with wreckage, with the cabins shot to pieces realized the scene and had to send down men to take charge of the engine. As in a hen hedicious dream, it appeared as if the earth, his own beautiful home, and all the men, were parched by the fires of this mad bombardment, and blackening beneath him, some sections of yorma Catherine was glowing with conflagrations, the glare from midrean was at its height, and it seemed as if the ground itself cracked open, and the sea was shrinking from the shore, something like water nymphs seemed to be left gasping like bright fishes, the waters of the river swarmed with wreckage and dead fishes of all kinds, the dryads shrank, and tried to cover themselves from the scorching heat of flaming fire rafts and it seemed as if the poor earth herself lifted her withered face in a last desperate prayer to God to save her if he might.

While Admiral Thomas was calling all his officers on board the flagship to witness that there was no other scene of safety than to fight his way desperately through the gauntlet a great explosion on shore occurred that looked like a mighty volcanic outburst, and flaming wreckage shot high hundreds of feet in the air and the wreckage then fell a flame like shooting stars. It was an explosion among one of the rebel shore batteries and it was doubtless that many lives were lost.

A great rebel Merrimac was rushing through the waters of the warships. The rebel commander of the merriam had been late in receding, relieving his command however and a furiously advancing Angeline monitor and Merrimac dashed into sight just right ahead, and in an instant there was a terrific collision of warships and the merriam. A shrieking wild roar of guns, and ships and merriams disabled together by the broadsides went down with flags flying and fighting together. The disaster could have been averted if the order had been given to the merriam commander on time.

During the time of the fleets actions the Angeline transports still further down had launched an immense number of troops to try and take Thumblin by the rear. So simultaneous to the sea attack a great battle for the possession of the mainland on land was on. One immense column after another of Abbeasians, and Angelines under a terrific fire from glandelinian redoubts, and from sailents in the woods, and from the guns of the rear portion of the fort had been precipitated with savage violence for eighteen mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill on the Maya and Red riding Wood Positions.

The Ganderella works were also heavily assaulted and the Angelines advanced in the face of a fire from a million muskets added by one thousand machine guns.

The winter sun was sinking to the west, reinforcements for the obnoxious Wheeler defenders were already in sight, it was necessary for general Kane in command of the marines to carry the insurgents positions with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned under general Meldon and if it came up in season all would yet be well, and once the position was captured all would be well. The great christian general, confident of its arrival formed his reserve into an attacking column, and when the reinforcements arrived ordered them to charge the enemy and rushed forward with them behind the attacking columns. A withering fire from rebel rifles, and machine guns met them. The whole column was torn to pieces, Kane and ten officers were killed, the right of the assault being counter charged failed to appear to join in, and the assault was lost. The poor general Kane died a prisoner in port Thumblin because the rebel as counter assault had destroyed his columns.

One war correspondent during the battle on land had witnessed during the conflict in particular one of the most resolute and desperate hand to hand encounters in his life. It occurred during the final charge of the Nationals against the wheeler glandelinians who defended the Ganderella sailent like works. In a statement when he came to general Hanson and before violet and her sisters was thus: [ ]

"That day your excellency I heard on the seaboard of the river and all the following night a tremendous roar of many thousands of guns that shook the earth and the morning later the roar having redoubled I was surprised to see immense forces in blue or pale purple and red moving against the rebel positions to the rear of fortress Thumblin. I watched the scene in excitement and saw a great many assaults repulsed and whole lines torn and jagged but later that evening I had been much closer to the scene after the main assault had passed and through the smoke of the fierce firing which had not settled yet I had went out to an abandoned sailent where a number of bullet torn battle flags still floated defiantly to the breeze and not far away I observed something like two men one in the red uniform, the other much larger with the bobbed hair of like a little girl, fiercely contending with one another in a bayonet duel. Having once got together in this clash they never stopped or retreated, but struggled one trying to disarm the other, while appeared two other men who were wrestling like titans and rolled about incessantly punching each other, and cursing and wearing together and defying one another like children so in a fight. Looking further, but being behind a rock so not to be exposed to a fierce musketry fire going on, I was surprised to see when the smoke slightly life lifted to find that the upper section of Ganderella works and its sides was fairly covered with such combatants, that it was not a single duel, but a fierce hand to hand bellum, a war upon those very works between two races of Angelineans, the red and purple pitted against the immense swarm of gray and light blue, and frequently two or three red and purple ones to one gray. The rebel yell was fierce and terrific and reminded me of the yelling roar of a raging tornado passing by. The legions of these fierce fighters covered all of the whole stretch of works and extended over a certain small fortified hill and even the whole stretch of works and vales and lanes were packed with the fighters, surging to and fro across a meadow and vales and lanes were packed with the fighters, and the works were strewn thick with dead and dying, both purple and red and gray.

Of course the hand to hand conflict lasted only five minutes but I witnessed conflicts which takes me a very long time to relate. It was the only and first battle up to this time I had ever witnessed at such close quarters, the only battlefield I have ever trod while the battle was raging and not receive no injuries or risk capture by the insurgents, indeed a bloody battle of this horrible infernal war; capture by the Angelineans on one side, fighting and on the other side the Angelineans the rebels called glandelinians or imperialists or Angelinean Confederates on the other.

The most exciting scene I witnessed was the battle flags of both sides torn like the rags of a bigger girl waving back and forth in that inferno of close conflict, and on every side for those five minutes they were engaged in deadly conflict. And yet the rebel yell of the Wheeler glandelinians as such they appeared made it hardly able for me to hear the noise of other firing except the dreadful distant artillery storm, and I never saw any of human soldiers fight for that short time more resolutely and more desperately. I watch two soldiers one a private who was more Angelinean and a rebel officer looked in each others embraces and if it had not been for their wives I could have sworn from their appearances that they were little boys. A little boy and girl fighting together, the boy trying to choke the girl and the boy striving desperately to get his pistol into readiness so he could shoot his boy assailant. They fought so desperately that I felt sure that were prepared to fight till the sun went down or till their lives went out, but soon the appearing girl champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field for that minute never for an instant ceased to struggle for the possession of that gun, having once or twice made the pistol go off without any harm done, while the seemingly girl soldier danced the Angelinean private, from side to side, and as I saw on looking nearer, had already directed him of an ear, had given him a back eye, knocked out a whole front row of teeth, had pulled a lock of hair from his hair head, and had wounded him in the shoulder, and almost broken his wrist. Still they fought with more sore pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to give up, and once when apart they only rushed one another and again closed. It was evident that their battle cry was 'Gander or Die'.

In the meantime there came along through the sea of smoke a single red uniformed soldier on the hilly portion of the sailent, evidently full of excitement with bayonet at the level, who had either dispatched his rebel foe or had not yet taken part in the tremendous hand to hand battle (probably the latter) for he was not wounded in the least or had no turn uniform. Or perchance he was some thing like Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had no way come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat—for the rebel soldier was a giant compared to the Angelinean fighting him—he drew near with more rapid pace, till he stood on his guard within a few feet of the combatants, when watching his opportunity he with leveled gun sprang upon the rebel warrior with the intention of running him through, but the second red coat recovered his gun and snatched the gun from his hand. But the rebel officer had his sabre drawn and knocked thrust his bayonet near the foot of the rebel captain's right forearm, leaving the foe to slay among his own members, and so there were three men united for life or death, as if a new kind of attraction attraction had been invented which puts all other looks and cements to shame.

I should have not wondered by this time to find that they had their respective generals, and even their respective musical bands stationed beyond range of firing, and both sides playing their national airs the while to excite the slow, and cheer the combatants. I myself was excited and even scared somewhat, for once in a while sharpshooters, or bombs burst dangerously near where I was watching the scene, and the smell of powder made my eyes water like the fumes of onions, and the more you could think of it the more I was excited, and certainly there was not a fight probably ever recorded in world history, or at Gettysburg at least, probably any fight in any country of the world that would bear a moments comparison with this, whether for the frightful numbers engaged in it, or for the heroism and patriotism displayed. Each tried to stab with bayonets, shots were fired point blank, and muskets and rifled rifles and pistols were used as clubs, and those unarmed threw stones and snowballs at each other, not soft snowballs, but those with rocks in it. For numbers and for courage this single hand to hand fight though only lasting five minutes had the whole battles of Waterloo, Dresden, Waterloo, and Leipzig combined a simple minute's encounter fight. Two killed on the Patriot side and the officer Luther, severely wounded. Why here every soldier of both sides at Gettysburg works was a perfect putrid. "Fire for gods sake fire" and hundreds of thousands shared the fate of Dan Davis and General. There was not one firing there for the time being. I have no doubt it was the principal work they fought for, the Angelians striving to take it and the rebels repelling the assault, and the result of this tremendous battle on both land and sea will probably be as important to those whom it concerns as those of Gettysburg at least.

The conflict with the rebel officer however and the two Abyssinian killans was a deathstruggle. Watching the first mentioned red coat I saw that though he was still assiduously slashing at the near foreleg of his wounded enemy having severed some of the rebels fingers on the left hand, his own breast was almost torn away in the tussel exposing what vitals he had there to the gaze of the rebel warrior warrior, whose breastplate was apparently unharmed, and the eyes of the sufferer shone with ferocity such as war and excitement of battle could only excite.

They struggle half a minute longer and when I looked again the rebel soldier had severed one of the arms of each of his foes from their bodies, and still struggling the same arms were on either side of him like ghastly thro' thropies at a mans saddlebow, the two combatants still apparently fixed to him as closely as ever. He was endeavoring with feeble & feeble struggles, being without fingers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I knew not how many other wounds to free himself of them, which at length after half a minute more he accomplished. He then being free of his enemies arms crawled along the ground in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived the combat, I do not know for the rebels relieving reinforcements were pressing the Angelians back with force and as a batch of rebels were approaching toward my hiding place with the devil in their very eyes I hast I hastily retreated from tree to tree. They saw me and fired and then perished but I managed to escape. Nevertheless if that rebel officer did survive his wounds I think nevertheless that he would not be worth much to himself thereafter and would be in no condition to work or earn a living. I never learned which side in that struggle on land was victorious but I have felt for the rest of the day and night as if I had my feelings excited and my harrowed by witnessing the terrible struggle, the ferocity and carnage of a human battle right within a hundred feet from where I was hiding, thirty five bullets had struck the rock behind which I had been hiding and yet I escaped those random random shots without being wounded myself and from my pursuers also.

A soldier who was an Angelinian officer lay wounded on that hard fought land side of the battle field, the roar of the land battle having died away but still the roar of the sea conflict could be heard still more plainly. Out on the a landside he rested in the deadly deadly stillness of the land aftermath of the bloody land conflict. On the land side not a single sound was heard as he lay there in suffering, sorely afflicted and even speechless, but the shriek of the Angelinian wounded, the blasphemies of the rebel wounded, and the sighs of the countless dying soul as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the heavens was heard. Off over the bloody field of Gettysburg that following night flickered thousands of lanterns, of men and army ser surgeons with the many litter bearers, searching at the risk of being under fire that they might take away the wounded or those whose lives could probably be saved, and leave in heart rending sorrow and dismay those who were doomed to die of mortal shell raked wounds, with pleading eyes through the darkness pierced occasionally by the distant glow of scores of gigantic conflagrations.

This poor soldier with his shell torn body, and with a bullet hole in his cheek, and breast, watched unable from the pain and stiffness to turn or speak as some of the distant lights from the lanterns drew nearer and nearer toward him. At last a bright light flared into his face, and after two men came up with a stretcher, he was followed by a ser surgeon, with a kindly whispered face and crimsoned uniform, who bent over him, looked at him closely, he hesitated a moment, shook his head, issued an order to the men, and then strode sadly and slowly away and was gone, leaving the poor wounded soldier alone with death and sorrow. He watched sorrowfully and in patience and in agony as they went on from one part of the vast battle field to another and then he groaned as he saw a shell flare with its burst overhead and then bang like the loudest thunder crash and shake the air with the din.....

ly another surgeon approached the same wounded soldier and bent over him. This was alone and wore the uniform of an Angelinian colonel. After some hesitation he said to himself but out to us! "I believe if this poor sergeant who is so badly wounded lives till tomorrow morning he will have full chance for recovery." and he also left him, not to death as supposed, but with full hope, and as the snow fell from his face he fell into his heart, as the snow fell from

SAVED IN PAGE NINE SEVENTY TWO.

CHAPTER 49.

A SECOND ISSUE FOR THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE. AGAIN IMPULSED WITH GREAT LOSS. DEATH OF ADMIRAL THOMAS. THE GENERAL ACTION OF THE FLEET, AND THE GENERAL OPPOSITION OF THE REBEL SUBMARINES AND MONITORS. FORTRESS THUNDERBOLT TAKEN. ONLY TO BE TAKEN. END OF FIRST MOST FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF THE WAR.

Queen and... bending probably with tears in his own eyes... until the night passed mailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the night passed away and the sun rose through the rift of snow clouds and shone down on the brave mans heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and cheated his own wicked enemies of one more christian victim.

I should have not wondered by this time to find that they had their respective generals, and even their respective musical bands stationed beyond range of firing, and both sides playing their national airs the while to excite the slow, and cheer the combatants. I myself was excited and even scared somewhat, for once in a while sharpshoot, or bombs burst dangerously near where I was watching the scene, and the smell of powder made my eyes water like the fumes of onions, and the more you could think of it the more I was not excited, and certainly there was no more you could ever recorded in world history, or of any war.

...hesitated a moment, and then strode sadly and slowly away watching sorrowfully and in patience and in agony as they went on from one part of the vast battle field to another and then he groaned as he saw a shell flare with its burst overhead and then bang like the loudest thunder crash and shake the air with the din.....

Finally another surgeon approached the same wounded soldier and bent over him. This surgeon was alone and wore the uniform of an Angelinian colonel.

After some hesitation he said to himself but out to it!  
"I believe if this poor sergeant who is so badly wounded lives till sunrise to-morrow morning he will have full chances for recovery."

And he also left him, not to death as supposed, but with full hope, and all that horrible night long those words fell into his heart, as the snow fell from the all clouds upon his face and lips (he doctor having wrapped him up around in a dozen warm blankets)

"If I live till sunrise, I will surely recover."

He turned his weary head slowly for his cheek felt painful and numb, to the eastward, and waited for the coming of day. At last to his surprise the glow of some distant fire began to go out, and the snow pellets still falling tinged his pallid face with feeling, he watching the white snowflakes falling all around him and feared if it grew to a snow storm he would be buried with the rest of the countless dead. He then thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and of his past sins, and he fortified his soul against all feeling of despair until the snowfall had subsided somewhat and was proving only to be a heavy snowdrift. Already it was half past nine o'clock that evening. He saw on the whiteness of the snow covered ground strange objects still moving about, some went slowly down a hill in their slow descent, and he began to feel that his life was slowly ebbing away, and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the final desperate struggle until the end of that horrible night had come. He first thought of his far off beautiful home in sunny Angelina where it is always summer, the blessed home, the blessed house, resting in the tranquil peace with the Angelinian roses and Geraniums climbing to its door, and the palms and other trees whispering to its windows, and drowsing in the tropical Angelinian sunshine, the beautiful orchards, and the little brooks, and beautiful lake near by, and the Krainis river half a mile away running like a wide silver or blue ribbon through the country and of the beautiful forests near by. When he tried to recount the number of sins he may have committed and was happy to remember he never committed a mortal sin in his life.

"If I only I will recover at the break of day I'll live, and I shall have the happiness of seeing it again. I shall walk down the beautiful shady lane, shall open the battered gate, and the Angelinian birds, birds of paradise will call to me from the crooked, and I shall drink again at the old I now mossy spring, or go sailing down the beautiful river."

And then he thought of his beautiful wife, so gentle and loving, and almost like the blessed mother of god herself in nature and modesty and generosity, the beautiful wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse near his beautiful home in the town or city of Angelina and put her hand shyly in his and brought sweetness to his life, and the light to his home and all he loved. Now he wished the cruel war had not come.

"If I will recover by morning and shall live despite my wounds, I shall have the happiness of looking once more into her deep and loving eyes, and press her golden head once more to my aching breast and say!

"My dear I'm home again!"  
And he thought of his poor dear old father, patient in prayer, in sorrow over the departure of his son that sad day, bending lower and lower every day, more from sorrow than old age. Then he thought to himself if he could only recover indeed and be able to live despite his horrible wounds he would have the chance to see his dear and loving father again, and wind his strong arm about his feeble sorrowful parent, and his hands would rest upon his sons poor wounded head, while the unspeakable healing of his blessings would fall into his heart. And he thought of his own dear little unhappy children, that used to clamber on his knees and tangle their little innocent hands into his own heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal, or probably heaven itself surpass. If he could only recover and live through the horrors of the battle of Gettysburg his poor dear little children in sorrow over the going away of their father should again find his parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over his face.

"Oh god, and Blessed mother!" He sobbed, "for your own sake, and for your agony on the Cross and You Dear mother Your own sorrowful mysteries, have pity on these prayers."

And then with tears in his eyes he thought of his poor old mother who hiding her gnawing sorrow gathered those sad children about her, breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness, and attuned her old lips anew to their pleadings and quae questioning. "Will papa ever come home again?" till she might live till her big boy came home from war. If he could only recover from his wounds he could see her again, and he could have the chance once more to rest his head at his old place on her knees and weep away all memory of this desolate night.

"And the Merciful Loving Son of god, touched at the pleadings of his queen and Blessed Mother and probably all His Saints, He who had died for men, bending probably with tears in his own eyes from the stars put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the night passed away and the sun rose through the rift of snow clouds and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and cheated his own wicked enemies of one more christian victim.

A SECOND ISSUE FOR UNDERWATER. FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE.  
AGAIN REPULSED WITH GREAT LOSS.  
DEATH OF ADMIRAL THOMAS.  
THE GENERAL ACTION OF THE FLEET, AND THE OPPOSITION OF  
THE REBEL OUTBOATS AND MONITORS.  
FORTRESS THUNDERBOLTS TAKEN ONLY TO BE REBORN. END OF  
BATTLE..

WAS LARRY, the next morning a furious onslaught was made by fresh troops landed from the transports in an effort to carry the Generalalla fortified works once more.

At eleven thirty o'clock while on the seaboard the artillery hurricane still continued an assaultive made by three double lines under general Napoleon Nagode. The rebels stood for four hours. Here their rifle fire for that time swept everything before it, branches of trees crashed down under the shell fire from the advanced rebel position, but finally it was carried. Thirteen christian generals fell in that struggle and many troops were decimated but the frontal works was won, better success than yesterday. At the moment the a yelling

AngloIndian insurgents drew back the christian general started up. We saw the plateau of generalalla works laid bare immediately, and the front of the whole rebel army disappear in a smoke cloud which rolled and surged out in thick wreaths which almost hid the snow and distant trees. It rained behind the main works, but kept concealed while its artillery put in a careplitting barrage of shells which made the region a "no Mans land."

the Christian general half assed half arose in his stirrups. The flash of expected victory now passed into his eyes! He felt sure the whole rebel line under general Mayton had been hurled back through the forests of Red Riding Hood and partly destroyed before it reached the Genderralla works.

He felt sure now it was the final overthrow of the rebel army there by Angelinia, the hope of the capture of Thumbeleinia by land. So generals Greasy, Poitiers, La Melpet and Ramillies were sent forth with their divisions to storm the main rebel redoubt hoping these to carry the position while general Maro was wiping out the rebel line under Marengo. There was soon an astounding roar of musketry, cannon, and mylonic noise from machine guns, and soon back came the divisions with half their numbers gone and their leaders and every regimental commander, and brigadier officer down killed or wounded. The main general then contemplating with horror this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glasses for the last time over every point of "Go Man's Land. His officers and other generals on horseback waiting with their immense commands with grounded arms looked up to him with a sort of worry on their faces. The general was reflecting, he was examining every slope of the Genderralla positions of the rebel lines, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the smoke wreathed portions of the tops of trees, the square fields, over which a storm of shells were bursting with a drum drum roar, the footpaths, and seemed to count every bush. All these were under fire either from rifles or cannons. He looked for some time at the Genderrallian barricades all along the fields in front of the worlds two lines of immense ashia thirty feet high all of trees, and woodwork, and machinery, and cotton looms, barbed wires, broken fragments of glass, bayonets, and all other implements and sarrage, also armed with machine guns, that in front of a railroad line above La Palma gun armed 5 with two hundred cannon, which alone of all the Genderrallian artillery rode upon the bottom of the field of battle, and the abatis stretched along the Mic-Hollerster and Pandora railroad line, where glinted the heavy guns of the wheeler and Munchkin rebel infantry and artillery men and of Genderrallian brigades. Behind was a long line of freight and passenger cars loaded with explosives to be fired with batt eries in case the position was carried, whose explosions would destroy any force carrying the works. He noticed near that almost unassailable b barricade barricade the old Church in honor of St Nicholas or Santa Claus, painted red, which was at the corner of Andean Grossroad. He then with a sorrowful face bent over and spoke in an undertone to general Francis L. Lacoster. The general made a negative sign of the head probably suspicious. The general then rose up and reflected. Can it be possible that the main line of Angelinian rebels had fallen back. If so why were all their cannons thundering enough to make the devil out of hell, and shake the very air and why was the line of works so like many blast furnaces with the musketry fire, and so walled in smoke of artillery and musketry. It seemed to him it only remained to complete this repulse for a tryout by a last crushing charge. General Napoleon turned abruptly to his generals sent off a courier at full full speed to general Pariser to announce he felt sure the battle of Genderralla was won.

or orders.  
General Peytonia drew his sword and placed himself at the head of the immense  
cavalry force of the Gonsentianians and as soon as the infantry went forward  
in the face of the rebel storm the numerous squadrons began to move to cover the  
grand and final charge. When was seen the most fearful sight of the first year of the  
war for cavalry movements... All this christian cavalry, with sabres drawn, banners  
waving, and trumpets and bugles sounding, and drums booming and rolling, and bands  
playing formed in column by division descending with an even movement, and as one  
man fared the crushing followed the crushing infantry line of twice the length and  
opened a thousand breeches... A odd numerical coin coincidence—twenty six immense  
christian squadrons, were to be relieved with the help of their own infantry  
the charge of the christian infantry supported by christian artillery, and to  
relieve these twenty six christian cavalry squadrons of cavalry. Behind the crest  
of the Genslerella works, under cover of the twenty five masked batteries,  
the Zimmermanburg, gorgolia, and wheeler rebel infantry formed in an immense wedge  
like line, while the other infantry in front of the abatis formed into immense  
squares, fourteen in number supported by their wall of artillery fire, two  
immense battalions to the square, and upon two immense lines—seven or eight on  
the first, and six or more on the second—with musket at a ready, and eye upon their  
enemies, waiting calm, silent, and immovable. They could not on account of the thick  
smoke of shell explosions see the oncoming christian infn or infantry or supporting  
cav cavalry behind them, and the onrushing Angolians could not see them. They  
heard the increasing sound of many countless feet and the roar of the hoofs of three  
million five thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs  
at full breakneck trot or gallop, the rattling of the Angolian cuirasses, the  
clicking of the countless sabres and a sort of hellish fierce roar of the coming  
host amid the din of cannons and exploding shells and shrapnell and the hiss of  
grape and canister. There was a moment of fearful uproar of yells like a million  
demons let loose; then suddenly a long line of infantry passed through the smoke  
with waving flags and brandished rifles appeared almost above the crest of  
Genslerella two hundred feet in front of the abatis, with b bayonets at the  
ready, with trumpets, and bugles, and waving standards of all kinds and  
colors, and six million faces with mustaches, or whiskers or plainly shaved  
foreheads, crying—  
d—m—t—h—l—t—slaves—mur—murrah for their freedom.

"On to Ivanlakky down with child slavery," hurri hurrah for their freedom." On to from behind came at a mighty thunderous roar debouched the immense christian cawery and the din and noise, from yel yell, pandemonium of shells, and cannons and crashing of musketry was like the outbreak of a thousand earthquakes and ten thousand volcanic eruptions at one time. The infantry lines received a murderous withering fire, and within ten minutes, the torn and jagged columns reached the abatis and were met by an a fierce machine gun and rifle fire that withered the whole front line, and crushed the rear portion. All was wild confusion, and those who fell not, dropped flat, or jumped behind trees and rocks, and behind snow banks, and returned the fire filling the battle with dead and wounded rebels.

Finally the second line of infantry came up, cut their way through the abatis and almost carried the works, when there was a roar like a thrillion cannon and the whole line of ears filled with explosives went up into a flame flaring arch and the survivors of the gendallians drew back leaving their mangled mountains of dead and wounded behind them, retreating slowly from that horrible mass of gendallia works. Still more simultaneously and so relate at the left of the shealers and on the right where the battle raged in the wildest with an in same madening roar by the ledges of infantry dropped back, with men falling by the clamor as the purple ridges of the rebel fire of machine guns and musketry, grived at the with every sweet of the crest of gendallia, unmanageable, full of terrifying and coulin aimed point of the extermindation ext extermination of the rebel squares and fury and bent upon the extremindation ext extermination of the torn and mangled infantry lines and cannons the cawery saw the recoil of the ship in a wild tempest.

Infantry shot to pieces like the rigging of a shiping moment. There was the lines of infantry shot to pieces like the rigging of a shiping moment. There was the scene was now like his Hades island. It was a frightful moment. There was the panic and confusion unlooked for, and also, the main rebel lines and abatis and conflagration along the railroad tracks. he second line of cawery pushed on the third pushed on the second, the first came to rally the columns drawing back, the third pushed on the second, the first came to rally the columns drawing back, the third pushed on the second, the first came to rally the columns drawing back, the third pushed on the second, the first came to rally the columns drawing back, the third pushed on the second,

the hot horses reared and neighed, shells, and grappe grape and musket balls and canister threw or moved them down, other horses reared and threw themselves over the fallen masses, fell upon their backs mangled heaps, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their killed or wounded riders, no powd power to retreat, the whole column was like a tidal wave torn by a million projectiles. he force required to crush the wished rebels was crushed and mangled by the rebels. he an inexorable rebel fire could not would not yield, and still horses and riders rolled together in immense masses, grinding each other, making of cannon flash in this gulf of the earthly hades; and when this grave was full of dead dying, and living men and horses, the rest marched over them and passed on

only to go down the same way. Almost a third of this immense squadron of the cavalry sank into this death abyss of fire and destruction. Here the main christian loss of the battle began. At the same time with the machine gun fire of the fatal barricade the remaining artillery held in reserve was unleashed. Sixty thousand cannon and the thirteen or fourteen hundred and the main infantry line in gray thundered, screamed, yelled, and crashed, and flashed like a conflagration into the christian cavalry and into the remaining infantry line. The brave general Delorterton of the rebels gave the military salute to the rebel battery and was shot down from his horse. All the rebel flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop despite the fact horses were going down by hundreds. The cavalry and christian infantry had not time even to breathe. The disaster of the fearful barricades had devastated but not discouraged them. They were men, on foot, and on horseback who though horribly diminished in number grew greater in heart. General Walter Muehler's column alone had suffered from the horrible disaster and the others which general Meyer who was wounded had sent obliquely to the right and left as if he had a presentiment of the deadly hail hell snare, arrived entire. The infantry also were rallied, and by dint of courage, and by the bravery of their leaders went through that fearful inferno of guns and musketry and hurled themselves upon the rebel infantry line behind the works and drove them at the point of the bayonet from the abatis and upon the squares behind. At full gallop with free rein, their sabres in their teeth, and their pistols in their hands, the cavalry men looking like a army of fierce pirates on horseback rushed forward over the works and the main force of the attack began. The uproar was now like a fearful war of the elements and worlds together. I dare not dare, not tell the number of falling or the horrible scene that now ensued. There are moments in battle for even both sides when the heart hardens in battle even to changing the soldier into a veritable statue, and all this flesh becomes like granite. The landolinian main infantry rallied, and held, like a re returning tidal wave, they seemed a conflagration and the squares and the artillery men though their losses was by the wholesale and desperately annihilated did not yield an inch and their "Devil yell" was horrible. When it was redoubly frightful and the world seemed on fire. At five o'clock the rebel general drew out his watch and murmured these words: "Reinforcements from Mic-Allister stanck or light our only chance."

It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glinted on the rear of general Delorterton. Here was the turning point of this immense colossal drama of the rebellion. The rest was soon a change, the fearful irre disruption of a third army, the whole battle line thrown out of joint, eighty six thousand pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth in annihilating fury not to troops only but the woods as well, a new battle line falling at night fall upon the dismantled divisions, brigades and regiments of christian forces, the whole rebel line with fiercer yells assuming the offensive and pushing forward the many gigantic gaps made in the christian army, the "heeler, Gargal gargolian and Mic-Hollensteinian grape and canister, and shell and shrapnell, landing actual aid, terrible disaster, in front, worse disaster in flank, the guards entering into line, the second main christian commander killed and the cavalry receding seeing this terrible crumbling, feeling that they were going to their deaths they cried out in horror. There was nothing more touching in any history than this death agony hurrying forth in acclamations.

In the gathering night on a field near Cendere 11 a two officers Bernard Haneucia Dunn, and Bertrand Nero seized by the flap of his purple coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful gloomily gloomy looking christian officer who dragged time far by the current of the total rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and with a bewildered tear stained eye was turning alone toward the river side of "In-Hollister gun almost ready to weep like a child.

It was the extreme main commander poor general Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again, mighty communist of a vanished dream, soon all was over, the remnants of the troops came back to the ships, with their countless wounded. "Arrow was every where.

The first imposing armed movement against fortress Thumbelina on the 19th of peemberdid not take the rebel generals of fortress Angeline and Tyn Thumbelina by surprise. Since the beginning of the siege they had seen the possibility the probability and the certainty of a coming contest that would be a war of the worlds. They had quietly organized, the troops got cannons ready, watched and patiently waited. As the winter had advanced, it was plain to general Mic-Allister Stanck that some dreaded movement might be made by the general christian fleet that was operating in grand attack, and helping the blockade. On the eighteenth of December general Mic-Allister Stanck who had decided to send stronger forces to fortress Thumbelina, had sent forces also to destroy all stores that the christians might capture along the river front, and picketed the roads from Andron to Norma Catherine, to prevent any reports of the intense intended movements from spreading through the city among the christian non-combatants. But the air was completely so electric. In the tension of the poller popular feelings and mind, every sight and sound was significant. It was part of general Mic-Allister's plan to seize Dr Franklin Hancock and Adams, a farmer who were in hiding at Norma Catherine who had secretly gave news to the admiral of the christian fleet that Thumbelina was the only rebel fort not strongly garrisoned. The Angelinean coalition of fifty near Andron however sent

them word to beware for many suspicious rebel officers were abroad searching for them. In the afternoon of the eighteen of December one of the landolinian governor general's groves strolled into a stable where general Mic-Ballard was having his horse cleaned. This general was Mic-Allister Stanck's advisor and when the groom idly cleaned what might take place the next morning because he had seen a big swarm of black suspicious ships moving through Wiskey Bay for the mouth of the "In-Hollister river, the general's heart leaped, and his hand shook, and hearing a noise far off which sounded like thunder, which was probably the roar of guns from fortresses which he asked the groom to finish cleaning the horse, and ran to one of his generals who carried the news straight to general Revere Hemonster, who told him he had already heard of it from many other officers and from scouts, and heard of it from the signal stations also. He said it was feared the whole Abbeismian fleet of warships was entering the mouth of the river bent upon something suspicious and alarming and as the direction seemed straight south it was feared Thumbelina was their goal. That evening at eleven o'clock eight hundred thousand landolinian troops under general Francis Smith took ship at the foot of Norma Catherine and crossed to the Mic-Whirlthian shore with the purpose of garrisoning the threatened fortress. General Mic-Allister had kept this a secret and thought that his secret had been kept, but general Percy Herdrude who had heard the landolinian inhabitants say on that famous evening that the troops may not get there on time undelivered him. General Mic-Allister Stanck fearing something unusual would happen instantly ordered that all people whether christians or not, who were in the city, and nearest the sea or river front should go further back into the city, and stay in the houses or in cellars cellars and if anything happened to them because they disregarded his commands it was up to them and their own responsibility, yet the soldiers were allowed to leave town. But as the immense force of troops crossed the river, general Hemonster with a message to others was riding over the neck of land to Cendere 11 to give word of danger and to see to it the works there were strongly fortified and troops sent there, and general Revere was going over the river in a fast gasoline launch over the river to Norma Catherine, having agreed with his friend, general Robert Lander to show lanterns from the parapets of fortress Cendere 11—as a signal of the advance of the christian warships. Already the moon was rising through a haze of thin clouds and while the troops were steadily landing at Cendere 11 Point, their secret was flashing out into the cold December night telling of the approach of the flagship of the Nationals already seen, and general Revere springing into his saddle, upon the river shore spurred away to warn general Purgatorius of the coming storm. Now far the rosen candles and glaring rocks threw their lights. The tower still stood. Startling the land that night with the warning of approaching danger, let it remind the rebel land of the fierce patriotism with that danger was averted. It was a brilliant night, the winter though appearing to be unusually severe was just of growing. Under the thinly cloud covered moon the soldiers silently marched, and the general Revere with a swift march and rode, galloping through the streets of Andron, and evading the secret he went spurring for general Purgatorius headquarters, and evading the secret National patrols who had been sent out to stop the news. Stop the news the rebels had already known. Already the signal corps were beginning to flash the alarm, and in the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Buns bent faintly far away and on every side bugles were heard, signal guns flashed and echoed. The dogs barked, the cocks crowed. Stop the news then stop the sunrise. The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, and yet so desired. The fort was on its guard and still it kept on. begun met this results already stated and still it kept on.

Admiral Thomas who was running the blo gauntlet of guns a second time admit all that tremendous world roar felt certain of a triumphant issue of the day indeed, and asked one of his admirals what he should consider as a great victory and whomist whether the fort would be taken or not. That officer answered that considering the handsome and furko furious way the battle was offered by the enemy, their detestable determination for a fair trial of strength and the situation of the land batteries, and of the two big fortresses Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline that it would be a glorious result if the fleet escaped at that as already fourteen ships were down and the disabled numbered nearly a hundred and countless had fallen in the assaults upon the rear of Thumbelina.

Admiral Thomas replied:

"I shall die first before I retreat and I shall not be satisfied unless I have captured the fortress and silenced the land batteries."

Soon afterwards he asked his under admiral if he did not think that during the struggle there was not a strange signal warning that looked suspicious. The under Admiral made answer that he thought the whole christian fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about and that a wise retreat would be necessary before Gertrude Angeline let go all her guns. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the Angelineans, even the meagre money of Angeline shall endure. "Poor Admirals last signal!" God and Angeline expects every man of the fleet to do his duty.

It was received throughout the whole immense thence thundering fleet with a loud shout of answering acclamations made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed.

"Now," said Admiral Thomas, "I can do more. We must trust to God and His Blessed Mother and the Justice of our Holy cause."

It had been the part of Admirals Thomas and Foster that the whole Angelinian fleet in that tremendous storm of battle might be distinguished by all of humanity and the world itself in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, a desperate one indeed, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the shore batteries and put all the guns upon the two fortresses alone, and supposing one of the rebel ships had struck because her guns were silent he also ceased the fire of one of his merrimacs upon her for she carried as it seemed now a white flag, and there was no means of instantly ascertaining the facts. From Fortress Gertrude Angelina which roared like a thousand volcanoes in eruption and even looked as bad he received his death. A ball fired from the upper ramparts of Gertrude Angelina exploded and the fragments struck the spallote on his right shoulder and his whole chest was mangled. He fell on his face and one of the captains who was a few steps from him, turned around and saw three men raising him up.

"The rebels have done for me at last," he said.

"I hope not," said his under Admiral.

Yet even now not for a moment losing his presence of mind poor Admiral Thomas observed as they were carrying him slowly down the ladder, that the tiller ropes which had been shot away, were not yet replaced as he had ordered before, and repondered that new ones should be rove immediately, then that he might not be seen by the battling gunners inside the ships turrets he took out a large cloth and covered his face and ears of the collar around his neck. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men over whose bodies he was with some great difficulty conveyed, till he reached the main cabin and laid upon a pallet in his own berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal but the doctor said he could live for two weeks at the least. This was however properly concealed from all of the crew, except the under admiral, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. All that could be done for the poor Admiral was to fan him, and frequently give him lemonade to alleviate his burning thirst. He was in great pain for his whole right side of the chest was torn away, and yet he expressed much anxiety for the event of the action which was now worse, and which now began to declare itself in favor of the insurgents. As often as a counter rebel ship struck after a conflict, the crew of the battered flag ship struck; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero of country and God. But he became impatient to see his beloved under admiral, and as that officer though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Admiral Thomas feared that some fatal cause prevented him from coming, and repeatedly cried:

"Will no one bring Admiral Mic-Hollister to me? He must be killed. He is surely dead. I have already lost 25,000 men in dead. Oh God it is dreadful. Why did I start this disaster?"

An hour and five minutes elapsed from the time when Admiral Thomas received his fatal wound, before Admiral Mic-Hollister a black whiskered man could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Mic-Hollister trying desperately but in vain to suppress the feelings of the most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well Mic-Hollister," said Admiral Thomas, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very unlucky in the bombardment but ten ships attacking us have already struck," said Admiral Mic-Hollister, "but five of the rebel merrimacs and six monitors have tacked and show an intention of bearing down upon this flagship. I have signalled six or seven of our fresh warships around, and have no doubt of giving the rebel boats a drubbing, and more fire rafts are going against us."

"I hope," said Admiral Thomas, "that none of our warships have struck."

"Mic-Hollister answered:

"There is no fear of that."

Then and not till then Admiral Thomas spoke of himself.

"I will soon be a dead man Mic-Hollister," said he, "I will only last two weeks and then it will be all over with me."

Calling Mic-Hollister again he said to him in a low voice:

"If necessary throw all the dead men overboard and I desire when I die to be buried with my parents when I die unless it should please the Abbeauxian government otherwise. Then," then "kiss me Mic-Hollister please."

"Admiral," Mic-Hollister with tears in his eyes knelt down, and fighting to overcome his emotion, kissed his cheek, and Admiral Thomas said:

"Now I am satisfied. Thank God that I have indeed done my duty."

Mic-Hollister stood over him in silence for a minute or two then knelt down and kissed his forehead.

"But fortress is that now that is firing upon us," said Admiral Thomas; and being informed it was a portion of War Abbeauxian he replied:

"God Bless you Mic-Hollister." And then Mic-Hollister left him—forever.

The mortification and sorrow that followed the mortally wounded of Admiral Thomas was forgotten at the splendid naval victories won in the struggle in the river with rebel warships, wooden and iron. The first fiercest of these was the famous river duel between a rebel merrimac and an Angelinian warship. The name of the merrimac was Jinjur, and the Angelinian warship Glinda. It was one of the greatest and only one of the many victories by which the name of the "Glinda" became one of the most famed and beloved of all the ships in the immense christian fleet. She was a fine iron and steel warship eight hundred feet long, and carrying eight hundred and forty four guns, and though the rebels had ridiculed her as

"A bunch of twisted iron under a bit of plank boards and hunting it was not long before the rebel captains of various ships were busy engaged in trying to prove the Glinda was too large a vessel to be properly called a battleship, and that she greatly outclassed ten of her opponents in iron or wood and men. It is true that the Glinda had only one hundred guns, but she was a first class vessel, more than ten times the size of the first merrimacs and others of other ships also which great naval triumph of the first magnitude and others of other ships also which prevented the fleet from meeting total destruction.

Captain Isaac Sanderton who commanded her had just before the engagement proved his superior seamen seamanship during the running part of the fleet through the gunnelt of fire from the forts by escaping from a whole squadron of glendelinian warships, out-maneuvring them at every point and then engaging each ship singly and destroying them all. It was during the first day of the naval action against the forts and shore batteries on December the 19th when turning on his pursuers he described the powerful merrimacs of the rebels named the Jinjur-Jinjura. Both vessels at once met with a roar of guns. Though the battle lasted but half an hour it was one of the hottest in naval warfare of single fights within a battle of its own. Twice the Angelinian battleship battleship was on fire, and both ships were seriously crippled, the merrimac by her gun currents knocked in, and the warship by injury to engines, gun turrets and spars and flag staff. Attempts of the merrimac to ram her was thwarted by the fire of the guns of the warship, and here the accuracy and skill of the Angelinian gunners were something marvellous. At the end of half an hour the rebel merrimac called the Jinjur had been battered, and the warship had lost both mainmast, and foremast, masts and rigging were smashed or knocked down and cabins were demolished and decks torn up into wreckage, but the merrimac with all her guns put out of action and her flag floating in the water floated helplessly in the open river. Her surrender was indeed no discredit to her rebel officers as she though strong and staunch was in almost a sinking condition. It was hopeless to tow her out of the river and after transferring the prisoners to his own vessel the capturing of the Angelinian warship blew up his prize.

In the fight the Angelinian warship out of two thousand men lost only eight men in killed and thirty in wounded, while the glendelinian vessel had as many as seven men killed and seventy nine wounded or disabled. The conduct of the Angelinian seamen on board the warship was throughout more gallant than in the highest degree. Captain Sanderton put it on record that "from the smallest of the highest degree. Captain Sanderton put it on record that "from the smallest of a boy a man child in the warship to the oldest seamen and marine and gunner, not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action undaunted by the tremendous din of rebel guns from forts and on shore, giving many cheers, and requesting to be on deck when wounded to see the display of the scene. The charge of the rebels however at the unexpected results of this battle with two ships during the gun general struggle was changed to amazement when one after another in less than an hour there followed no less than thirty six combats of the same diabolical character in which the Angelinian warships were invariably victorious. One of these was between the Angelinian merrimacs "The Horat, and the glendelinian monitor and warship pitched against her, called the "Sloop, and the "Sloop which was carrying a fleet of fire barges against the rebel warship and monitor was one of the monitor or merrimac I mean against the rebel warship and monitor was brought so first most desperate in the river, and at times the three ships were brought so close together that the that any one if he happened to be outside could have touched the sides of the opposing vessels with their hands. Broadside after broadside was poured upon the rebel monitor and warship by the merrimacs, though combat with two powerful ships obtained the superior position, but the sailors of the merrimacs being unable to await the victory rushed the merrimacs forward with tremendous speed and disabled the monitor in the same fashion. Again the sunk her with all on board and wounded was large, that of the merrimac not one man was rebel loss in killed and disabled no monitor was towed ashore by a rebel gunboat. killed or wounded and the disabled no monitor was towed ashore by a rebel gunboat. It in no wise detracted from the glory of this victory that both victory and escaped prizes was soon sunk by a rebel ship both going down together and when water too nevertheless so was the rebel ship both going down together and when water too tore over their decks they fired shot after shot and broadside until flying in the water reach the guns and every one on board perished with their flags still flying as they sank to a watery grave. Heroism was emittingly tremendous on both sides, because opponents were Angelinians, one rebel, the other National.

Simultaneously to this action commanders Stephen Santa James in the Angelinian warship the "Deantuer, the "Macedon, and the "Francis and easily defeated the three of them combined sinking one on board and used them to back the advance of the fleet as they ran past Fortress Gertrude Angelina. The same result followed the attack of the battleship "Minna, under the command of Commodore Franklinter upon the rebel battleship the "Maltoni, the latter had her admiral and two thousand men killed and a hundred wounded, and was left such a wreck that it was decided to blow her up, while the Angelinian warship suffered so little damage that she was called "floating fortress." Other great combats resulted in the same way in the great majority of cases—in all. Unmistaken praise which afterwards was awarded by the whole world, even including glendelinian herself to the admirable seamanship, the wonderful gunnery, and the constant personal interest and

intrepidity of the Angolinian naval forces in that most tremendous battle. Within two hours that fearful day the Angolinian fleet had been responsible for the capture of twenty six steel rebel warships, floating dreadnaughts, each ship alone armed with five hundred and sixty guns, and had sunk thirty six others, and a hundred merrimans and ten monitors went down, while so far the Angolinians had lost only six or seven ships, in the combats with rebel ships and over twenty others from the fire of the rebel guns on shore and the forts.

But if the highest honor of the war on the river was thus won this was by the Angolinian fleet the most serious injury water in by to the rebels was in the lower section of Mic-Hollister Run in the devastation of her smaller ships by the Angolinian armed transport ships and steamers. Within an hour at this part no less than two hundred and fifty of these sea or river guerrillas were moving into the waters, and had captured over three hundred rebel merchant vessels sent to support the bombarded forts with provisions, some even attacking, and overcoming the smaller classes of rebel warships. Some of the attackers were only launches and even rigged schooners and small steamers and in some instances even ships armed with a few small guns, but carrying one long cannon mounted on a low swivel so that it could be turned to any point of the horizon and known as a North gun. The havoc on that day on the rebel shipping was wide spread indeed. Altogether between fifteen hundred and two thousand prize prizes were either taken, destroyed, or disabled by the transports and steamers within five hours. To have computed the value of these prizes was impossible, but some idea may have been gained from the statement that one huge steamer in a attack of less than a hour had captured five rebel transports, and four warships with cargoes valued at over five million five hundred thousand dollars. The men on the transports who were engaged in this form of helping in the attack were bold to even recklessness and their exploits could have furnished many a tale of horrors beyond these amazing.

The naval combats thus far mentioned were almost all of single vessels during the struggle. For battles of fleets at the same time we must turn first the lower mouth of the rebel river to the outer mouth. The control of the river was of vast importance to the Angolinians in view of the continued land fighting of the great siege, and of the attempted movements of the besiegers, and the threatened counter attacks. The Angolinians however had the advantage of being able to reach the water ways of Vivian Wickey by ways of the rivers, from Mic-Hollister Run and the Angolinian St. George and also by Wickey Bay, Lake Mic-Hollister and Angolinian. The naval fleets engaged at the mouth comprised of seven ships against eighteen Christian warships. General Hazarderton was in command of the Angolinian fleet. When the fleet against the Christians, the rebel commander had taken advantage of the carelessness of the Angolinian commander in going on shore that evening when he should have been watching the movements of the rebel fleet, the rebel drawing his fleet through the river mouth which had protested it while in Hazarderton's hands from the onslaughts of the main Angolinian fleet when it first steamed up the river to attack fortress Thumblin. To get the fleet on in the advance without running into the main fleet of warships was a work of time and great difficulty. And an attack at that hour by the whole Christian fleet would have certainly ended in the total destruction of the rebel fleet. Once accomplished the rebel commander in his flagship, headed his fleet of seven warships, each carrying five hundred guns and a thousand men. Opposed to him was Admiral Barker with seventeen ships, all merrimans, monitors, and gunboats and eight warships, each carrying of the war ships along six hundred and sixty five guns, and also as each warship about four thousand men. The Angolinians wishing to attack in and join the other ten thousand main warships in the bombardment ignored this rebel fleet and for several hours avoided the conflict, but in the end were cornered and forced to fight.

It was at the beginning of the battle that the rebel admiral was killed, and the victory from the superior number of the Christian fleet was a complete and decisive one, all of the enemy ships were captured, and with great loss, while not a single Angolinian was killed or wounded. Simultaneously Captain Henry in the Angolinian warship the garnet won a complete victory over the rebel gunboat called the rebel poul, and the Angolinian point or called the Mary Ann, captured the rebel battleship "Bombers" but one distinct defeat marred the record for the Christian fleet—that of the fine warship called the Jennie. Vivian commanded by Captain Lawrence Norton which had been captured in a sinking condition after one of the most hard fought contests of ships during that battle by the rebel merriman the "Mic-Hollister Johnston". The Angolinian commander fell mortally wounded exclaiming as he was carried away:

"Tell the men never give up our ship even if she sinks with all on board."

Despite his defeat Captain Lawrence's fame as a gallant seaman and high minded Angolinian patriot was untarnished and by the Angolinians throughout the whole country only his death was deplored and not the loss of his ship.

Again one of the most notable naval engagements during the bombardment took place on the eve of December 19th when the most powerful of the rebel merrimans called the Thumblin rushed against the Angolinian attacking ships accompanied by ten warships. She plunged her iron ram into the Angolinian merriman called the Mole, causing her to sink and carry down all of her crew. She by hour shelling blew up the Angolinian merriman called the Mayton, destroying more than half of her two thousand crew and drove the warship gathering under the guns of fortress Gertrude Angeline which blew her to pieces, and bombarded fiercely with terrific energy aided by the gunboats and warships the Angolinian ships the portney, Gale, and Ozerton which in retreating had got aground.

979  
she seemed destined to work irreparable and unimpeded havoc upon some of the other Christian ships in her efforts to stop the bombardment of the forts and shore batteries but Providentially during the meanwhile the monstrous Angolinian monitor with thirteen turrets on her decks and two thousand feet long and armed with a hundred guns on revolving turrets and commanded by Henry Jackson its captain steamed to meet the rebel warships, and merrimans and an unwonted and most desperate duel occurred from which the rebel ram retired badly crippled, and end of the supporting warships blown up, and another lost in waiting meeting a storm of fire from the Angolinian warship the Mary Jane.

At the same Admiral Johnson Pope with forty seven of the Angolinian fleet of warships and one thousand three hundred and eleven big guns stormed the rebel fort Ten Thumblin from the north, and destroyed a hundred fire riffs, and twenty gunboats and after a series of brilliant actions during the night compelled the rebel general Frank Lovewell to withdraw from one of the shore batteries, but Maroucian prevented the landing of the Angolinian troops from the transports and the batteries were soon recaptured and the fleet fleet repulsed.

Indeed the origin of this most tremendous naval action of the war and the siege of Vivian Wickey could have dated from the commencement of the struggle given as I once declared before the rebel nation had a very small navy and had only looked for the capture of many Christian ships to increase her own navy. The number of Angolinian warships engaged in this great conflict was numerous and they were armed by singularly good and daring officers and men. The Angolinian and naval forces of the Angolinians was the greatest in the world, and was even doubtless at sea and everywhere else stronger than all others put together, and could sent great numbers of ships, to bombard any portion of Vivian Wickey that suited them, and yet blockade all ports of Galverinia and glandolinia also and still have ships in numbers enough to roam the seas and make raids upon rebel shippings.

Angolinian was therefore not only able to command the Galverinian and Angolinian and glandolinia seacoasts with her fleets, but also largely to thwart what ever strong and desperate efforts toward the construction of a new and stronger rebel navy which were made by the glandolinian governments and Congress sought in the bombardment of the Vivian Wickey fortresses the losses in ships were heavy. The attack and capture of fortress Thumblin and then her recapture was not the only action of the Christian fleets during the bombardment of fortress Thumblin thirteen Angolinian war cruisers had been caught in the fire of shore batteries and only six of them ever got out of the storm of fire and to sea. During the main engagement probably one of the fiercest naval battles of the war a total of twenty large steamers and twenty one sloops and forty transports flying the Angolinian flag, were attacked by a rebel fleet near the southern bay near Thumblin and either captured or destroyed. That goggle shells of old time wooden frigates would have ever dared to storm such fortresses which guarded Vivian Wickey on river and searides. But during the military engagement of Thumblin which lasted fully two weeks, and raged hot beyond the time even of the battles of gunnadenilla and gunboat track, and Worms coast, many gunboats of the Angolinians steaming down the river, and passing the forts under heavy fire captured more than six hundred rebel vessels further down the river, without a fight, and these being armed were manned by men from the other ships and increased the number of the attacking ships at the mortally wounding of Admiral Thomas Mic-Hollister had to assume command that fatal evening of the second day of the storm, and Wiklan, Jinnoy, and other Angolinian admirals had been wounded and the loss in lives already was dreadful as so great a number were either killed on board ship by explosions of guns or by the ships sinking with all on board having no chance to save themselves. Captain Howard Jones who was on his sixteen gunned gunboat first tore the Angolinian fleet to the very shores of the rebel batteries and during the whole bombardment the Christian fleets made it a great terror to the great wicked rebel power in Vivian Wickey. Being struck by shells from Thumblin and Wey, the Christian ships, Gustavus, and Hero went down with all on board but nevertheless the whole region during the bombardment and so occurred the sight of the rebels in the Mic-Hollister Run river, and down gun, and the shore line of Wickey bay that all of the Angolinian ports were crowded with Angolinian ships which dared to venture forth and storm all the seaboard fortresses and make a perfect war of the world with artillery. The explosions of many shells from fortress Gertrude had burned much shipping at the docks, and the Angolinian fleet had to withdraw a short distance from the conflagration, though Captain Pargin captured the rebel merriman Gruberton much larger than his own warship warship, and then made his way down the river under fire with all his prizes in tow. The Angolinians had a flagship also called the George Richard, Franklin, Poor Richards, Lawrence, Malay, Gert, The Vengeance, the Pallas, and the Alliance which went down together when raised and torn to pieces by the fire from the rebel batteries on shore.

On this mortal date of the battle of Thumblin as this engagement is called Mic-Hollister had expired through the red glare of conflagrations a fleet of forty rebel ships, guarded by two monitors retreating from him, and with what of the fleet not engaging the forts or shore batteries he immediately gave chase. A terrific fight began each ships of opposing sides fighting two by two. The Angolinian flagship the Angeline Vivian attacked the main rebel flagship called the Landais. The two immense ships had the same number of guns.

This was not only one of the most desperate and deadly naval battles between opposing ships during this tremendous attack on the forts and shore batteries by the christian fleets. Three of the most famous Merimans of the Angelinas called the gonswella, the Angelina, yano, and thelanders were disabled in the conflict and two merimans, the rebel called Insurgente, and the Angelina called St pitts engaged each other in which the rebel was forced to surrender. The Angelina ship killed only four - one wounded and none killed. The rebel ship had twenty killed, and eighty wounded, and two hundred and forty of six captured. Half an hour later the same Angelinian ship came up with the rebel warship called La Palma. After chasing her two hours, the commander of the Angelinian ship brought on an action. The two ships fought furiously all night and in the morning the protection of the forts where she was latter condemned as unfit for further service. The Angelinian ship was also badly injured but no loss of life occurred though nearly thirty were wounded. This same Angelinian ship captured one rebel gunboat and destroyed a rebel monitor. At the same time desperate black whippers Mike-Hollerster who had lost his flagship and who was now aboard another warship determined on the third day of the bombardment upon a bold counter stroke. Taking a small rebel gunboat which he had captured during the engagement, he sailed boldly into the main harbor flying the Angelinian flag, and pretending to be a merchant of that country coming with a gunboat, running along side one of the wooden portions of fortess Tumbalina and too her to be under her fire set the wooden sections on fire by exploding thirty gallons of gasoline, and then steamed off away in safety, though amid a fearful storm of shot, and shell, and grape. The whole wooden part of the attack was burned down, the fleet in the mountains had made a more vigorous attack upon the harbor and destroyed two and captured three rebel ships. Other sections of the fleet made equally desperate attacks, in which the ships, the Trolls child, Hull, state junction, Deacurton, Macdonald, The wasper, the Trolls child, the Abbania constitution, penabridge, Javato, gornet, Pencock, Erle, Perry, Mac, enough, ghamplaine, glannoner and the Lawrence were sunk by the batteries on shore.

and also from the fact that there had been thousands of exulting  
celebrations on between the national ships and the blockade runners near the  
water fronts. Two during the same time on the Hornum gun and the Gunboat gun rivers  
and other portions of the Rio-Hollaster gun rivers the gunboats of general  
Meyer and Walker greatly aided land forces in the bombardments and assaults  
upon the rear of portresses Thumelinda but an already stated had been repulsed  
one day notations of the most first striking events of the battle was the forced  
entrance of the Rio-Hollaster gun and a most desperate attempt to force the  
submersion of portress Gertrude Angelina which was doing so much to help Thumelinda.  
The whole fleet started a fierce concentrated fire on the sixth day of the battle  
on Gertrude Angelina p. Along. Opposed to the fleets were not only Gertrude Angelina,  
but Mercutio and Urundecillo, and two other great fortresses St Andrew and St  
Phillip, and Santa Claus flanking it each fort singly mounting two thousand two  
hundred and thirty five guns. All along up the river from all the forts from each  
side of the river from one to the other similar like at New Orleans at the civil  
war, stretched many stretched of ponderous iron chains charged with ten thousand  
volts of electricity and completely barring the passage further up the river; and  
beyond this was the main fleet of iron clad rebel gun boats, battle ships,  
mermen, and warships, fire ships, and torpedoes and submarines; at the beginning  
of the expedition all military authorities of Thumelinda and Angelina had  
combined believed the idea of such an expedition was suicide but now Rio-Hollaster  
who took Thumelinda command made his way up to full range of the forts now after half  
vanquished the other rebel fleet and began a more general bombardment than ever. And  
one of his ships within one hour threw two thousand shells at the enemy. Hundreds  
of huge fire rafts were sent against the Christian fleet, but his ships managed to  
avoid them, and sunk a torped boat together as the fire rafter passed. He was  
by many others were sent down during the following night a fair number of ships  
mountains of flames. One of these were blown up, or blown up, or allowed to pass  
by but several of the captains deliberately ran the ships into it, and  
towed the against once more wooden ships which caught fire, and turning hoses upon  
others toward them out of the way. A whole sea now the fierce bombardment  
had been kept up and one ship after at the forts during that week over five hundred  
and sixteen thousand eight hundred shells at the forts. On the day of this artillery  
storm and every winner in the city of Avon Moke and damaged many buildings  
from the connections when with shells Admiral Rio-Hollaster managed to cut  
the chains and started to run the fiery gauntlet of the forts and shore batteries  
of the Christian fleet. Before daylight on Christmas morning the gunboat motor boats of the  
Christians furiously opened fire in general way under cover of which the battles  
ships, the transports themselves, the mermen, and all the rest of the fleets  
steamed straight up the river. Gertrude Angelina screamed with her volcano of  
flame and din, and appeared on fire from the flash of guns, then Urundecillo  
blazed away, and all the forts then let go Thumelinda firing the worse of them  
all, and twenty six thousand ships in a long line ten miles long replied with  
full broadsides for three days after that with a short ceasing day and night  
over five hundred thousand cannon war thunderings. Many ships had been disabled and  
dropped back and others sank but the rest can expect on in a cloud of flame and  
the fire from the mermen demolished many guns of Gertrude Angelina and Thumelinda  
and received a fierce storm of death and destruction in return. Van before the  
fleet was past the forts, fire ships came down upon them by the whole fleet setting  
transports on fire by the score, and causing a trillion dollar worth of  
ironclad gunboats attacked the fleet, and the rebel warships  
and monitors and mermen attacked by the three score at once increasing the frightful  
frightful din of guns to redoubled fury.

The Japanese under Admiral Kurogami was surrounded by seventeen rebel gunboats and was sinking them all. At the last of them sunk, a huge rebel iron clad ram or corvette three thousand feet long and armed with five hundred guns was rushing upon the American battle ships. The Admiral seeing he could not escape it turned the la pousse so as to receive the blow squarely admidships. The ram doing at the rate of sixty miles an hour crushed her like an egg shell, and in half an hour she sank firing to the last, but her fearful broadsides of two hundred shots per volley at such horrible close range, riddled the biggest ram in the rebel lud, and the two went down together firing the last broadsides and with their fla. s still fl. ming or flying. In ten minutes in the wild confusion of cannonade evens more rebel gunboats were sent to the bottom of the river, and a portion of the fleet was past the fortifications which hammered broadsides ten miles long amid a ram that sounded like a world of cannons going off in a perfect fusillade.

long and a ram, that caused the most significant of the combats between fleets, forts and ships. During this tremendous movement when the fleets had been running past the forts there ensued one of the most tremendous single ship fights on the record of the whole siege of vlyan glocky. The ram between a great rebel Mermine or ram which was only of course three hundred feet long, but sixty feet high, and mounted like a battle ship with guns as large as the fortresses themselves had, and also launched torpedoes and had a ram which was as long as the ship itself and very strong.

It was a great ram at her bow was made of heavy iron seventeen inches thin thick and as sharp as a needle at the point, the great ship was fitted with larger and more powerful guns than any of the Angelinian warships ever had, and with seven most powerful engines which drove her through the water with the terrific speed of the Twent ieth century Limited on the New York Central.

The rebels to protect her further had coated her sides, and thereof the roof thickly with tallow, and with sharp protruding objects, she was regarded as entirely invulnerable to any shot, cannon shot or shells, and her boulders had believed that she would be easily able to destroy all christian warships and merrimacs and other craft sent against her, and even the rebel forts themselves should she wished to do so, and that she alone if steaming out of the bay could have opened the blockade of all the seaports, and placed all of the seaports of Angolinia at her mercy. One section of its frontal hull had been made so that it was completely submerged beneath the water to be hidden from the christian ships, and upon its front was a large circular iron tower armed with ten guns, which was turned round and round by machinery. Its sloping sides carried one hundred bronze mortar and centimeter and other big guns soon on big warships now a days. Despite its size many naval experts, both Angolinian and rebel had laughed at it and thought it unworthy, because of its formidable size it could be liable to be attacked or resisted by a whole fleet and demolished.

The merrimac which was named the Elizabeth was a perfect floating fortress of iron and steel, without any vestige of wood except that behind the iron walls and when the christian fleet, passed the forts, and had demolished the strong fleet opposed to them, the merrimac came to the rescue of the remainder of the Angolinian ships. The Angolinian warship Mansel fired broadsides upon her as she advanced knocking down some of her masts and rigging, and shooting off her flagstaff but she paid no attention to this Angolinian warship but moved on swiftly to the battleship Thunderer, crushed her side in with a blow of her horrible ram, riddled her with shells and solid shot, and sent her to the bottom with all on board. The solid shot and shells from the Mansel's immense ten inch guns did some considerable damage to the big merrimac, disabling some of her guns, and denting the roof, and tearing away a portion of one of the revolving turrets, but the rest of the shots glanced from the rebel ships roof as harmless as so many pease. The monster then turned back to another warship and destroyed her in a moment. Next she resolved the attack of six warships, and drove three of them aground, and sunk the others causing a terrible loss of life.

It appeared apparent that she was going to be able to destroy what remained of the entire christian fleet but suddenly shooting against her came a great Angolinian merrimac of her own size but carrying less guns and having no back or smaller revolving turrets. The rebel merrimac sought to ignore her and attacked the Angolinian merrimac. The Angolinian merrimac would not allow herself to be ignored. Captain Zimmerman ran her along alongside the Angolinian merrimac so that they almost touched and hurled his one hundred and sixty six pound shot and shell at the second iron monster as rapidly as all his broadside guns could be worked. It was the first duel since the beginning of the war with two merrimacs. These shots at close range told, as all the broadsides of the warships had hot. The rebel merrimac's armour began to splay, and her own firing had equally as much effect upon her own adversary. Very one of the shots of both sides hit the ships and the conflict raged all night. Fifty times each merrimac tried desperately to ram or run down the other, and some times they also eluded each other and sometimes they came to gether in a terrific collision that started twenty foot waves on the water of the river. Putting the fifty sixth time the rebel tried to ram the Angolinian merrimac and the rebel back that had crushed the Angolinian warship so a disastrously merely glanced on the christian merrimac's armour, and glided upon her deck. The rebel merrimac was so lifted and tilted as to expose her steel hull to the rebels deadly fire, while the christian merrimac quickly slide out from under her uninjured.

Then the rebel merrimac being worsted to retreated slowly up the river a mere wreck, but so was the christian merrimac a mere wreck also. Despite this tremendous combat no one was killed on either side in the merrimacs but on the rebel side the commanding officer looking through the periscope was stunned by the shock from one of the christian ships last shots, which struck squarely just outside his eye never recovered his sight. The Angolinian merrimac had saved the remainder of the christian fleet from destruction. The success of Admiral Silvester in passing the fortresses led Admiral Spuderton his aid to attempt to enter like manner with a second section of the fleet to the fort of Silverbell of the seaboard. The manner was in vain. The fire from the fort of Silverbell of the seaboard was too fierce the ships shaking and running like an earthquake and leveling all to the ground, and his fleet was forced to fall back with heavy losses and every ship fairly torn to pieces or disabled. Simultaneously Admiral Farrar's fleet forming a second section number three of the fleet in line of battle now stood in the rigging of one of the heavily armed transports glass in hand, and directed their movements. As Admiral Spuderton had done he swept around and around in a fiery ellipse, but his ships were like Indians sweeping around in a circle when attacking a pioneer wagon train. We know how the Indians were shot down. Well that was the way the ships went down. At a critical moment of this dreadful fiery fray the outlook reported:

"Torpedo and submarine boats ahead." A cry arose to stop the flagship, but the huge ram called Federacy came forward to crush him as the other merrimac had crushed the Angolinian ships opposed to her. But F. Farrar with sublime audacity turned the bow of his steel or iron warship upon her and ran her down without mercy. But all attempts to silence the guns of Fort Silverbell was unwilling. The remaining ships for a whole day and night bombarded the fort furiously, but the transports landed troops which attempted furiously to take it by land. He however failed and returned to the transports declaring that Silverbell was more

than a common fort and could not be taken. But Farrar thought otherwise and remained at his post with the remainder of the fleet. General Terry O-quarker then went down with an army 1,000,000 strong, the bombardment was renewed with redoubled violence, the outer works in front of the fort was taken but the assailants met annihilations. Still elsewhere near the south while the National navy was thus attempting to carry all before it, in that war of the world in the river and along the coast, the Angolinian Confederates were active elsewhere. Their swift armed cruisers, torpedo and submarines and other war crafts secured other portions of the river and gave such credit to christian transports that it appeared as if the fleet would soon be out of existence. One of these rebel cruisers making this flank attack upon the attacking fleet of christian ships was called the Abrahamama commanded by Admiral gonius Stanck, giving her one day career she destroyed more than ten millions worth of Angolinian transports. For a long time during the conflict her speed and the skill of her commander kept her out of the hands of the Angolinian navy.

But at last toward evening Captain Winlow Dargy with the Angolinian merrimac Cherbourg came up with her in the Harbor of Orma Gatherine and a terrible duel occurred almost as wild as that between the rebel and christian merrimacs.

The rebel vessel and the christian vessel were equal in strength but the Angolinian ship had sixteen more guns that made awful havoc on the Abrahamama. The Abrahamama however on the other hand had less guns but more powerful ones and besides had ten eleven inch pivot guns which hurled great high explosives but the famous rebel ships time had come.

As the two ships circled slowly around and around, or dashed past each other keeping up a constant broadside, every shot from the Angolinian ship seemed to find its mark, while many of the shots of the rebel shot went wide. As soon as the rebel ship was disabled and in a sinking condition the crew were surrendered and taken on board and just in time for the great ship went down to a watery grave.

A whole volume might have been filled with accounts of the notable exploits of the navy in this tremendous battle which there is not room enough even to mention here, the daring exploit may be mentioned however to daring and so novel was it thought fatal in its consequences.

During the engagement that some horrible big ram despite her defe t defeat by the Angolinian was again sent forth despite her condition to try and drive the National vessels from the river. He again came steaming down the river and again boldly attacked the fleet, destroying six ships at the first onset by delivering thundering broadsides even at long range, and damaging others, while again showing herself almost invulnerable. She then against eluded with the same christian merrimac and sunk her with all on board in a terrific conflict of four hours. It was now feared and succeed in raising the blockade, and even get out of the harbor and succeed in raising the blockade, and extra extraordinary efforts were made to destroy her, but without avail. At last a job was undertaken by a young officer, Captain Henry Saunders, who had already during previous actions and this one in particular distinguished himself by his daring and even recklessness.

He went on board a rebel iron plated gunboat that had been captured during the engagement, and named itself. At himself, with thirty six other men, and armed the boat with a large howitzer, and carrying a large mine and torpedo combined. The merrimac at the time was stationary under cover of Fortresses Gertrude Angeline and both banks of the river at this point were closely lined with rebel infantry, pickets, and batteries, firing all that at horror the gunboat flying the rebel flag steamed boldly up the vic-Hollister gun river, and got within a short distance of the merrimac before it was seen by the pickets who though observing the Angolinian flag and seeing the alarm was given, and a hail of bullets fell upon the gunboat doing no harm, and shot and shell exploded around her but the range was too close and did not reach her. The officer in command headed straight for the mighty merrimac and running the gunboat boat till its bow touched the side of the mighty merrimac he thrust the torpedo and mine at the end of a iron pole under the latter and lighted them. The explosion being big wrecked but did not totally destroy the merrimac though it was put out of commission. The water being too shallow there she failed to sink. The gunboat was also wrecked by the same explosion, and the thirty men took to the water floating with wreckage, and sought to escape by swimming under heavy fire of bullets, grape, and canisters. All were however, either killed killed wounded or captured, by the Angolinians, save six of these two were drowned, and the others, one of them being the captain himself who was wounded, reached an Angolinian gunboat and got safely back to the fleet.

During the first week of the battle of Thunderbolina on the water side, there were forty two big Angolinian battleships were destroyed, most by the rebel merrimacs alone, there were twenty seven other ships, put out of commission by the forts, twenty one rendered unseaworthy by the other ships of the rebel fleet, and twenty six sunk by Fortresses Gertrude Angeline. This was only by that small comparison. Fortresses Gertrude Angeline disabled one hundred and twenty five warships, put out of commission sixty eight Angolinian merrimacs, and sixty boats of the gunboat type and ten of the Subaboats and one submarine.

984 The ship was wrecked but survived the engagement used twenty three of the remaining thirty of two hundred, and with the twenty three fired within three hours one hundred and thirty nine times against Gertrude Angelino, usually at from five hundred to twenty five hundred yard range, they also hit portress Aurnecliffe hundred to twenty five hundred yard range, they also hit portress Thumblinla 10,000 times, portress Silverhill, 12,000 times, and portress Thumblinla 55,000 times but did very little damage. Against this one ship the rebel ship portress Thumblinla used only seventy seven guns and in one day fired against that one ship twenty two thousand two hundred and twenty nine times, and hitting the vessel and others five hundred and twenty times, but doing little damage except to one merrbon and a gunboat which were sunk. In the bombardment of St Phillip simultaneously 221, 736 projectiles, solid, shot, and shell, and shrapnell, and high explosives, were thrown by the ships. The bombardment of the most thrilling event

122; the prisoners were thrown by the blades during the last week of the bombardment one of the most thrilling events in the bombardment occurred in a time when the forts were firing their worst; and a terrific volley of broadsides struck the van guard of the fleets and destroyed nearly every vessel there. Three big Abbeemian warships were wrecked, one Abyssinian warship by hurricane efforts was saved from damage, Ten Angellian warships were wrecked and then sunk, and one was saved after being run on the beach out of danger during the slow retreat of the fleet when it was seen the effort was a full failure. This was the St Gertrude the main wrecked vessels two big warships were the Pandora, and the Catherine. Arian named in honor of one of the Arian - Iris Arian girls.

The combined strength of their engines and anchors was not enough to keep them from being driven to destruction. The Pandora was already stranded in her retreat when caught upon a shoal in the river and was pounded to pieces by a ton of shot shell and explosives, and a rebel ship was bearing down on her. Still the Angelina flag was flying from the gaff of the ship. All the flags on any of the battleships whether rebels or Angelinas had been torn or shot to pieces as the battle had been raging so furiously and the gun fire had been so terrific that nothing could escape. It seemed now for a while during the retreat as if the great gallant fleet was doomed, and the stranded ship seemed to have been determined to go down with the flag of her country flying above the storm of battle. Presently the last faint ray of daylight faded away, and night came down upon the awful scene of the last day; the fleet was retreating hammering broadsides with the same awful fury as they again stemmed the foete a third time, the efforts of the fire from all the forts and shore batteries was still raging with as much fury as it had been at any time during the long incessant engagements.

fury of the double the fury as at any time during the long incessant engagements  
 the poor surviving creatures on the stranded warships the Catherine, Avian  
 and Falcon who had been clinging for hours despite the shot and shell to the  
 margin of razing of the Catherine Avian were bruised and bleeding from their  
 wounds, but they held on with the desperation of men who hang by a thread between  
 life and death, and their guns continued to fire their guns in broadsides.  
 The fragments of shipwreck had cut the flesh of their arms, legs, and chests,  
 and their eyes were blinded by the salt spray of the mouth of the river which swept  
 over them when explosions in the water three great geysars a hundred feet or more  
 into the air, gask and exhausted as they were, they felt they would be unable  
 to stand the terrible strain much longer. They looked down upon the angry waters  
 lashed to fury by the concussion of the a artillery storm, the thousands of great  
 geysars, and the swift movements of the retreating ships, and knew they had no  
 strength left to battle the waves. Their final hour seemed to be at hand as the

The great black hall of a rebel merrimack firing broadsides at the retreating ships nearest her could be seen through the glow of conflagrations which pierced the darkness like the glow of hades. Almost ready to crush into the two stranded warships and gride them to atoms, suddenly a shout was borne across the waters.

who warship pretoria was cheering the stranded ships, and with two others standing to their rescue; the sound of nearly six thousand four hundred and fifty six voices broke upon the air and was heard above the roar of the battle tempest. Three cheers for the Catherine pirian and the Pandor a. was the first cry that warmed the heart of the dead and dying men in the rigging and the shout died away upon the storm, and then arose from the quivering masts of the two sunken ships a deep response so feeble that it was scarcely heard on board of the approaching rescue warships. The men who felt they were looking death in the face aroused themselves to the effort and united in a faint cheer to the flagships. Those who were on board the rescuing warships listened in silence for that feeble cry which was the saddest they had ever heard. Every heart was melted with pity.

"God and His Blessed Mother help them." Was passed o from one man to another. The Fathering band was playing

"Hear ye, O ye men of the sea! Hear ye, O ye men of the sea!  
The sound of music next came across the water. The Gull's Horn band was playing  
"Nearer My God To Thee. The thousands of men on the other ships were drawing  
nearer now had never before heard the strains of music as at such a horrible  
time as this, and so after all we resumed the two good ships went to wreck  
and many more lives were lost nevertheless during the retreat, but a standard of  
endurance and valor was there in that raging fray set up that shall and  
should command the reverence and wonder of the Angelinian world as long as tin time  
shall endure."

During the retreat of the christian fleet the remainder of the rebel fleet pursued and the fleet had to stop outside of the range of the fire from the forts and the fleet, who now fight had hardly begun when the Mollasters new flagship was separated from the rest; and was so furiously attacked by the rebel new flagship that in a short time the Angolinian ship was in a sinking condition leaving her in charge of a captain who transferred himself to a ship Francis and renewed the attack with such vigor that the rebel fleet is repulsed. The Angolinian lost one more ship in this encounter and the rebels

In this story none of the Angelinian naval heroes of the great giandico  
Italian era was better remembered than David Johnson Wic-Jollister. The fu figure

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CHAPTER F: 50.

THE ALMOST FATAL PASSAGE ON BOARD THE THUNDERBOLT,  
AND THE OTHERS. THE WORKS OF THE ENGAGEMENT AND THE RESCUE  
OF THE FLEET.

One ship was wrecked but survived the engagement used twenty three of the remaining guns out of two hundred, and with the twenty three fired within three hours one hundred and thirty nine times against Gertrude Angeline, usually at from five hundred to twenty five hundred yard ranges; they also hit Fortress Aurandachillo 10,000 times, Fortress Silverbell 12,000 times, and Fortress Tamborlinia 55,000 times but did very little damage. Against this one ship the rebel and fortress Tamborlinia used only seventy seven guns and in one day fired against that one ship twenty two thousand two hundred and twenty nine times, and hitting the vessel and others five hundred and twenty times, but doing little damage except to one warship and a gunboat which were sunk. In the bombardment of St Philip simultaneously 121, 718 projectiles, solid, shot, and shell, and shrapnell, and high explosives, were thrown by the ships.

During the last week of the bombardment one of the most thrilling events in the bombardment occurred in a time when the forts were firing their guns.

During the retreat of the Christian fleet the remainder of the rebel fleet pursued and the first had to stop outside of the range of the fire from the forts and battle the fleet. The new fight had hardly begun when the new flagships became separated from the rest, and was so furiously attacked by the rebel fleet that in a short time the Angeline ship was in a sinking condition. Leaving her in charge of a captain who-Hollister transferred himself to the ship. Francis and renewed the attack with such vigor that the rebel fleet was repulsed. The Angeline lost one more ship in this encounter and the rebels took.

In this story none of the Angeline naval heroes of the great glandico Angeline war was better remembered than David Johnson who-Hollister, the right figure of this brave admiral in the fight during the retreat through the water. He was a man who when running past the dangerous forts again, and daringly standing in the rigging of his second ship with his glass glasses in his hand, directing the movements during the slow retreat of the fleet could have made one of the most splendid pictures for any war so terrific, and no braver man or better and nobler than who-Hollister ever took the deck of a vessel and to mention in the third year of the war he lost his life during a still worse bombardment when this same fleet reinforced by fleets from Allen's bombardment the Anglo-American fortifications for two weeks, and began in his retreat past the forts, Tamborlinia, Aurandachillo, and Gertrude Angeline, and at the outset and during retreat of the war in the harbor of Angeline, and at the outset before running past the forts again encountered the Angeline warships that attack and like a sudden as a squall. Her very masts were the masts of the third flagship and was shot away and crippled by the storm of shot from the two rebel ships, and was unable to change her position, and lay helpless at the mercy of the enemy's guns. After a bloody battle of two hours and a half however under such fearful odds other ships came to her rescue and the flag was lowered on the two rebel ships. The retreating fleet comprised of many thousands of sea vessels still, large and small but all of iron and steel, except the mighty transports and steamers which were of heavy wood and iron.

The river and seaboard as stated before was also defended by fortresses St Philip and St Andrew, and by the masts which the Christians gave them, but called by the rebels "Fort Stern" and "Fort Masts". These two mighty fortresses the strongest of all facing the river banks on opposite sides lay like breastworks instead of buildings and each were two to three miles long, and a hundred feet high and protected by many gunboats, and rams and warships which lay near the forts, these warships were not only below the forts but also two forts, the others. After having succeeded in getting out of range of the two forts, the found it possible to escape he found it was necessary to bombard them with his whole fleet, and even to use the ships captured from the foe, and so a while the advance was slow and during the short but careful preparations were made to on the thirteenth day this still formidable fleet of Christian and rebel warships combined all operated by Christian warships and sailors at last started the main race and opened a furious fire at the same time the lower part of the river on both sides seemed for nearly nine miles lined with fire of thousands of guns.

All day long the earth for nearly a hundred miles trembled like an earthquake under the roar of so many guns, the heavy explosions, and by the roar of the guns from the forts, and by night two hundred thousand shells had been hurled against the forts and land batteries. The Angeline rebels having expected an attack on the fortress Tamborlinia by means of war correspondents and spies on their own side had not been idle during the days of the previous months, but had well contrived and constructed every possible instrument of destruction, and to defenses that could be made. On the first morning of the fleet's attack to the beach and ran past these batteries and forts on the retreat, the rebels were again set adrift a long line or screen of fireships made of a of huge flatboats a hundred to two hundred feet long each, piled with cotton, soaked with gasoline and pitch pitch and lighted pine and cordwood, and turpentine, and explosives together with blazing masses however the wooden transports without middle of the stream, and so fortunately passed for five hundred yards with doing any harm though the heat could be felt for five hundred yards with sign of any effect. At night another big screen was sent out in spite of the Angeline guns were sent to meet it as it drifted correctly, and in spite of the intense heat from the flames mounting two hundred feet into the air, had it grappling irons fastened to them, and the masses of flames were either towed to the shore, and left to burn harmless away or were put out by being blown up by explosives. Having at last made all main preparations that he could with the means allowed him, and the own thousand motor boats having accomplished all that was their power to do for the present, midnight was fixed for the passage of the forts, and the escape of the ships still stretched across the channel had been cut by means of torpedoes. It was however determined to start at twelve o'clock at night and the evening before Admiral who-Hollister had visited his ships for a last interview with the commanders.

THE ALMOST FATAL PASSAGE OF FORTS THUMBELINKA,  
AND THE OTHERS. THE WORK OF THE ENGAGEMENT AND THE BROADS OF THE FLEET.

At length at high midnight many lighted signals were seen to rise slowly to the unseen peak of the flagships, the portlights shrill and run rung over the water, and the drums finally bent to quarters. The enemy was on the lookout, and the big fleet of vessels was traveling in ranks, by fours, and moving in a long line nearly a mile long. He had scarcely got under way, when the various colored signal lights flashed along the shore, there was a grand display of fireworks, red and blue light, massive sparklers, and whirling whistles when there was an unrelenting roar along both shores, and a furious belt of fire nine miles long glared through the intense darkness lighting the river and the next moment the heavy shell storm and air shrieking over the bows of the stream, and the sky was brightened by a blinding flash by their explosions that seemed to tear the heavens and make a million echoes that seemed to fill the very streets of the whole of Irian. Away with a hundred thousand echoes as loud as thunder and shake the city like the throw of an earthquake. All eyes were turned to the batteries were turned on the flagships, as they silently stood on—this signal alone nation "alone action" leaving from her rigging. In the meantime the forts were roaring incessantly, and the Angolan motor boats, merrimes, monitors and transports and other ships opened a dreadful stream of fire which lighted the waters of the river away, and the leading storm of shells rising in graceful curves over the advancing fleet dropped with the thunderous sound of a thousand exploding volcanoes, into the forts above. Eruptions glowed like fiery volcanoes above the forts, and in a few more minutes the advancing fleets opened with redoubled roar, firing madly, and vigorously at the thousands of flashes from fortress Gertrude Angeline, the fleet with full steam on was soon a abreast of the forts, and then forts Thumbelinka again let go her dreadful roar, and the fleets responding to shore batteries and forts and their rapid broadsides of many thousands of shells per hour mingling with the deafening unrelenting explosions on shore, seeing flashing in long lines, with the lightning glare of shells in the air turned night into a fiery day.

While this horrible bombardment was in progress, an immense fireball pushed by a large ram ran called the planteroy passed through the dense smoke of gun powder and bore straight down on the forts. Irian the flagships of the Christian fleet Admiral Mc-Hollister shored off to avoid the collision and hurried at it a broadside of solid shot and shell to sink it, and in doing so ran aground, when the great fire ship six hundred feet long came full against him and two transports close by. In a moment the flames caught the transports, and also leaped up the rigging of the flagships and along the sides of the other ships in a fiery sea of flames.

However horrible as was the situation there was no panic as was expected, every man on the three ships was in his place, and soon sixty hoses were turned and immense streams of water were turned on that red rolling mountain of flames. The fire after desperate work was soon got under, and Mc-Hollister again moved forward at the head of his column of warships.

And now came once the remainder of the rebel fleet guarding narrow, of thirteen battleships, forty eight gunboats, and nineteen iron clad rams two thousand feet long to mingle in the intense combat. Broadside to broadside, crashing against hull it quickly became at once a thousandfold gladiatorial combat of ships, once again. The Veronica and the Jesso Irian and the female urmer and the Ingahip sent fifteen of the rebel vessels to the bottom one after another with a hurricane of shot shell and explosives, and finally themselves were sunk, and their crews were with difficulty rescued and taken aboard the other ships with the Admiral who was wounded badly in the shore shoulder. When the sun rose the following morning the wounded Admiral looked down on a scene that even Heaven and Hell probably would never forget as well as he himself, while the naval deeds are honored by any nation. Here lay the thundering forts, with the beautiful glendelinian flag still flying but they had been almost passed through for a time it did seem as if the doom of the fleet was sealed as the rebel fleet lay like a barricade to prevent the escape of the Christian fleet if possible.

Yet too driven ashore and wrecked were thirteen more of the Angolan warships—out of seventy seventeen that opposed the strong rebel fleet, and the fleet of glendelinian ships which had come down river to assist the forts to resist the passage of the National fleet looked like grim monsters through the blinding smoke of the still more blinding conflicts.

For a time it did seem as if the Christian fleet was at both the rebel fleets and the forts mercy. Admiral Fowler of the rebels commander of the main fleet seemed for a while to hold the Angolan fleet under his control. The rebel fleet for that morning seemed more formidable than even the fortresses themselves.

But only was the fleet barring the passage but below the fleet were two more rebel forts to pass which also barred the passage of the river out of Adrona. These were the seaward of fortress Lucilla sixteen, and and Bellview

Fort Bellview itself was mounted with sixty guns on the river side, even here there were fifty armed steamers and forty rams inside, waiting to receive any vessels that might succeed in passing these forts. The outlet through which the big fleet had come in to make the attack was still more strongly guarded by the bigger rebel fleet from across Catherine and it seemed almost probable that the Angolan fleet was now bottled up. Even there and beyond batteries lined the shore, and torpedoes paved the bed of the river, while he was fiercely engaging the rebel fleet opposed to him he saw the glendelinian iron clad ram Lucilla steam up the channel and anchor near the forts. This complicated the situation very much, this contest with the Christian fleet on one side, and a superior number of rebel ships on the other side, mostly warships and iron clad rams and a line of strong forts on the other was so unequal that it was almost foolhardy to enter it, but to remain where he was meant total destruction or capture. After two days of further fierce fighting with the forts and fleet however the Angolan Iron clad June arrived to the assistance and so Mc-Hollister Johnston determined to make a desperate attempt to escape and proceeded to attack the fleets by main force and fight his way through. The vessels were arranged by ranks four by four, and lashed strongly together. The fleet with the Angeline was finally ahead, steamed swiftly on, and within a few minutes there was every ship in the engagement on both sides fighting as desperate a gun duel as ever could be fought and the uproar was doubly terrific. All of the forts were still roaring, and the ships not opposing the rebel fleet or who became disengaged with them replied to the forts and the battle fairly resumed with redoubled fury.

The brave Admiral Mc-Hollister had boldly and recklessly landed himself near the masthead of his fourth flagships so as to be able to overlook the whole scene, while watching indeed with an absorbing anxious and bewilderment the progress of the fleet through the most tremendous fire not concentrated upon it by forts and every rebel ship suddenly to his utter amazement, he saw the ship the Angeline, the stop and begin to back up. The order to reverse engines, passed down through the whole fleet, bringing it to a sudden and unexpected halt just as it was entering the main fury of the fiery gauntlet.

"What does this mean anyway?" Had hardly passed from the lips of Admiral Mc-Hollister when he heard the cry:

"Rebel gun submarines and torpedoes! Our big merrime is going down and twenty other ships."

Glancing toward the spot dimly seen through the fog of smoke and where the merrime was supposed to lay he saw only the top of her turret which was rapidly sinking sinking indeed beneath the water, and ten other ships were torn in pieces, and others sinking swiftly with all on board. Right ahead were the rebel submarines half submerged in the water and which had turned the Angeline's bow back indicating where torpedoes even were supposed to be sunk, ready to life lift even his own ship into the air as it had done to the merrime and the warships and six transports about now Mc-Hollister's blood was up.

"Shouting" Never mind the submarines or the torpedoes and shouting "Go back," he had the Angolan torpedoes boat commanders go after the submarines and pointing between the threatening bows of the torpedoes the order said the din was given to move on, and with foam dashing from the bows of his vessel, he swept forward, determined to take the chances of the desperate escape or die.

Heading to the northwest and then straight west as he kept the channel of the river mouth, he brought his whole broadside to bear on the forts with tremendous effect this time and explosions on shore erupted like volcanoes in action.

The other many warships and craft following desperately in the wake of the flagships one rank after another swept past the remainder of the shore batteries and forts cutting the way like a tornado through the rebel fleet, the crews loudly cheering and were signalled by Admiral Mc-Hollister to come immediately to anchor, but the officers had scarcely commenced clearing the dead decks of the warships when the remaining rebel merrimes were seen boldly standing out in the river with the fleet and steering straight for the Christian fleet, with the purpose of attacking it with a final effort to stop the retreat or cut it off. It was the most thrilling moment of the four weeks action. Ad accidentally in advance of the fleet of Christian warships was a fleet of frail wooden transports and big steamers, attacked by a fleet of huge rams and in armor impregnable to even the guns of the warships themselves.

The moment Admiral Mc-Hollister discovered it, he signalled the wooden vessels to open up and allow the warships to pass through with the purpose of running down the fleet of merrimes, and halting his own anchor, ordered the pilot to drive the flagships full on one of the big iron clades, however the Angolan under the command of Lieutenant Jenezhin being near the rear of the line was still moving up the river when he saw the swarm of rams heading for the line of transports. He instantly steered out, and ordering on a full head of steam, drove his warship with tremendous force and speed straight on one of the iron clad structures, wheeling he again struck her pouring broadsides at the same time, though he carried away his own iron prow and cut water, while under full headway firing as she advanced and rolled the rebel boat over on her side, the next moment down came Mc-Hollister's flagships but just before the vessel struck, the other ram coming on steered, so that the blow was only a glancing one, and the former rasped her o iron plated hull and it fell along side, when receding for some distance the flagships poured in at a distant of twenty yards a whole broadside of nine inch

solid shot and shell hurled with charges of fifty pounds of powder. The heavy metal though sent with such awful force and in such close range hardly made any impression but immediately broke into fragments on the very mailed sides of the merrimacs or dropped into the tossing waves of the river. The shot and shell from this rebel merrimac and the others in a perfect storm went crashing through the iron sides of the warships, throwing the interior of the ship into a mass of fire and dying and putting out of commission a number of guns. The merrimacs and some of the other warships now stood off and began to make a circuit in order to come down again with the warship the gamma and the gamma which were also driving on the merrimacs by accident struck the Angelinian flagship a little forward of her main mast, and cut her down to within three feet of the water. He was indeed indeed at first thought to be sinking and the cry of...

"The Admiral, the Admiral please save Admiral McCallister rang over the shattered deck and cabin and gun to turrets. But Admiral McCallister seeing that the huge vessel though a derelict was still afloat with half her guns still in working order shouted out to put on full steam ahead, determined to send her crushed and broken as she was full on one of the rams. By this time the Angelinian monitors and merrimacs had steamed up and were pouring in their heavy shot and shell. The gunboats and merrimacs and monitors got under the stern and knocked away the very smokestacks of the rebel merrimacs, while now some of the warships sent ten shots clean through one of the merrimacs, and disabled her stern port plunger with a shell, so that the gun could not be used, while a third carried away the steering gear. Thus with her steering gear gone, while her smoke stacks shot away, many of her port plungers jammed, this merrimac stood the crowding fleet like a stag at bay among the wolves. The Angelinian merrimacs called the raider was driving toward her under full headway, and a little further off bearing down on the same errand were coming the Angelinian flagship, and six other warships. The fate of the rebel iron clad was sealed, and her commander immediately hoisted the white flag, but not until the Angelinian flagship with McCallister on it was so near that her commander could not prevent a terrific collision and his vessel reared heavily upon the iron side of the ram and cut her completely in two. The members of the crew however were rescued and the fleet finally recovered the survivor from the other vessel the ram about ten in number. One of their commanders an admiral having been wounded in the arm and leg and chest. This ended the horrors of the morning's work and at eleven o'clock McCallister brought his fleet to anchor within four miles of fortress Lucilla. The loss of the Angelinian ram with her commander and crew, tempered the exultation over this splendid victory. A torpedo was exploded directly under the vessel, blowing lifting her out of the water and blowing a hole in her bottom so large that she sank before her crew could even reach the deck. McCallister's magnificent bravery however, and the picturesque picture picturesque novelty of the many wooden transports and battleships together running twenty iron clads made this one of the most famous naval engagements of the whole glendisco Angelinian war, and gave the to the brave Angelinian admiral who had once been a child slave master a wide and lasting renown. Officers and men too seemed to catch the spirit of their brave commander, and fought with the most splendid bravery. Many of the wounded refused under any so conditions to leave their turret rooms but continued to fire their guns. Others retired and had their wounds dressed, and then returned to their posts.

A few days later after a most severe bombardment from the Angelinian fleet both the remaining rebel fleets and forts were passed and the Angelinian fleet finally escaped and got back to the harbor and joined the squadrons of the besieging ships. This completed the Angelinian victory, but did not however accomplish the capture of the fortress. Soon after this his vanguard came for him. Admiral McCallister obtained some leave of absence and sailed for home. He was warmly welcomed at the Angelinian capital. At the Angelinian capital he was indeed welcomed with impressive ceremonies and received the most highest testimonials of appreciation of his services to the Angelinian nation, a number of wealthy men of sea Marston presenting a gift of a million dollars as a token of their esteem. The rank of vice-admiral was created immediately for him by the Angelinian Congress.

During this time he was off duty Admiral McCallister had indeed all the qualities for a popular hero. Brave almost to the point of recklessness, he was always simple and unassuming in appearance and deportment and kind and genial in manner. Once it happened that on his return he had been called to general Mazon's headquarters and as the admiral had taken one of the private cars in his arms and kissed her and talked playfully with her he happened to be dressed in civilian costume and looked in her beautiful eyes very much like any other man, and totally unlike the hero whose many praises had been so long ringing over by the land. In her innocent surprise Jennie said:

"Why you do not indeed look like a great admiral. All the generals I see within the Christian generals are covered all over with decorations and wear great imposing uniforms."

The admiral had to laugh, and to please he he several days later returned to see her in full uniform and she was satisfied when he went away to resume command of his fleet. That was the last she ever saw of him.

The scenes during the battle of Thumelinta was indeed fierce on the water, but the attempts on the land side had also its own terrifying horrors, especially for the Christian assailants. Immediately upon the repulse of the two main attacks on land, the soldiers had thus recoiled toward the ships, but on the following morning the entire fleet of transports had landed all the soldiers which had advanced with the purpose of striking the wheelers a crushing blow. It was their plan not to make an abrupt assault upon the face of the salient as before, but to take the woods first lay all the rebel encampments in ashes, and try and annihilate the rebel left wing, and then by holding the woods thus captured, and also that section of the river, and the lake in the location, to imprison them in the general salient. The first main force of the Angelinians with red and purple uniforms were landed at Pannacollola, and the plashinda Run small creeks near the salient, disposing arms to the loyal inhabitants in that location who had run away from Vivian, delay and preparing for the grand expedition to Gonderella.

Just as the hostile Angelinian in that location flying from the most tremendous blow which the glendiscans at the salient had dealt them also taken refuge near these two small creeks. The rebel general in charge of Gonderella works on account of the fierce bombardment of the forts going on at the time had been left to act almost without instructions. He knew that the main Angelinian forces would probably soon land to make a general attack decided to take the responsibility and assume the offensive against the first coming troops of Angelinians. The whole south and western region of the wooded portions held by the rebels were aroused to meet the advance of the landed Christian troops and already general Mazon who commanded the salient had sent general Moblier with an army of four million men to march in a counter movement upon the Christians landed at Pannacollola where the Angelinians were shattering the Angelinians and as he hoped to rout the Angelinians. This general advanced upon that little stream, stormed the works thrown up by the landed troops took possession of the breastworks, and drove the Angelinians back out to the transports. Then garrisoning the small line of works as quickly as possible he moved the main force of his troops to the other stream and in the engagement here general Moblier who had been wounded in the early engagement was so feeble that he could hardly ride his horse but yet retained his command. There he concentrated a force of nine million three hundred and thirty nine thousand rebels and every man here was actually brought into service. An Angelinian fleet of sixty big steamers and transports with a hundred smaller ships and some of the battleships themselves not engaging the forts many of them off first class ships and which had obtained world wide renown in the other naval engagements around Vivian. Earlier in the siege and blockade was assembled in a spacious little bay on the western part of the river. This fleet which whose ships single ships at that carried a thousand small cannon was manned by nearly sixteen million or filled with nearly sixteen million soldiers and marines, and had a crew of thirty thousand men and so that third morning managed to land a force of almost ten million men fresh from the battles of Calverine and Abbeism and other points where battles had raged and finished with victory over one of the Manlys already.

The fleet of transports entered a portion of Lake Angelina which was a most shallow bay opening into the Calverinian seas. There were five small fleets of rebel ships in the lake at the time mostly small gunboats which were soon overpowered by the immense force of the Angelinian fleet. Unaware the nature of the force of rebels and the strength of their positions the Angelinians did not deem it prudent at all to move upon the Gonderella works until they had greatly increased their numbers as they had remembered the experience of their comrades in the other two engagements the two days before. This delay probably saved Gonderella from capture.

At ten o'clock on the morning the rebel general Mazon learned that the foe marching in immense columns from the vicinity of Lake Angelina was within a few miles of the left wing of his main position. He immediately ordered his collected Angelinian cavalry about two hundred thousand in number to charge forward and meet them. The cavalry fell upon them impetuously in a desperate attack, checked their progress, and drove a portion of the Angelinian force to their landing place and held them there for a time. The Angelinians surprised by the fury of the assault of the rebel cavalry, waited for reinforcements, which with the landing of more troops came up within two hours later. General

Fredman, ordered at about eleven o'clock pushed his immense veteran battalions forward on a general reconnaissance reconnaissance, and to sweep it possible over general Mazon's or oblique unfinished great breastworks near the two small creeks, and then push on and assault the main line. It was a brilliant morning. General Mazon with his telescopic in his hands was on the watch and reinforced Moblier troops with more men and artillery. The solid column of red and purple coats came on in military array, as beautiful as it was awe-inspiring, the main forces in front coming on in long lines, and the rear divisions advancing in squares. He landed small pieces of artillery led, heralding the advance with a great shower of congregate rockets, round shot and shell. The muskets and bayonets of the Christian infantry flash flashed like a multitude of mirrors in the light of the noon morning sun.

who immense force of Angelinians were in the highest place. It was to them absurd to suppose that a few score of million of rebels whose cause was so horribly wicked and the vast majority of who whom may have been guilty of the worst massacre of innocent children could resist the Abyssinians and Angelinian veterans who had in Angelinia conquered the armies of famous Turner at Antenna. General Mobble had quite thirty three million men behind his ten mile front of breastworks but every one were imbued with the spirit of their chieftain. For three hours there was the wild tumult, the wild horror, the resumption of the horrible carnage of the fierce battle. The Angelinians here had in their possession a formidable breastworks of fence rails, logs, cots on poles, sand bags, and brush and abatis.

In the face of the fierce rebel resistance the position was desperately stormed. The fight was utterly desperate and most sanguinary indeed. Not a rebel would dare think of accepting quarter, and when he bleeding of wounds from shots or bayonets they desperately fought those who endeavored to spare their very lives. The carnage was awful and most revolting revolting. Many being forced back and cornered by the desperate Angelinian assailants seeing themselves in danger of being captured threw themselves into the streams frozen half over as they were but the unerring bullets of the assailants struck them down as they struggled across or swam. Nearly every one of the pursued were killed. A few probably did succeed in swimming and escaped, but in the fire along the main line of the rebel position was dreadful, and the Angelinian host seemed to have fairly melted completely away. With shattered lines, divisions shot to pieces, brigades reduced to regiments the Angelinians leaving their dead behind them in perfect seas retreated. A second effort was made and had the same effect.

There was then a slight lull and general Mobble having been forced to move off the wounded became assured that the Christian forces were preparing to resume the attack on both sides of the position simultaneously. Half an hour later a rocket from the hostile Christian lines gave the signal for the attack to be recommenced. In ten solid squares, with two long waves in front the Angelinians again advanced upon the Christian ramparts, which were bristling with infantry and artillery, and behind which general Mason had not a force of twice the same number all inspired with the zeal of their main commander. The Angelinian forces were dreadfully exposed and the Angelinians were well protected. With great force and ferocity the Angelinians rushed up the embankment from which there again poured forth an incessant hurricane storm, of bullets, balls, shells, and grape and canister, which no flesh and blood could stand. It was one of the most awful scenes of slaughter ever witnessed near Antenna. Very little accomplished its mission, spending its force in the sea of scores of thousands of bodies of those who were miserably driven forward to inevitable death. Two hundred and fifty Angelinians were cut down by the discharge of a rebel thirty two pounder loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister and musket balls, and poured into the head of an Angelinian column at the distant of twenty yards. Before the fierce fire regiments fairly vanished by the scores if the earth had opened up and swallowed them. The whole rebel line looked like a fiery storm of furnaces.

The rebel general Mason rode slowly along his lines, cheering his men and officers through all the storm of battle, and saying: "Stand to your guns every one. Don't waste any of your ammunition. Let that every shot tells. Let us try to finish the business to day."

All the while like the constant maula horrible burst of millions of thunderbolts that seemed to split the earth as from the cloudless heavens came the incessant crash of musketry and cannons, and as the troops continued the attack, the tempest of lead, and shells and grape and canister swept down their very ranks by the hundred. Crash followed crash in endless and quick succession, soon not only before, but behind as flankers attacked them from a bend in the position, and then came rebel assailants from the right and left. So thick became the smoke of firing that hardly the foe could be seen, yet every bullet, grape shot and shell accomplished its mission. The ground was soon covered with renewed seas of the dead and wounded Angelinians.

Amazement and utmost consternation ran through the surviving ranks. So much smoke was made by firing that it almost seemed even to the rebels as if an unseen foe was assailing them. The Angelinian general in command Cockford stood his ground with bull dog courage and strove to keep his men at the attack until he fell pierced by a bullet and mangled by a shell. When nearly half of the army of assailants was slain or wounded, the remnant broke into wild disorder and fled.

The resistance of the foe was entirely successful. In hundred thousand of the rebels who counter charged were wheelers. They made the forest ring with their derision and yell in scorn of the folly of the Christian assailants.

The general who took command in Cockford's place who was general Mobble through all this awful scene, which he had been constantly anticipating was perfectly collected, and with the cool collected courage, did everything possible which human sagacity could do to retrieve the disaster. His horses were shot under him, and he was wounded himself by four bullets but retained command. Eight hundred thousand of his own troops including many officers were killed or wounded. General Mobble rallied around him the Abyssinians upon whom the rebels had looked with contempt. Each man placed himself behind trees, and rocks and as the rebels burst from their works to rush forward in a counter charge the unerring destructive fire of the Abyssinians drove checked them with dreadful loss and then compelled them to fall back and seek the shelter of their works.

But for this this the entire force of assailants would have been utterly destroyed. All of general Mobble's efforts in endeavors to rally the Angelinians were unavailing indeed. Later he wrote indignantly to Admiral yic-golleston:

"They ran like sheep before the hounds or wolves. Officers and men strove with might and main, even risked their lives to rally them but could not do so though they strove to boat them back. They were panic stricken, an abandoning artillery and baggage, and continuing their tumultuous troop retreat to the

SEEN IN PAGE NINE HUNDRED NINETY TWO.

CHAPTER FIFTY *One*

OTHER SCENES DURING THE BATTLE OF VIVIAN WICKY.

When in the midst of a somewhat successful attack at one of the rebel positions the apparently hopeless fortunes of his army's existence. At one time when general Mobble had ordered him to fall back to the main works and remain still he had

The immense force of Angelinians were in the highest glee. It was to them absurd to suppose that a few score of million of rebels whose cause was so horribly wicked and the majority of whom may have been guilty of the wanton massacre of innocent children could resist the Abyssinkilian and Angelinian veterans who had in Angelinia conquered the armies of famous Turner at Pantonia. General Molbilles had quite thirty three million men behind his ten mile front of breastworks but every man was animated with the spirit of their chieftain. For three hours there

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"They ran like sheep before the hounds or wolves. Officers and men strove with might and main, even risked their lives to rally them but could not do so though they strove to beat them back. They were panic stricken, an abandoning artillery and baggage, and continuing their tumultuous retro retreat to the river coast."

Indeed it was some rout. The Abyssinkilians in orderly march and retreat protected the Angelinians from pursuit. General Rockford's defeat rang through the country as one of the most brilliant victories the enemy had ever won. The Abyssinkilians who submitting to the military authority of Angelinian Generals had allowed themselves to be led into this wooded region of death, proclaimed far and wide the precautions which general Uque had urged and the heroism with which he had rescued the remnant of a remnant of the Christian army.

The rebels though much stronger in force than the repulsed Christian assailants made no attempt to pursue their advantage but quietly retired to their works there to await another assault should the Angelinians decide to make one. A force of seven hundred thousand men was required to hastily remove the terrible number of wounded Angelinians and Angelinians combined and all the wounded were placed under the care of rebel doctors. For three hours during this struggle the Angelinian generals and other officers had given all their energies to this arduous enterprise and it would require a volume to record all the awful scenes through which they passed during that wild onslaught.

Four hours had passed, and the work had been done—effectually done. As the smoke lifted the whole proud Angelinian army had disappeared. The ground was so covered for nine miles with the dying and the dead, that for all that distant distance one might walk upon their bodies, and far away in the distance the retreating lines of the foe were to be seen. On both sides of the position the Angelinians had been repulsed. The Angelinians had about nine million in this engagement, and the rebels about four million. The rebel or Angelinian loss in killed and wounded was two million, two hundred and twenty two thousand six hundred and forty six in killed and wounded while the loss of the rebels was only three hundred thousand. Thus ended that day of the land actions.

There was no further action on land so far however and no more assaults were attempted.

General Uque rallied around him the Abyssinkilians upon whom the rebels had looked with contempt. Each man placed himself behind trees, and rocks and as the rebels burst from their works to rush forward in a counter charge the unerring destructive fire of the Abyssinkilians drove checked them with dreadful loss and then compelled them to fall back and seek the shelter of their works.

General Uque in the midst of a counter charge... he had ordered him to fall back to the main works and remain until he was ordered to advance.



demanded; of the general and even of his officers earnestly:

"My God generals. How long will you continue these movements!"  
"Serenely general Seb replied:

"We shall retreat and counter march if necessary over every river of this region of the country, and then over to your heights, where I shall make a last stand against our enemies."

General Seb having been relieved reinforcements from general Manson a week after crossed the region into the wooded country below the heights. The rebels being overconfident pursued him even under fire from Manson's batteries. With consummate skill and bravery, general Seb and his commanders baffled all the efforts of the rebel force. With an army cut off from the main lines, and reduced to a freezing, starving band, of but three million men, he retreated toward the location of Carbondale with the hope of being reinforced and receiving support and shelter.

The rebels expecting nothing unusual pressed on excitedly on deeming the conflict with this national commander soon ended, and the resistance crushed. It was now December. The foe were able to track the retreating Christians by the very blood of their lacerated feet on the frozen ground of the Calvinian shore and woods. With great difficulty and suffering from two wounds received already general Seb succeeded in crossing the small gunbeam creek over poe pontoons and boats which were so secured and the bridges destroyed just as the rebels arrived upon the banks of the wide wide half frozen stream. They needed but to cross the river and make an attempt to retake Carbondale. He was already so rapidly forming that the rebels felt sure they would be able to pass at any point without obstructions. The rebels however had nothing to fear, but nevertheless did not relax their vigilance as they knew the tricks of the Angelinian commanders.

That following night was dark and stormy and far away the roar of the bombardment of Thumolonia could be heard fairly shaking the ground. It was also becoming intensely cold, and another fearful storm of snow and wind was raging furiously. The rebels however knew that the Angelinian force which had retreated across the river to the other side were not dispersed or disheartened, but as a broad river or creek creek lay before them and the retreating Christian troops, and only half frozen over they could not cross, as the Angelinians in the retreat had secured or destroyed all boats, and to construct construct pontoons bridges over ice which was floating did not seem very probable. It was determined however to force their way across by either ending, or by going over the ice and propelling the ice like boats with poles or tree limbs. So in the darkness of that wintry night, and amid the conflict of its elements, and amid the lightning flashes of exploding seige shells high in the air, and their deafening thunder crashes like a thunderstorm raging in the midst of snow and wind, the rebel troops with what boats they had secured embarked the first column of troops, over with the artillery, while others crossed what small bridges there was, and the remainder boldly plunged into the water and swam across, or rode on the large cakes of ice which they propelled ashore. Those with the artillery forced their boats through the floating blocks and cakes of ice and succeeded within two days and nights in landing the army upon the opposite shore, so ten million four hundred thousand men, and five hundred and twenty five pieces of cannons of light weight leaving the bigger guns in care of the army that was to remain behind to watch the movements of other Christian forces so the attackers would not be flanked. The Angelinians believing themselves safe from pursued pursuit seemed to be carelessly dispersed, and to all appearances they did not seem to be looking for danger, but it was an ambush. The Angelinians suddenly from an unseen quarter sprang upon the vanguard of the foe, and after a short but bloody strife, scattered or routed them two toward the main advancing lines, capturing ten thousand prisoners, and sixty cannon. This column of rebels retreated to general Price Princeton's army of the Angelinians, and the Angelinians with their prisoners then fell slowly back with their main column covering them.

At the same time general Heildose who was the commander of these rebels suddenly received reinforcements, and marched forward upon the retreating Angelinians under general Trenton, confident that cut off as they were from the heights general Seb's badly crippled division could no longer escape them. At the close of a bleak winter day his line appeared before the lines which general Seb had thrown up, and general Trenton was raising his artillery.

The rebel general alarmed by this formidable army made preparations to attack the Angelinians, declaring that the rising sun of the next morning would see the end of the Christian army under general Seb. The sun rose the next morning cold but cloudless. In the night the Angelinian army had again vanished. Replenishing his campfires to deceive his enemies at midnight, with the utmost precaution and precipitation also he had deserted his camp, and sending a portion of the army by a circuitous route fell upon the rear of the rebel army under general Princeton. This movement occurred in the morning and a dreadful battle raged which lasted for six hours. The Christian attackers were repulsed with great loss, but the rebel general was mortally wounded, and six others would be wounded, and the Angelinians had captured a hundred and sixty thousand rebels as prisoners and had shot down nearly twice as many more, the total loss of rebels being in killed and wounded about five hundred and sixty six thousands. This was the battle of Allen Bettsen.

Deceived by this blow struck the enemy, general Seb led the handful of Christian troops to the direction of the heights now ten miles distant from the river.

where he intrench himself until he could receive reinforcements. He however while waiting sent out a considerable detachment of frequent detachments of on vary and infantry which so harassed the enemy who had pursued who remained within eight that in a short time his own front was delivered from their presence. The whole main Christian army under Manson seeing the performance of their comrades who he had been cut off from them were animated by the achievements of general Seb, and general Seb expecting reinforcements soon roused himself and his officers to new energies. During the few days staying there vigorous efforts were made in preparations for the opening of a counter movement of or diverting the different generals on the heights sent from their commands troops to join general Seb's army at Bettsen. The general Grensbury managed to sent two fleets of the unengaged Christian fleets. General M. Marquis periled his life out scouting one day but succeeded in getting information that the rebels now harassed by general Seb sleepless vigilance, and yet unable to compel him or to lure him into a general engagement, left the region to go back to their fleet eighteen million soldiers.

They got as far as Wiktonia in a small creek running in into the gunbeam river and general Seb with but eleven million men marched to encounter the rebels and not allow them to escape to the river if possible. Caught and cornered the rebels made a stand and that next morning a portion of the two armies met on the banks of that very small creek. A bloody encounter ensued which raged four hours. General Seb after the short but severe engagement, was compelled to retreat. General Seb seeing it impossible to stop the retreat of this column sent general German to stop the rout and check the enemy but his troops after a short but more severe engagement was compelled to retire, and during the falling back of his troops he received a severe wound in the arm.

The rebels attacking successfully took possession of the Christian works. One of the other Angelinian generals Lancaster by name was also wounded and his troops retreated precipitately toward the rear. It appeared now that the rebels were comfortably housed in the Christian positions. This day indeed was a period of great discouragement and suffering for the Christian troops. General Seb did not dare to allow to be revealed and neither dared to notify general Manson of least the foe should rush in upon the retreating Christian forces now in a helpless condition on account of their rout and panic. They were toward evening how however rallied and in this dark hour of need general Philadelphia from the heights came down to his aid and the rebel army under general Frank and Yorkerton with armies amounting to thirty million men moved forward in general against the Christians who did not exceed fifteen million men. The rebel generals could not do anything much, because under fire from the batteries on the heights, and apprehensive that a number of strong Christian fleets might soon appear from the region of Lockdown thus endanger the troops across the stream evacuated the region without further fighting, and the troops commenced their general retreat back to the gunbeam gun and to their own ships. All this while they were under constant fire from the Christian batteries of seige guns on the heights.

Quickly reinforced by general Obama's troops followed close in the rear rear of the retreating Angelinian force under general Mowther watching for a chance to strike a more general blow. That day following was one of intense cold but clear. Not a breath of air was stirring, while the unclouded sun poured down its rays without giving the slightest warmth whatever upon pursuers and pursued. It was a slow march of one day and it was hoped that another blow to the enemy would enable general Seb's army to be united with the Christian force of Wiktonia under general Frank. So that they would be safe from a fierce counter attack by the rebels. General Seb sent orders to him immediately to commence the onset with the assurance that he would hasten to his support. The roar of battle soon occurred and as general Seb was eagerly pressing forward to his inexpressible chagrin he met general Wizzard at the head of his remnant of troops in full retreat. It was said that general Seb with the greatest volensness of manner and utterance demanded of general Wizzard:

"General Wizzard what means this ill timed retreat of your forces!" Instead of explaining properly the retreating general threw back an angry retort. Nevertheless it was no time at all for any alteration for a large stream of Angelinian troops was advancing with loud yells. General Seb turned to his own men. They greeted him with cheers and at his command they moved forward and charged the rebels while officers and cavalry were sent to rally the retreating forces of Wizzard's army. A sanguinary battle was raging now, and a portion of the rebel troops was driven from the field but the remainder of the rebel columns held their ground until night fall. The Angelinians encamped and slept upon their arms with the preparation to renew the battle in the morning. But when the morning dawned to the surprise of the Angelinian generals no foe was to be seen. The rebels had retreated in the night leaving three hundred thousand of their dead behind them. The Angelinian losses were only sixty nine thousand in killed and wounded.

Another cold and cheerless day came. The rebels remained with i within their lines before general Zeb beyond the river. They sent Agents however to the six divisions of the wh wheelor landolinians of the KU Klux Klans with an order to make some fierce raids upon the christian lines further on the south. These fierce landolinian savages with their tremendously fleet horses accompanied by gargolian Kurds and gimmermannians perper a perpet rated horrors too dreadful for recital. A fearful massacre occurred at Vandella within the very christian lines where the most awful tragedies occurred which was never witnessed on this real Glode. but no children were harmed fortunately wh because they either escaped or withdrawn by the christian troops who rushed to the scene. Nevertheless the narratives of these fiendish deeds taken by war correspondents when sent to the world sent a thrill through Angelinia and other nations. Our million men all cawary and gongontinian cawary at that were sent by Manson into the wilderness to arrest if possible these massacres of christian soldiers, and after fierce fighting so savage as to take a thousand volumes to relate the Gargolians were driven out of the raided christian lines with the deaths of ten of their generals, and back to the rebel lines with the loss of countless dead, and where they were finally received into a landill landolinian fortress. Simultaneously general Purgartorian had commenced a vigorous prosecution of a syst system of incoosceivable violence and plunder upon the outskirts of other portions of the besieging christian lines and the sky was reddened with an wanton conflagrations. The flourishing encampments under general Fairfield and orwalker were reduced to ashes but the raiders here were attacked by christian troops and cut down and routed without obtaining any plunderwhile the enemy was thus ravaging the ot ot outer portions of the christian lines general Zeb had planned an expedition again river north point on the orma gun which was held by a portion of the same rebel army which had so relentlessly perused him. General gartner conducted t conducted the enterprise on the night of the twelfth of Decm December with great gallantry and success. sixty three thousand of the rebels were killed in the engagement of three hours five hundred and forty three thousand were taken prisoners, and all the military stores of the fortress captured. However during this time the small army of Angelinians was never sufficiently strong to t k take the offensive, and was not necessary tobe so anyway as Hanson desired feebunly to harass the rebels and prevent a strong force from being landed upon the opposite side of the river. so the small army had been incessantly employed striking fierce blows upon the rebels wherever the eagle eye of general Zeb could discern an exposed spot. Excuse me for saying so but it may be probable thn that this general was a cousin of goothy Gale in the Wizard of Oz Books and she can probably be proud of her her indeed. It was apparent indeed that the horrible winter of 1918 1912 was on with unusual severity. The small Angelinian army seemed to be in such a starving condition that general Zeb at times was compelled to make the utmost exertions to savahis wasting bands from annihilation. These long days of war and seige and woe filled many thousands even of the most sanguine hearts with despair. Not a few Angelinians decessed it full madness of the authorities to maintain such a seige of works and fortresses made by i their own hands and now in the possession of the enemy who were like themselves in nationality and in fighting manners and courage wicked as they were and felt that any longer to contend against such an enemy in such a powerfully defended city unimpooverished as they were and the most powerful army upon the glop globe at this section as suicide. General Hanson vlyan himself as stated before had on De cember suffered a crushing defeat at worma Gesinia or Evangelinia Grania and having recoiled from the region at first had saw no hope for his country ever cap recapturing vlyan iskey. He declared that his armies besieging vlyan wicky were "like a sinking ship in a storm." He even had trouble with a Angelinian who was so cowardly and so discouraged that he foolishly turned traitor and offered to sell the main christian positioj christian position under general Hanson vlyan himself to the rebel under general Manley. The r treason was detected but by the help of general Manley, and the rebel boysoouts and soldiers the wicked traitor escaped, and a lamented rebel soldier who had been lured into the position of a spy and the conspiracy because the necessary victim of the traitors crime. The spy was held guilty of harboring not only the traitors work but his escape and sentenced to be shot without tri l trial.

On account of the defeat of general Hansons army at Evangelinia Grania general John Manley was now with his well provide army and an assisting rebel navy overrunning the region and moving forward to the protection of Aurandecallio and Glorinia. General gindernine had been sent with all the force with which general Hanson could spare to watch and harass Manleys army and to fir furnish the christian troops in the region there with all the protection in his power. General Lafaye was in the vicinity of Aurandecallio with his eagle eye fixed upon the rebel foe ready to pounce upon any detachment which dared to present the slightest exposure. General Hanson himself was everywhere with Far Patroclitus with never flagged, with hope which never failed, cheering the army, animating the inhabitants retreating from the region, rousing the other generals to highest esteem, and guiding with his well balanced mind in both military and civil legislation.

This the dreary days after that fearful bloody Christmas slowly lingered away. Manley in moving toward Aurandecallio directed at his chief attention to the south intending to strike a blow against the rear of the other besieging forces he o belonging to Hansons army. The encampments of general ridmons was laid in ashes and a general system of devastation and plunder prevailed. The enemy fleets at the same time ascended the worma gun river and some of the fleets landed troops to aid the garrison near Aurandecallio. The Angelinian manager of an estate being a coward to save his mansion from pillage and flames furnished the rebels with abundant sulp supplies. General Hanson vlyan hearing of it was much displeased and angry. He wrote to his agent:

"You have acted like a traitor. You should have been compelled to oblige yourself as my repre representative and should have been compelled to reflect on the land example of communis communicating with the enemies of god and Christianity and not make a voluntary offer of refreshments and supplies to them with a view to prevent a conflagration. It would have been even better to me to have heard that they had burned my own house and laid the plantation in ruins instead of complying with the request of rebels and traitors. For your act you will be remote renounced and shall have your property confiscated and you yourself shall be thrown in prison as orders are sent for your arrest on the charge of harboring an enemy of god."

A part of general Manleys army under general Look the Gook was now near Aurandecallio strong but a few miles from the besieging lines in their rear, and on the land example of communis communicating with the enemies of god and Christianity and not make a voluntary offer of refreshments and supplies to them with a view to prevent a conflagration. It would have been even better to me to have heard that they had burned my own house and laid the plantation in ruins instead of complying with the request of rebels and traitors. For your act you will be remote renounced and shall have your property confiscated and you yourself shall be thrown in prison as orders are sent for your arrest on the charge of harboring an enemy of god."

"Do not allow the Angelinian forces of troops to show any sensation of satisfaction for the grand and complete triumphs we have gained so easily to induce them to insult a fallen enemy though they be traitors and wicked enemies of our Lord. Allow no shooting of any kind watery whatever, nor no clamorous huzzas, increase their mortification. Any one who does shall be humbled themselves with firing frunting the firing squad. It can be that posterity will huzzu for us."

This glorious capture of sovast a rebel army, renewed hope and vigor throughout the main christian army under general Hanson vlyan. To the joyful tidings reached the rebel lines through secret signals. Also within the christian lines. Millions of candles were lighted, the sky reddened with rockets and roman candles, wit windows in every generals headquarters were thrown open to catch the cold weather, figures in night robes and night caps bent eagerly out to catch the thrilling news of Hansons victory, shouts were raised from hundreds of thousands of soldiers at once "Look the Gool is taken." soldiers in swarms rushed into the company streets of the besieging lines, even half clad many of them, they wept they laughed, and cheered.

The news of general Hansons victory flew upon the wings of the wind, nobody can tell how, and the shout of an enfranchised people or soldiers rose like a roar of thunder throughout the whole christi n lines of the besiegers....

The following morning of the twenty eight of December was cold and chill. One of general Hanson's best officers general Mayford had been making his usual rounds of the besieging lines during the time the roar of the rebel cannons was at its worst in replying to the besieging guns and he received a wound from the fragment of a shell which did not prove serious, and returned late in the afternoon, wet with sleet and snow and shivering with the cold and half deaf from the din of such an artillery storm and bewildering storm of bursting shells, and noise of great explosions. Though the wet snow was clinging still to his hair when he came home in to have his wound dressed he nevertheless sat down after changing his clothes, and feeling comfortable despite his wound sat down with general Hanson and other generals to hold a convention over certain matters concerning further movements of Hanson's line of besiegers. The following hour it grew colder again, and three inches of fresh snow lay upon the ground and the sky was darkened. After the convention the general felt a sensation as if he had taken cold his wound pained him severely and so all the evening he remained by the fireside. As it cleared up late in the afternoon he went out to supervise some work upon the building of batteries. He was then hoarse, and the hoarseness increased as night came on and the wound in his shoulder made his arm so weak that he could not hardly move it.

He however when examined by the doctor did not think it necessary to do as the doctor bid take some medicine for it saying:

"I don't believe the wound is mortal. It will soon goe."

He passed the evening as usual reading over important letters, answering questions of other generals and conversing with the unhappy civilian girls who had felt badly over Hanson's defeat at Gorm's Pass. About one o'clock at night he awoke in great pain and also in a severe chill and felt seriously unwell indeed. At sunrise his doctor was again sent for and he was predicted to be suffering from a mortal wound indeed. Everything was done for him but no relief came and he rapidly grew worse. Two other consulting physicians arrived and also general Hanson and as the general had difficulty in breathing and swallowing and which rapidly increased a venesection was attempted but with no results. It was now evident that the general considered his case very doubtful. He therefore destroyed some papers which he did not wish to have preserved and examined a note he had written to Hanson.

His sufferings from inflammation of the wound and of the throat and struggle for breath as the afternoon wore away became quite severe indeed and still the wounded general retained his mental faculties unimpaired, and even spoke briefly of his approaching end to his officers declaring he was not under any conditions afraid to go, and declared that he really did believe from his first attack from the wound that he should not survive it as it was a shell wound of great size, and that his breath could not last long. About eight o'clock the next morning his physician asked him if he would like to sit up in bed a little while. The wounded general held out his hands and was slowly raised upon his pillow when he said:

"I sure feel that I am going. I thank you indeed for your kind attentions. You had not better trouble about me any more as I wish to go off quietly as I know I cannot last long."

He then sank back upon his pillow and made a number of unavailing attempts to speak. About ten o'clock at night he said:

"I'm just going. Have me decently buried far away from the scene of war, and do not let my body be put into the grave until I am brought home to my poor wife and children in Abyssinkile. Do you understand me?"

"To the urgent reply 'Yes sir.' He remarked 'It is well. I hope to see my god as soon as possible.'"

These were the last words the poor general ever uttered. Soon after this he expired. At the moment of his death many of the generals including Hanson and even Violet and her sisters stood or sat in silent grief at the foot of his bed.

"Is the poor general gone?" asked Violet in a firm collected voice. The physician unable to speak from his emotion gave a silent signal of assent.

"It is well that he left the world in all its horror," she said in the same tremulous utterance. "All is over now for him. Many others will soon follow him. And we who live still have so many trials and adventures to pass through."

During the time of the fearful bombardment of the Fortress Gertrude Angeline and Thumbelina by the Angelinian fleets a certain war correspondent of distinction had been sent down to the region by one of his superiors on some business of his work in that location for the first time and had an old soldier assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the sea of Wickey Bay and came in the middle of the night to the scene of the fierce fight of Thumbelina. When through the thick clouds of smoke, the roaring of guns, the thousand conflagrations, he saw the fire of hundreds of thousand of great guns, the gigantic explosions, the conflagrations in Andree, the flashes of shells, the ships torn and sinking, the ground and interior of forts covered with thousands of mangled limbs and bodies of dead and dying, the ships of both sides simultaneously opposing each other in an inferno of battle, and sinking by the score burning or blowing up in the air, the

gigantic geyzers of water made by explosions and the unusual immense quantity of pain and inconceivable misery, and destruction of so many crews by the wholesale yet I alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another, the fierce scenes around the transports, and the fierce land assaults of Thumbelina—he turned angrily and fiercely to his guide and exclaimed:

"You are one of the most blundering blockheads and fools I have ever come across. You are even completely ignorant of your business. You undertook to conduct me to one of the lowest depths of hell instead."

"No sir," said the guide. "I have not made any mistake whatever. This is really the earth and these are all the men. I don't believe any of the devils treat one another in this horrible and cruel manner or wage such horrible battles, for they brought me down into the lowest depths of hell instead."

Up to the time of his concentration upon the works at Aurandocallio Hanson civilian had been assiduous in his attendance upon his own troops devoting himself with tireless diligence to all his duties. He finally wished to cooperate with his brother who had a command of any other big army not so very far away and this of course was a severe trial to his own patriotism as it separated him from his own command for the time being leaving in his stead general Andree, whose imminent peril of capture by rebel cruisers a or warships. As he was an important general his capture would be of the greatest importance to the enemy. He probably would even be tried in civilian dock on the charge of treason against Thumbelina and on the other hand if he did not go and see his brother and give him advice in that fashion the results of the siege, and the very country itself would be in the most extreme peril. It was clear that without the aid of his brothers consultation the besieging armies must be crushed. So as what was to be expected of Angelinians the highest general he resolved to run all the risks and go. It was several days before he could secure a transport, and have rebel flags flying over it, and his crew disguised as rebel marines and sailors. On a cold day late in December, a wintry rough wind lashing the river waters into broken fields of ice and waves general Hanson took a and leave of his many best generals, and many children friends and the civilian girls also and also bid good bye to Gertrude Angeline and Jennie and was accompanied by his nephew general Gertrude. Hanson was rowed out to the transport called the Thumbelina by his riding at anchor at some distance from the river shore. The voyage down the river toward general Robert's lines was stormy, uncomforable, and eventful. Once or twice he was under fire from rebel shore batteries. When two days out three large rebel warships were seen, probably on cruising for the Thumbelina. They gave chase putting on full steam the steamer which Hanson was on however had engines that drove the ship faster than the other warships could go and they were soon run out of sight after exchanging some shots. The third rebel warship was a faster one continued the pursuit firing occasionally but failing to hit the transport. The win blowing so long had now rose to a furious gale. The snow clouds hastened the approach of the darkness of the night in which the ships lost sight of each other altogether and when morning dawned another dreadnought was no where to be seen. However on the following afternoon another warship bore insight. Trusting that it might be some prize they might be able to take the transport was then clear itself but seeing it was really a warship beat a hasty retreat. The rebels however hesitating to fire because the transport had the Angelinian flags flying, the captain in charge of the transport however begged his superior general Hanson civilian to retire to a place of safety below as the other rebel ships were coming. Soon after as the bullets and the shells of the hostile ships were flying or exploding over their heads, the captain saw general Hanson on deck with a musket and pistol in his hand fighting as a common marine. In the excitement of the moment the captain rushed up to his illustrious passenger exclaiming with authority:

"Why are you here general Hanson civilian? As long as I am in command of this ship you are under me and as you are on my ship I am to carry you to your brothers army safely and I will do it come what may." And seeing general Hanson in his strong arms he forcibly carried and almost dragged him from the scene of danger. On the following morning they came within sight of general Robert's encampments and they were once more reunited after Hanson had made the perilous trip down sixty five miles of the river.

During the time of Hanson's movement on the ship down the river the rebel general Mic-Hollister Johnston taking Manley's advice to strike the heaviest blow, but the forces of Andree had been prepared as well as expected and before the blow had been struck he had sent the Angelinian general Charles Brown with a big and strong raiding expedition to general Mic-Hollister's lines and this raid being terrific and by man force into the enemy's lines almost caused after the withdrawal of the latter himself. Scarcely five or six minutes had elapsed after the withdrawal of the latter encampment for and after the hurried escape of general Johnston and his family also her his headquarters was temporarily in the possession of the raiding Christian troops. Simultaneously the rebel lines seized also another section of assault upon another portion of the rebel lines seized many hundred of thousands of tents, burned his barns and fens, drove off the cattle, seized all the serviceable horses, cut the throats of the colts and left that whole section of the rebel encampment a smoldering blackened waste. Twenty seven hundred child slaves were carried off to the Christian lines to freedom.

spies in the meanwhile had declared the misery seen among prisoners in the hands of the foe. The worse suffering was seen among child slaves, given fresh captives taken and brought on the way to the rebel encampments were not allowed food or even water on the way and afterwards thrown into wretched army or internment camp prisons, without beds, medical attendance, or any means of dressing their wounds received in battle. They were even kept on the most miserable food, and to crown all many died of small pox and other diseases. Dying and dead lay thick on the ground in the prison pens and in the cold of winter the prisoners had no shelter what ever provided for them and death from freezing came to scores every day. One child a child slave who had been taken from the christian lines saw her brother and sister carried off her brother killed. Their mother came to the rescue of her two children and somehow through a trick obtained their exchange, and took them home and nursed them both, but the youngest child died in two or three days and the mother herself fell a victim to the disease. Thus the little girl was left all alone in the world and had to find her way to the christian lines and seek protection there.

During his short stay with general Vivian one of general Hanson's most exciting experiences was when he and his brother went out scouting. Hanson had went out numerous times and had such encounters. As he was out a shot was heard and a ball almost broke his ribs and glanced leaving a bad but not dangerous wound. General Hanson seeing it was a rebel sniper firing on him from a bush drew his pistol quickly and took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol did not go off. He quickly examined it, and finding that it had stopped at half cock readjusted it and again taking good aim fired. The rebel recoiled and fell before he had a chance to fire a second shot. The ball had passed through his body just above the arm pits. Both parties were wounded but the rebel worse.

Later the same day two more snipers popped at Hanson and in the bloody fray which followed the six rebels were shot dead. Hanson and his brother's arm and shoulder were badly shattered by two balls and a slug from the shots of the rifles of the rebels. His wounds were very severe. While he was lingering for three days haggard and wan upon a bed of suffering news came that the rebels were planning and preparing a move a general attack upon general Henderson and Hanson's whole line near Guadalupe, and that in sorties and raids already the enemy Cargolians and Indians and Mangaboos were committing the most awful ravages.

Decisive action became necessary and poor general Hanson with his fractured bones just beginning to heal, his arm in a sling, and unable to mount his horse without assistance gave his amazing energies to get back to his lines. Indeed I can bet that no man of less resolute than either probably general Andrew Jackson or Hanson Vivian one an American and another an Angolinian could have conducted the concentration of his armies to a successful repelling of the foe in his condition. Though the whole time he suffered terribly from his wounds and debility conditions. He was sniped by rebel bushwhackers. Poor general Hanson Vivian was pale and haggard, and pain worn, often enduring the extreme of agony. Not many men suffering so much as he did would have been out of the sick chamber.

During all the time he remained in command of the army despite his wounds his sufferings was dreadful, but he bore them with the greatest fortitude never uttering a complaining word and holding to his work like a bulldog. During the time he suffered from his wounds he captured a large number of rebels who had been caught in the act of committing outrages upon the frontiers of the besieging christian lines. He punished the rebels severely and shot by court martial the leader and hung another rebel leader accused of inciting the glandelinians to revenge the murder of innocent children.

The cause of the greatest dread to approach Vivian Wickey by the merchant ships of other nations was indeed very unquestionably the terrible impression of glandelinian warships and their crews of sailors from any ships that they could capture and what nation it belong to did not matter. It was however believed that with the purpose to escape war and its horrors a great number of glandelinian sailors and marines did desert from their naval vessels and take refuge in the much easier service and better treatment of the merchant vessels of many other nations. And at that the glandelinian country herself was straining every nerve to strengthen her already powerful navy and the press gangs war gangs were also busy at work in many rebel seaports of glandelinia and at sea.

Once on board a rebel battleship the impressed sailors was subject to overwork, very bad rations and even the lash, and that did under this terrible regime will always remain a wonder to even the Angolinians themselves. But it was anyway very certain beyond doubt that glandelinians had deserted in great numbers and that they had early in the war before the siege of Vivian Wickey found in the commercial prosperity of the carrying trade of other nations a tempting chance of employment despite their being glandelinians as they were.

Now the glandelinian authorities at Vivian Wickey had a great contempt for the naval weakness of some of the other christian nations and assumed without claim the absolute right to stop all merchant and other ships of any nation near the coast or ships that dared venture near to examine the crews, and to claim as her own which whether they were or not any and sailors on as her own she chose to pick out.

This would have been very bad in itself but such in which the way the seafarers had been outraged was worse than the mere impressment of sailors by the Angolinians before 1812. The very form of insolence and overbearing was beyond describing that was exhibited. The rebels who claimed to seize rebel deserters even made pretense of kidnapping of a sailor of other nationalities. The glandelinian officers and outrageous kidnapping of a sailor of other nationalities. The glandelinian officers of blood cruisers, battleships, and privateers, and even transports went so far as to dare lay the burden of proof of nationality in each case upon the sailor himself whether he be a glandelinian or not, and whether he was with or without papers to prove his identification he was just the same assumed to be a rebel subject.

So such an extent had this insult been carried out to the flag of a christian nation that the country of glandelinia had a record of about 20, four 1845, cases of desperate impressment from her own ships, between the months of December and January November and December, and the country of glandelinia declared that the number of her sailors serving against their will in rebel war ships and transports was variously believed to be fourteen thousands.

It was even recorded in hundreds to thousands of cases that ships of many christian nations were obliged to return home or seek shelter in some stranger christian port, or go to Abbeinnia in the middle of their voyages, because their crews had been so diminished in numbers by the seizures made by rebel officers of rebel warships that they were rash the short landed to proceed. In not a few cases these depredations lead to even frightful bloodshed. The greatest outrage of all was the attempted capture of a large Protestantian war vessel called the Osema by the glandelinian dreadnaught the Lapard. The latter was by far more the most powerful vessel and the Protestantian warship was quite unprepared for action nevertheless her commander under any condition refused to yield to a demand that his crew be overhauled in search for rebel deserters. Whereupon the Osema poured broadsides upon broadsides upon the Protestantian warship which lapped poured broadsides upon broadsides until after a fierce combat the rebel flag herself was ripped with unerring aim until after a fierce combat the rebel flag herself was struck and the ship in a sinking condition. When hundred glandelinians were killed, and the remainder of the crew were taken away to Protestantian prisons, of these others who were released afterwards some were returned to Angolinia for trial, while in the other cases by the Protestantian sailing of the government on the question of the rebel warship was hanged. The loss of the Protestantian ship in killed and wounded was only three hundred. For both sides however it was believed the whole affair was without justification under the laws of neutrality and was in itself an ample ground with of for war with Protestantian and glandelinia. Protestantian however in a quite ungraceful and tardy way refused to apologize and offer reparation for the resistance to the rebel warship, as the outrage rankled all that time and nothing did more to fan the outbreak of hostilities. It was such deeds as this which led the Protestantian king to exclaim:

"The glandelinian authorities are not content with fighting Angolinia, blooding all ports of Angolinian property and maintaining other choirs with which to make the world suffer but seize upon all our own property which falls within her rapacious grasp, the personal rights of our own countrymen and other nations country men—right of all nations which must be forever secured—are trampled and violat ed violated by the complete impressment of our own and other nations seamen. What are we to gain if we intervene in Angolinia's cause and go to war against glandelinia? What are we to lose by peace if we will like cowardly hang a in the back ground and keep peaceful when a wicked nation like glandelinia is making the whole christian world suffer? We are powerful and can crush her alone and so why stay in the background? Glandelinia, a nation best treasure, and honor are ruined by glandelinia's insults. Protestantian is firmly at war with glandelinia and should do all in her level power to aid Angolinia, in every ship and men to crush Vivian Wickey, and rebel shores as well."

The attack on a commerce of christian nations was also a very serious danger to peace. I given in the early part of the very siege of Vivian Wickey both glandelinia and Angolinia adopted in strong practices the most extreme theories of non-intercourse between the neutral and hostile nations. It was the era of one of the worse series of blockades ever known for wars given already in Eastern Calvernia one thousand eight hundred miles of coast and seaports were blockaded by the Angolinians, whereupon Hanson and his authorities declared all coast of Abbeinnia and not to be outdone by Abbeinnia declared all coast of Abbeinnia and Angolinia guarded by ships, and that all of Calvernia western seaports and also all coasts of glandelinia, south west and coast were to be under blockade.

Up to a very certain point the interruption of the sea neutral trade relations between the countries of the other christian nations was to the commercial advantage of Angolonia and the world in general. Their carrying trade with Angolonia before the war had grown and prospered wonderfully, and much of this trade had consisted of taking goods from the countries of Angolonia everything necessary, bringing them first to Abbeville, then transshipping them and conveying them to other christian nations.

But after the outbreak of the war, and of the sieges in general and of the blockade all kinds of trading of this sort was forbidden by both sides. Angolonia and Angolonia combined absolutely forbade this system of transshipment as to nations with whom she was at war, and any vessel of which were caught engaged in this form of trade were seized and condemned or confiscated by Angolonia Prize courts. Naturally Angolonia also followed Angolonia's example and even went further and her courts of many christian nations who had actually been carrying on a few freights under the old system now found that their commerce was indeed woefully restricted. So all christian nations had toward the latter end of the first year of the war taken an absolute embargo and Angolonia been compelled to resort to a severe measure on absolute embargo on their own ships and its immediate result was to reduce the exports of the countries from nearly three hundred and sixty millions of dollars worth to nine million dollars worth in a few months.

In the meantime general Harrison, Avian too though suffering from his wounds decided before making a general advance upon Burnsideville determined to attack the rebel outposts about two miles in advance of the fortresses. This plan of attack however, however, as it might have seemed to a strategist failed wretchedly. In his first days of the desultory actions so far as regards the outcome showed nothing but reverses and evenness. There was a long and thinly settled line of works within the christian outskirts of the christian lines in which for two days the rebel forces of pickets struggled to hold their own desperately against the barbarous onslaughts of the Mangaboo divisions of the rebel lines, and expelling a mile across the borders into a portion of the christian lines, and fighting with some success but at last, cost the christian lines a great deal of the Mangaboo troops. The strength of one of the attempts was badly disrupted in an attempt to hold the fortified outer works under general Wayne, Walter Harrison, and other works against the attack of the Mangaboo. It was a desultory battle with the outskirts of the christian lines indeed, and still was disappointing was the complete failure of the attempt under the command of general Walter Jennings, to advance general Walter's divisions as an outpost into the rebel territory, and when he was easily driven back with much loss to his own works, and when the christian army was confidently awaiting to hear of a bold defense of his works, it was startled by the news that general Jennings had been severely wounded in a fierce engagement and his works captured by the Angolonia gladiolus. It was all on account of the treachery and cowardice of one of his generals, who was in fact built marveled by Jennings from his own bed as he lay wounded, and condemned to death.

General Harrison with general Proctor engaged the rebels from that part of the Mangaboo near one of the outposts and drove back the rebels from that part of the region and restored matters to the position in which they stood before Walter Jennings was defeated and wounded. In this fight the rebel general of the Mangaboo called with the rebels was killed and about thirty three thousand of the Angolonia, and fifty thousand of the Mangaboo were killed or wounded on the Angolonia side. Simultaneously in the west a force of Angolonia under general John Hunter Gumpin had been captured at a river town near the christian lines and there took place a terribly a atrocious massacre of large numbers of the prisoners by the Mangaboo, who were quite beyond restraint of their leaders. On the other hand the Angolonia had captured the rebel general York, and general York's rebel line was ambushed and captured, though at the cost of their leader general Pike head who with two hundred of his men was destroyed by the explosion of a land mine. A small vessel called portress St George had also been captured by the Angolonia, and an attack by the rebels on Harbor River had been gallantly repulsed. Following these desultory actions along the outer frontier of the christian lines extensive operations of an aggressive kind had been planned to bring toward the capture of one of the nearest and most important of the rebels but unfortunately a blunder occurred and the expedition was a complete fiasco.

We also we attempted to turn for consultation from the mortifying record of the defeated expedition to the stories of the continued and great successes which had accompanied the naval expeditions upon the river. On plain under Gump in his fleet ship called the Hornet's Nest won a complete victory over the rebel fleet led by the Angolonia flagship called the snowbird, and another small christian fleet led by the flash flagship called snow white captured the rebel flagship called snow Redding, and other equally welcome victories. A very repeated one distinct defeat had marred the record however, that of a fleet of two score of Angolonia ship commanded by Admiral Lawrence to which had been captured or partially destroyed after one of them had fought out its part of the war on fleets by the Angolonia fleet led by the rebel flagship called the "Mammoth" who Angolonia admiral himself was mortally wounded, exclaiming to his crews he was carried away to his cabin. Tell my boys not to give up the ships to

the enemies of God but fight the rebels till she and the other ships find a watery grave. Either all die than surrender to the foe of our dear Lord who had died for them.

It was a paraphrase of this announcement which later Admiral T. M. Hollister made on a ship signal in rallying his comrades in the battle of Mids-Winter. Just a month later one defeat Admiral Lawrence's fate as a gallant Angolonia seaman and high minded Angolonia Patriot was unclouded, and best of all his death was more and more deplored throughout the country than the loss of his fleet which was sunk and his crew would surrender. In the latter part of the month of December the week before New Years General Harrison, expecting strange movements of the rebels at Burnsideville was enabled to send large reinforcements both to his armies and to the army engaged in the attacks and movements upon the rebels. It did seem for the time being on account of being crushed in the battle of Mids-Winter that general Wayne's army was crushed and his power temporarily broken. However, for some time after that part of Avian Wickley had at last their hands free. But before the reinforcements reached the besiegers a confronting in Burnsideville the rebel armies had won a greater credit and had shown more military skill by far than were shown in its earlier operations and it was evident elsewhere throughout Angolonia that the rebellion was going to grow very fierce in the extreme.

Along the whole line of the Mangaboo river active fighting of most savage description had been going on for a month every day and night. In one fierce action not far from the Mangaboo region a fierce conflict occurred at Burnsideville. A city junction, with also actions and captures of a portion of fortified works and an engagement of great violence at Galesburg, and the defense of fortified works near Galesburg, the troops under general James Hunter, Scott, Winfield, and general James Brown and his outposts holding their own and their slaughter against the superior rebel forces led against them under general Sherman, and had even won from the gladiolus officers themselves the admission that they fought as well under fire as angels themselves would.

More encouraging still was the total defeat of the plan of Mids-Winter to crush kindred christian main centre undertaken by the strengthened gladiolus army under general An. Annie Wade. These numbered about twelve million men and were supported by a battery of fortress guns, and by a fleet of unengaged rebel warships on the lake. St. Mary's. Their main operations were directed against Angolonia and in that terrible contest which called by that name the Angolonia flotilla under the command of general Wayne completely crushed and routed the rebel fleet, within a week and a half the rebels with the loss of ten thousand men and killed their admiral and two other high officers and captured twenty ships. As a result the heavy assaults upon the land fortifications raged the same time were crushed and the rebels were forced to beat a most rapid and indeed one of the most unqualified retreats were forced off before back to their main positions. This was the time the last important engagement near that region. Meanwhile great expeditions or onslaughts of great size were directed by the gladiolus army against general Sherman and western Angolonia. These onslaughts were made by general Frank Rose chiefly the pick of the best of christian gladiolus army. General Frank Rose moved straight against the christian position easily defeated the christian troops at the left with the loss of general Bladens who fought however with intrepidity for the most part, seized the Angolonia encampments, and carried out his intentions of destroying the general's headquarters, all the tents and barracks, and a great part of the christian encampments before he was checked by reinforcements. A further attempt upon the main position was less successful and in the frightful engagement some were killed. The Angolonia here made a brave and terrific defense, behind their main position upon extensive fortifications. At another part part of the battle the conflict raged on the river when a supporting rebel fleet after a severe bombardment of the christian positions by water was driven off with the loss of half the number of rebel ships. The gladiolus admiral had boasted that the rebels could hold in a few hours two days after they still held a still larger onslaught of rebel troops moved against the other section of the main christian line under general Lawrence. In this part of the engagement Bladens killed, and general Lawrence was wounded and his aiding christian Bladens killed and himself in this section was who was in command of the centre and distinguished himself in this part of the bloody battle by putting down with a strong force supported by artillery and cavalry the hostile Mangaboo attack and killed their leading general. Furthermore, Williamson and captured the surrender of general Menden and his division of Mangaboo. General Hunter who commanded five million troops sent against Lawrence troops expected an easy victory. But Jackson's army who had expected the storm had summoned to the aid of the other portion of the christian lines the stalwart christian and christian lines which were made up of Abbeville's Brin Brigade men used from boyhood with the rifle and was made up what was in fact a splendid war army of christian soldiers who christian troops here expecting the attack had several days before threw up eight extensive and lofty mounds mostly of snowbanks, and forts, cotton bales, and non cotton bales and every thing on the line line of old broken engines, dead animals and also of abatis and sugar barrels filled with hands who attack of the rebels was wild terrific and even box houses.

The gladiolians were repulsed again and again with dreadful loss in men and generals but still made gallant and persistent attacks on the christian fortifications. They were Angelinian however only fallen away from their mother country and turned wicked and so fought as desperately as the Mohammedans. They would not give up even when their lines were torn and shot to pieces and all their flag bearers were mutilated. Regiments dissolved away like snow, the lines and grape tore the soil into lines through and through, and only when their main command was killed and fifteen generals down wounded together with many officers and men did the rebels tardy night fall abandon the assault. Seven hundred thousand rebels lost their lives in that mad struggle. One gladiolian officer who looked more like a pretty girl with his bobbed hair and closely shaven face had plucked with a small body of troops to the top of the Angelinian earthworks and demanded the surrender of the Argo, Angelinians, whereupon he was taken prisoner when he realized that the men he supposed to be supporting him had vanished as if the earth had swallowed them up. The Angelinian losses was heavy but the rebel loss was three times more and only three christian generals fell.

During the repulse of the rebels a company of gladiolians had captured a large brass six pounder and was trying to remove it, but one hundred and eighty Abyssinians fell upon these gray coated Mongolians with such vigor that they after a few minutes resistance turned and fled losing over 1 several men. An Angelinian was killed.

However on the following morning the battle was renewed more furiously than ever. The rebel soldiers who were at this point under weak and incompetent commanders were again dispersed and driven out of the region after some fierce countercharges by the Angelinians. But general man ganta glama an able general, and false and cruel took the field, with an army or division of several million men he crossed the little stream before him and renewed the attack against the Angelinians. One section of a christian encampment was defended by a force of one hundred and seventy five thousand Abyssinians. Among them or their leaders were generals Groucher and James David. The main force was commanded by general Samuel Hanson a brave young young Angelinian. On the approach of the immense rebel line they had to abandon the encampment and took refuge behind their high earthworks about half a mile to the north of the burning camp. For two days this line of christian withstood the rebel assaults and decimated them. A shower of bombs and shrapnell, and grape and canister fell incessantly among the attacking rebel lines, but at last after a most brave defense by the small force of Angelinians against such an overwhelming odds the works were captured, and the prisoners captured by the rebels were massacred in cold blood. But this was not the worse. At another part of the line of battle where the rebels however in their assault was not successful a company of christian soldiers had been captured under colonel jamie and captain Gollader were marched in different directions and forced in front of the advancing rebel troops and were threatened with the deaths of dogs if they did not endeavor to induce the christian soldiers behind the parapets to stop firing on the rebel lines. It did no good however for the Angelinians seeing the prisoners advancing with the rebels were rebel in Angelinian uniforms fired upon them also and not a man escaped. The assault was therefore repulsed in the bargain. While these horrible events were taking place general Moustier with general Gonzales advanced to the support of the christian right with a force of less than four hundred thousand men.

This general had received intelligence of the atrocious massacres and of the rebel advance. General Bexar had been wounded and was unable to take command and his division was crushed. The beaten portions of the christian line seemed to be in a state of panic. Troops being driven back in confusion seemed to be everywhere abandoning their encampments under shell fire, and fleeing in terror at the approach of the gladiolian soldiers. General Moustier's force of a few hundred thousand men was the only defense of the broken line, and during the action this was even diminished by frequent losses in the ranks. The holding of this position without at all strong reinforcements seemed utterly hopeless. However in order to gain time while watching his opportunity for a counter attack general Moustier slowly withdrew the remainder of the sagged christian line and the whole retreated slowly before the rebel line of advance. After waiting for two hours for reinforcements which he soon received he moved forward again with general Bayous division of Abyssinians and coming to a small stream connecting with the worm run river, he made preparations to meet the advance of the rebel surge and counter charge it. The lines of battle being formed again general Moustier made one of his most impassioned and eloquent appeals to his Angelinian troops firing every breast by giving as a watchword:

"Remember the innocent child leaves even demand their freedom. Give the enemies of children all the fight they want. Let's show our superior general Hanson that we wasn't afraid to fight against overwhelming odds."

Soon the rebel bugles rang out over the region announcing the victorious advance guard of the gladiolian army, almost two million eight hundred thousand strong.

The rank and file of the rallied christian divisions was less than seven hundred and fifty thousand men. Their disadvantages served indeed to increase their enthusiasm of the christian soldiers and when their great general said to them: "There is the wicked enemies of innocent children and of our dear and blessed Lord: do you wish to fight them and show them what they are?"

The universal answer was: "Yes, let's go at them!"

"Remember it is for the Liberty of little children or theirs!"

SEEN IN PAGE ONE THOUSAND SIX.

#### CHAPTER FIFTY - J.W.O.

THE BREAKING OUT OF GREY'S REGIMENTARY BATTLES NOT FAR FROM AURANDICAILO. WHAT CAME OF THEM.....

The glandelinians were repulsed again and again with dreadful loss. Men and generals but still still made gallant and persistent attacks on the christian fortifications. They were Angelinians however only fallen away from their mother country and turned wicked and so fought as desperately as the Nationals. They would not give up even when their lines were torn and shot to pieces and all their flag bearers were annihilated. Regiments dissolved away like snow, shot to pieces and tore the p and main line through and through, and only when their main commander was killed and fifteen generals down wounded together with many officers and men did the rebels toward right fall abandon the assault. Seven hundred and men lost their lives in that and struggle. Van ...

more like a pretty girl ...

The rank and file of the rallied christian divisions was less than seven hundred and fifty thousand men. Their disadvantages served indeed to increase their enthusiasm of the christian soldiers and when their great general said to them: "Then there is the wicked enemies of innocent children and of our dear and blessed Lord; do you wish to fight them and show them what they are?"

The universal answer was:

"We do. Let's go at them."  
"Well then," He said "Remember it is for the Liberty of little children or theirs and our deaths. Remember we are fighting to crush Child slavery."  
At the moment of attack a lieutenant general came galloping up his horse covered with foam and shouted along the lines as loudly as he could:

"My troops have cut down all the bridges."  
Each army, the rebel and christian, had used this bridge, the Angelinians in retreating, and the rebels in coming upon them, and general Houser had ordered the destruction of these bridges, thus preventing all hopes of escape for the rebels should they be vanquished. General ganks glausse glandelinian forces were in perfect order, moving forward not expecting the Angelinians to counter attack them, but as the Angelinians rushed forward a portion of their rebel line was thrown into confusion but the main line held and reserved their musketry fire while the cannon shot and shell tore gaps in their lines. On and on came the Angelinians with their yells of savages and the rebels waited until the christians were within sixty paces of their works. Then they poured forth one of the most tremendous volleys an enemy had yet ever poured forth, and the roar and crash of musketry and the din of cannons and machine guns was deafening and shook the earth. Down went many columns of the unfortunate Angelinians and a ball struck general guster in the leg and another in the shoulder and desperately wounded him, and a shell fragment inflicted a painful wound near his left side. Though suffering and bleeding as he was, general Houser kept his saddle during the entire action. The Angelinian assault being supported by artillery as it was was repulsed but another was promptly made after a short lull, and in this wild rush the Angelinians themselves were reserved their own fire until it was given to the enemy almost in their very bosoms, and then having no time to reload and answer the return withering fire which mowed them down in tens thousands the survivors with terrific yells made a general rush upon the foe who were altogether unprepared for the furious charge.

The Angelinians clubbed their muskets or used bayonets and daggers and fired pistols and rifles point blank, and after a desperate hand to hand fight the great of the rebels soon began as suddenly a heavy force of troops sent by Hanson to the support of general Houser and the rebels ran like sheep. Suddenly however a force of Angelinians came moving up from another direction and half of the rebel force was captured with general gaus himself. The fierce action only closed with the night. Seventeen thousand of the Angelinians were killed in those two charges lasting only half an hour each, and two hundred and twentythree thousand were wounded, while the rebel loss in the whole battle that day of gausse army was six hundred and thirty two thousand in killed and wounded, and seven hundred and thirty thousand among whom was their chief general were made prisoners or had deserted. Thus his victory so gloriously gained as it was struck the fetters forever in this rebel division and drove back the standard of this rebel division back across the gorma gun never to return except in predatory and transient excursions or in defense of their fortifications at gorma gathering.....

Indeed for the gentle readers the History of this great Child slave rebellion ought to forever set at rest the main idea that the day of heroes is past—that there are no longer, and could no longer be great men to be found in occasions of great need. As it seemed never was the states of Galverinia seemingly more helpless than Galverinia and even Angelinia herself when the rebellion had its outbreak with the results of the seizure of the strongest fortresses and fortified city in the world, Vivian Wickey and her sectional towns and cities. Vivian Wickey as declared before without large army, or navy, a government and Galverinian authorities here and there throughout Galverinia honeycombed with treason and treachery, and apparently falling to pieces even, with a weak and nerveless and cowardly administration giving place to one made up of new and untried men a people in Vivian Wickey without in unity of mind or purpose whatever and not knowing whom to trust at all thus was and had been the situation which all loyal Galverinians strong for Angelinia's Cause faced with sinking hearts when Vivian Wickey was glandelinia's possession so quickly..... Yet only in days later after the capture of Vivian Wickey and the gorma gun echoed over Angelinia and Galverinia, all was changed in the twinkling of an eye. At the call for new armies to march to and lay siege to Vivian Wickey it seemed as though immense armies had sprang from the very ground. Among among these immense armies were not only soldiers, but great commanders with no fear of the enemy and only the fear and Love of god in their hearts—the only men who were needed to organize and drill these mighty christian hosts, to convert them into good and great fighting armies, and lead them on to lay the siege.

THE BREAKING OUT OF SEVERE DESULTORY BATTLES NOT FAR FROM  
AURANDRECALLIO. WHAT CAME OF THEM.....

In many acts in this story we can get a glimpse indeed of the extreme boldness, the readiness of resource and especially the dogged determination which made general Hanson ivian such a power in war and such a powerful leader of the Angelinian armies. He was the "Grant of the Angelinian armies, and though of course he lost severe battles he nevertheless was such a very obstinate man that no general in the war on either side won more battles than he did.

On the morning of December 27th the telegraph had flashed over the entire rebel country around ivian wickey which gave warning of the concentration of armies around or near Aurandrecallio. General Hancock Johnston being in the main danger urgently begged for seven seventy million volunteers or reinforcements and that evening the rebel generals headquarters and his outposts was packed with an excited crowd of rebel generals and other officers as well as men. General Manley himself being known as an able general was then called upon to preside on the convention. This was not the kind of duty for which he had been prepared for but he said with much embarrassment and some prompting:

"I made out, to announce the object of the meeting, to declare to you all that general Hanson ivian though defeated at Ev n Evangelinia Grania had withdrawn from that point only to mean as a more important and still was weaker point of the siege. Things worse to complicate is that the dreaded Concentinian Armyburg is near Jennie wiy n ivian having defeated us there also and our cause is in danger unless general Hanson's plans can be frustrated."

Big forces of troops were called for, other companies were brought immediately to the spot of the threatening danger and many of the officers were ordered to take command.

Since his concentration at or near Aurandrecallio during the early part of the latter month of December general Hanson ivian first real battle of any severity was at Belmont gun about twenty miles below gun junction with the Sunbeam river which he his right wing thus engaged won after four hours of most hard fighting. After the first action of the battle on the first half an hour the rebels which had been reinforced, received even artillery and there had been extreme danger indeed that a portion of general Hanson's left wing could be cut off from the main division of Angelinians and from the wooded country from which they had come. The generals perceived the situation, and exclaimed in telegraphic telegraphing to Hanson:

"We are surrounded by the rebel troops."

"Well," replied general Hanson "Why don't you cut your way out then? If you had cut your way in and now cut your way out and show the rebels you ain't afraid to fight."

And they did. At other sections of the line it was a time indeed of weary waiting, which for the time severely tried the spirit of the whole christian army.

Attention was chiefly concentrated upon the whole region of Belmonts Run, where general Hanson hearing of the action going on along his left wing had been reorganizing the splendid army thus driven into confusion by a rebel onslaught, which another commander led to final victory. Knowing what was going on at his left general Hanson determined to relieve the pressure by pushing forward against general George Henrys glandelinian troops and general Donaldsons whose lines though a blunder of the main rebel leader was about two miles apart from each other, on the Gale creek and the Sunbeam, or near where these two small little rivers crossed the line divided dividing the opposing lines from each other. He had told one of his generals of his plan of attacking these important rebel divisions by land forces and cooperating at the same time with a fleet of gunboats and warships, and also Merrimac and monitors under Commodore Stanok. It was a bitter conflict.

Amid a storm of sleet and snow the men under heavy fire pushed doggedly along the snow covered roads and fields, and stormed and captured general Henrys works, as a severe engagement of an hours duration and helped by the fire of the gunboats and other war craft. At the same time general Kindermine Hanson's orders turned his attention to general Donaldsons lines of wheelers which had been immediately reinforced by a large part of the garrison which had been sent from Aurandrecallio. This column was also under the commands of generals Buckenorton, Floyd Wacker, and Izner Myletze and general Jun Jinger with twenty million men. For three hours three desperate attacks along a ten mile front was kept up, and general Buckenorton who having been once a friend of general Kindermine when a little boy and who knew that he and Hanson together were very obstinate men found that so save his troops from destruction he had to withdraw and the works were speedily carried.

with the capture of these works followed the capture or destruction of one million five hundred and fifteen thousand glandelinians, besides thirty thousand five hundred horses, six hundred and sixty five cannon, a great quantity of small arms and military stores. It was the first most splendid christian victory any where around ivian wickey and the whole besieging christian army and even the christian nation itself was electrified.

The main section of the great battle was fought by general Hanson himself with a certain select section of his army against the glandelinians known as the Yungaboos. In this battle general Roswell Gustar Johnston Hanson's

SEEN IN PAGE ONE THOUSAND  
EIGHT, LAY THEM STRAIGHT

CHAPTER FIFTY : . . . 200

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO RECOVER AURANDRECALLIO, AND  
ITS RESULTS. BIG TURNER HILL, AND TURNER RUN.

THE BREAKING OUT OF SEVERE DESULTORY BATTLES NOT FAR FROM  
AURANDYCALLED. WHAT CAUSE OF THEM.....

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self with a certain secto section of his army against the glanc glandelini re  
known as the yungaboos. In this battle general goowell guster Johnston Hansons  
chief lieutenant showed great gallantry and in indeed these two christian generals  
tested each others qualities in the first greatest trial which either generals had  
been exposed. The battle was one of the first turning points of the siege of  
ivian wickey. The rebels under general Albert Maldon convention one of the  
best rebel generals and the highest general of all glandelinian commanders  
next to go-Hollester Johnston attacked general goowell guster Johnston's army  
at Tin Woodmans gun. All those four hours at this point the battle raged with  
unceasing and most savage fury. The brave glandelinian general was killed, but  
for the first three hours the Angolinian forces under general goowell guster Johnston  
demoralized by the wounding of their commander was driven back with great loss,  
and of for a time during a commingled confusion of confusion the r lines were  
a mile and a half to the rear of their positions which they had a few hours before.

A whole christian encampment of tents, by the million, a city of  
barracks, and many big guns and a long line of earthworks had been captured by the  
rebels and the barracks set on fire. General Hanson ivian at that time had  
just come to his headquarters tent during the time of the disaster when to say  
any but the most bravest and most sanguine men would have thought the battle was  
lost but general Hanson said;

"It has been tough work to day but we will have the position back  
in another hour my name is not Hanson ivian."  
When his generals and other staff heard of this they were as fully  
persuaded of the results of the next hours contest as when the victory had  
been actually won. The next hour after dreadful fighting of redoubled savagery, the  
tide turned in favor of the Angolinian forces. In the afternoon of that fourth  
hour of carriage general Hanson ivian led a tremendous counter charge  
against the rebel lines, under which they gradually broke, and were driven  
back with horrible loss. Night found the Angolinian armies again in possession of  
the field after one of the severest battles of the siege around worna Catherine.

Nevertheless the situation of the whole siege with its slow  
progress to an ending and results was full of gloom for the christian armies and  
the world in general. The glandelinian cause looked as it was seemed to be further  
advanced than at the beginning of the rebellion. Many of the Angolinian authorities  
even despaired of ever seeing the recapture of ivian wickey, and even despaired  
of ever saving Angolinia's Holy Cause. Although general Hanson ivian and some of  
his greatest generals never lost faith in the final triumph of the Holy and right-  
eous cause, the Angolinian governments and even the authorities and even the world  
itself on account of the already passed Christmas sorrow and other incidents of  
regrettable consequences were uneasy and terribly anxious. Even many of the  
authorities of Calverinia and even Angolinia from discouragement, may even in  
Calvernia itself went against the parties which advocated the carrying on of  
the tremendous war. Voluntary enlistments had even ceased, the draft was a fiercely  
opposed throughout the states and it became necessary to restore the spirit of the  
conscription. Unless a most great success came to restore the spirit of the  
people of the Angolinian states it seemed utterly probably that the enforced  
draft itself would be resisted as fiercely as the rebels resisted the Angolinians  
themselves, that immense numbers of men would even begin to desert, and that  
the power to capture and punish deserters would be lost. In a word it was positive  
that a very great success was absolutely necessary to prevent any of the hundreds of  
Angolinian armies and the Angolinian cause itself from fairly going to pieces.

It was even general Hansons main conviction that his own  
armies, and armies elsewhere throughout Calverinia must at all hazards "go forward  
to most decisive victories.".....

## THE FIRST ATTEMPTS UPON FORTRESS AURANDEACALLIO AND ITS RESULTS.

Before I begin with the actions I must give a slight description of Aurandecallio one of the Gederline fortresses and how it was situated. This fortress looking like a literal town of concrete fortresses and barracks, and encampments and high railroads of breastworks, abatis and lines of great cannons stood on a long high bluff on the western banks of the great Sunbenn Creek or river and stretched toward Jennie, Vivian and just at the point where the small river pursues a winding course through its fertile fertile and paradise like valley and empties into the great woman Run river itself. From this point ran the Mio-Hollester and Pa Pandora Main Line of railroad going to the west from west, and from the opposite shore the Abbeannin, Gondolin, and Calverline ran southwestward through the rich level wooded country of Vivian Wickes. All the rebel works even here were strongly fortified and from this high elevation it commanded not only the Sunbenn Creek in both directions but also both opposite sides of the woman Run as well and all approaches from Jennie, Vivian and Glorinda, which was only two miles away. So long as this gigantic fortress was held by the Confederate armies of the glandelinians, no point of the woman gun river could be opened to navigation, or neither could the full of Vivian Wickes be brought about, and the line of railroads running east and south kept communication open between the western, eastern, southern and northern parts of the glandelinian Confederacy of Vivian Wickes, and Calverline. Now to capture Vivian Wickes main and real strongest fortress of all was a great problem, but it was one which general Hanson determined should be solved at any cost.

For all the time since his advance to Vivian Wickes, over eight months altogether general Hanson Vivian had worked at this problem. During his advance from Abbeannin to Vivian Wickes after his repulse at the battle of Calverline Hills general Hanson and many of his commanders and even general Conrad from Aronburg had formed plan after plan, and so had the Angelinian authorities but only to be forced to give them up. At the first arrival of his armies general Conrad from Aronburg had sent general Viviananna to make a direct attack at the only place where it may have been surely practicable to make a landing but failed most terribly. Even general Hanson's besiegers had spent weeks and months in cutting a canal and putting bridges across the neck of the river Peninsula, formed by the great bend in the woman river going through Vivian Wickes in a way to separate woman from Aronburg and Pullio Gallo from Aronburg, so as to bring the main besieging fleet of Christian ships through without undergoing the fire of the rebel batteries of many hundreds of thousands of guns, but the rebels made a flood which destroyed the work, and then launched an assault which resulted in a complete destruction of one part of Hanson's army and frustrated all his plans entirely. Meanwhile during the beginning of the winter many of the troops had been ill with diseases caused by the way he hurled bombarded with disease germs, and many had died. Here had been such clamor even at the Abbeannin authorities to have general Hanson removed for his own health, as his own exertions was overworking the poor general, but as the general refused to allow himself to be removed unless a better general could be put in his place he remained. He nevertheless had great faith in his superior general Hanson Vivian and the authorities hoped he would take proper time to work out the great problem—how to get below, and to the rear of Aurandecallio on the two rivers without placing his troops in danger from the fire of fortress Angelina or Gertrude Angelina as she is probably called and also from the fire of the fortress Thumbelina and Vivian. This seemed at first to be at last accomplished. On a dark night December twenty eighth a large fleet of Angelinian gunboats, warships, monitors and transports were successfully ran past the batteries through the ice cakes floating in the river, although every one of them more than a score of thousands of every description in one long line thirty miles long was more or less damaged by the guns, and a number of transports sunk. No lives however were lost on this stirring occasion. At the same time the fleet ran past the batteries of Vivian Wickes forts general Hanson ordered a portion of his troops across the peculiar peninsula and then sending artillery to be taken over the two creeks and on December thirtieth the whole force of artillery was landed on the woman gun river side on high ground beyond the main rebel lines, and at a point he had hoped he could reach the enemy. The railroad running east and west from Vivian Wickes connected it with Aronburg, while which to the Angelinians had been a very important railway-centre, and from it, and even from Calverline and her underground railroads Vivian Wickes was supplied. General Hanson not wishing to delay any time made his movements with the greatest rapidity. He fought in quick succession a succession of small battles or skirmishes by which a small portion of rebels works under general Jackson were captured, then turned westward, he attacked the rebel forces under general Mio-Alister Stank himself drove his troops back a mile, cut off some of his supplies, and started to lay siege to Aurandecallio and at the same time thrown shells by the hundred score per day into woman Catherine and the fortress itself. He was then under desultory fire from Silverbell, Turner Hill, Gertrude Angelina, and fortress Vivian but he replied and on one occasion started an artillery duel nearly equally to the violence of the bombardment by the fleets of Thumbelina which was going on at the same time with really the purpose to help general Hanson in his plans to prevent Thumbelina throwing too many shells at Hanson.

Indeed indeed when Hanson's movements were learned not only the whole nation but the eyes of the whole anxious world was now centred on Aurandecallio the main stretch of the Lucif in Jackson fortresses in person over twenty two thousand two hundred guns of heavy calibre, mortars, and knapsack and calibre were brought to bear upon the regions around Aurandecallio, besides the batteries of the fleet. Even in an default of bigger mortar, guns were improvised by boring out tough log logs, strongly bound with iron and iron bands, which also did good service. The troops of rebels in the outer sections of the fortresses had to build dugouts and steep trenches also like that in the last European war and even seek shelter in the main fortresses, and in caves to escape the storm of shot and shell.

But with food of all kinds failing to become scarce on account of the underground tunnels the rebels had to keep up the horror, and at this time in the whole world flour could be sold at five to twenty dollars a pound, molasses at twelve dollars a gallon and other food stuffs at outrageous prices.

The endurance and devotion and devotion of the rebel soldiers to their many generals were wonderful and though the siege and bombardment of woman Catherine, and Aurandecallio, and Thumbelina by both the army and fleet was rigidly and relentlessly maintained there nevertheless seemed to be no end but to force matters by a terrific assault. One rebel division however which happened to be surrounded and cut off from help and provisions of any kind, soon displayed flags of truce on their works, and the rebel general who refused to prolong the siege sent a message to general Hanson asking for an armistice, and proposing that the prisoners be appointed to arrange terms of surrender. General Hanson refused his request demanding only an unconditional surrender with the stern warning that he was preparing to move troops at once upon all portions of rebel works. So at an hour after general Hanson and the rebel commander met under weeping willow trees between the two lines of armies and immediately arranged the terms of surrender. It took six hours for this rebel division to march out in rank file and at a stack their arms. There were surrendered three hundred and thirty five thousand men, two thousand two hundred and fifty five cannon, and a great quantity of arms and ammunition and other materials of war.

But the main moral advantage to the cause of the Angelinian nation was far beyond any material gain as it goes. The fall of this division of glandelinians carrying with it general Hudson's brigade half a mile beyond which surrendered to general Jack Evans did not bring the main results for the situation at Aurandecallio. Nevertheless the new news of these two great Christian victories came to the main armies, and throughout the whole country of Glorinda on the same day with the news of the results of Thumbelina, the rejoicing of general Hanson and Evans great triumph was indeed indescribable. This caused the heavy load of worries to be lifted off the minds of the members of the Angelinian and Abbeannin governments, the Angelinians and loyal Calverlinians took heart, and even like good Christians resolved again to prosecute the war to its finish with greater energy than ever. The name of general Hanson Vivian and general Jack Evans was on every tongue. It was everywhere felt throughout not only the warring states and countries but throughout the whole world itself, that they were the foremost men of the siege.

Early that following morning general Hanson Vivian paid general Robert Vivian his brother another important visit near Jennie, Vivian and not far from Carbondale and while there indeed had a narrow escape from death, riding one day throughout the lines when the main artillery duels were unusually active his horse immediately took fright at the near explosion of a shell, and in running away with him came into collision with a gun carriage, throwing himself down and almost falling his his rider. Hanson was considerably wounded but he to retain the results thus gained had to stick to his command.

## BIO TURNER HILL AND TURNER RUN.

The region of Turner Hill lied layed in the beautiful valley or near the South of the woman gun river fronting the seacoast south of Vivian Wickes. This was usually an important rebel stronghold and directly south the front of the woman river's hill rose abruptly to the height of one thousand two hundred feet above its own base affording a most magnificent view indeed which extends into six different sections of Vivian Wickes, and the woman gun river of its winding course and deltas through the woman city. Two miles and a half to the south running from east to east to west was the dividing crest of Evangelina Granda Heights, five hundred and sixty feet high above sea level, a literal stronghold of the generals. These sections were still occupied by portions of the armies under general Manley under general Palmer, and his commanding positions, strengthened by more fortifications was now considered completely impregnable. Indeed the masterful battle of woman Catherine and Evangelina Granda had left most of general Hanson's armies for a time before its withdrawal to the other region near Aurandecallio in a most perilous situation indeed.

General Thomas Greathart-a portion of general Hanson's army was left behind in its movements toward Surandecallio was hounded in by the Glandelinian forces, and his men and horses were reported almost starving. The whole Christian army under Greathart was already on quarter rations. Even most of all his ammunition was completely exhausted, and the troops were short of uniforms, clothing and provisions of other kinds. Scores of thousands of army horses and mules worn out and even starved or killed in battle lay dead along the snow covered roads. The town of Searostrow not far from Vivian Wickey and under the siege occupied by the Christian army was too strongly fortified for general Balmers to take it by storm or assaults but every day shells from his batteries upon the heights of Turner Hill had been thrown into the town and into general Greathart's army. This was indeed the situation when general Hanson, Vivian Wickey and some from his severe accident, arrived back toward his lines near Surandecallio. Learning of the condition of Greathart's army and having also missed him and the troops he had wrote to Great Heart immediately;

"For God's sake and for the sake of phristia nity and for Childrens Freedom Freedom, hold the region of Turner gun at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible with a troop of soldiers."

While general Hanson placed general Kindernine in main charge of the army once more he moved rapidly with the other part toward Turner gun and indeed his movements was more rapid and decisive than was either expected by Greathart of Balmers. He ordered the troops he had brought concentrated before Searostrow, and while he was fighting a sanguinary two hours battle at Hatchleton which broke general Balmers hold for a while on Turner Run below a and shortened at the same time the Angelinian supplies and relieved the answer from general Greathart;

"We will hold Turner Region and the town until we starve or suffer annihilation."

It was a brave reply but good to Hanson quickness he did not need to make such a sacrifice and by his prompt and vigorous preparations, he soon had general Greathart's troops lifted out of the demoralized conditions which they had sunk after the defeat at Wornossinia. One more day after his arrival were fought the furious memorable battles of Turners Hill and Turners Run by which a portion of the strongest of Balmers troops were driven back to the heights, with their hold on the region partly broken up and a large number of prisoners and guns captured. Nothing in the history of the siege of Vivian Wickey or the actions of the war itself was indeed more inspiring and thrilling than the furious impetuous bravery with which hundreds of Angelinian and Abbeisamian troops fought their way across the region under the fire of millions of muskets and thousands of cannon, and under a more severe fire pushed and drove their way up the steep mountain sides, bristling with cannons and teeming with musketry, and after five charges each of half an hours duration finally drove the rebels out of their works at the point of the bayonets and drove them pell mell up to the heights of Evangelinia Granis. One of general Balmers staff officers declared in one of his writings to general Manley;

"It was considered that our positions in the lower valley itself was perfectly impregnable, that the top of the hill teamed with cannon, and fortified works, and sandbags, and had a long line of abatis in front, while scores of thousands of rifle pits were scattered all up the sides of the mountain forming the deadliest ambushes. When I had seen the National troops in red and purple uniforms after capturing the positions in the lower sections at the base and then come up the sides of the mountains like swarms of ants, toward our main positions I and my men and officers could hardly believe our eyes. It was believed that every man of the Angelinians must have been either drunk, reckless of life, or crazy. We shot them down in countless numbers and tore immense gaps in their lines but nothing could check them and over they came and drove all before us."..... them.

Indeed I don't believe any history could have any parallel for sublimity and pictorial picturesqueness of effect for any battle whatever, while the consequences, which were the division of the main Glandelinian Gonde Confederacy in the west, was inestimable. These victorious assaults had been led by general Jack Evans himself, and after his great successes at Turner Hill and Turner Run the popular demand came that he should be put at the head of all the armies at Vivian Wickey, and these demands became completely irresistible. Elsewhere the magnificent army of Angelinia after nearly a year of fighting throughout all parts of Galverinia, and some parts of Angelinian had been barely able to turn back from the north or south the terrible tide of Glandelinian Invasion, and other armies seemed apparently as far as ever from capturing Crowley, Galverine, Vainity Fair, and Vivian Wickey.....

In the west and east on the other hand now, general Hanson Vivian though having been repulsed at Evangelinia Granis, or Lieghburg, landing also in two of the first most desperate battles of the war, had now begun to win victory after victory, had driven off the forces out of Garbondolor, Jomde Vivian, and was now nearing all approach to Surandecallio and general Jackson Evans had captured Turners Hill and Turners Run, and a portion of Hanson's army had taken Ann Aronburg, opened up a part of the Turner gun, the whole of gun Beas Creek, and divided the Glandelinian confederacy in four parts in Vivian Wickey in both the west north, east and south. In response to the call for general Jack Evans the hero and friend of Violet and her sisters governor Hanson Vivian revived the Angelinian grade of Lieutenant general which had been held only by one commander general Herdrude Gerogea who had been retired, and general Jackson Evans the hero of Turner Hill and Turners Run, and other great battles was nominated by general Hanson Vivian, confirmed by the Gal Loyal Galverinian and Angelinian and Abbeisamian government authorities, and under general Hanson placed in command of all the armies of the nation.

The relief of general Hanson Vivian in having such men as general Jack Evans and his brother, and Goncentinian Aronburg and other great generals under him was very great as great as anything that would be anxiously expected and suddenly came.

"General Jackson Evans, My brother, Kindernine, and Goncentinian Aronburg and many of my generals under me are the best generals I or the nation itself have ever had." He remarked once to Gertrude Angeline and even to Jomde Turner and his sisters Violet and her sisters. "You little girls having had many experiences during the war already know how it has been with all the rest. As soon as I had put generals in command of the army at any point of the field they would always come to me, Goncentinian Aronburg, Evans, Kindernine or Hanson with their plans, and even have as much nerve as to say 'Now I don't believe we can really do it at all, you see the rebels are very stubborn, but any way if you say so we will have to try it on.' and so put the full responsibility of success or failure upon me and them. They all wanted me to be the general. From their ways I have had to relieve them of their commands as you know. Now it is not so like this with any of my generals such as you are now experienced with here at Vivian Wickey. Whether general Hanson or Goncentinian Aronburg or your friend and guardian or others have even told me what any of their plans have been or are. I or even Hanson do not know and we do not want to know. I am glad and even happy as a free bird to find men who can go ahead and do things without me. When any of the rest had set out on campaigns, they would always look over every matter and always pick out some one thing or other they declared they were short of, and which they surely knew that under any conditions whatever I or the national government could not give them, and then they would go on and tell they they could not hope to win any battles unless they had it, and it was most generally cavalry and artillery. Now when general Jack Evans my best general next to Goncentinian Aronburg and others took hold I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, or course we did not have even enough horses to mount what men we had.

At the time I began my campaign for Vivian Wickey as you little girls surely know there were fifteen million men up at Abbeisamian waiting for me to march down and join them and as they were all cavalry there were no horses to put them on. I placed Evans in command and expected him to ask me for horses but he did not. Instead Evans sent to me also about those very men, just as I had indeed expected but to my joyful surprise what he wanted to know was whether he should make an infantry of them, and if not he would like to use them as reserves or disband them as home guards. He has never asked impossibilities of me and he and others even like Burger for instance we were the first generals that I have seen that did not, and not only that but they have even given me much advice that saved me many a disaster."